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NOTICE TO THIS EDITION

A

HAND-BOOK

FOR

TRAVELLERS IN SPAIN.

NOTICE TO THIS EDITION.

THE Publisher of the 'Hand-book for Travellers in Spain' requests that travellers who may, in the use of the Work, detect any faults or omissions which they can correct *from personal knowledge*, will have the kindness to mark them down on the spot and communicate to him a notice of the same, favouring him at the same time with their names—addressed to the care of Mr. Murray, Albemarle Street. They may be reminded that by such communications they are not merely furnishing the means of improving the Hand-book, but are contributing to the benefit, information, and comfort of future travellers in general; and particularly in regard to Spain, which just now is in a state of transition, change, and progress.

* * No attention can be paid to letters from innkeepers in praise of their own houses; and the postage of them is so onerous that they cannot be received.

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A

HAND-BOOK

FOR

TRAVELLERS IN SPAIN,

AND

READERS AT HOME.

DESCRIBING THE

COUNTRY AND CITIES, THE NATIVES AND THEIR MANNERS;

THE ANTIQUITIES, RELIGION, LEGENDS, FINE ARTS, LITERATURE,
SPORTS, AND GASTRONOMY :

WITH NOTICES

ON SPANISH HISTORY.

PART I.

CONTAINING

ANDALUCIA, RONDA AND GRANADA, MURCIA, VALENCIA,
CATALONIA, AND ESTREMADURA;

With Travelling Maps and a Copious Index.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1845.

THIS BOOK IS PUBLISHED

AT GIBRALTAR, BY GEORGE ROWSWELL; AT MALTA, BY MRS. MUIR.

LONDON: WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET.

TO

SIR WILLIAM EDEN, BART.,

THESE PAGES ARE DEDICATED, IN REMEMBRANCE OF PLEASANT
YEARS SPENT IN WELL-BELOVED SPAIN.

BY HIS SINCERE FRIEND,

RICHARD FORD.

“Hæc studia adolescentiam, acuunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent; delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.”

CICERO, *pro Arch.* 7.

P R E F A C E.

OF the many misrepresentations regarding Spain, few have been more systematically circulated than the dangers and difficulties which are there supposed to beset the traveller. This, the most romantic and peculiar country in Europe, may in reality be visited throughout its length and breadth with ease and safety, for travelling there is no worse than it was in France or Italy in 1814, before English example forced improvements. Still the great desideratum is a practical Hand-book, as the national *Guias* are unsatisfactory, since few Spaniards travel in their own country, and fewer travel out of it; thus, with limited means of comparison, they cannot appreciate differences, nor know what are the wants and wishes of a foreigner. Accordingly in their Guides, usages, ceremonies, &c., which are familiar to themselves from childhood, are often passed over without notice, although, from their novelty to the stranger, they are exactly what he most desires to have pointed out and explained. Nay, the natives frequently despise or are ashamed of those very things which the most interest and charm the foreigner, for whose observation they select the new rather than the old, and especially their poor pale copies of Europe, in preference to their own rich and racy originals. Again, the oral information which is to be obtained from the parties on the spot is generally still more meagre; and as these incurious semi-orientals look with jealousy on the foreigner who observes or questions, they either fence with him in their answers, raise difficulties, or, being highly imaginative, magnify or diminish everything as best suits their own views and suspicions. The national expressions "*Quien sabe? no se sabe*,"—"who knows? I do not know," will often be the prelude to "*No se puede*,"—"it can't be done."

This Hand-book attempts to show what may be known and what may be done in Spain, with the least difficulty and the most

satisfaction. With this view, the different modes of travelling by land or water, and the precautions necessary to be taken to insure comfort and security, are first pointed out in the Introduction. The Provinces are then described one after another. The principal lines of high roads, cross-communications, names of inns, and quality of accommodation, are detailed, and the best seasons of the year for exploring each route suggested. Plans of tours, general and special, are drawn up, and the best lines laid down for specific and specified objects. The peculiarities of every district and town are noticed, and a short account given of the local antiquities, religion, art, scenery, and manners. Thus this work, the fruit of many years' wandering in the Peninsula, is an humble attempt to furnish in the smallest compass the greatest quantity of useful and entertaining information, whether for the traveller in the country itself or for the reader at home. Those things which every one when on the spot can see with his own eyes, such as scenery, pictures, &c., are seldom described minutely; stress is laid upon *what to observe*, leaving it to the spectator to draw his own conclusions; nor is everything that can be seen set down, but only what is *really worth seeing*,—*nec omnia dicentur* (as Pliny says, 'N. H.' xiv. 2), *sed maxime insignia*.

The philosophy of Spain and Spaniards, and what is to be known, not seen, have never been neglected; therefore dates, names, facts, and everything are mentioned by which local interest may be enhanced. Curiosity is awakened, rather than exhausted; for to do that would require many more such volumes as this. But as next to knowing a thing oneself, is the knowing where to find it, the best writers and sources of fuller information are cited, from whence future and more competent authors may fill up this skeleton framework, whilst an exact reference to the highest authorities on every nice occasion offers a better guarantee of accuracy than the mere unsupported statement of any individual.

In Spain, some few large cities excepted, libraries, newspapers, cicerones, and those resources which so much assist the traveller in other countries of Europe, are among the things that are not; therefore the provident traveller should carry in his saddle-bags food both for mind and body, a supply of what he can read and eat, in the destitute ventas of this hungry land of the uninformed. Again, as Spain and Spaniards are comparatively so little understood, some departure has been made from the preceding Handbooks which have described countries familiar to all. A little

more is now aimed at than a mere book of roads, or description of the husk of the country. To *see* the cities, and *know* the minds of men, has been, since the days of the Odyssey, the object of travel; but how difficult is it, in the words of "the Duke" (Disp., Dec. 13, 1810), "to understand the Spaniards exactly!" Made up of contradictions, they dwell in the land of the unexpected, *le pays de l'imprévu*, where exception is the rule, where accident and the impulse of the moment are the moving powers, and where men, especially in their collective capacity, act like women and children. A spark, a trifle, sets the impressionable masses in action, and none can foresee the commonest event; nor does any Spaniard ever attempt to guess beyond *la situación actual*, or to foretell what the morrow will bring; that he leaves to the foreigner, who does not understand him. *Paciencia y barajar* is his motto; and he waits patiently to see what next will turn up after another shuffle, for his creed and practice are "Resignation," the *Islam* of the Oriental.

The key to decypher this singular people is scarcely European, since this *Berberia Cristiana* is at least a neutral ground between the hat and the turban, and many contend that Africa begins even at the Pyrenees. Be that as it may, Spain, first civilised by the Phœnicians, and long possessed by the Moors, has indelibly retained the original impressions. Test her, therefore, and her natives by an Oriental standard, how analogous does much appear that is strange and repugnant, if compared with European usages! This land and people of routine and habit are also potted for antiquarians, for here Pagan, Roman, and Eastern customs, long obsolete elsewhere, turn up at every step in church and house, in cabinet and campaign, as we shall carefully point out.

Again, here are those seas which reflect the glories of Drake, Rooke, and Nelson, and those plains that are hallowed by the victories of the Black Prince, Stanhope, and Wellington; and what English pilgrim will fail to visit such sites, or be dead to the *religio loci* which they inspire? And where better than on the scenes themselves can be read the great deeds of our soldiers and sailors, their gallantry and good conduct, the genius, mercy, and integrity of their immortal chiefs, which will be here faithfully yet not boastingly recorded?

But the mirror that shall truly reflect Spain and her things, her glories and shame, must disclose a chequered picture in which dark shadows will contrast with bright lights, and the evil clash with the good; sad, indeed, will be many a page; alas! for the works of

ages of piety, science, and fine art, trampled down by the Vandal heel of destroyers, foreign and domestic, who have left a deep footprint, and set a brand which will pain the scholar, the artist, and the philanthropist. If, however, inexorable history forbids the total concealment of such crimes and culprits, far more pleasant has been the duty of dwelling on achievements of skill and valour, of pointing out the many beauties and excellencies of this highly favoured land, and of enlarging on the generous, manly, and independent PEOPLE OF SPAIN (see Index). A distinction has always been drawn between the noble and brave Nation at large and those unworthy individuals who, by means of vicious institutions, have endeavoured to depress its best energies; for the thing wanting to the vigorous members of the political body in Spain is a Head.

In presenting these and other things of Spain, let not any occasional repetition be imputed to carelessness or tautology, for matter descriptive and critical more than sufficient to have made another volume, has been cancelled in order to economise space, already too confined for so large a subject. By repetition alone are impressions made and fixed; and as no hand-book is ever read through continuously, each page should in some wise tell its own story; and when so many sites have witnessed similar events, the narrative and deductions cannot materially differ. References will, however, frequently be made to analogous points; and the bulk of information on any given subjects, purposely scattered in these pages, will be brought together under distinct heads in the Index, to which the reader is entreated to refer when any word or fact seems to require explanation.

Postscript.

July 19, 1845.

By arrangements just concluded, Madrid may now be reached in six days from London; the Peninsular Steamer from Southampton arrives at Corunna in about 72 hours, whence a Royal Mail runs to the capital in three days and a-half, *via* Lugo and Benavente. (See Routes lxvii., lxxv., lxxx.)

CONTENTS OF PART I.

	PAGE
PREFACE	vii

SECTION I.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS 1

Public Conveyances and Steamers	17, 73
Skeleton Tours	98

SECTION II.

A N D A L U C I A.

Introductory Information	143
Manners—Visiting—Houses—Religion—Beggars—Bull-fight— Theatre—Costume	150
Routes	203

SECTION III.

R O N D A A N D G R A N A D A.

Introductory Sketch of the Country and Natives	322
Routes	325
Kingdom of Granada	359

SECTION IV.

T H E K I N G D O M O F M U R C I A.

General View of the Country and its Productions	405
Routes	406
Mines	415

SECTION V.

V A L E N C I A.

	PAGE
General Account of the Country, Natives, and Agriculture . . .	429
Valencia	437
Routes	451

SECTION VI.

C A T A L O N I A.

Character of the Country and Natives—Commerce—Smuggling . . .	461
Routes	466
Barcelona and its History	479

SECTION VII.

E S T R E M A D U R A.

General View of the Province—its Merinos and Pigs . . .	515
Badajoz	521
Routes	525

SECTION I.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

1. General View of Spain.—2. Spanish Money.—3. Passports.—4. Roads.—5. Modes of Correspondence and Travelling in Spain—Post-office.—6. Travelling with Post-horses.—7. Riding Post.—8. Public Conveyances in Spain—El Correo—Diligences.—9. Inns—The Fonda—Posada—Venta.—10. Voiturier Travelling.—11. Robbers, and Precautions against them.—12. Travelling with Muleteers.—13. Travelling on Horseback.—14. Spanish Horses—Hints on a riding Journey.—15. Spanish Servants—Cookery.—16. Conveyances by Steam.—17. What to observe in Spain.—18. Spanish Language—Dialects—Gesticulations—*Germania*, or Slang—Grammars and Dictionaries.—19. Geography of Spain.—20. Skeleton Tours.—21. Church and Architectural Terms.—22. Chronology, the Era; Kings of Spain, Contemporary Sovereigns, and Royal Arms.—23. Authorities quoted.—24. Abbreviations.

I. GENERAL VIEW OF SPAIN.

THE aggregate monarchy of Spain is composed of many distinct provinces, each of which in earlier times formed a separate and independent kingdom; although all are now united by marriage, inheritance, conquest, and other circumstances under one crown, the original distinctions, geographical as well as social, remain almost unaltered. The language, costume, habits, and local character of the natives, vary no less than the climate and productions of the soil. Man, following, as it were, the example of the nature by which he is surrounded, has little in common with the inhabitant of the adjoining district; and these differences are increased and perpetuated by the ancient jealousies and inveterate dislikes, which petty and contiguous states keep up with such tenacious memory. The general comprehensive term "Spain," which is convenient for geographers and politicians, is calculated to mislead the traveller. Nothing can be more vague or inaccurate than to predicate any single thing of Spain or Spaniards which will be equally applicable to all its heterogeneous component parts. The north-western provinces are more rainy than Devonshire, while the centre plains are more calcined than those of Barbary: while the rude agricultural Gallician, the industrious manufacturing artisan of Barcelona, the gay and voluptuous Andalusian, are as essentially different from each other as so many distinct characters at the same masquerade. It will therefore be more convenient to the traveller to take each province by itself and treat it in detail; accordingly we shall preface each province with a few preliminary remarks, in which will be pointed out those peculiarities, those social and natural characteristics which particularly belong to each division, and distinguish it from its neighbours. The Spaniards who have written on their own geography and statistics, and who ought to be supposed to understand their own country and institutions the best, have found it advisable to adopt this

arrangement from feeling the utter impossibility of treating Spain as a whole. There is no king of *Spain*; among the infinity of kingdoms, the list of which swells out the royal style, that of "Spain" is not found; he is King of the Spains, *Rey de las Españas*, not "*Rey de España*." The provinces of Castile, old and new, take the lead in national nomenclature; hence "*Castellano*," Castilian, is synonymous with Spaniard, and particularly with the proud genuine older stock. "*Castellano a las derechas*," is a Spaniard to the backbone; "*Hablar Castellano*," to speak Castilian, is the correct expression for speaking the Spanish language. Spain long was without the advantage of a fixed metropolis, like Rome, Paris, or London, which have been capitals from their foundation, and recognized and submitted to as such; while here, the cities of Leon, Burgos, Toledo, Seville, Valladolid, and others, have each in their turns been the capitals of the kingdom, and the seats of royal residence. This constant change, and short-lived pre-eminence, has weakened any prescriptive superiority of one city over another, and has been a cause of national weakness by raising up rivalries and disputes about precedence, which is one of the most fertile sources of dissension among a punctilious people. Madrid, compared with the cities above mentioned, is a modern place; it ranks only as a town, "*villa*," not a city, "*ciudad*." It does not even possess a cathedral. In moments of national danger it exercises little influence over the Peninsula; at the same time, from being the seat of the court and government, the centre of patronage and fashion, it attracts from all parts "*los pretendientes*" and those who wish to make their fortunes. The capital has a hold on the ambition rather than on the affections of the nation at large. The inhabitants of the different provinces think indeed that Madrid is the greatest and richest court in the world, but their hearts are in their native localities. "*Mi paisano*," my fellow-countryman, does not mean Spaniard, but Andalusian, Catalanian, as the case may be. When asked where do you come from? the reply is, "*Soy hijo de Murcia—hijo de Granada*," "I am a son of Murcia—a son of Granada," &c. This is strictly analogous to the "Children of Israel," the "Beni" of the Spanish Moors, and to this day the Arabs of Cairo call themselves *children* of that town, "*Ibn el Musr*," &c. This being of the same province or town creates a powerful feeling of clanship—a freemasonry; the parties cling together like old schoolfellows, or the Scotch. It is a *home* and really binding feeling. To the spot of their birth all their recollections, comparisons, and eulogies are turned; nothing to them comes up to their particular province, that is their real country. "*La Patria*," meaning Spain at large, is a subject of declamation, fine words, *palabras*—palaver, in which all, like Orientals, delight to indulge, and to which their grandiloquent idiom lends itself readily. From the earliest period down to the present, all observers have been struck with this *localism*, as a salient feature in Iberian character. They never would amalgamate, never would, as Strabo said, put their shields together, never would sacrifice their own local private interest for the general good; on the contrary, in the hour of need, they had, as at present, a constant tendency to separate into distinct *juntas*, each of which only thought of its own views, utterly indifferent to the injury thereby occasioned to what ought to have been the common cause of all. Thus the virility and vitality of the noble people has been neutralised; they have indeed strong limbs and honest hearts, but, as in the Oriental parable, "a head" is wanting, to direct and govern: hence Spain is to-day, as it always has been, a bundle of small bodies tied together by a rope of sand, and, being without union, is also without strength, and has been beaten in detail. The much-used phrase *Españolismo*, expresses rather a "dislike of foreign dictation," and the "self estimation" of Spaniards, *Españoles sobre todos*, than any real patriotic love of country.

However the natives of the different provinces of Spain may differ among each other, there are many things which, as regards an Englishman travelling through the Peninsula, still hold good in every part: accordingly money, passports, roads, post-offices, modes of travelling by land or steam, inns, general advice as to preparations and precautions, necessarily must take precedence in our Hand-book. In treating of these, each in their order, we shall never omit, when the opportunity offers, to introduce any remark, proverb, expression, or circumstance, which may tend to a better understanding of the character of the people, which, after all, is the best information with which a stranger can be provided.

2. SPANISH MONEY.

The first step will be to follow "Honest Iago's" advice; "Put money in thy purse;" for an empty one, and a lame mule, are beggarly companions to pilgrims whether bound for Rome or Santiago, *Camino de Roma, ni mula coja ni bolsa floja*. The money is practically the same all over the Peninsula; wherever there may exist any local coins they are small, and scarcely come within the traveller's notice. There is no paper money; it is entirely composed of specie,—of gold, silver, and copper, and is in good condition, the whole coinage having been renewed and simplified by Charles III. about 1770. Accounts in Spain are usually kept in reals, "*reales de Vellon*," which are worth about $2\frac{1}{4}$ d. English. They are the piastres of the Turks, the sestertii of the Romans.

Copper Money—"Monedas de Cobre."—The lowest in denomination is the *maravedi*. This ancient money of Spain, in which government accounts used to be kept, has undergone many changes in value, which have been investigated by Saez and Wyndham Beawes. It at present is almost an imaginary coin, of which about fourteen and a fraction make an English penny. The common Spanish copper coins are the

Maravedi, of which 34 make the *real*.

Ochavo = 2 *maravedis*.

Cuarto = 4 „

Dos cuartos = 8 „

As a general rule, the traveller may consider the "*cuarto*" as equivalent to a French sou, and something less than our English halfpenny. It is the smallest coin likely to come much under the traveller's observation. Those below it, which are in value fractions of farthings, have hardly any defined form, and cannot be described; among the lower classes every bit of copper in the shape of a coin passes for money; thus, in changing a dollar into small copper, by way of an experiment, it was found, during the latter years of the reign of Ferdinand VII., that among the multitudinous specimens of Spanish mints of all periods, Moorish, and even ancient Roman coins, were given and taken as *maravedis* in the market-place at Seville.

The silver coins, "*Monedas de plata*," consist, generally speaking, of five classes, which are thus conveniently divided in value:—

The <i>Real</i>	1	2	4	10	20
<i>Dos reales</i>		1	2	5	10
<i>Peseta</i>			1	$2\frac{1}{2}$	5
<i>Medio Duro</i>				1	2
<i>Duro</i>					1

The *real* is worth somewhat more than twopence farthing; the *dos reales*, or two reals, somewhat less than fivepence, and may be considered as equivalent

to the half franc, and representing in Spain the sixpence in England. The *peseta* comes very nearly to the French franc. Of these and the “*dos reales*” the traveller should always take a good supply, for, as the Scotchman said of sixpences, “they are canny little dogs, and often do the work of shillings.” The half dollar varies, according to the exchange, between two shillings and half a crown. The traveller will find the *dos reales*, the *peseta*, the half dollar, and dollar to be the most convenient pieces of Spanish silver money.

The dollar of Spain is well known all over the world, being the form under which silver has been generally exported from the Spanish colonies of South America. It is the Italian “*Colonato*,” so called because the arms of Spain are supported between the two pillars of Hercules. The ordinary Spanish name is “*Duro*.” They are often, however, termed in banking and mercantile transactions “*pesos fuertes*,” to distinguish them from the imaginary “*peso*” or smaller dollar of fifteen reals only, of which the *peseta* is the diminutive.

The “*Duro*” in the last century was coined into half dollars, quarter dollars, and half quarter dollars. The two latter do not often occur; they may be distinguished from the “*peseta*” and “*dos reales*” by having the arms of Spain between the two pillars, which have been omitted in recent coinages; their fractional value renders them inconvenient to the traveller until perfectly familiar with Spanish money. The quarter dollar is, of course, worth five reals, while the *peseta* is only worth four; the half quarter dollar is worth two reals and a half, while the *dos reales* is only worth two.

The coinage is slovenly: it is the weight of the metal, not the form, to which the Spaniard looks. Ferd. VII. continued for a long while to strike money with his father's head, having only had the lettering altered: thus early Trajans exhibit the head of Nero; and our Henry VIII. set an example to Ferd. VII. When the Cortes entered Madrid after Salamanca, they patriotically prohibited the currency of all coins bearing the head of the intrusive Joseph; yet his dollars being chiefly made out of church plate, gilt and ungilt, were, although those of an usurper, intrinsically worth more than the *legitimate duro*: this was a too severe test for the loyalty of those whose real king and god is cash. Such a decree was worthy of those senators who were busy in expelling French words from their dictionary instead of Frenchmen from their country. The wiser Chinese take Ferdinand and Joseph's dollars alike, calling them both “devil's head money.” These sad prejudices against good coin have now given way to the march of intellect; nay, the five-franc piece with Louis Philippe's clever head on it, bids fair to oust the pillared *Duro*. The silver of the mines of Murcia, is exported to France, where it is coined, and sent back in the manufactured shape. France thus gains a handsome per-centage, and habituates the people to her image of power, which comes recommended to them in the most acceptable likeness of current coin.

The *gold coinage* is magnificent, and worthy of the country and period from which Europe was supplied with this precious metal. The largest piece, the ounce, “*onza*,” which is generally worth more than 3*l.* 6*s.*, puts to shame the diminutive Napoleons of France and sovereigns of England; it tells the tale of Spain's former wealth, and contrasts strangely with her present poverty and scarcity of specie.

The *gold coinage* is simple:—

<i>Duro</i>	1	2	4	8	16
<i>Dos duros</i>	1	2	4	8	
<i>Doblon</i>		1	2	4	
<i>Media-onza</i>			1	2	
<i>Onza</i>					1

The ounce in Spain, when of full weight, is worth sixteen dollars. The value, however, of any individual piece is very uncertain. These large coins were mostly struck from twenty to fifty years back, and are much worn by time, and still more by the frequent operation of *sweating*, to which they are constantly exposed at home and abroad, by the fraudulent. They in consequence are seldom of their legal weight and value: many have been so glaringly and evidently clipped and reduced, that no one will take them at sixteen dollars. Those which are under legal weight ought to be accompanied with a certificate, wherein is stated their exact diminished weight and value. This certificate may be obtained in the principal towns from the "*contrastador*," or "*fiel medidor*," the person who is legally authorized to weigh those gold coins which are supposed to be light, and his place of abode is well known. The debased coin, accompanied with this document, is then taken for whatever it is thus recognised and ascertained to be worth. All this, however, leads to constant disputes and delays, and the stranger cannot be too cautious when he takes money from Spanish bankers or merchants, to see that these great coins are of correct weight. It is generally far preferable, except when residing in large towns, to take the smaller gold coins instead of the ounces; to the former, objections are very seldom raised. We would particularly advise the traveller, who is about to leave the high road and to visit the more rarely frequented districts and towns, to have nothing to do with any ounces whatever; for when these broad pieces are offered for payment in a small village, they are always viewed with distrust. Nor even if the "*Venteros*," the innkeepers, be satisfied that they are not light, can so much change as sixteen dollars be often met with, nor do those who have so much ready money by them ever wish that the fact should be generally known. Spaniards, like the Orientals, have a dread of being supposed to have money in their possession; it exposes them to be plundered by robbers of all kinds, professional or legal; by the "*alcalde*," or village authority, and the "*escribano*," the attorney, to say nothing of the tax-gatherer; for the quota of contributions, many of which being apportioned among the inhabitants themselves of each district, falls heaviest on those who have, or are supposed to have, the most ready money: hence the difficulty the traveller will find in getting change, which, whether feigned or not, is at least real, as far as he is concerned and inconvenienced thereby.

The lower classes of Spaniards, like the Orientals, are generally avaricious. They see that wealth is safety and power, where everything is venal; the feeling of insecurity makes them eager to invest what they have in a small and easily concealed bulk, "*en lo que no habla*," "in that which does not tell tales." Consequently, and in self-defence, they are much addicted to hoarding. The idea of finding hidden treasures, which prevails in Spain as in the East, is based on some grounds. In every country which has been much exposed to foreign invasions, civil wars, and domestic misrule, where there were no safe modes of investment, in moments of danger property was converted into gold or jewels and concealed with singular ingenuity. The mistrust which Spaniards entertain of each other often extends, when cash is in the case, even to the nearest relations, to wife and children. Many a treasure is thus lost from the accidental death of the hider, who, dying without a sign, carries his secret to the grave, adding thereby to the sincere grief of his widow and heir. One of the old vulgar superstitions in Spain is an idea that those who were born on a Good Friday, the day of mourning, were melancholy and spirit-haunted. They were called *Zahori*, and were imagined to be gifted with a power of seeing into the earth and of discovering hidden treasures.

The smaller gold coins obviate all doubts and difficulties of procuring

change. It may be observed, though they do not often occur, that some have a narrow thread or cord stamped round them; they are then termed "*de premio*," and have a small additional fractional value, and should be avoided by the traveller, as he will never be reminded when paying them away that he is giving more than he ought. These coins, in common with all which are not the simplest and best known, only entail on him probable loss and certain trouble in adding up accounts and making payments.

In addition to these troublesome coins, there are two imaginary ones with which old-fashioned Spaniards perplex travellers when naming prices or talking of values, just as is done with our obsolete guinea: one is the "*Ducado*," which is worth eleven reals, about half our crown; the other is the "*Peso*," the piastre, which is worth fifteen reals. This "*Peso*" requires some explanation, because, although imaginary, the exchange on England is still regulated by it: so many pence, more or less, as the rate may be high or low, are reckoned as equivalent to this "*Peso*;" the exchange on the principal cities of Europe is generally published in all Spanish newspapers. Thirty-six pence is considered to be par, or 48 for the dollar, or "*peso fuerte*," as it is called, to distinguish the whole piece from the smaller one. The whole dollar in accounts is marked thus *\$*. The exchange generally is against England; our experience places it between 37 pence and 38 pence. The traveller will soon calculate how much he ought to get for his pound sterling. If 36 pence will produce 15 reals, how many reals will 240 pence give?—the answer is 100. This being a round number will form a sufficient basis for the traveller newly arrived in Spain to regulate his financial computation: a hundred reals he may take as equivalent to a pound sterling, although he will be most fortunate if ever he gets so much, after all the etceteras of exchange, commission, and money-scrivening are deducted. Money, say the Spaniards, is like oil, and cannot be passed from one vessel to another without some sticking behind, "*quien el aceite misura, las manos unta*." The usual mode of drawing on England is by bills at 90 days after sight, at a usance and half, 60 days being the usance. The traveller who draws at sight, "*corto*," or at shorter dates, or "*á treinta dias*," at 30 days, ought in consequence to obtain a more favourable rate of exchange. The circular notes of Messrs. Herries and of other London bankers, which afford such general accommodation in other countries of Europe, are only available in some few of the largest towns of Spain. The Peninsula has not been sufficiently visited by travellers to render it necessary to open a more extended correspondence, nor indeed are there bankers except in the largest towns: in the present depressed state of commerce in Spain, which at the best epochs was but passive, the separate trade of banker is seldom required. Money transactions are managed as they used to be a few centuries ago all over Europe, by merchants. The best method is to take out a letter of credit on the principal cities which enter into the projected line of tour, and on arriving at the first of these to draw a sum sufficient to carry the traveller into the next point, where he can obtain a fresh supply; and in order to prevent accidents on the road, the first banker or merchant should be desired to furnish smaller letters of credit on the intermediate towns. Those acquainted with the mysteries of bills and exchanges in London may frequently obtain paper on Spain here, by which a considerable turn of the market may be made in Spain. The best bills are those drawn by such houses as Rothschilds, Barings, Gowers, Gibbs, Martinez, Lloregan, &c. Of foreign coins, the 5-franc piece is the best known, but otherwise there is always some loss and difficulty in changing them. It, however, may be convenient for those who enter Spain from England or France with money of those countries to know the official value given in Spanish currency for foreign coins, which, as usual, is somewhat below their strict value.

ENGLISH MONEY.

			Reals.	Maravedis.	Fractions of Maravedis.
The Guinea	.	.	= 100	14	0·63
Sovereign	.	.	= 95	21	0·82
Crown	.	.	= 22	1	0·12
Shilling	.	.	= 4	13	0·82

FRENCH MONEY.

The old Louis d'Or	.	=	91	4	..
Napoleon	.	=	75	30	..
5-Franc Piece	.	=	18	33	..
2-Franc Piece	.	=	7	20	..
1-Franc	.	=	3	27	..
$\frac{1}{2}$ -Franc	.	=	1	30	0·50

It is by far the best to come provided with Spanish dollars, which may always be procured in London by those who go to Spain by steam, or at Bayonne by those who enter from France. It will be found convenient, especially in remote and rarely visited districts, for the traveller to take with him a small reserve supply of the gold coins of four and two dollars each. They are easily concealed in some unsuspected part of the baggage, take little room, and pass everywhere without difficulty.

3. PASSPORTS.

The French, during their intrusive occupation of Spain, introduced the severe machinery of police and passports, *cartes de sureté*, and all those petty annoyances which impede the honest traveller, who, conscious of meaning no harm, is too apt to overlook forms and regulations, which the dishonest take especial care to observe. These and many other similar regulations, which have neither name nor existence in England, were retained by Ferdinand VII., who saw their value as engines of government, and now the system of passports and police surveillance has become the substitute for the Inquisition,* which in late years had lost most of its terrors, and certainly was neither made such an instrument of oppression, nor was so much hated by all classes of Spaniards. The Inquisition was quite a Spanish institution; passports and police are French and foreign, therefore doubly odious to Spaniards. Although the name of an Englishman is the best safeguard in the Peninsula, yet in remote districts, and in unsettled times, all foreigners are objects of suspicion to petty authorities: the traveller, when brought in contact with such, should at once hoist his colours and take a high ground, by informing his questioner that, thanks to God, he is an English gentleman; *Señor, gracias á Dios, soy Caballero Ingles*. The Spaniard, feeling that he has done the stranger an injustice, is anxious by additional civility and attention to give satisfaction. Again, if the traveller's papers be not *en règle*, it is in the power of any ignorant or ill-conditioned *alcalde* in the smallest village to detain him, nor can much redress afterwards be expected. The laws on this subject are precise and very severe; and as there is no exemption from their operation, it is better to submit with a good grace to the annoyance, which is one of the penalties of foreign travel, and to which no

* The person charged with the police regulations of passports, "*cartas de seguridad*," &c., is called the "*zelador*" or "*celador*"—the ancient name given to the official whose duty it was to see that religious ordinances were observed.

custom can reconcile our countrymen, whose birthright is liberty of person and of locomotion : as the thing cannot be avoided, the traveller should early form the habit of everywhere inquiring, *the very first thing on arrival*, what steps are necessary to be taken in regard to his passport and police regulations. Those about to reside any lengthened time in any city are obliged to have a *Carta de seguridad*, or a "*cedula de permanencia*," a permission to reside, which is granted by the police for a certain time, and renewable at its expiration : when actually travelling, the passport is often required to be signed every night. It sometimes will occur that travellers pass the night at some solitary "*ventorilla*," or "*cortijo*," farm-house : under these circumstances it is as well to *viser* the passport themselves, and get any of the inmates to sign it. The habit of complying with these forms of police regulations, once established, will practically give little trouble, and will obviate a world of vexation, inconvenience, and loss of time. The necessary formalities are soon done ; and usually great civility is shown by the authorities to those travellers who will wait upon them in person, which is not always required. The Spaniards, who are not to be driven with a rod of iron, may be led by a straw. In no country is more to be obtained by the cheap outlay of courtesy in manner and speech, "*cortesía de boca mucho vale y costa poco*." As a general rule, the utmost care should be taken of this passport, since the loss of it naturally subjects the stranger to every sort of suspicion, and may cause him to be placed under the surveillance of the police. It should be carried about the person when travelling, as it is liable constantly to be called for : to prevent it from being worn out, it is advisable to have it laid down on fine linen, and then bound into a small pocket-book, and a number of blank leaves attached, on which the visas and signatures are to be placed.

A passport for Spain may always be obtained at the Foreign-office in Downing-street ; the recommendation is a mere form : if the applicant happens to be unknown to any of the clerks of the office, an introduction from a banker, or from any known person of respectability, is sufficient ; indeed a simple application by letter is seldom refused. For this passport the very heavy charge is made of 2*l.* 7*s.* Those to whom this is no object will do well to take this passport. It possesses some advantages. The bearer can obtain at once the signature in London of any of the foreign ambassadors, which is advisable, as it stamps a guarantee on the document, which is always respected. Previously to going to Spain this passport should be taken to the Spanish embassy to be viséd. The Spanish legation does not give passports to any person except Spanish subjects. There is, however, considerable laxity at their principal sea-ports, where foreigners are constantly arriving ; and many persons, especially those engaged in commerce, go to Spain in the steamers without passports ; and then, if they wish to travel into the interior, obtain one from the local authorities, which is never refused when applied for by the English consul. This especially holds good with regard to those who visit the coast in their yachts, or in ships of war. Those English who go directly to Gibraltar require no passport ; and when starting for Spain they can obtain one either from the English governor or from the Spanish governor of Algeiras : both of these require to be viséd by the Spanish consul at Gibraltar, who demands a trifling fee. Travellers who propose taking Portugal in their way to Spain may obtain a passport from Mr. Van Zeller, the Portuguese consul at No. 15, St. Mary-axe ; the fee is five shillings : this passport must be viséd at Lisbon by the English and Spanish ambassadors previously to entering Spain. Those who enter Spain from France must have their passports viséd either at Paris by the Spanish ambassador, or at Bayonne by the Spanish consul. Those who intend to make sketches, to botanize, to geologize, in a word, to make any minute in-

vestigations, are particularly cautioned to be *en règle* as regards passports, as nothing creates greater suspicion or jealousy in Spain than a stranger making drawings or writing down notes in a book: whoever is observed "*sacando planes*," "taking plans," "*mapeando el país*," "mapping the country,"—for such are the expressions for the simplest pencil sketch—is thought to be an engineer, a spy: at all events to be about no good. The lower classes, like the Orientals, attach a vague mysterious notion to these, to them unintelligible, proceedings; whoever is seen at work is immediately reported to the civil and military authorities, and, in fact, in out-of-the-way places, whenever a stranger arrives, from the rarity of the occurrence, he is the observed of all observers; much the same as occurs in the East, where Europeans are suspected of being emissaries of their governments, as they cannot understand why any man should incur trouble and expense, which few natives ever do, for the mere purpose of acquiring knowledge of foreign countries for his own private improvement or amusement: again, whatever particular investigations or questions are made by strangers, about things that to the native appear unworthy of observation, are magnified and misrepresented by the many who, in every place, wish to curry favour with whoever is the governor or chief person, whether civil or military. The natives themselves attach little or no importance to views, ruins, geology, inscriptions, and so forth, which they see every day, and which they therefore conclude cannot be of any more, or ought not to be of more, interest to the stranger. They judge of him by themselves; few men ever draw in Spain, and those who do are considered to be professional, and employed by others. One of the many fatal legacies left to Spain by the French, was an increased suspicion of men with the pencil and note-book. Previously to their invasion, agents were sent, who, under the guise of travellers, reconnoitred the land. The drawing any garrison-town or fortified place in Spain, is now most strictly forbidden. The prevailing ignorance of everything connected with the arts of design is so great, that no distinction is made between the most regular plan and the merest artistical sketch: a drawing is with them a drawing, and punishable as such. The stranger should be very cautious in sketching anything connected with a barrack, garrison, or citadel, as he is liable, under any circumstances, when drawing, to be interrupted, and often is exposed to arrest and incivility. Indeed, whether an artist or not, it is as well not to exhibit any curiosity in regard to matters connected with military affairs; nor will the loss be great, as they are seldom worth looking at. Again, as to writing down notes, nothing gives more pain to the higher and better classes of Spaniards, and with justice, than seeing volume after volume published on themselves and their country by hasty foreigners who have only rapidly glanced at one-half of the subject, and that half the one of which the natives are the most ashamed, and which they consider the least worth notice. This constant prying into the nakedness of the land and exposing it afterwards, has increased the dislike which Spaniards entertain towards the *impertinente curioso*. They well know and deeply feel their country's decline; but like poor gentlefolks, who have nothing but the past to be proud of, they are anxious to keep these family secrets concealed, even from themselves, and still more from the insulting observations of those who happen to be their superiors, not in blood but in better fortune. This dread of being shown up, sharpens their inherent suspicious, when strangers wish to examine into their ill-provided arsenals, barracks, and the beggarly account of their empty-box institutions; just as Burns was scared even by the honest antiquarian Grose, so they lump the good and the bad, putting them down as book-making Paul Pry's:

"If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it;
A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
And faith! he'll prent it."

The less said about these *cosas de España*—the present tatters in her once proud flag, on which the sun never set—is, they think, the soonest mended. These comments heal slower than the Spanish knife-gash. "*Sanan cuchilladas, mas no malas palabras*," under which term they include the telling the whole truth, which becomes a libel; for even the fairest account of Spain as she is, setting down nought in malice, will not come up to the self-esteem of the native. "I always doubt," said the Duke (Dispatch, Dec. 13, 1810), "a Spaniard being satisfied with anything;" but when the sewers of private and the gangrenes of public life are raked up, he resents, and justly, this breach of hospitality. He considers that it is no proof either of goodness of breeding, heart, or intellect, to be searching for blemishes rather than excellences, for toadstools rather than violets; he despises those curmudgeon smell-funguses who find all a wilderness from La Mancha to Castile—who see motes rather than beams in the brightest eyes of Andalucia. The productions of those foreigners who ride and write the fastest, who are unacquainted with the best society in Spain, savour of the things and persons with which they have been brought into contact; skimming like swallows over the surface and in pursuit of insects, they discern not the gems which lurk in the deeps below, however keen to mark and caustic to record the scum which floats at the top. Hence the repetitions of sketches of low life and the worst people, seasoned with road scrapings, postilion information, dangers and discomforts, &c., which have given Spain a worse name than she deserves, and have passed off a conventional caricature for a true portrait.

The safest plan for the curious is to have the object of his travelling and inquiries clearly explained on his passport, and, on his arrival at any town, to communicate his intention of drawing, or anything else, to the proper authority. There is seldom much difficulty at Madrid, if application be made through the English minister, in obtaining a special permission from the Spanish government for drawing generally over Spain. These remarks are less applicable to Seville and Granada than to other towns; their inhabitants are more accustomed to see foreigners, and are aware that the Moorish antiquities are considered objects of interest, though they scarcely feel it themselves. Those travellers who do not go directly to Madrid will seldom have much difficulty, and still less if military men, in obtaining from the captain-general of any province his own passport and permission; some sort of introduction is, however, necessary, and the higher the person from whom this preliminary can be procured the better. The Spaniards act upon their proverb, "*tal recomendacion, tal recomendado*," "according to the recommendation is the recommended." The great advantage of travelling with a captain-general's passport is that it is expressed in the Spanish language, which everybody understands, and which rouses no suspicions like one couched in French: another is, that it is a military document; all foreigners are under the especial protection of the captain-general. This high officer, like an Eastern pacha, is the absolute chief in his province, both civil and military, and as he is responsible for the peace, pays very little attention to the strict letter of the law. Quesada and the Conde de España were more absolute kings of Andalucia and Catalonia than Ferdinand VII., "*donde quieren reyes, ahí van leyes*!" "The laws follow the will of the rulers." Their passport and their signature were obeyed by all minor authorities

as implicitly as an Oriental firman; the very fact of a stranger having a captain-general's passport is soon known by everybody, and, to use an Oriental phrase, "makes his face to be whitened." Our passport was endorsed by Quesada in a form very useful to those who intend to draw:—"The described sets out for —, continuing the journeys which he has undertaken with a view to examine the objects of antiquity and the fine arts in the Peninsula; and being a person in whom every confidence may be placed, he is recommended to the authorities of all places through which he may pass." *El contenido sale para —, continuando los viajes que ha emprendido con el fin de examinar los objetos de antigüedad y bellas artes en la Peninsula; y siendo sugeto de toda confianza, se recomienda a las autoridades de su tránsito.* Spaniards in authority are willing and ready to assist Englishmen; and all who intend to draw, &c., will find that these and all similar precautions will tend to render their journey infinitely more smooth and uninterrupted. The occasions for which these recommendations were required and given made them necessary. The journeys performed were sometimes through lonely frontier countries, where war was expected every day, and where every travelling stranger, whether he drew or wrote, or did not, was very strictly watched; at other times the party consisted of many women and children, when no precautions ought to be omitted, and in justice to the gallantry of Spanish officers, it must be said that any application for assistance, under such circumstances, is readily attended to, when made with tact.

Another advantage of a captain-general's passport is, that being a military document, it need not always be presented to the smaller "*alcaldes*," the mayors or chief civil officers in towns or villages. Again, it is a sort of letter of introduction to all officers in command on the road: the bearer should in person, with his passport, pay a visit to the chief authority. When once a Spaniard is satisfied that there is no hidden motive, and his national mistrust and suspicion are disarmed, he is prodigal of his compliments and attentions. Those who sketch would do well, in order to avoid interruptions from idlers, beggars, &c., to beg the authorities to let some one of the place attend them: they carry camp-stools, &c., and are well satisfied with a trifling present, and being known to be commissioned by the powers above, they speak to bystanders and intruders a language that is never misunderstood or disobeyed. Anything connected with authority, with "*Justicia*," operates like a charm on the lower classes of Spaniards, much as our word *chancery* does on our better ones. A mob soon collects around in most Murillo-like and picturesque groups, and gaze with open-eyed wonder at the progress of pencil and brush, which seems to them half magical. They do not much like being drawn themselves, or popped into a foreground, which is a gentle way of punishing an over impertinente curioso. The higher classes seldom take much notice, partly from good breeding, and still more from the Oriental principle of *nil admirari*.

4. ROADS.

The great lines of roads in Spain are nobly planned. These geographical arteries, which form the circulation of the country, branch in every direction from Madrid, which is the centre of the system. The road-making spirit of Louis XIV. passed into his Spanish descendants. During the reigns of Charles III. and Charles IV. communications were completed between the capital and the principal cities of the provinces. These causeways (*Chaussées*), "*Arrecifes*"—these royal roads, "*Caminos reales*"—were planned on an almost unnecessary scale of grandeur, in regard both to width, parapets, and general execution. The high road to La Coruña, especially after entering Leon will stand compa-

rison with any in Europe. This and many of the others were constructed from 50 to 70 years ago, and very much on the M'Adam system, which, having been since introduced into England, has rendered our roads so very different from what they were not very long since. It is a great though common mistake to suppose that the Spanish high-roads are bad; they are in general kept in good order. The war in the Peninsula tended to deteriorate their condition—bridges and other conveniences were frequently destroyed for military reasons, and the exhausted state of the finances of Spain, and troubled times, have delayed many of the more costly reparations; but much was done under Ferdinand VII., and since, both in restoring the old roads and in opening and completing others. The expenses were defrayed from the post-office revenues, local contributions, and the produce of turnpikes and ferry-boats, "*Portazgos y barcas.*" The roads of the first class were so admirably constructed at the beginning, that, in spite of all the injuries of war and neglect, they may, as a whole, be pronounced superior to many of France, and are infinitely more pleasant to the traveller from the absence of pavement. The roads in England have, indeed, latterly been rendered so excellent, and we are so apt to compare those of other nations with them, that we forget that fifty years ago Spain was much in advance in that and many other respects. Spain remains very much what other countries were: she has stood still while we have progressed, and consequently now appears behindhand in the very things in which she set the fashion to England. So lately as 1664 our ambassador, Sir Richard Fanshaw, was directed to transmit home drawings and models of newly-invented ploughs and carriages from Spain, with a view of introducing improvements amongst our then backward countrymen, now forward enough to pity Spaniards as *atrasados*.

The cross roads and minor roads of Spain are bad, but not much more so than in many parts of the Continent. They are divided into those which are practicable for wheel-carriages, "*camino carretero,*" "*de carruage,*" "*carretera,*" and those which are only bridle-roads, "*camino de herradura,*" "*of horseshoe:*" we give the Spanish names, which we shall continue to do throughout, being well aware of what importance it is to the stranger to know the word used in common parlance among the natives. The peasantry of most countries only understand their own expressions, the exact name to which they are accustomed. Whenever a traveller hears a road spoken of as "*arrecife, camino real,*" he may be sure that it is good; whenever it is "*de herradura,*" all thought of going with a carriage is out of the question: when these horse or mule tracks are very bad, especially among the mountains, they call them "*trochas,*" and compare them to a "*camino de perdices,*" road for partridges. The "*travesias,*" or cross roads, the short cuts, "*caminos de atajo,*" are seldom tolerable: it is safest to keep the high-road. The fairest though farthest way about is the nearest way home. There is no short cut without hard work, says the Spaniard, "*no hay atajo, sin trabajo.*" Some, indeed, pass all conception, especially the "*ramblas,*" which serve the double purpose of river-beds in winter and roads in summer: those, again, which thread through the lonely plains of Andalucia and Estremadura are scarcely defined goat tracks, "*sendas,*" mere paths, amid underwoods of myrtle, lentisks, and arbutus, and leagues of cistus, "*xara.*" The stranger is in constant doubt whether he is in any road at all. The native guides and animals have, however, quite an instinct in picking out their way. Spaniards, who have never been on the spot before, exhibit singular acuteness in steering by the help of sun, wind, &c., through the unknown wastes. Their observation is sharpened by continual practice and necessity, like the Indians of the prairie. All this sounds very unpromising, but those who adopt the customs of the country will never find much practical difficulty in getting to their journey's

end; slowly, it is true, for where leagues and hours are convertible terms, the distance is regulated by the day-light. Bridle-roads, and travelling on horseback, the former systems of Europe, are very Spanish and Oriental: where people journey on horse and mule back, the road is of minor importance. In the remoter provinces of Spain the population is agricultural and poverty-stricken. Each family provides for its simple habits and few wants: having but little money to buy foreign commodities, they are clad and fed, like the Bedouin, with the productions of their own fields and flocks. There is little circulation of persons; a neighbouring "*feria*," or fair, is the mart where they obtain the annual supply of whatever luxury they can indulge in, or it is brought to their cottages by wandering muleteers, "*arrieros*," or by the smuggler, the "*contrabandista*," who is the type and channel of the really active principle of trade in three-fourths of the Peninsula. It is wonderful how soon a well-mounted traveller becomes attached to travelling on horseback, and how quickly he becomes reconciled to a state of roads which, startling at first to those accustomed to carriage highways, are found to answer perfectly for all the purposes of the place and people where they are found.

5. MODES OF CORRESPONDENCE AND TRAVELLING IN SPAIN.—POST-OFFICE.

A system of post, both for the dispatch of letters and the conveyance of couriers, was introduced into Spain under Philip and Juana, that is, towards the end of the reign of our Henry VII., whereas it was scarcely organised in England before the government of Cromwell. Spain, which in these matters, as well as in many others, was once so much in advance, is now compelled to borrow her improvements from those nations of which she formerly was the instructress: among these may be reckoned all travelling in carriages, whether public or private. The ancient system was to travel on horseback; and, in fact, riding is still the national mode of travelling among the majority of humbler Spaniards. Travelling in a carriage with post-horses was brought into vogue by the Bourbons, but never extended much beyond the road leading from Madrid to France, and those of Aranjuez, the Escorial, and other royal "*Sitios*," or places of the king's summer residence near Madrid. Even this limited accommodation was much interrupted by the unsettled events of the last forty years. Posting, as it is managed on other parts of the Continent, can scarcely be considered practicable in Spain except on one road—that from Bayonne to Madrid. Occasionally, by making arrangements beforehand with the different postmasters, who horse the Sillas correos and the diligences, a journey may be performed on the other great roads. It is, however, an undertaking of such trouble and uncertainty that few ever have recourse to it.

The first "*Livre de Poste*," or official post-book for Spain, was published in 1761 by Campomanes, by the direction of Richard Wall, an Irishman, who was prime minister to Charles III., the greatest builder, road-maker, and general administrador of Spanish sovereigns. This book was well got up, and contains much curious information in regard to the earlier arrangements of posting. It continued to form the base of all the works of that kind until 1810, when a "*Livre de Poste*" was published by the French authorities; which, though remarkable for their excellent method and classification, was full of inaccuracies of names, facts, and distances. At last Ferdinand VII., in 1830, directed Don Francisco Xavier de Cabanes to prepare a really correct book. It was compiled from official documents, and was entitled "*Guia General de Correos, Postas, y Caminos*." It is to be procured at the post-office administrations of all the principal towns, and can be strongly recommended to the

traveller's notice. Therein will be found details useful indeed, but into which we cannot go, in regard to the principal administrations of post-offices, the charge of letters, and all matters relating to roads, canals, and intercommunications. The post-office for letters is arranged on the plan common to most countries on the Continent: the delivery is regular, but seldom daily—twice or three times a-week. Small scruple is made by the authorities in opening private letters, whenever they suspect the character of the correspondence. It is as well, therefore, for the traveller to avoid expressing the whole of his opinions of the powers that be. The minds of men have been long troubled in Spain, civil war has rendered them very distrustful and guarded in their *written* correspondence—"carta canta," "a letter speaks"—*littera scripta manet*. Letters may be addressed to the poste restante: the better and safer plan is to have them forwarded to some one banker, to whom subsequent directions may be given from time to time how and where to forward them. In the large towns the names of all persons for whom any letters may have arrived which are not specially directed to a particular address, are copied and exposed to public view at the post-offices, in lists arranged alphabetically. The inquirer is thus enabled to see at once if there be any for him by referring to the list containing the first letter of his name, and then asking for the letter by its number, for to each a number is attached according to the place they stand on the list. He should also look back into the old lists, for after a certain time names are taken from the more recent arrivals and placed among those which have remained some weeks on the unclaimed lists. He should look over the alphabetical division of both his Christian and surname, as mistakes occur from the difficulty Spaniards, like other foreigners, have in reading English handwriting and English names. Thus, Mr. Plantagenet Smythe should see if there be a letter for him under P. for Plantagenet, and under S. for Smythe. It is always best to go to the post and make these inquiries in person, and, when asking at the window for letters, to write the name down legibly, and give it to the empleado rather than ask for it *vivá voce*. The traveller should always put his own letter into the post-office himself, especially those which require prepayment, "*que deben franquearse*," as all do to the frontiers of France. Few foreign servants, and still less those hired during a few days' stay in a place, can resist the temptation of destroying letters and charging the postage as paid. Travellers, when settled in a town, may, by paying a small fixed sum to the post-office clerks, have a separate division, "*el apartado*," and an earlier delivery of their letters. Letters are generally sent for; if, however, they be specially directed, they are left by a postman, "*el cartero*." The best mode of direction while travelling in Spain is to beg correspondents to adopt the Spanish form—"Señor Don Plantagenet Smythe, Caballero Ingles."

6. TRAVELLING WITH POST-HORSES.

The duty paid for a foreign carriage on entering Spain is so very heavy and uncertain, that it in fact amounts to a prohibition. Nothing coming up to our ideas of a travelling carriage is ever made or can be procured in Spain, except accidentally and at Madrid, at the sale of some departing ambassador, and then such vehicles fetch an enormous price, as they are bought up by the grandes and wealthy Spaniards. The carriages of all persons charged with dispatches and connected with the foreign embassies pass duty-free. There are eight grand post-roads in Spain:—

1 from Madrid to France, by Irun.

2 ,, to Barcelona, through Valencia.

3	from Madrid to Cadiz, through Seville.
4	„ to Cartagena.
5	„ to Zaragoza.
6	„ to Portugal, through Badajoz.
7	„ to La Coruña.
8	„ to Oviedo, through Leon.

The regulation published in 1826 is printed at length in the "*Guía*:" it contains thirty-seven articles, and defines the particulars of travelling with post-horses in Spain. The principal points are, that a permission to travel post is necessary, which is to be procured at Madrid, and in the provinces at the post-office of the director: the production of a passport "*en règle*" is absolutely requisite; without this the permission is never granted, and for which the sum of forty *reals* is charged per person. The traveller, whether intending to go post or not, should have his passport viséd once for all with the express permission. If he goes in person to the police authorities, and civilly requests them to viser his passport according to a particular form, they rarely will refuse; the form desired had better be handed in written, such as "*presentado el contenido en este pasaporte, y sale para Sevilla*, (or wherever it may be) *pudiendo ir en posta si le acomodase*." "The person described in this passport has presented himself, and sets out for Seville, being authorized to travel post, if it should be convenient to him." The names of all servants must be specially included at full length. It is best to let Spanish servants have their own passports.

The distances are regulated and paid for by leagues, *leguas*, not by posts. Previously to 1801 these leagues were each of 24,000 Spanish feet in length, or $17\frac{1}{2}$ to the degree, and these are still the leagues which are marked on the mile-stones near Madrid, and the great road to Valencia, through Ocaña. In 1801 an alteration was made. The league was reduced to 20,000 feet, or 20 to a degree of the meridian. This may be taken as a safe standard, although the post leagues occasionally, from local circumstances, vary in length. The Spanish league is somewhat less than three miles and a half English. It is the exact nautical league of three geographical miles. The country leagues, especially in the wilder and mountainous districts, are, as in other similar parts of Europe, calculated more by rough guess-work than by correct measurement. The general term "*legua*" is modified by an explanatory epithet. "*Larga*," or long, varies from four to five miles; or rather by the time, reckoning a league per hour, which it would require to perform four or five miles on a good road. "*Regular*," a very Spanish word, is used to express a league, or anything else that is neither one thing nor another, about the regular post league. "*Corta*," as it implies, is a *short* league, three miles. But even this expression is relative, and differs according to the mountaineer standard of length and shortness—all leagues are in fact longer in proportion as the country and roads are broken and bad.

Post-horses and mules are paid at the rate of seven reals each for each post league, and six only when the traveller is on the royal service. The number of animals to be paid for is regulated by the number of travellers; more than six, however, are never put on; if the passengers exceed six in number, six reals more are charged, over and above the price of the six horses put to, for each traveller exceeding the number. A child under seven years of age is not reckoned as a passenger; two children under that age are to be paid for as one grown-up person. If the postmaster puts on for his own convenience either more or less horses than the tariff expresses, the traveller is only bound to pay for the number therein regulated. The postilions are obliged to travel at least a league in three-quarters of an hour. They, however, generally, and especially

if well paid, drive at a tremendous pace, often amounting to a gallop; nor are they easily stopped, even if the traveller desires it. They may not change horses with another carriage on the road, except with the consent of the traveller. Their strict pay is six reals a league; the custom is usually to give seven, and even eight, if they have behaved well: by law the post-boy can insist on driving from the coach-box, "*el pescante*," and as nothing of that kind is attached to some britzchas and English carriages, an additional real is the surest mode of obviating these discussions and mounting the postilion on his horse; for "*el dinero hace correr al caballo*"—money makes the mare and its driver to go, as surely in Spain as in all other countries. They never drive an odd number of animals, like the French, *en arbalète*; either two or four are put to; when four are put to, generally three are mules, and one is a horse. The traveller should provide himself with a small supply of eatables for the day's journey, and never order his horses *overnight*, nor indeed fix any specific hour for starting, which may be communicated to robbers or to vagabonds in the village, who will get up a robbery for the occasion, according to the proverb, "*La ocasion hace al ladrón*," "opportunity makes the thief." The postilions, if they infringe any of the rules, are liable to lose their "*agujetas*"—their "*propina*" (*προ πινειν*—something to drink—trink-gelt). The postmaster of the next relay is bound to adjudicate on the complaint of the traveller, and he himself is amenable, if the traveller be dissatisfied with his decision, to the director of the superior administration at the next town, and he again to the "*superintendencia general*," the chief authority at Madrid. All these different ramifications are carefully pointed out in the official "*Guía*."

7. RIDING POST.

This expeditious but fatiguing mode of travelling, which is not to be recommended, is called "*viajar a la ligera*." The rider, "*el viagero en silla*," pays seven reals per horse or mule (for they are used indifferently) for himself, and the same for that ridden by the postilion who accompanies him. Couriers and those employed on the royal service only pay five, and are exempted from all charges of ferries, turnpikes, &c. This mode of travelling, the *tabellarius* of the Romans, the Tartar courier of the East, has always prevailed in Spain. The delight of Philip II., who boasted that he governed the world from the Escorial, was to receive frequent and early intelligence. This desire to hear something new is still characteristic of the Spanish government. The ministers of Ferdinand VII. could not please him more than by laying before him a fresh express or dispatch, "*un parte*," "*un propio*." Journeys were performed with Tartar-like rapidity and endurance. The cabinet couriers, "*correos de gabinete*," have the preference of horses at every relay, "*parada*." The particular distances they have to perform are all timed, and so many leagues are required to be done in a fixed time; and, in order to encourage dispatch, for every hour gained on the allowed time, an additional sum was paid to them: hence the common expression "*ganando horas*," gaining hours,—equivalent to our old "*post haste—haste for your life*." Notwithstanding the general easy pace of Spanish horses, this mode of travelling is very fatiguing, and cannot be recommended. Those who adopt it are allowed to carry very little luggage; hence the term "*a la ligera*:" heavier baggage must be forwarded to the place of their destination by carriers, "*ordinarios, cosarios, corsarios*," who convey goods from town to town, either on mules of burden, "*acemilas*," or in covered waggons, "*galeras*," and who have regular houses of call in most towns. The muleteers, the "*arrieros*," of Spain, form a class of themselves. The members

are in general a highly trust-worthy, laborious, and hardworking set, and very rarely fail to execute their commissions with honesty, fidelity, and exactitude; their character in fact is the essence of their vocation—if once blown upon no one would employ them. We have often had occasion to forward unlocked trunks, and never have ourselves missed, nor have ever heard of any one else who ever lost anything; refer also to our remarks on the *Maragatos*.

8. PUBLIC CONVEYANCES IN SPAIN.—EL CORREO—DILIGENCES.

The difficulties of travelling with post-horses in Spain have rendered the mails and diligences a far more preferable mode. Royalty goes by the coach; thus the Infante Don Francisco de Paula constantly hired the whole of the diligence to convey himself and his family from Madrid to the sea-coast of Biscay. The public carriages of Spain are as good as those of France, and the company who travel in them generally more respectable and better bred. This is partly accounted for by the expense. The fares are not very high, even as compared with those of English coaches; yet although some have latterly been reduced, they still form a serious item to the bulk of Spaniards; accordingly those who travel in the public carriages in Spain are the class who would in other countries travel per post. Families of the highest rank take for themselves a particular division of the diligence. It must, however, be admitted that all travelling in the public conveyances of the Continent necessarily implies great discomfort to those accustomed to travel post in their own carriages; with every possible precaution the long journeys in Spain, of three to five hundred miles at a stretch, are such as few English ladies can undergo, and are, even with men, undertakings rather of necessity than of pleasure.

The mail, "*el correo*," "*sillas correo*," is organised on the plan of the French *malle poste*, through whom all improvements borrowed from England are passed on to the Continent, after being modified to their usages; it offers, to those who can stand the continued and rapid travelling without halting, a means of locomotion which leaves nothing to be desired. The days of departure and the prices of places are all fixed by authority, and may always be ascertained at the principal post-offices of each town. The traveller should secure his place beforehand if either going to or leaving Madrid, as the number of passengers is very small, and the places are generally full. The Spanish diligences, "*Las Diligencias*," were managed by a royal company something on the principle of the *messageries royales* of France. They were not generally introduced into Spain before 1821; in less, however, than nine years they were established on most of the great lines of road connected with Madrid. We must not forget that it is only in this century that quick coaches have become general even in England. Few parts of the Continent are now in advance of Spain as regards the quality and conveniences of public carriages.

The Spanish high-roads being all on the M'Adam system, a less cumbrous vehicle is adopted than those half-waggon machines which rumble over the dislocating pavés of France. The diligences are thus described by Mr. Dennis, a lively accurate traveller:—"They are in the hands of companies, and are worked with as much regularity, and far greater regard to the comfort of travellers, than is displayed in our stage-coach arrangements. The passenger receives, on starting, a paper stating the price of conveyance to each town or post-house on the road, so that the fares for intermediate distances may be calculated with certainty. The company makes itself responsible for all baggage entered at the offices, except in case of seizure *vi et armis*, at relative allowances for *sacs de nuit*, portmanteaus, and trunks. Having paid the fare to a city, the pas-

senger may remain a certain time at any place on the road, and be taken forward the first opportunity; a paper stating these and other regulations, equally consulting the convenience of the traveller, is given on the delivery of the luggage, with a receipt for the same." The fares are very much cheaper, owing to competition, and because since the peace fewer escorts are necessary, on account of the diminished wandering bands of good-for-nothing people, "*mala gente*." It is impossible to give the exact prices; they vary according to circumstances, but they may always be known by inquiry at the offices. There is moreover a very useful little "*Apendice*" to the "*Guia del Viajero en España*," by Mellado, Madrid, 1842, which contains much useful information and detailed particulars as to price, place, departure, and other regulations; it also notices the best inns, waggons, and carriers, "*galeras y ordinarios*," of the chief towns. On some routes a small guide-book is published, called a *Manual*, which should be purchased, as containing much minute and local information.

The prices vary according to the part of the diligence, which is divided into four classes. The dearest is the "*berlina*;" then the "*interior*," the hinder part of the double body; the third is the "*coupe*," "*cabriolet*," "*gemela*," which is the most agreeable, as commanding a view of the country, and fresh air; the lowest in price is the outside, "*la redonda*." These names correspond with those which express analogous positions in the French diligences, and have been introduced with the vehicle into Spain and into the Spanish idiom. The principal rules are, that all the prices are fixed, whether for fare, luggage, dinner, supper, &c., on the road. Each passenger has the numbered place which he has taken. Those who travel inside should secure a corner place. The "*Mayoral*," or "*conductor*" (a new word, borrowed from the French *conducteur*), is the commander-in-chief. He is responsible for the whole conduct of the journey. He pays the postilions, who are entitled to a real each relay from each of the passengers, and it is most convenient at starting to give the whole amount to the "*Mayoral*." Only a small quantity of luggage is allowed to go gratis—an "*arroba*," or twenty-five pounds; all above that is weighed and paid for according to a tariff, which is rather high. The fares are all paid beforehand. A passport, *en règle*, is necessary to be produced at the office before a place can be taken. Children under seven years go for one-third of the whole fare, supposing that there is a vacant place twelve hours before starting. Children under twelve years go for half-price. Those passengers who wish to go the whole or the largest part of the distance have the preference of seats; those who have paid for places and are prevented from going may, by timely application at the office, either get their places filled up and money restored, or, if no one applies for their vacant place, are allowed a place on a subsequent departure by paying half the fare more. Those who from illness or from unavoidable circumstances are detained on the road, and cannot continue the journey once begun, are allowed to be taken up gratis by a following diligence, supposing that there should be room. The travellers are enjoined to take as little money with them as possible, the *administrador* undertaking to receive money at the place of starting, and to repay it at the journey's end. The meaning of this is to render the diligence less an object of plunder to robbers. They are, however, often guarded by armed men placed outside, who often are reclaimed *ladrones*. Moreover, under any suspicious circumstances, and in particularly wild localities, an additional mounted escort is provided. Nor is the primitive system of black-mail neglected; accordingly robberies of Spanish diligences seldom occur; nor are they now such great prizes, for in 1841 the new company of Carsi and Ferrer included in the fare every possible outgoing of living, beds, &c. The

travellers therefore need take no money with them. The coaches of this company should always be preferred. With all the roominess of French diligences, these combine advantages of speed; they are generally drawn by mules, as more powerful and enduring than horses, and by rarely less than eight, and sometimes twelve in number. Many new diligences have recently been started, and leave Madrid almost every day in the week. Some stop on the journey to breakfast, to dine, and sleep; the time allotted for sleep is uncertain, and depends on the early or late arrival of the diligence and the state of the roads, for all that is lost of the fixed time on the road is made up for by curtailing the time allowed for repose. One of the many good effects of setting up diligences is the bettering the inns on the road. It is a safe rule always to inquire in every town which is the *posada* that the diligence stops at, "*donde para la diligencia.*" Persons were sent from Madrid to the different stations on the great lines, to prepare houses, fit up bedrooms and kitchens, and provide everything for table service, which rarely is to be met with; cooks were sent round to teach the innkeepers to set out and prepare a proper dinner and supper. Thus, in villages in which a few years before the use of a fork was scarcely known, a table was laid out, clean, well served, and abundant. The example set by the diligence-inns has produced a beneficial effect. They offer a model and create competition: they suggest the existence of many comforts, which were hitherto unknown among Spaniards, whose praiseworthy endurance of privations of all kinds on their journeys is quite Oriental. In order to indemnify the innkeeper in remote stations from the chance of loss in providing food, every traveller, whether he partakes or not, must pay four reals. The prices are very moderate. A *déjeuner à la fourchette* is charged eight reals (two francs), and must contain at least the following or equivalent dishes. We set out a bill of fare as a sort of guide for the class of eatables likely to be procured at these established inns, even when not travelling in the diligence. These items, and the prices, may sometimes be varied, but not essentially.

Almuerzo-comida—Déjeuner à la fourchette.

Una sopa o un potage, a soup.

Un plato de huevos con jamon, eggs and bacon, or ham.

Una menestra, a vegetable soup.

Un asado, a roast.

Una ensalada, a salad.

Un postre,* a sweet thing, pastry.

Una copa de aguardiente, a glass of brandy.

Pan y vino a discrecion, bread and wine unlimited.

Comida—Dinner.

This is charged twelve reals, and must consist of at least—

Una sopa de caldo de puchero, a gravy soup.

Un puchero, con gallina, garbanzos, tocino, chorizo o morsilla, y verdura—an olla, made of chicken, peas, bacon, sausages or black-pudding, and vegetables.

Dos guisados, two stews or made dishes.

Una menestra, a vegetable soup.

Un asado, a roast.

* *Postre*, properly speaking, is anything in the second course, anything which is brought after the first service. It has been introduced in contradistinction to "*principio*," the common term for any small dishes of the first course, the *beginning* of dinner.

Una ensalada, a salad.
Tres postres, three sweets, pastry.
Una copa de aguardiente, a glass of brandy.
Pan y vino a discrecion, bread and wine unlimited.

Cena—Supper,

Is charged ten reals, and must be composed of at least—

Una sopa, soup.
Un plato de huevos pasados por agua, boiled eggs.
Una menestra, vegetable soup.
Un guisado, a made dish.
Un asado, a roast.
Una ensalada o gaspacho, a salad or a gaspacho (an acetous raw vegetable soup).
Dos postres, two dishes of pastry.
Una copa de aguardiente, a glass of brandy.
Pan y vino a discrecion, bread and wine unlimited.

On fast-days the dinner is made up of vegetables and fish, but of an equal quantity and number of dishes.

Cama—The bed,

Is to be made at least of—

Un tablado o catre, a bedstead or truck.
Un jergon, a paillasse.
Un colchon, a mattress.
Dos sabanas limpias, two clean sheets.
Dos almohadas limpias con sus fundas, two pillows with clean pillow-cases.
Una colcha, a counterpane.
Una buena manta en invierno, a good blanket in winter.

This *minimum* provision shows that there is no want of decent accommodation. We have given the particulars because the names are useful to travellers; they give a notion of what may be asked for and what ought to be paid. Travellers arriving in a private carriage will naturally be charged somewhat more than these diligence prices: as in other countries, they must pay private, not public prices, and make up their minds to have to pay for eating a single grape the price of the whole bunch—“*comer uva, y pagar racimo*.” The beds are plain, but clean; they are generally arranged in twos, threes, and fours, according to the size of the room. The traveller should immediately on arriving secure his bed, and see that it is comfortable; those who neglect to get a good one must sleep in a bad: “*quien mala cama hace, en ella yace*.” Generally speaking, by a little management, he may get a room to himself, or at least select his companions. There is, moreover, a real civility and politeness shown by all classes of Spaniards, on all occasions, towards strangers and ladies; and that even failing, a small tip, “*una gratificacioncita*,” given beforehand to the maid, the “*muchacha*,” or the waiter, the “*mozo*,” seldom fails to smooth all difficulties: on these, as on all occasions in Spain, most things may be obtained by good humour, a smile, a joke, a proverb, a cigar, or a bribe, which, though last, is by no means the least resource: it will be found to mollify the hardest heart and smooth the greatest difficulties, after civil speeches have been tried in

vain; for "*mas ablanda dinero, que palabra de caballero*," "cash softens more than a gentleman's palaver."

9. INNS.—THE FONDA—POSADA—VENTA.

Before we proceed to describe the other and more genuine modes of travelling in Spain, it may be as well to say a few words on the sort of accommodations which are to be met with on the roads and in the towns of the Peninsula. In no country will the Rambler agree oftener with dear Dr. Johnson—"Sir, there is nothing which has been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn." Spain offers many negative arguments of the truth of our great moralist and eater's reflection: the inns in general are bad, often very bad, and, even when the best in the country, are only indifferent when compared to those to which Englishmen are accustomed at home, and have created on those high roads of the Continent which they most frequent. In no country will a gentleman say less with Falstaff, "Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" Again, as the higher orders in Spain seldom travel, and never for pleasure, and as the other classes are poor, inured to roughing it, and easily contented, there has been no demand for those comfortable hotels which we have taught the Continent. The inns of Spain are in that backward state in which those of Sicily are, and what those in Italy and the greater part of France were before they were improved by hints from England. The Spanish inns, especially those of the country and second order, are very much in the same condition as they were in the time of the Romans; the coincidences, and particularly in Valencia, are well worthy of the attention of the antiquarian scholar: they are, indeed, on the by-roads and remoter districts, such as to render it almost unadvisable for any English lady to venture to face, unless predetermined to go through hardships and discomfort of which none who have only travelled in England can form the remotest idea: at the same time they may be and have been endured by even the sick and delicate. To men, and to all in enjoyment of good health, temper, and patience, neither a dinner nor a bed will ever be wanting, to both of which hunger and fatigue will give a zest beyond the reach of art; and fortunately for travellers, all the world over, and particularly in Spain, the former is the best sauce and the latter the softest pillow. He who sleeps soundly is not bitten by fleas, "*quien duerme bien, no le pican las pulgas*." Since the days of Horace, bread and salt can appease the wayfarer's barking stomach. "*Al hambre, no hay mal pan*"—there is no such thing as bad bread to hunger—is nowhere so true as in Spain, where that staff of life is superlatively good, and worthy of being called, as they commonly do call it, "the bread of God"—*pan de Dios*. The pleasures of travelling in wild Spain are cheaply purchased by these trifling inconveniences, which may always be much lessened by forethought; the expeditions teem with incident, adventure, novelty, and means of obtaining insight into human nature, and form in after-life a perpetual fund of interesting recollections: all that was charming will be then remembered; and the disagreeable, if not forgotten, will be disarmed of its sting, nay, "*etiam hæc meminisse juvabit*." Let not the traveller expect to find too much; let him not look for five feet in a cat, "*buscar cinco pies al gato*." Spain, as the East, is not to be enjoyed by the over-fastidious in the fleshly comforts; those who over analyse, who peep behind the culinary or domestic scenes, must not expect to pass a tranquil existence—" *Quien las cosas mucho apura, no vive vida segura*."

The inns of Spain are divided by wags into many classes—the bad, the worse, and the worst. First and foremost is the "*Fonda*," the Hotel. This

foreign thing is borrowed from the Turkish *Fondáck*, whence the Italian *Fondacco*: it is only to be found in the very largest towns and the principal seaports, where the presence of foreigners creates a demand and supports the establishment. To it frequently is attached a *café*, or "*botillería*," a place for the sale of liqueurs, with a "*neveria*," where ices and cakes are supplied. Horses are not taken in, but there is generally a keeper of a stable or of a minor "*posada*" in the vicinity, to which the traveller's animals are consigned. The *fonda* is tolerably furnished in reference to the common articles with which the sober unindulgent natives are contented: the traveller in his comparisons must never forget that Spain is not England, which too few ever can get out of their heads. Spain is Spain, a truism which cannot be too often repeated; and in its being Spain consists its originality, its raciness, its novelty, its idiosyncrasy. Thus in Spain, and especially in the hotter provinces, it is heat and not cold which is the enemy: what we call furniture—carpets, rugs, curtains, and so forth—would be a positive nuisance, would keep out the cool and harbour plagues of vermin beyond endurance. The walls of the apartments are usually clean, from being frequently, though simply, whitewashed: the brick floors are covered in winter with a matting of the "*Junio*" or "*esparto*," rush, and called an "*estera*," as was done in our king's palaces in the days of Elizabeth: a low iron bedstead or wooden truckle bedstead, with coarse but clean sheets and blankets, a few hard chairs, perhaps a stiff-backed, most uncomfortable sofa, and a table or so, complete the scanty inventory. The charges are moderate; 30 reals per head a-day is the *full* price: this includes lodging, breakfast, dinner, and supper. Servants, if Spanish, are usually charged the half: English servants, whom no wise person would take on the Continent, are nowhere more useless or greater incumbrances than in Spain; they give more trouble, require more food and attention, and are ten times more discontented than their masters; and the landlords, after a few days' experience, are generally obliged to charge for them the same as for their masters. When we say that the *average* charge is a dollar a-head, exceptions must be made at Madrid, which is very dear; and at Barcelona, a great commercial city, where the hotels are mounted more *à la Française*, in accommodation and prices. Those who think of remaining any time in a large town may make their own bargain with the innkeeper, or may go into a boarding-house, "*casa de pupilos*," or "*de huespedes*," where they will have the best opportunity of learning the Spanish language, and obtaining an idea of the national manners and habits. In Andalusia this system is very common: these establishments are constantly advertised in the local newspapers; the houses may be known externally by a white paper ticket attached to one of the windows or balconies. The traveller will always be able to learn from his banker, or from any respectable inhabitant, which of these boarding-houses enjoys the best reputation, or he may himself advertise in the papers for exactly the sort of thing he may be in want of. Their charges are very reasonable, and vary from twelve to twenty reals a-day, which include board and lodging: sixteen reals a-day may be taken as a fair average in Andalusia, which is about three shillings and sixpence a-day.

The "*posada*" is the genuine Spanish inn; the term is very ancient, and, like our word *inn*, or the French *hotel*, was originally applied to the dwellings of the higher classes; it then passed down to any house of rest or lodging, whether private or public. The "*posada*" as a public inn is, strictly speaking, bound only to furnish lodging, salt, and the means of cooking whatever the traveller brings with him or purchases in the village; it differs from the *fonda*, where eatables and drinkables are provided in the house. The *posada*, which in smaller towns degenerates into a "*venta*," ought only to be compared to the

"*khans*" of the East, and never to the inns of Europe. If foreigners, and especially Englishmen, would bear this in mind, they would save themselves a great deal of time, trouble, and disappointment, and not expose themselves by their loss of temper on the spot, or in their note-books. No Spaniard is ever put out, although he maddens in a moment at the slightest personal affront, for blood boils without fire, "*la sangre hierve sin fuego*." He takes these things coolly, which more phlegmatic, colder-blooded foreigners seldom do. The native, like the Oriental, does not expect to find anything, and accordingly is never surprised at only getting what he brings with him. His surprise is reserved for those rare occasions when he finds anything actually ready at a *venta*, which he considers to be a godsend. As most travellers carry their provisions with them, the uncertainty of demand would prevent the "*ventero*" from filling his larder with perishable commodities; and formerly, owing to absurd local privileges, he very often was not permitted to sell objects of consumption to travellers, because the lords or proprietors of the town or village had set up other shops, little monopolies of their own. These inconveniences sound worse on paper than in practice. Whenever laws are decidedly opposed to common sense and the public benefit, they are neutralized in practice; the means to elude them are soon discovered; the innkeeper, if he has not the things by him himself, knows where to get them. Travellers generally either send out and buy what they want or give the money to the innkeeper. On starting next day a sum is charged for lodging, service, and dressing the food: this is called "*el ruido de casa*," an indemnification to the innkeepers for the *noise*, the disturbance, which the traveller is supposed to have created; and no word can be better chosen to express the varied and never-ceasing din of mules, muleteers, songs, dancing, and laughing, the dust, the *row*, which Spaniards, men as well as beasts, kick up. The English traveller, who will have to pay the most in purse and sleep for his *noise*, will often be the only quiet person in the house; he might claim indemnification for the injury done to his acoustic organs, on the principle of the Turkish soldier who makes his entertainer pay him teeth-money, to make up for the damage done to his molars and incisors from masticating indifferent rations. Akin to the *posada* is the "*parador*," a word derived from the Arabic *waradu*, "to halt." It is a caravanserai for the reception of waggon, carts, and beasts of burden; these large establishments are often placed outside the town to avoid the heavy duties and vexatious examinations at the gates. The French "*octroi*," which is called in Spain "*el derecho de Puertas*," these gate-dues on all articles of consumption are levied both for municipal and government purposes; they are generally farmed out, and are exacted from the peasantry with great severity and incivility. There is perhaps no single grievance among the many in the mistaken system of Spanish political and fiscal economy which tends to create and keep alive, by its daily petty worry and often wholesale injustice, so great a feeling of discontent and ill-will towards authority as this does; it obstructs commerce and travellers. The employés, "*empleados*," are, however, seldom either strict or uncivil to the higher classes, and if courteously addressed by the stranger, and told that he is an English gentleman, "*caballero Ingles*," they readily open the gates and let him pass unmolested; an occasional *peseta* or cigar or two smooths all difficulties. The laws in Spain are indeed strict on paper, but those who administer them, whenever it suits their private interest, that is ninety-nine times out of a hundred, evade and defeat them; they obey the letter, but do not perform the spirit, "*se obedece, pero no se cumple*;" indeed the lower classes of officials in particular are so inadequately paid that they are compelled to eke out a livelihood by taking bribes and little presents, which, as in the East, may always be

offered, and always be accepted, as a matter of compliment. The *idea* of a bribe must be concealed; it shocks their dignity, their sense of honour, their "*punhonor*:" if, however, the money be given to the head person as something for his "*muchachos*," his people, to drink, "*para echar un tragito*," the delicate attention is properly appreciated and works its due effect.

Another term, almost equivalent to the "*posada*," is the "*meson*," which is rather applicable to the inns of the rural and smaller towns, to the "*hosterias*," than to those of the greater. The "*mesonero*," like the Spanish "*ventero*," has a bad reputation. It is always as well to stipulate something about prices beforehand. The proverb says, "*Por un ladron, pierden ciento en el meson*."—" *Ventera hermosa mal para la bolsa*." "For every one who is robbed on the road, a hundred are in the inn."—"The fairer the hostess the fouler the reckoning." It is among these innkeepers that the real and worst robbers are to be met with. It was so in the days of antiquity. "Let no man," said Apuleius, "think that he is the mere guest of his landlord." *Nemo se stabularii vel cauponis hospitem se judicet*. This class of worthies is everywhere only thinking how much they can with decency overcharge in their bills. This is but fair. "*Nadie seria mesonero, se no fuese por el dinero*." Nobody would be an innkeeper if it were not for the profit. The country *Parador, Meson, Posada*, and *Venta*, call it how you will, is the Roman *stabulum*. The original intention was the housing of cattle. The accommodation of travellers was secondary, and so it is in Spain to this day. The accommodation for the *beast* is excellent; cool roomy stables, ample mangers, a never-failing supply of fodder and water, all ready, every comfort and luxury which the animal is capable of enjoying, is on the spot; as regards *man*, all is the reverse; he must forage abroad for anything he may want. Only a small part of the barn is allotted him, and then he is lodged among the beasts below, or among the trusses and sacks of their food in the lofts above. He finds, in spite of all this, that if he asks the owner what he has got, he will be told that there is every thing, "*hay de todo*,"* which too often means in reality everything, that he has brought with him, himself, which, as regards anything at all out of the way, is the safest and usual plan. The "*ventero*" seldom has anything himself; everything wanted is to be procured out of doors in small shops, and frequently not at all. For those articles which appear to the stranger to be the commonest necessities and the hardest fare, are to the poverty-stricken natives luxuries almost unknown. It is in vain to expect to find things for which there is no demand. It is fishing in waters where there are no fish: "*en rio donde no hay peces, es demas echar redes*." As so much of the traveller's time will be spent in those "*posadas*" and "*ventas*," no Handbook will be complete without giving him an exact notion of what he is to expect, and how he is to supply any deficiencies.

The "*ventas*" have, from time immemorial, been the subject of jests and pleasantries to Spanish and foreign wits. Quevedo and Cervantes are full of their diatribes against the roguery of the masters, and the misery of the accommodation. The word is derived by some from the Latin "*vendendo*," because provisions are *not* sold there to travellers,—Lucas *a non lucendo*. Old Covarrubias (whose *Tesoro* or dictionary is a treasure of quaint information) explains this etymology of selling, as "especially in *selling* a cat for a hare." This indeed was, and is, so common a trick, that "*vender le gato por liebre a uno*" has become equivalent to *doing* or taking any one in. This trait of Spanish

* As we presume that no traveller in Spain will be without a Don Quixote, we need only refer to the amusing dialogue between Sancho Panza and the *ventero*, on the subject of what he had in his larder. Part II. ch. 59. *Hay de todo*, "all the birds of the air, beasts of the earth, and fishes of the sea."

gastronomy was not lost on the author of Gil Blas. Some derive the word a "*veniendo*," from the coming and going of guests: be that as it may, a *venta*, strictly speaking, is an isolated house of reception on the road, and, if it be not one of physical entertainment, it is at least one of moral, and accordingly figures in prominent characters in all the personal narratives and travels in Spain. The trade of inn-keeping is among those which are considered derogatory in Spain, where so many Hindoo notions of caste, *Punhonor* self-respect, *limpieza de sangre*, etc., exist. No Spaniard, if he can help it, likes to degrade himself. This accounts for the number of *fondas* in towns being kept by Italians, and of *ventas* being kept by gipsies. Thus the inn-keeper in Don Quixote protests that he is a *Christian*, although a *ventero*, nay a *Christiano viejo rancio*. An old Christian is the common term used to distinguish the genuine stock from those renegade Jews and Moors who, rather than leave Spain, became *pseudo-Christians*, and publicans. These *ventas* have often been built on a large scale by the noblemen or convent brethren to whom the village or adjoining territory belonged. Some have at a distance quite the air of a gentleman's mansion. Their white walls, towers, and often elegant elevations, glitter in the sun, gay and promising, while all within is dark, dirty, and dilapidated. The ground-floor is a sort of common room for men and beasts. The portion appropriated to the stables is often arched over, and very imperfectly lighted to keep it cool, so that even by day the eye has some difficulty at first in making out the details. The ranges of mangers are fixed round the walls, and the harness of the different animals suspended on the pillars which support the arches; a wide door, always open to the road, leads into this great stable, or common hall; a small space in the interior is always left unincumbered, into which the traveller enters on foot or on horseback; no one greets him; no obsequious landlord, bustling waiter, or simpering chambermaid, takes any notice of his arrival. He proceeds, unaided, to unload or unsaddle his beast, and, having taken him to a manger, applies to the *ventero* for the "*pienso*," fodder for his beasts, "*ganado*," that is "*paja y cebada*," straw and barley; this is the ancient Oriental forage,—"barley also and straw for the horses" (1 Kings iv. 28). Very little hay is used in Spain, except in the north-western provinces and in some of the valleys.

The straw is very fine, and is beaten into small fragments. The modern system of threshing grain in Spain is extremely ancient, classical, and Oriental. Near most corn country villages, a floor, called "*la Era*," the Latin area, is prepared in the open air, and which is either paved or cemented with hard earth, on which the loose sheaves are placed, over which snorting and unharnessed horses are driven, or men are drawn by them on hurdles, or on a "*trillo*," a sort of harrow, over the sheaves; the corn is thus beaten out of the ear, and the straw, the "*palea*" of antiquity, bruised and triturated into fragments; it is the precise "threshing-floor" of the Bible and the Noräg of Egypt. The Carthaginians introduced this method into Spain. The operation and the "*Plostellum pœnium*" are accurately described by Varro (i. 52). The traveller who sees this primitive process going on under the burning suns of La Mancha will feel the full force of the magnificent simile of Homer (Il. xx. 495) applied to the car of Achilles dashing over the dead and wounded. From the stones and rubbish which get in, it should always be sifted before given to beasts. This operation is always done by Spaniards; the sieve, "*criba*," forms one of the important items of a muleteer's equipage. All animals thrive well on this straw when once accustomed to it, and refuse to eat hay, and lose condition when nothing else is to be had. The hay of Spain is, however, coarse and badly made. The corn given to animals is barley, except in the districts where hay grows, when oats and sometimes other grains are substituted. But as the Duke of Wellington wrote

from Deleitosa, "We have lost many hundred horses by the use of other grains, barley being the only wholesome food for horses in this country." This straw fattens the animals, but distends and blows them out, and, pressing on the diaphragm, possibly may be one cause why Spanish horses are seldom good winded, which is the case with horses in England after coming from straw-yards. Having first himself provided for the wants and comforts of his beast, for "*el ojo del amo engorda al caballo*," "the master's eye fattens the horse," the traveller thinks of himself. One, and the greater side of the building, is destined to the cattle, the other to their masters. Immediately opposite the public entrance is the staircase which leads to the upper part of the building, which is dedicated to the lodgment of fodder, fowls, fleas, and the better class of travellers. The arrangement of the larger class of *posadas* is laid out on the plan of a convent, and is well-calculated to lodge the greatest number of inmates in the smallest space. The ingress and egress are facilitated by a long corridor, into which the doors of the separate rooms, "*apuestos*," open; these are called "*salas*;" "*cuartos*," however (whence our word "quarters" may be derived), is the ordinary term. There is seldom any furniture in them; whatever is wanted, it is to be had of the host from some lock-up store, "*reposteria*." Near the staircase down stairs, and always in a visible place, is a gibbous jar, *tinaja*, of the ancient classical amphora shape, filled with fresh water; and by it is a tin or copper utensil to take water out with, and often a row of small pipkins, made of a red porous clay,* which are kept ready filled with water on, or rather in, a shelf fixed to the wall, and called "*la tallada, el taller*." These pots, "*Alcarrazas*," from the constant evaporation, keep the water extremely cool. They are of various shapes, many, especially in Valencia and Andalusia, being of the unchanged identical form of those similar clay drinking vessels discovered at Pompeii. They are the precise "*trulla*." Martial (xiv. 106; iv. 46) speaks both of the colour and the material of those made at Saguntum, where they still are prepared in great quantities: they are not unlike the *chool'lehs* of Egypt, which are made of the same material and for the same purposes, and represent the ancient Canobic *σταυρικά*. They are seldom destined to be placed on the table; their bottoms being pointed and conical, they could not stand upright. This singular form was given to the "*vasa futilia*," or cups used at the sacrifices of Vesta, which would have been defiled had they touched the ground. As soon, therefore, as they are drunk off, they are refilled and replaced in their holes on the shelf, as is done with decanters in our butlers' pantries. The traveller, after a deep delicious draught, proceeds, thus refreshed, to business; first, a stall is selected for his beast, then girths are loosened, packs and burdens removed, fodder and litter prepared; after which he begins to think for himself.

The portion of the ground-floor which is divided by the public entrance from the stables is dedicated to the kitchen and accommodation of the travellers. The kitchen consists of a huge open range, generally on the floor, the pots and culinary vessels being placed against the fire arranged in circles, as described by Martial (xii. 18), "*multa villica quem coronat olla*," who, like a good Spaniard, after thirty-five years of absence at Rome, writes, after his return to Spain, to his friend Juvenal a full account of the real comforts that he once more enjoys in his best beloved patria, and which remind us of the domestic details in the opening chapter of Don Quixote. These rows of "*ollas*" are kept up by brain-like stones called "*sesos*;" above is a wide chimney, which is armed with iron-work for suspending pots of a large size: sometimes there are a few stoves of masonry

* Those of the finest quality are called *Bucaros*; the best come from South America—the form is more elegant, the clay finer, and often sweet-scented: many women have a trick of biting, even eating bits of them.

but more frequently they are only the portable ones called "*anafes*:" around the blackened walls are arranged pots and pipkins, "*ollas y pucheros*;" gridirons, "*parrillas*," frying-pans, "*sartenes*;" which hang in rows, like tadpoles of all sizes, to accommodate large or small parties, and the more the better; it is a good sign, "*en casa llena, pronto se guisa cena*." At the side of this kitchen is the apartment of the innkeeper, in which he stores away his stock of rice, "*arroz*," chocolate, "*chocolate*," which is always superexcellent, and the other eatables which form the foundation of the national cuisine, which is by no means despicable, and, barring 'a somewhat too liberal infusion of garlic, which, however, may be checked, is savoury and Oriental: a *guisado de liebre*, or stew of hare, or *de perdices*, of partridges, when well done, in a real venta, is a dish which might be set before a king. In the better classes of ventas some of the following articles may be had, or may be obtained by the master. "*Bacalao*," dry salted codfish. Delicious hams, "*jamon*es," for which Spain in the days of the Romans was pre-eminently distinguished: *περραι διαφοροι*, Strabo, iii. 245: (our words ham and gammon are derived from the Spanish "*gambo*," and "*jamon*," pronounced hamon.) Sausages, the dry and highly spiced, the "*chorizo*;" the fresh black-pudding, "*morsilla*;" the long rich sausage, "*longaniza*." Eggs, "*huelos*," chick-peas, "*garbanzos*," which is the vegetable par excellence of Spain, and without which, and bacon, the "*olla*," "*puchero*," or national dish, cannot be complete. Bacon, *tocino*, is almost always to be had; it is in fact the essence of the olla. The proverb says, "*No hay olla sin tocino, ni sermon sin Agostino*." "There is no olla without bacon, nor a sermon without a quotation from St. Augustine." Bacon, it must be remembered, besides its own intrinsic recommendation, is the flesh of the unclean animal, abhorred by Jew and Moor. Thus, in the olla of the ultra Roman Catholic Spaniard, it became a test of orthodoxy. The Spaniards show their good faith as well as taste in their predilection for pork, since no country produces finer. The expression "*olla podrida*," used in Don Quixote and in England, is now obsolete in Spain. It meant "*pot pourri*," a mixed hodge-podge stewed. The epithet "*podrida*" has been dropped; and plain "*olla*" is the common term for this savoury stew in Andalusia, and "*puchero*" (from whence our term *pitcher*) for the insipid imitation in Castile. The dish is called from the pot in which it is dressed, like the West Indian "*pepper-pot*." The "*cocido*" is the bouilli or meat used in it, which is beef or mutton, "*vaca y carnero, olla de caballero*," "beef and mutton make a gentleman's olla." The meat in Spain is generally very bad. Oxen are destined rather for the plough, and sheep are kept more for their wool than for the kitchen. The flesh of those considered to be good for nothing *but* eating is hard, stringy, without flavour or nourishment. It requires powerful masticators, a vigorous appetite and digestion: "*a carne de lobo, diente de perro*," "to wolf's flesh, a dog's tooth." The vegetables and fruit to be purchased depend naturally on the season of the year. Slices of a large gourd,* "*calabaza*," form a very common ingredient in the olla; however, long strings of garlic, "*listras de ajo*," are seldom wanting, nor "*cebollas*," onions, "*pimientas*," the red and green long peppers of which, whether fresh, dried, or pounded, such constant use is made in Spanish dishes. No olla is complete without them. The best vegetables, "*verdura*," for this purpose are "*coles*," cabbage, "*acelga*," beet, "*zanorias*," carrots, without which an olla has neither grace nor sustenance; "*la olla sin verdura, no tiene gracia ni hartura*." Oil, "*aceite*," vinegar, "*vinagre*,"

* This gourd forms a favourite metaphor in common parlance: "*le ha dado Calabazas*," she has refused him; it is the "giving cold turnips" of Suffolk; "*tiene casco de Calabaza*," he is a pudding-headed fellow. As in the East, all allusions to eating jokes are much relished by the lower classes, of whom Sancho Panza is the true representative.

"*aceitunas*," olives; "*tomatas*," common cheese, "*queso*," generally of a white insipid class, and called "*queso de Burgos*." The natives, however, do not despise this constant article in the wallet of Sancho Panza. They say it must be good for something, as it is sold by weight: "*algo es el queso, pues se lo da al peso*"—bread and wine are always to be had. These two, according to the proverb, speed the wayfaring man. "*Con pan y vino, se anda camino*," "with bread and wine we make way on our journey." Garlic is the next essential; the very name is enough to give offence to most English. The evil consists, however, in the abuse, not in the use: from the quantity eaten in all southern countries, where it is considered to be fragrant, palatable, stomachic, and invigorating, we must assume that it is suited by nature to local tastes and constitutions. Wherever any particular herb grows, there lives the ass who is to eat it. "*Donde crece la escoba, nace el asno que la roya*." It is curious to see to what an awful extent the Spanish peasant on the eastern coast will consume garlic: we caution our traveller against the captivating name of Valencian butter, "*Manteca Valenciana*." It is composed (for the cow has nothing to do with it) of equal portions of garlic and hogs' lard, pounded together in a mortar, and then spread on bread, just as we do arsenic to destroy vermin. The Catalonians have a national soup, which is made of bread and garlic, equal portions, fried in oil, and then diluted in hot water. This mess is called "*sopa de gato*," probably from making cats sick. The better classes turn up their noses at these odoriferous delicacies of the peasantry, which were forbidden by statute by Alonzo XI. to his knights of *La Banda*. Don Quixote cautions Sancho Panza to be moderate in this food, as not becoming to a governor. To give Spanish garlic its due, it must be said that, when administered by a judicious hand (for, like prussic acid, all depends on the quantity), it is far milder than the English. Spanish garlic and onions degenerate in the third generation when transplanted into England. They gain in pungency and smell, just as English fox-hounds, when drafted into Spain, lose their strength and scent, in the third generation. A clove of garlic is called *un diente*, a tooth. Those who dislike the vegetable must place a sentinel over the Canidia of the venta while she is putting into her caldron the ingredients of his supper, or Avicena will not save him. "*Mas mató la cena, que no curó Avicena*:" but used with judgment, "*Pan, vino, y ajo crudo hacen andar al mozo agudo*"—"Bread, wine, and raw garlic make man go briskly." Hares, "*liebres*," partridges, "*perdices*," and rabbits, "*conejos*," are constantly offered for sale by peasants at the doors of the venta. The live stock, hens and chickens, "*gallinas y pollos*," run about the whole ground-floor, picking up anything, and ready to be picked up themselves and dressed; all the operations of cookery and eating, of killing, sousing in boiling water, plucking, et cætera, all preparatory as well as final, go on in this open kitchen. They are carried on by the ventera and her daughters or maids, or by some weasen, smoke-dried, cross old she-mummy, the "*tia*," "my aunt," who is the subject of the good-humoured remarks of the hungry and conciliatory traveller before dinner, and of his full-stomach jests afterwards. The assembled parties crowd round the fire, watching and assisting each at their own savoury messes, "*Un ojo a la sarten y otro a la gata*"—"One eye to the pan, the other to the cat." And each, when their respective stews are ready, form clusters and groups round the frying-pan, which is moved from the fire hot and smoking, and placed on a low table or block of wood before them, or the steaming and savoury-smelling contents emptied into a huge earthen reddish dish, the ancient platter, *magnā paropside cœnat* (Juv. iii. 142); *Paropside rubrâ* (Mart. xi. 27). Chairs are a luxury; the lower classes sit, as in the East, on low stools, and fall to in a most Oriental manner, with a fre-

quent ignorance of forks; * they substitute a short wooden or horn spoon, or "dip" their bread into the dish, or fish up morsels with their long pointed knives. They eat copiously, but with gravity; with appetite, but no greediness; no nation, as a mass, is better bred or mannered than the lower classes of Spaniards. They are very pressing in their invitations whenever any eating is going on. No Spaniard or Spaniards, however humble their class or fare, ever allow any one to come near or pass them when eating without inviting them to partake. "*Guste à usted comer*," "Will you be pleased to dine?" No traveller should ever omit to go through this courtesy whenever any Spaniards, high or low, come near him when he is eating, especially if doing so out of doors, which often happens in travelling; nor is it altogether an empty form; all classes consider it a compliment, if a stranger, and especially an Englishman, will condescend to share their dinner. In the smaller towns, those invited by English will often partake, even the better classes, and who have already dined; they think it civil, and have no objection to eating any *good* thing, which is the exception to their ordinary frugal habits. This is quite Arabian. The Spaniards seldom accept the invitation at once; they expect to be pressed by an obsequious host, in order to appear to do a gentle violence to their stomachs by eating to oblige *him*. The angels declined Lot's offered hospitalities until they were "pressed *greatly*" (Gen. xix. 3). Travellers in Spain must not forget this still existing Oriental trait; for if they do not greatly press their offer, they are understood as meaning it to be a mere empty compliment. We have known Spaniards who have called with an intention of staying dinner, go away, because this ceremony was not gone through according to their punctilious notions, to which our off-hand manners are diametrically opposed. Hospitality in a hungry inn-less land becomes, as in the East, a sacred duty; if a man eats all the provender by himself, he can expect to have few friends—" *bocado comido, no hace amigo*." If, however, they do justice to the feast, both in eating and drinking, they amply repay the consumption by the good fellowship of their conversation, and by their local information. Generally speaking, the offer is not accepted; it is always declined with the same courtesy which prompts the invitation. "*Muchas gracias, buen provecho le haga a Vmd.*" "Many thanks—much good may it do you." (*Vmd.* or *V.* is the abbreviation of *vuestra merced*, your worship, and is the civil form of "you.") These customs, both of inviting and declining, tally exactly, and even to the expressions used among the Arabs to this day. Every passer-by is invited by Orientals—" *Bismillah ya seedee*," which means both a grace and invitation—"In the name of God, sir, (*i. e.*) will you dine with us?" or "*Tafud'-dal*," "Do me the favour to partake of this repast." Those who decline reply, "*Heneé an*," "May it benefit." This supper, which is their principal meal, is seasoned with copious draughts of the wine of the country, which is drunk from whatever jug can be found—a bottle is a rarity; more frequently it is quaffed from the leathern "*bota*,"† with which all travellers should be provided, because a glass bottle

* Forks are an Italian invention: old Coryate, who introduced this "neatenesse" into Somersetshire, was called *furcifer* by his friends. Alexander Barclay describes the English mode of eating about 1500, which sounds very *ventais*h:—

"If the dishe be pleasaunt, eyther fleshe or fische,
Ten hands at once swarm in the dishe."

† "*Bota*," from whence our *Butt* of sherry, *bouteille*, and bottle are derived, is the most ancient Oriental leathern bottle alluded to in Job. xxxii. 19, "My belly ready to burst like new bottles;" and in the parable, Matt. ix. 7. Few Spaniards of the lower classes travel without one. It was the last among the few things which Abraham gave to Hagar, when he turned out the mother of the Arabians. It hangs from a string to their saddle or cargo. The shape is like that of a large pear or shot-pouch: it contains from two to five quarts. The narrow neck is mounted with a turned wooden cup, from which the contents are

may be broken; therefore it is well to note that an earthenware keg is not a *bota*—" *nota que, el jarro, no es bota.*" Nota bene, that no man who has a *bota* should ever keep it empty, especially when he falls in with good wine.

" *No vayas sin bota camino
Y quando fueres, no la lleves sin vino.*"

Every man's Spanish attendant will always find out, by instinct, where the best wine is to be had; of this they are quite as good judges as of good water. They rarely mix them. It is spoiling two good things. *Vino moro* means wine that has never been baptized, for which the Asturians are infamous: *aguan el agua*. It is a great mistake to suppose, because Spaniards are seldom seen drunk, and because when on a journey they drink as much water as their beasts, that they have any Oriental dislike to wine: the rule is "*Agua como buey, y vino como Rey.*" The extent of the *given* quantity of wine which they will always swallow, rather suggests that their habitual temperance may in some degree be connected more with their poverty than with their will. The way to many an honest heart lies through the belly—aperit præcordia Bacchus: nor is their Oriental blessing unconnected with some "savory food" previously administered. Our experience tallies with their proverb, that they prefer "*cursed bad*" wine to holy water; "*mas vale vino maldito, que no agua bendita.*" Good wine needs neither bush, herald, nor crier,—"*al vino que es bueno no es menester pregonero:*" and independently of the very obvious reasons which good wine does and ought to afford for its own consumption, the irritating nature of Spanish cookery provides a never-failing inducement. The constant use of the savory class of condiments and of pepper is very heating, "*la pimienta escallenta.*" A salt-fish, ham, and sausage diet creates thirst; a good rasher of bacon calls loudly for a corresponding long and strong pull at the "*bota,*" "*a torresno de tocino, buen golpe de vino.*" Accordingly, after supper, the *bota* circulates merrily, cigars are lighted, the rude seats are drawn closer to the fire, stories are told, principally on robber or love subjects, jokes are given and taken, unextinguishable laughter forms the chorus of conversation, especially after good eating or drinking, to which it forms the dessert, "*a buen bocado buen grito:*" in due time songs are sung, a guitar is strummed "*rasgueado,*" dancing is set on foot, the fatigues of the day are forgotten, and the catching sympathy of mirth extending to all is prolonged far into the night. Then, one by one, the company drops off. The better classes go up stairs, the humbler and majority make up their bed on the ground, near their animals; and like them,

drunk. The way to use it is thus—grasp the neck with the left hand and bring the edge of the cup to the mouth, then gradually raise the bag with the other hand till the wine keeps always full in the cup to the level of the mouth. The hole in the cup is stopped by a wooden spigot; this again is perforated and stopped with a small peg. Those who do not want to take a copious draught do not pull out the spigot, but merely the little peg of it; the wine then flows out in a thin thread. The Catalonians and Aragonese generally drink in this way; they never touch the vessel with their lips, but hold it up at a distance above, and pilot the stream into their mouths, or rather under-jaws. It is much easier for those who have had no practice to pour the wine into their necks than their mouths. Their drinking-bottles are made with a long narrow spout, and are called "*Purones.*" This custom is very ancient: it is the Thracian *Amystis* (Horace, 1 Od. 36. 14). The *Bota* must not be confounded with the *Borracha*, the *cuero*, the wine-skin of Spain, which Don Quixote attacked in the Venta; the latter is quite Oriental. Many a time will the traveller see in Spain the exact scene described by Joshua, "Old sacks upon their asses, and wine bottles old and new, rent and bound up." Our bottle gives a most inadequate idea of the *bota*, as being associated with glass: they held a great deal. See 1 Samuel xxv. 18. The skins, *ασκοι*, "*utres,*" are generally those of pigs. Long lines of the unclean beast may be seen at the *bota*-sellers, hanging in rows, turned neatly inside out, with three legs only, one being removed. The hair in the inside retains the pitch with which it is smeared, and gives the peculiar *borracho* to Spanish wines.

full of food and free from care, they fall instantly asleep in spite of the noise and discomfort by which they are surrounded. To describe the row baffles the art of pen or pencil. The roars, the dust, the want of everything but mirth in these low-classed ventas, are emblems of the nothingness of Spanish life, which indeed is a jest :

“ Παντα γελως και παντα κονις, και παντα το μηδεν.”

There is no undressing or morning toilette ; no time or soap is lost by biped or quadruped in the processes of grooming or lavation : both carry their wardrobes on their back, and trust to the shower and the sun to cleanse and bleach ; all are alike entitled to the epithets bestowed by Strabo (iii. 234) and Justin (xliv. 2) on their Iberian predecessors, who partook of the wild beast. They sleep in their cloaks ; “ Blessed be man who first invented sleep—it covers one all over like a cloak,” said Sancho Panza, whose sayings and doings represent the truest and most unchanged type of Spaniards of his class. Some substitute the “*mantas*,” which most Spaniards carry with them when on their travels. This is a gay-coloured Oriental-looking striped blanket, or rather plaid : it is the *Milayah* of Cairo, the *Galnape* of the Spanish Goths. When riding it is laid across the front of the saddle, when walking it is carried over the left shoulder, hanging in draperies behind and before. This forms the bed and bedding ; for they never undress, but lie on the ground. The ground was the bed of the original Iberians—*χαμαευναι* (Strabo,* iii. 233) ; and the word *Cama*, bed, has been read quasi *χαμαι*, on the ground. St. Isidore thought that the term was introduced by the Carthaginians. Such has always been the bed of the lower orders. In the 14th century an English pilgrim, going to Santiago, describes these unchanged habits which exist to this day :—

“ Bedding there is nothing fair,
Many pilgrims it doth afaire [afear, frighten] ;
Tables use they none to eat,
But on the bare floor they make their seat.”

PURCHAS, ii. 1231.

Their pillow is composed either of their pack-saddles, “*Albardas*,” or their saddle-bags, their “*Alforjas*.” “*No hay tal cama, como la de la enjalma*,” “there is no bed like the saddle-cloth.” Their sleep is short, but profound. Long before daylight all is in motion ; they “*take up* their bed,” the animals are fed, harnessed, and laden, and the heaviest sleepers awakened. Their moderate accounts are paid, salutations or execrations (generally the latter), according to the length of their bills, pass between them and the landlord, and another day of toil begins. These night-scenes at a Spanish *venta* transport the lover of antiquity into the regions of the past. The whole thing presents an almost unchanged representation of what must have occurred two thousand years ago. It

* The third book of Strabo is dedicated to Spain, and furnishes most interesting details of the wild habits and early condition of the aboriginal Iberians. We have quoted the volume and page of the Ameloveen edition (Amsterdam, 1707, 2 vols. folio). This third book has been translated separately into Spanish by Juan Lopez (Madrid, 1787). The explanations and descriptions in the notes of modern customs and geography, in illustration of the original text, render the volume worthy of notice. St. Isidore is an author with whom none can dispense who wish to understand the condition of Spain and the state of knowledge under the Goths, a period which many persons who know nothing about the matter have been pleased to term the dark age. St. Isidore was archbishop of Seville from A.D. 600 to 636. He was the Pliny, the Bede, the encyclopedist of his age. His “*Origines*,” in twenty books, were long the storehouse of useful and entertaining information. Dante places him in the 4th Heaven : *L’ardente spiro d’Isidoro*. (Par. x. 131.) “Isidre that was so wyse,” says our Adam Davie, writing in the year 1312. In our frequent references to him, we have used the edition of Du Breul, 1 vol. folio, Cologne, 1617, as being more convenient than that, certainly a more splendid one, which was edited at Rome by Arevalo, in 7 vols. quarto, 1797.

would be easy to work this out from Strabo, Martial, Athenæus, Silius Italicus, and other authorities. These curious analogies are well worthy of the scholar's attention. We would just suggest a comparison between the arrangement of the country *Venta* with that of the Roman inn now uncovered at the entrance of Pompeii, and its exact counterpart, the modern "*Osteria*," in the same district of Naples. In the Museo Borbonico will be found types of most of the utensils now used in Spain, while the Oriental and most ancient style of cuisine is equally easy to identify with the notices left us in the cookery books of antiquity. The same may be said of the tambourines, castanets, songs, and dances,—in a word, of everything; and, indeed, when all are hushed in sleep, and stretched like corpses amid their beasts, the Valencians especially, in their sandals and kilts, in their mantas and "*espuertas de esparto*," or baskets, we feel that Strabo must have beheld the old Iberians exactly in the same costume and position, when he told us, what we see now to be true, *το πλεον εν σαγοις, εν οις περ και στιβαδοκοιτουσι* (iii. 233).

The "*ventorilla*" is a lower class of *venta*: it is often nothing more than a mere hut, run up with reeds or branches of trees by the road-side, at which water, bad wine, and worse brandy, "*aguardiente*," are to be sold. The latter is always detestable, raw, and disflavoured with aniseed. These "*ventorillas*" are at best suspicious places, and the haunts of the spies of regular robbers or of the skulking footpad, the "*ratero*," of which we shall have to speak in the proper place. The traveller in the matter of inns will be seldom perplexed with any difficulty of selection as to the relative *goodness*. The safe rule is to go to the one where the diligence puts up—*The Coach Inn*. We shall not be able often to give him the exact names of the *posadas*, nor is it requisite. The simple direction, "*vamos a La Posada*," let us go to THE inn, will be enough in smaller towns; for the question is rather, *Is there an inn, and where is it?* than, *Which is the best inn?*

N. B. All who travel with ladies are advised to write beforehand to their banker or friends to secure quarters in some hotel, especially when going to Madrid and the larger cities.

10. VOITURIER TRAVELLING.

Mails and diligences, we have said, are only established on the principal high roads connected with Madrid. There are but few local coaches which run from one provincial town to another, where the necessity of frequent and certain intercommunication is little called for. In the other provinces, where these modern conveniences have not been introduced, the earlier mode of travelling is the only resource left to families of children, women, and invalids, who are unable to perform the journey on horseback. This is the *festina lentè*, or *voiturier* system. From its long continuance in Italy and Spain, in spite of all the improvements adopted in other countries, it would appear to have something congenial and peculiarly fitted to the habits and wants of those cognate nations of the South, who have an Oriental dislike to be hurried, *no corre prisa!*

The Spanish *vetturino*, the "*Calesero*," is to be found, as in Italy, standing for hire in particular and well-known places in every principal town. The most respectable and long-established generally advertise in the local newspapers the day of their departure, and the name of the inn at which they may be heard of. There is, however, not much necessity for hunting for him: he has the Italian instinctive perception of a stranger and traveller, and the same importunity in volunteering himself, his cattle, and carriage, for any part of Spain. The man, however, and his equipage are peculiarly Spanish: his carriage, "*coche de colleras*," and his team, "*tiro*," have undergone little change during the last two centuries: they are the representatives of the former equi-

pages of Europe, and resemble those vehicles once used in England, which may still be seen in the old prints of country-houses by Kip; or, as regards France, in the pictures of Louis XIV.'s journeys and campaigns by Vandermeulen. They are the remnant of the once universal "coach and six." The real Spanish "*coche de colleras*" is a huge cumbrous machine, built after the fashion of a reduced lord mayor's coach, or some of the equipages of the older cardinals at Rome. It is ornamented with rude sculpture, gilding, and painting of glaring colour. The fore-wheels are very low, the hind ones very high, and both remarkably narrow in the tire; remember when they stick in the mud, and the drivers call upon Santiago, to push the vehicle out *backwards*; the more you draw it forwards the deeper you get into the mire. The pole sticks out like the bowsprit of a ship, and there is as much wood and iron work as would go to a small waggon. The interior is lined with gay silk and velvet plush. Latterly, the general poverty and the *prose* of European improvements have simplified and even effaced the ornate nationalities of carriages and costumes; the old type will every day be more and more obliterated, and the Spanish "*coche de colleras*" will approximate to the less picturesque vehicle of the Italian vetturino, just as their private carriages, which no man could see without a smile, are getting modern and uninteresting. The slow old coaches of Spain have been well and rapidly drawn by the Young American. The antiquarian should look out for them:—The square and formal body is ornamented in a sort of Chinese taste, and not unlike a tea-chest. This body is sustained by leathern straps, whose only spring is derived from their great length, for which purpose they are placed at such a distance from each other that they scarcely seem to be parts of the same vehicle. As these primitive carriages were built in remote ages, long before the invention of folding-steps, the ascent and entrance to them is facilitated by a little three-legged stool, which dangles by a strap behind, and which, when the carriage stops, the footman hastens to place near the door (just as was done in Egypt 4000 years ago, Wilk. ii. 208). A pair of fat and long-eared mules, with manes, hair, and tails fantastically cut, is driven by a superannuated postilion in formidable jack-boots and not less formidable cocked-hat of oil-cloth. Such are the ups and downs of nations. Spain, the discoverer of America, has now become her butt; and the noble dust of Alexander stops a bung-hole; and we also join in the laugh, and forget that our ancestors talked of "*Hurrying in feather beds, that move upon four-wheel Spanish caroches*" (Beaum. and Flet., 'Maid of the Inn,' iv. 1). However, the Prado vehicles were not one jot more ridiculous than those caricatures in motion which were called carriages at Paris in 1814, before they obtained notions of better things from England. *Fas est ab hoste doceri*; and both are thus more profitably employed than in teaching each other improved methods of war and destruction.

The luggage is piled up behind, or stowed away in a front boot. The management of driving this vehicle is conducted by two persons. The master *calesero* is called the "*mayoral*," his helper or cad the "*mozo*," or, more properly, "*el zagal*," from the Arabic, a strong active youth. The costume of the *calesero* is peculiar, and is based on that of Andalucia, which sets the fashion all over the Peninsula, in all matters regarding bull-fighting, horse-dealing, and so forth. He wears on his head a gay-coloured silk handkerchief, tied in such a manner that the tails hang down behind; over this remnant of the Moorish turban, he wears a high-peaked sugarloaf-shaped hat, "*sombrero calanes*," with broad brims, "*gacho*," Arabicè "turned down;" his jacket is the national "*jaqueta*," which is made either of black sheepskin, "*zamarra*," studded with silver tags, "*alamares*," and filigree buttons; or of brown cloth, with the back, arms, and particularly the

elbows, welted and tricked out with flowers and vases, cut in patches of different-coloured cloth and much embroidered. These *calesero* jackets are often imitated by the dandies, the "*majos*," of whom more anon, and then they are called a "*marselles*," not from the French Marseilles, but from the old Moorish costume of Marsilla in Africa. In warm weather linen jackets are substituted. When the jacket is not worn it is usually hung over the left shoulder, after the hussar fashion. The waistcoat, "*chaleco*," is made of rich fancy silk; the breeches, "*calzones*," are made of blue or green velvet plush, ornamented with stripes and filigree buttons, or fitting tight, "*de punto*," and tied at the knee with silken cords and tassels; the neck is left open, and the shirt-collar turned down, a gaudy neck-handkerchief is worn, oftener passed through a ring than tied in a knot; his waist is girt with a red sash, or with one of a bright yellow, "*color de caña*." This "*faja*"* is a *sine quâ non*; it is the old Roman *zona*, it serves also for a purse; it "girds the loins" and keeps up a warmth over the abdomen, which is highly beneficial in hot climates, and wards off any tendency to irritable colic: in the sash is stuck the "*navaja*," the knife, which is part and parcel of a Spaniard; behind, in the sash, the "*zagal*" usually places his stick, "*la vara*." The Andalucian *calesero* wears richly-embroidered gaiters, "*botines*,"† which are left open at the outside to show a handsome stocking; the shoes are yellow, like those of our cricketers, "*de becerro*," of untanned calfskin. The *caleseros* on the eastern coast wear the Valencian stocking, which has no feet, and the ancient Roman sandals, made of the *esparto* rush, with hempen soles, "*alpargatas*," Arabicé *Alpalgah*. The "*zagal*" follows the fashion in dress of the "*mayoral*," as nearly as his means will permit him. He is the servant of all work, and must be ready on every occasion; nor can any one who has ever seen the hard and incessant toil which these men undergo, justly accuse them of being indolent, "*holgazanes*," the reproach which has been cast without much justice on the lower classes of Spain; he runs by the side of the carriage, picks up stones to pelt the mules, ties and unties knots, and pours forth a volley of blows and oaths from the moment of starting to that of arrival. He sometimes is indulged with a ride by the side of the *mayoral* on the box, when he always uses the tail of the hind mule to pull himself up into his seat. The harnessing the six animals is a difficult operation; the tackle of ropes is laid out on the ground, and each beast is brought into his portion of the rigging. The start is always an important ceremony, and, as our royal mail does in the country, brings out all the idlers in the vicinity. When the team is harnessed, "*cuando el ganado está enganchado*," the *mayoral* gets all his skeins of ropes into his hand, the "*zagal*" his sash full of stones, the helpers at the *venta* their sticks; at a given signal all fire a volley of words and blows at the team, which, once in motion, continues at a brisk pace, performing from twenty-five to thirty miles a-day. The hours of starting are early, in order to avoid the mid-day heat; in these matters the Spanish customs are pretty much the same with the Italian; the *calesero* is always the best judge of the hours of departure and these minor details, which vary according to circumstances.

Whenever a bad bit of road occurs, a "*mal paso*," notice is given to the team by calling over their names, and by crying out "*arré, arré*," the still-used

* *Faja*; the Hhezum of Cairo. Atrides tightens his sash when preparing for action—Iliad xi. 15. The Roman soldiers kept their money in it. Ibit qui *zonam* perdidit—Hor. ii. Ep. 2. 40. The Jews used it for the same purpose—Matthew x. 9; Mark vi. 8. It is loosened at night. "None shall slumber or sleep, neither shall the girdle of their loins be loosed."—Isaiah v. 27.

† The old leggings of the Iberians, *κνημίδας*—Strabo, iii. 232. Sometimes the hair was left on the leather, *τριχινὰς κνημίδας*—Diod. Sic. v. 310.

Arabic word for gee-up; this is varied with "*firmé, firmé,*" steady, boy, steady! The names of the animals are always fine-sounding and polysyllabic; the accent is laid on the last syllable, which is always dwelt on and lengthened out with a particular emphasis,—*Čăpătănă-ă—Băndölēră-ă—Gĕnĕrălă-ă—Vălĕrôsă-ă*. All this vocal driving is performed at the top of the voice, and, indeed, next to scaring away crows in a field, must be considered the best possible practice for the lungs. The proportion of females predominates: there is generally one male mule in the team, who is called "*el macho,*" the male par excellence: he invariably comes in for the largest share of abuse and ill usage, which, indeed, he deserves the most, as the male mule is infinitely more stubborn and viciously inclined than the female. Sometimes there is a horse of the Rosinante breed; he is called "*el cavallo,*" or rather, as it is pronounced, "*el căvăl-yô-ô*. The horse is always the best used of the team; to be a rider, "*caballero,*" is the Spaniard's synonym for gentleman; it is their correct mode of addressing each other, and is banded gravely among the lower orders, who never have crossed any quadruped save a mule or a jackass.

"Our army swore lustily in Flanders," said Uncle Toby. But few nations can surpass the Spaniards in the language of vituperation: it is limited only by the extent of their anatomical, geographical, astronomical, and religious knowledge; it is most plentifully bestowed on their animals: "*un muletier à ce jeu vaut trois rois.*" Oaths and imprecations seem to be considered as the only language the mute creation can comprehend; and as actions are generally suited to the words, the combination is remarkably effective. We have been somewhat particular in all these preceding remarks, and have given many of the exact Spanish words, because much of the traveller's time on the road must be passed in this sort of company and occupation. Some knowledge of their sayings and doings is of great use: to be able to talk to them in their own lingo, to take an interest in them and in their animals, never fails to please; "*Por vida del demonio mas sabe Usia que nosotros,*" "by the life of the devil, your honour knows more than we," is a common form of compliment. When once equality is established, the master mind soon becomes the real master of the rest. The great oath of Spain ought never to be written or pronounced, *non nominandum inter mulieres*: it, however, practically forms the foundation of the language of the lower orders; it is a most ancient remnant of the phallic abjuration of the evil eye, the dreaded fascination which still perplexes the minds of Orientals, and is not banished from Spanish and Neapolitan superstitions.* The "*carajo*" is pronounced with a strong guttural aspiration of the j; it need not be described; the traveller will hear it enough. Spanish echoes reiterate the termination "*ajo,*" on which the great stress is laid: *ajo* means also garlic, which is quite as often in Spanish mouths; and is exactly what Hotspur liked, a "mouth-filling oath," energetic and Michael Angelesque. The pun has been extended to onions; thus, "*ajos y cebollas*" means oaths and imprecations. The sting of the oath is in the "*ajo,*" all women and quiet men, who do not

* The dread of the fascination of the evil eye, from which Solomon was not exempt (Proverbs xxiii. 6), prevails all over the East; it has not been extirpated from Spain or from Naples, which so long belonged to Spain. The lower classes in the Peninsula hang round the necks of their children and cattle a horn tipped with silver; this is sold as an amulet in the silversmiths' shops; the cord by which it is attached ought to be braided from a black mare's tail. The Spanish gipsies, of whom our pal Borrow has given us so complete an account, thrive by disarming the *mal de ojo*, "*querelar nasula,*" as they term it. The dread of the "*Ain ara*" exists among all classes of the Moors. The better classes of Spaniards make a joke of it; and often, when you remark that a person has put on or wears something strange about him, the answer is, "*Es para que no me hagan mal de ojo.*" Naples is the head-quarters for charms and coral amulets; all the learning has been collected by the Canon Jorio and the Marques Arditì.

wish to be particularly objuratory, but merely to enforce and give a little additional vigour, or shutting to their discourse, drop the "*ajo*," wherein is the sting, and say "*car*," "*carai*," "*caramba*"—just as the well-bred Greeks softened down their offensive *εις κορακας*—*pasces in cruce corvos*—into *εις καpas*. The Spanish oath is used as a verb, as a substantive, as an adjective—just as it suits the grammar or the wrath of the utterer. It is equivalent also to a certain place and the person who lives there. "*Vaya Vmd. al C——o*" is the worst form of the angry; "*Vaya Vmd. al demonio*," or "*a los infiernos*," is a whimsical mixture of courtesy and transportation. "Your worship may go to the devil, or to H—— and he ——!"

These imprecatory vegetables, "*ajos y cebollas*," retain in Spain their old Egyptian flavour and mystical charm; "*Allium cæpasque inter Deos in jurejurando habet Egyptus*."—Plin., 'Nat. Hist.,' xix. 6. The modern garlic, "*ajo*," has quite displaced

"The fig of Spain.....
When Pistol lies, *do this*; and fig me like
The bragging Spaniard."

This was the "*digitus impudicus*," of which the Spaniard Martial makes such frequent mention. All this, in word and deed, is very Oriental. The Spaniards have, however, added most of the gloomy northern Gothic oaths, which are imprecatory, to the Oriental, which are grossly sensual. Enough of this. The traveller who has much to do with Spanish mules and asses, biped or quadruped, will need no hand-book to teach him the sixty-five or more "*serments espagnols*" on which Mons. de Brantôme wrote a treatise. More becoming will it be to the English gentleman to swear not at all; a reasonable indulgence in *Caramba* is all that can be permitted; the custom is more honoured in the breach than in the observance, and bad luck seldom deserts the house of the imprecator. "*En la casa del que jura, no falta desventura*."

The driving a *coche de colleras* is quite a science of itself, and is observed in conducting *diligences*; it amuses the Spanish "*majo*" as much as coach-driving does the fancy-man of England; the great art lies not in handling the ribbons, but in the proper modulation of the voice: the cattle, "*ganado*," are always addressed individually by their names; the first syllables are pronounced very rapidly; the "*macho*," the male mule, who is the most abused, is the only one not addressed by any names beyond that of his sex: the word is repeated with a voluble iteration; in order to make the two syllables longer, they are strung together thus, *mächö—mächö—mächö—mächö-ö*: they begin in semiquavers, flowing on crescendo to a semibreve or breve: the four words are compounded into one polysyllable. The horse seldom has any name beyond that of "*Caballo*;" the female mules never are without their name, which they perfectly know—indeed, the owners will say that they understand them, and all bad language, as well as Christian women, "*como Cristianas*;" and, to do the beasts justice, they seem more shocked and discomfited thereby than the bipeds who profess the same creed. If the animal called to does not answer by pricking up her ears, or by quickening her pace, the threat of "*la vārā*," the stick, is added—the last argument of Spanish drivers and schoolmasters, with whom there is no sort of reason equal to that of the bastinado, "*no hay tal razon, como la del baston*." The Moors thought so highly of the bastinado, that they held the stick to be a special gift from Allah to the faithful. It holds good, *à priori* and *à posteriori*, to mule and boy, "*al hijo y mulo para el culo*;" and if the "*macho*" be in fault, and he is generally punished to encourage the others, some abuse is added to blows, such as "*che përrö-ö*," "what a dog!" or some unhandsome allusion to his mother, which is followed by throwing a stone at

him, for no whip could reach the distance from the coach-seat to the leaders. When any particular mule's name is called, if her companion be the next to be addressed, it is seldom done by name, she is then spoken to as a "*a la òtrā-ā*," "now for the other," "*aquella-atra-a*," "look out that other," which from long habit of association and observation is expected and acknowledged. The team obeys the voice, and is in admirable command,—few things are more amusing than watching the whole operation, especially when bad roads and broken country make it a service of difficulty.

Where the travellers have much luggage, or take their own beds, it is advisable to hire a small "*galera*," or waggon, which either follows or precedes; these are always to be had, and there are, moreover, regular *galeras* which go from town to town, and which precisely do the offices which Fynes Moryson described in the time of James I. in England. "These carriers have long covered waggons, in which they carry passengers from city to city; but this kind of journeying is so tedious by reason they must take waggon very early and come very late to their inns, none but women and people of inferior condition used to travel in this sort." So it is now in Spain. The *galera* is a long cart without springs, the sides lined with *esparto* matting; beneath hangs a loose open net, as under the calesinas of Naples, in which lies and barks a horrid dog, who is never to be conciliated. These *galeras* are of all sizes; but if a *galera* should be a larger sort of vehicle than is wanted, then a "*tartana*," a sort of covered tilted cart, which is very common in Valencia, and which is so called from a small Mediterranean craft of the same name, will be found convenient. See also our remarks on the *Maragatos*.

This mode of travelling is expensive; from four to eight dollars a-day may be calculated on as the charge of a good coach and six; but the traveller should never make the bargain himself until perfectly acquainted with Spain. The safest way will always be to apply to his banker or some respectable merchant in the town, who are enabled to recommend persons in whom some degree of confidence may be placed, and to make the terms beforehand. Every possible precaution should be taken in clearly and minutely specifying everything to be done, and the price; the Spanish "*caleseros*" rival their Italian colleagues in that untruth, roguery, and dishonesty, which seem everywhere peculiar to those who handle the whip, "do jobbings," and conduct mortals by horses; the fee or "*propina*" to be given to the drivers should never be included in the bargain, "*ajuste*." The keeping this important item open and dependent on the good behaviour of the future recipients offers a sure check over master and man, mayoral and zagal. In justice, however, to this class of Spaniards, it may be said that on the whole they are civil, good-humoured, and hard-working, and, from not having been accustomed to either the skrew bargaining or alternate extravagance of the English travellers in Italy, are as tolerably fair in their transactions as can be expected from human nature brought in constant contact with four-legged and four-wheeled temptations. They offer to the artist an endless subject of the picturesque; everything connected with them is full of form, colour, and originality. They can do nothing, whether sitting, driving, sleeping, or eating, that does not make a picture; the same may be said of their animals and their habits and harness; those who draw will never find the midday halt long enough for infinite variety of subject and scenery, to which their travelling equipage and attendants form the most peculiar and appropriate foreground: while our modern poetasters will find them quite as worthy of being sung in immortal verse as the Cambridge carrier, Hobson, Milton's choice.

11. ROBBERS, AND PRECAUTIONS AGAINST THEM.

This mode of travelling in a "*coche de colleras*," and especially if accompanied with a baggage waggon, is of all others that which most exposes the party to be robbed. When the caravan arrives in the small villages it attracts immediate notice, and if it gets wind that the travellers are foreigners, and still more English, they are supposed to be laden with gold and booty. Such an arrival, with such a *posse comitatus*, is a very rare event; it spreads like wildfire all along the road, and collects all the "*mala gente*," the bad set of idlers, a class which always was a weed of this soil, and which the poverty and marauding spirit, increased by the recent troubled times, has by no means diminished. In the villages near the inns there is seldom a lack of loiterers, who act as spies, and convey intelligence to their confederates; again, the bulk of the equipage, the noise and clatter of men and mules, is seen and heard from afar, by robbers who lurk in hiding-places or eminences, who are well provided with telescopes, besides with longer and sharper noses, which, as Gil Blas says, smell gold in travellers' pockets. The slow pace and impossibility of flight render the traveller an easy prey to well mounted horsemen. We do not wish to frighten our readers with much notice on Spanish robbers, being well assured that they are the exception, not the rule, in Spanish travel. The accounts of them are much exaggerated by the natives themselves; the subject is the standing dish, the common topic of the lower classes of travellers, when talking and smoking round the *venta* fires, and forms the natural and agreeable *religio loci*, the associations connected with wild and cut-throat localities. Though their pleasure is mingled with fear and pain, yet they delight in their tales of horrors, as children do in ghost-stories. Their Oriental amplification, "*ponderacion*," is inferior only to their credulity, its twin-sister. They end in believing their own lies. Whenever a robbery really does take place, the report spreads far and wide, and gains in detail and atrocity, for no muleteer's story loses in the telling. It is talked of for months all over the country, while the thousands of daily passengers who journey on unhurt are never mentioned. It is like the lottery, in which the great prize alone attracts attention, not the infinite majority of blanks. These robber-tales reach the cities, and are often believed by most respectable people, who pass their lives without stirring a league beyond the walls. They sympathise with all who are compelled to expose themselves to the great pains and perils, the travail of travel, and with the most good-natured intentions they endeavour to dissuade rash adventurers, by stating as facts the apprehensions of their own credulity and imagination. Again, those of our countrymen who, on their return, print and publish their personal narratives, well know that a robbery-scene is as much expected in a book of Spanish travels as in one of Mrs. Ratcliffe's romances; such books only are made by "*striking events*;" accordingly, they string together all the floating traditional horrors which they can scrape together on Spanish roads. They thus feed and keep up the notion entertained in many counties of England, that the whole Peninsula is peopled with banditti. If such were the case society could not exist: the very fact of almost all of the authors having themselves escaped by a miracle, ought to lead to the inference that most other people escape likewise: a blot is not a blot till it is hit.

It is not, however, to be denied that Spain is, of all countries in Europe, the one in which the ancient classical and once universal system of robbing on the highway exists the most unchanged. With us these things have been much altered; Spain is what England was sixty years ago, with Hounslow Heath and Finchley Common; what Italy was very lately, and may be again next year.

A bad character sticks to a country as well as to an individual; Spain had the same reputation in the days of antiquity, but it was always the accusation of foreigners. The Romans, who had no business to invade Spain, were harassed by the native guerilleros, those undisciplined bands of armed men who wage the "little war," which Iberia always did. The Romans, worried by these unmilitary voltigeurs, called all Spaniards who resisted them "*latrones*;" just as the French, during the late war, from the same reasons called them brigands and assassins. The national resistance against the intrusive foreigner has always armed the peasantry of Spain. Again, that sort of patriotism, a *moyen de parvenir*, which is the last and usual resource of scoundrels, is often made the pretext of the ill-conditioned to throw a specious mantle over the congenial vocation of living a free-booting idle existence by plunder rather than by work and industry; this accounts for the facility with which the universal Spanish nation flies to arms. Smuggling again sows the soil with dragons' teeth, and produces, at a moment's notice, a plentiful crop of armed men, or guerilleros, which is almost a convertible term with robber.

Robbery in other countries has yielded to increased population, to more rapid and more frequent intercommunication. The distances in Spain are very great: the high-roads are few, and are carried through long leagues of uncultivated plains, "*dehesas*,"—through deserted towns, dispeopled districts, "*despoblados*," a term more common in Spain, as in the East, than that of village is in England. Andalusia is the most dangerous province, and it was always so. This arises from the nature of the country, from being the last scene of the Moorish struggle; and now from being in the vicinity of Gibraltar, the great focus of smuggling, which prepares the raw material for a banditti. These evils, which are abated by internal quiet and the continued exertions of the authorities, increase with troubled times, which, as the tempest calls forth the stormy petrel, rouses into dangerous action the worst portions of society, and creates a sort of civil cachexia, which can only be put down by peace and a strong settled government—blessings which, alas! have long been denied to unhappy Spain; meanwhile no hand-book on Spain can be complete without giving some account of the different classes and organization of the robber system—the alphabet and rudiments of a traveller's conversation when on the road. The antiquity of the system has been detailed in the 'Quarterly Review,' cxxii. 9, to which those about to visit the "Serrania de Ronda," and the wild country between Seville and Granada, will do well to refer, especially as regards "*José Maria*," who so long held undisputed rule in those parts, and whose name will long remain in the mouths of those whose talk is about robbers. First and foremost come the "*ladrones*," the robbers on a great scale: they are a regularly organized band, from eight to fourteen in number, well armed and mounted, and entirely under the command of one leader. These are the most formidable; and as they seldom attack any travellers except with overwhelming forces, and under circumstances of ambuscade and surprise, where everything is in their favour, resistance is generally useless, and can only lead to fatal accidents; it is better to submit at once to the summons, which will take no denial, of "*boca abajo*," "*boca a tierra*," down, mouth to the earth. Those who are provided with such a sum of money as the robbers think according to their class of life, that they ought to carry about them, are very rarely ill-used; a frank, confident, and good-humoured surrender generally not only prevents any bad treatment, but secures even civility during the disagreeable operation: pistols and sabres are, after all, a poor defence, as Mr. Cribb said, compared to civil words and deeds. The Spaniard is by nature high-bred and a "*caballero*," and responds to any appeal to qualities of which his nation has reason to be proud: notwithstanding

these moral securities, if only by way of making assurance doubly sure, an Englishman will do well when travelling in exposed districts to be provided with a bag containing fifty to one hundred dollars, which makes a handsome purse, feels heavy in the hand, and is that sort of amount which the Spanish brigand thinks a native of this proverbially rich country ought to have with him on his travels. He has a remarkable tact in estimating from the look of an individual, his equipage, &c., how much ready money it is befitting his condition for him to have about him; if the sum should not be enough, he resents severely the depriving him of the regular spoil to which he considers himself entitled by the long established usage of the high-road. The traveller who is unprovided altogether with cash is generally made a severe example of, pour encourager les autres, either by beating, "*echandole palos*," or by stripping to the skin, "*dejándole en cueros*," after the fashion of the thieves of old, near Jericho. The traveller should be particularly careful to have a watch of some kind, one with a gaudy gilt chain and seals is the best suited: not to have a watch of any kind exposes the traveller to more certain indignities than a scantily filled purse. The money may have been spent, but the absence of a watch can only be accounted for by a premeditated intention of not being robbed of it, which the "*ladron*" considers as an unjustifiable attempt to defraud him of his right. It must be said, to the credit of the Spanish brigands, especially those of the highest class, that they rarely ill-use women or children; nor do they commence firing or offering violence unless resisted. The next class of robbers—omitting some minor distinctions, such as the "*salteadores*," or two or three persons who lie in ambuscade and jump out on the unprepared traveller—is the "*ratero*," "the rat." He is held in contempt, but is not less dangerous. He is not brought regularly up to the profession and organized, but takes to it, pro re natâ, of a sudden, commits his robbery, and returns to his pristine vocation. Very often, on the arrival of strangers, two or three of the ill-conditioned worst classes get up a robbery the next day for the special occasion, according to the proverb "*la ocasion hace al ladron*." The "*raterillo*," or small rat, is a skulking footpad, who seldom attacks any but single and unprotected passengers, who, if they get robbed, have no one to blame but themselves; for no man is justified in exposing Spaniards to the temptation of doing a little something in that line. The shepherd with his sheep, the ploughman at his plough, the vine-dresser amid his grapes,—all have their gun, which, ostensibly for their individual protection, furnishes means of assault and battery against those who have no other defence but their legs and virtue.

The regular first-class "*ladrones*" are generally armed with a blunderbuss, "*retajo*," which hangs at their saddles, the high-peaked "*albarda*," which is covered with a fleece, either white or blue, the "*zalea*." Their dress is for the most part very rich and in the highest style of "*aficion*," "the fancy;" they are the envy and models of the lower classes of Andalucians, being arrayed after the fashion of the smuggler, "*contrabandista*," or the bull-fighter, "*torero*," or in a word, the "*majo*," or dandy, who, being peculiar to the south of Spain, will be more properly described in Andalucia, which is the home and headquarters of all those who aspire to the elegant accomplishments and professions to which we have just alluded.

Since these evils have so long been notorious, it is natural that means of prevention should likewise exist. If the state of things were so bad as exaggerated report would infer, it would be impossible that any travelling or traffic could be managed in the Peninsula. The mails and diligences, as we have said, are protected by government, and are very seldom attacked; those who travel by other methods, and have proper recommendations, will seldom fail in being

provided by the captain-generals, or the military commander in smaller districts, the "*commandante las armas*," with a sufficient escort. A regular body of men was organized for that purpose all over Spain; and were called "*Miquelites*," from, it is said, one Miquel de Prats, an armed satellite of the famous or infamous Cæsar Borgia. In Catalonia they are called "*Mozos de la Escudra*;" they are the modern "*Hermanidad*," the brotherhood which formed the old Spanish rural armed police. They serve on foot, like a sort of dismounted gendarmerie, and are under the orders of the military powers. They are composed of picked and most active young men; they are dressed in a sort of half uniform and half *majo* costume. Their gaiters are black instead of yellow, and their jackets of blue trimmed with red. They are well armed with a short gun and the "*cañama*," or belt round the belly, in which the cartouches are placed, a much more convenient contrivance than our cartouche-box; they have a sword, a cord for securing prisoners, and a single pistol, which is stuck in their sashes, at their backs. This corps is on a perfect par with the robbers, from whom some of them are chosen; indeed, the common condition of the "*indulto*," or pardon to robbers, is to enlist, and extirpate their former associates,—set a thief to catch a thief; both the honest and renegade *Miquelites* hunt "*la mala gente*," as gamekeepers do poachers. The robbers fear and respect them: an escort of ten or twelve *Miquelites* may brave any number of banditti, who never or rarely attack where resistance is to be anticipated. The *Miquelites* are commanded by a corporal of their own, and in travelling through suspected spots show singular skill in taking every precaution, in throwing out skirmishers in front and at the sides. They cover in their progress a large space of ground, taking care never to keep above two together, nor more distant from each other than gunshot; rules which all travellers will do well to remember, and to enforce on all occasions of suspicion. The rare instances in which Englishmen, especially officers of the garrison of Gibraltar, have been robbed, have arisen from a neglect of this precaution; when the whole party ride together they may be all caught at once, as in a trap. It may be remarked that Spanish robbers are very shy in attacking armed English travellers, and particularly if they appear on their guard. The robbers dislike fighting. They hate danger, from knowing what it is; they have no chivalrous courage, or abstract notions of fair play, any more than a Turk or a tiger, who are too uncivilized to throw away a chance: accordingly, the Spanish robbers seldom attack where they anticipate resistance, which they all feel they will assuredly meet from Englishmen. They have also a peculiar dislike to English guns and gunpowder, which, in fact, both as arms and ammunition, are infinitely superior to the ruder Spanish weapons. Though three or four Englishmen have nothing to fear, yet where there are ladies it is always far better to be provided with an escort of *Miquelites*. These men have a keen and accurate eye, and are always on the look-out for prints of horses and other signs, which, escaping the notice of superficial observers, indicate to their practised observations the presence of danger. The *Miquelites* are indefatigable, keeping up with a carriage day and night, braving heat and cold, hunger and thirst. As they are maintained at the expense of the government, they are not, strictly speaking, entitled to any remuneration from those travellers whom they are directed to escort; it is, however, usual to give to each man a couple of *pesetas* a-day, and a dollar to their leader. The trifling addition of a few cigars, a "*bota*" or two of wine, some rice and dried cod-fish, "*bacalao*," for their evening meal, is well bestowed; exercise sharpens their appetites; and they are always proud to drink to their master's health, and are none the worse for his food, for "*tripas llevan a pies, y no pies a tripas*," which, not to translate it coarsely, means that bowels carry

the feet, not the feet the bowels. The proof is evident, for they, when thus well treated, will go through fire and water for their employers ("*quieres que te siga el can, dale pan,*" "if you wish a dog to follow you, give him bread"), who may pass on without the least fear of danger, even in sight of a band of robbers regularly drawn up in the distance, whence they will not dare to come down to attack them, although civilly invited to do so; "*experto crede.*"

Those, however, who are endued with patience and endurance, will find travelling in Spain, when the great roads are departed from, not much worse than an excursion round Sicily. They will get little on the journey at all conducive to comfort, except what they take with them. A *galera* on such occasions looks like the déménagement of a household. It is far safer to have a superabundance of stores than a deficiency. "*Mas vale,*" says the proverb, "*que sobre, que no se falte.*" "It is better to have too much than too little." It is also essential to the traveller to arrive on all occasions as early as possible at his evening quarters. He has thus the best chance of securing the first choice of whatever limited accommodation may exist. "*En las sopas y amores, los primeros son mejores*"—"In soup and love-affairs those first helped are the best off;" the last man is the one the dog bites; "*al postrero le muerde el perro;*" occupat extremum scabies, the devil takes the hindmost. It is quite wonderful to see how Spanish families get on when on these journeys: as in the East they are accustomed to privations and every sort of disaccommodation; they expect nothing better; they have no idea that travelling across their country is ever unattended with hardship; patience is the badge of the nation; their more than Oriental resignation reconciles them to many a moral and physical suffering, which, being endured because it cannot be cured, becomes lighter by making up their minds to do so, and by not giving way to peevishness and ill-temper. The proverb is always in their mouths, to console and encourage them to bear on. "*Para todo hay remedio, sino es para la muerte,*" "there is a remedy for everything except for death." They have found from sad experience that any attempts to change the existing circumstances of Spanish habits and affairs have seldom been attended with success; on the contrary, the tendency has been to render intolerable evils which were tolerable before: "*mas vale el mal conocido que no el bien a conocer,*" "better the evil the full extent of which is known, than the good which has to be learnt." * The bliss of ignorance, and of the not knowing of anything better, is the secret of the absence of discontent of the poor. To those whose life is one feast, everything which does not come up to their conventional ideas is a failure; to those whose daily bread is dry, whose drink is water, everything beyond is a feast: accordingly, a Spanish family, when travelling in the manner which we have just described, does not require a tithe of the attendance and preparations without which no English party could manage at all. "*Son cosas de España!*" What Seneca says of the Cordovese orator Porcius Latro holds good to this day. His rule was to take life everywhere just as he found it: "*utcumque res tulerat ita vivere*"—"donde fueres haz como vieres."

Those, whether natives or foreigners, who cannot obtain or afford the expense of an escort to themselves, avail themselves of the opportunity of joining company with some party who are enabled to do so. It is wonderful how soon the

* The very word *Novelty* has become in common parlance synonymous with danger, change, by the fear of which all Spaniards are perplexed. "How is your wife?" says a gentleman to his friend. "*Como está mi Señora la Esposa de Vmd.?*" "She goes on without Novelty"—"*Sigue sin Novedad;*" is the reply, if the fair one be much the same. "*Vaya Vmd. con Dios, y que no haya Novedad!*" "Go with God! and may nothing new happen," says another, on starting his friend off on a journey.

fact of an escort being granted is known, and how the number of travellers increases who are anxious to take advantage of the convoy. As all go armed, the united allied forces become more formidable as the number increases, and the danger becomes less. If no one happens to be travelling with an escort, then travellers wait for the passage of troops, for the government's sending money, tobacco, or anything else which requires protection. If none of these opportunities offer, all who are about to travel join company. This habit of forming caravans is very Oriental, and has become quite national in Spain. It is almost impossible to travel alone; others will join; weaker and smaller parties will unite with all stronger and larger companies whom they meet, going the same road, whether the latter like it or not. The muleteers are most social and gregarious amongst each other, and will often endeavour to derange their employers' line of route, in order to fall in with that of their chance-met comrades. The caravan, like a snow-ball, increases in bulk as it rolls on: it is often pretty considerable at the very outset, for, even before starting, the muleteers and proprietors of carriages, being well known to each other, communicate mutually the number of travellers which each has got. Everybody in Spain travels armed to the teeth, and arrayed in a sort of costume for the road; and as all are cloaked and muffled up alike, a peculiar bandit look is common to most persons one meets outside of a town. Now, most Spaniards are rather sallow than otherwise, are apt to have black eyes, hair, unshorn beards, and have a trick of staring rather fixedly from under their slouched hat at the passing stranger, whose, to them, outlandish costume excites curiosity and suspicion; accordingly some difficulty does exist in distinguishing the sheep from the wolf, when both are disguised in the same clothing. A private and respectable Spanish gentleman, who, in his native town, would be the model of a peaceable and inoffensive burgess, when on his travels has altogether the appearance of the Bravo of Venice, and such-like heroes, by whom Englishmen, when children, have from time immemorial been frightened at Astley's. In consequence of the difficulty of outliving what they learnt in the nursery, many of our simple countrymen have, with the best intentions, set down the bulk of the population of the Peninsula as one gang of robbers—they have exaggerated their number like Falstaff's men of buckram. This state of armed peace, which prevails outside of Spanish towns, offers in itself an additional means of security, and those who travel without a regular escort can always hire armed peasants in villages and localities of notorious danger: they are called "*escopeteros*," people with guns—a definition which is applicable to all Spaniards. This custom of going armed, and early acquaintance with the use of the gun, is the principal reason why, on the shortest notice, bodies of men, who by courtesy are here called soldiers, are got together; every field furnishes the raw material—a man with a gun. Baggage, commissariat, pay, rations, uniform, and discipline, which are European rather than Oriental, seldom overabound in the armies of Spain. These "*escopeteros*," occasionally robbers themselves, live either by robbery or by the prevention of it; for there is some honour among thieves; "*entre lobos no se come*," "wolves don't eat each other" unless very hard up indeed; they are by no means so bold or trustworthy as the Miquelites, who despise them. The "*escopeteros*" naturally endeavour to alarm travellers with over-exaggerated accounts of danger, in order that their services may be engaged; their idle stories are often believed by the gobemouche class of book-making travellers, the Semples, Sir John Carrs, Inglises, *et hoc genus omne*—who note down, print, and publish tales of horror told them, and got up for the occasion, by people who are laughing at them in their sleeves; but these things are among the accidents of long journeys, "*en luengas vias, luengas mentiras*."

12. TRAVELLING WITH MULETEERS.

This mode, when the party is small, or when a person is alone, is very common in Spain; it is, perhaps, the cheapest and safest manner. The "*ordinarios*," who go from town to town, frequently compound with regularly established bands of robbers, by paying a certain black-mail, which secures their safe passage. They always travel in such numbers, and take such precautions, that nothing is to be apprehended from "*rateros*," or minor robbers. These muleteers, "*arrieros*," are, moreover, the best persons to consult as to the actual condition of roads and those particulars which, changing from day to day, cannot be laid down in a book. The days of their departure from town to town may be always ascertained at their respective houses of call, the lower classes of *posadas*, at which they invariably put up, and which are perfectly well known in every town in Spain. They will furnish mules and occasionally horses to travellers, and convey their luggage. These horses are seldom good. Cervantes, wishing to describe a regular brute, calls him "*de los malos, de los de alquiler*." Their common charge averages about three dollars a-head for each day's journey. They prefer mules and asses to the horse, which is more delicate, requires greater attention, and is less sure-footed over broken and precipitous ground. The mule performs in Spain the functions of the camel in the East, and has something in his morale (besides his physical suitableness to the country) which is congenial to the character of the Spaniard—the same self-willed obstinacy, the same resignation under burdens, the same singular capability of endurance of labour, fatigue, and privation. The mule has always been much used in Spain, and the demand for them very great; yet, from some mistaken crotchet of Spanish political economy (which is very Spanish), the breeding of the mule has long been attempted to be prevented in order to encourage that of the horse. One of the reasons alleged was, that the mule was a non-reproductive animal; an argument which might or ought to apply equally to the monk; a breed for which Spain could have shown for the first prize, both as to number and size, against any other country in all Christendom. This attempt to force the production of an animal far less suited to the wants and habits of the people has failed, as might be expected. The difficulties thrown in the way have only tended to raise the prices of mules, which are, and always were, very dear; a good mule will fetch from 25*l.* to 50*l.*, while a horse of relative goodness may be purchased for from 20*l.* to 40*l.* Mules were always very dear; Martial (iii. 62), like a true Andalucian Spaniard, *talks* of one which cost more than a house. The most esteemed are those bred from mares and stallion asses, "*garañones*,"* some of which are of extraordinary size, and one which Don Carlos had in his stud-house at Aranjuez in 1832 exceeded fifteen hands in height.

The mules in Spain, as in the East, have their coats closely shorn or clipped; part of the hair is usually left on in stripes like the zebra, or cut into fanciful patterns, like the tattooings of an Indian chief. This process of shearing is found to keep the beast cooler and freer from cutaneous disorders. The operation is performed in the southern provinces by gipsies, "*gitanos*," who are the same tinkers, horse-dealers, and vagrants in Spain as elsewhere. In the northern provinces all this is done by Arragonese, who, in costume, good-for-nothingness, and most respects, are no better than the worst real gipsies. This clipping recalls to us the "*mulo curto*," on which Horace could amble even to Brundisium.

* The *garañon* is also called "*burro padre*," ass father, not "*padre burro*." "*Padre*," the prefix of paternity, is the common title given in Spain to the clergy and the monks. "Father Jackass" might in many instances, when applied to the latter, be too morally and physically appropriate to be consistent with the respect due to the celibate cowl and cassock.

The mule-clippers are called "*esquiladores*:" they may be known by the formidable shears, *tijeras*, gipsicé "*cachas*," which they carry in their sashes. They are very particular in clipping the pastern and heels, which they say ought to be as free from hair as the palm of a lady's hand. The mules of the *arriero* always travel in files. The leading animal is furnished with a copper bell with a wooden clapper, "*cencerro zumbon*," which is shaped like an ice-mould, sometimes two feet long, and hangs from the neck, being contrived, as it were, on purpose to knock the animal's knees as much as possible, and to emit the greatest quantity of the most melancholy sounds, according to the pious origin of all bells, which were meant to scare the devil. The bearer of all this tintinnabular clatter is chosen from its superior docility and knack in picking out a way. The others follow their leader, and the noise he makes when they cannot see him. They are heavily but scientifically laden. The cargo of each is divided into three portions, "*tercios*;" one is tied on each side, and the other placed between. If the cargo be not nicely balanced the muleteer either unloads or adds a few stones to the lighter portion—the additional weight being compensated by the greater comfort with which a well-poised burden is carried. These "Sumpter" mules are gaily decorated with trappings full of colour and tags. A complete furniture is called an "*aparejo redondo*." The head-gear is generally equally gay, being composed of different coloured worsteds, to which a multitude of small bells are affixed; hence the saying, "*muger de mucha campanilla*," a woman of many bells, of much show, much noise, or pretension. The muleteer either walks by the side of his animal or sits aloft on the cargo, with his feet dangling on the neck, a seat which is by no means so uncomfortable as it would appear. His rude gun hangs in readiness by his side; the approach of the caravan is announced from afar: "How carols now the lusty muleteer!" For when not engaged in swearing or smoking, the livelong day is passed in one monotonous high-pitched song, which, like that of the cognate camel-driver in the East, is little in harmony with his cheerful humour, being most unmusical and melancholy; but such is the true type of Oriental melody, as it is called. The same absence of thought which is shown in England by whistling is displayed in Spain by singing. "*Quien canta sus males espanta*:" accordingly, either a song, an oath, or a cigar, are always in his mouth, the former of these consolations in travel being as old and as classical as Virgil:—"Cantantes licet usque, minus via tædet, eamus."

The humble ass, "*burro*," "*borrico*," is (as the monk used to be) part and parcel of a Spanish scene: he forms the appropriate foreground in streets or roads. Wherever two or three Spaniards are collected in a *junta*, there is sure to be an ass among them; he is the hardworked companion of the lower orders, to whom to be out of work is the greatest misfortune; sufferance is indeed the common virtue of both tribes. They may, perhaps, both wince a little when a new burden or a new tax is laid on them—cum gravius dorso subiit onus—but they soon, when they see that there is no remedy, "*no hay remedio*," bear on and endure: from this fellow-feeling master and animal cherish each other at heart, though, from the blows and imprecations bestowed openly, the former may be thought by hasty observers to be ashamed of confessing these predilections in public. Some under-current, no doubt, remains of the ancient prejudices of chivalry; but Cervantes, who thoroughly understood human nature in general, and Spanish nature in particular, has most justly dwelt on the dear love which Sancho Panza felt for his "*Rucio*," and marked the reciprocity of the brute, affectionate as intelligent. In fact, in the *Sagra* district, near Toledo, he is called *El vecino*, one of the householders; and none can look a Spanish ass in the face without remarking a peculiar expression, which indicates that the hairy

fool considers himself to be one of the family, *de la familia*, or *de nosotros*. La Mancha is the paradise of mules and asses; many a Sancho at this moment is there fondling and embracing his ass, his "*chato chatito*," "*Romo*," and other complimentary variations of *Snub*, with which, when not abusing him, he delights to nickname his helpmate. In Spain, as Sappho says, Love is *γλυκυπικρον*, an alternation of the agro-dolce; nor is there any prevention of cruelty society towards animals; every Spaniard has the same right in law and equity to kick and beat his own ass to his own liking, as a philanthropical Yankee has to wallop his own nigger; no one ever thinks of interposing on these occasions, any more than they would in a quarrel between a man and his wife. The words are, at all events, on one side. It is, however, recorded, *in piam memoriam*, of certain Roman Catholic asses of Spain, that they tried to throw off one Tomas Trebiño and some other heretics, when on the way to be burnt, being horror-struck at bearing such monsters. Every Spanish peasant is heart-broken when injury is done to his ass, as well he may be, for it is the means by which he lives; nor has he much chance, if he loses him, of finding, when hunting for him, a crown, as was once done, or even a government, like Sancho. Sterne would have done better to have laid the venue of his sentimentalities over a dead ass in Spain, rather than in France, where the quadruped species is much rarer. In Spain, where small carts and wheel-barrows are almost unknown, and the drawing them is considered as beneath the dignity of the Spanish man, the substitute, an ass, is in constant employ; sometimes it is laden with sacks of corn, with wine-skins, with water-jars, with dung, or with dead robbers, slung like sacks over the back, their arms and legs tied under the animal's belly. Asses' milk, "*leche de burra*," is in much request during the spring season. The Andaluças drink it in order to fine their complexions and cool their blood, "*refrescar la sangre*;" the clergy and men in office, "*los empleados*," to whom it is mother's milk, that it may give tone to their gastric juices; there is nothing new in this, according to the accounts of Pliny (Nat. Hist. xxviii. 12). Riding on assback was accounted a disgrace and a degradation to the Gothic hidalgo. Acimundo was thus paraded through Toledo in the sixth century, for attempting to murder the king Recared. Among the Cumæans the adultress was punished by a similar public exhibition—*οροβασις*—(Plut., 'Quest. Græc.' Reiske, vii. 171). The Spaniards, in the sixteenth century, mounted unrepining cuckolds, "*los cornudos pacientes*," on asses—(See the curious print of Seville, in which this procession forms the foreground.—Braun's 'Civitates,' vol. iii. p. 5). In spite of all these unpleasant associations, the grandees and their wives, and even grave ambassadors from foreign parts, during the royal residences at Aranjuez, delighted in elevating themselves on this beast of ill omen, and "*borricadas*" were all the fashion. Spanish ladies, when undertaking riding-journeys, are mounted on donkeys in comfortable side-saddles, or rather side chairs, called "*jamugas*." On this occasion the mantilla is generally laid aside, and a black straw bonnet with black feathers substituted—a custom as old as the Austrian dynasty in Spain. It must be admitted that these cavalcades are truly national and picturesque. Mingled with droves of mules and mounted horsemen, the long lines come threading down the mountain defiles or tracking through the aromatic brushwood, now concealed amid rocks and olive-trees, now emerging bright and glittering into the sunshine, giving life and movement to the lonely nature, and breaking the usual stillness by the tingle of the bell and the sad ditty of the muleteer,—sounds which, though unmusical in themselves, are in keeping with the scene, and associated with wild Spanish rambles, just as the harsh whetting of the scythe is mixed up with the sweet spring and newly-mown hay-meadow.

CHOICE OF COMPANIONS.

Those who travel in public conveyances or with muleteers are seldom likely to be left alone. It is the horseman who strikes into out-of-the-way, unfrequented districts, who will feel the want of that important item—a travelling companion, on which, as in choosing a wife, it is easy enough to give advice. The patient must, however, administer to himself. The selection depends, of course, much on the taste and idiosyncrasy of each individual; those unfortunate persons who are accustomed to have everything their own way, or those, felices nimium, who possess the alchymy of finding resources and amusements in themselves, *numquam minus soli, quam soli*, may perhaps find travelling alone to be the best; at all events, no company is better than bad company: “*mas vale ir solo, que mal acompañado.*” A solitary wanderer is certainly the most unfettered as regards his notions and motions, “*no tengo padre ni madre, ni perro que me ladre.*” He can read the book of Spain, as it were, in his own room, dwelling on what he likes, and skipping what he does not.

Every coin has, however, its reverse, and every rose its thorn. Notwithstanding these and other obvious advantages, and the tendency that occupation and even hardships have to drive away imaginary evils, this freedom will be purchased by occasional moments of depression; a dreary, forsaken feeling will steal over the most cheerful mind. It is not good for man to be alone; and this social necessity never comes home stronger to the warm heart than during a long-continued solitary ride through the rarely visited districts of the Peninsula. The sentiment is in perfect harmony with the abstract feeling which is inspired by the present condition of unhappy Spain, fallen from her high estate, and blotted almost from the map of Europe. Silent, sad, and lonely is her face, on which the stranger will too often gaze; her hedgeless, treeless tracts of corn-field, bounded only by the low horizon; her uninhabited, uncultivated plains, abandoned to the wild flower and the bee, and which are rendered still more melancholy by ruined castle, or village, which stand out bleaching skeletons of a former vitality. The dreariness of this abomination of desolation is increased by the singular absence of singing birds, and the presence of the vulture, the eagle, and lonely birds of prey. The wanderer, far from home and friends, feels doubly a stranger in this strange land, where no smile greets his coming, no tear is shed at his going,—where his memory passes away, like that of a guest who tarrieth but a day,—where nothing of human life is seen, where its existence only is inferred by the rude wooden cross or stone-piled cairn,* which marks the unconsecrated grave of some traveller, who has been waylaid there alone, murdered, and sent to his account with all his imperfections on his head. However confidently we have relied on past experience that such would not be our fate, yet these sorts of Spanish milestones marked with *memento mori*, are awkward evidences that the thing is not altogether impossible. It makes a single gentleman, whose life is not insured, keep his powder dry, and look every now and then if his percussion cap fits. On these occasions the falling in with any of the nomade half-Bedouin natives is a sort of godsend; their society is quite different from that of a regular companion, for better or worse, until death us do part; it is casual, and may be taken up or dropped at convenience. The habits of all Spaniards when on the road are remarkably gregarious. It is hail! well met, fellow traveller! and the

* The common form of epitaph tells the same simple and affecting tale:—



Aquí mataron alevosamente

A (name and date.)

Ruega Dios por su alma!

Here they treacherously killed —, on —. Pray God for his soul!

being glad to see each other is an excellent introduction. The sight of passengers bound our way is like speaking a strange sail on the Atlantic. This predisposition tends to make all travellers write so much and so handsomely of the lower classes of Spaniards, not indeed more than they deserve, for they are a fine, noble race. Something of this arises, because on such occasions all parties meet on an equality; and this levelling effect, perhaps unperceived, induces many a foreigner, however proud and reserved at home, to unbend, and that unaffectedly. He treats these accidental acquaintances quite differently from the manner in which he would venture to treat the lower orders of his own country, who, probably, if conciliated by the same condescension of manner, would appear in a more amiable light, although they are far inferior to the Spaniard in his Oriental goodness of manner, his perfect tact, his putting himself and others into their proper place, without either self-degradation or vulgar assumption of social equality or superior physical powers. A long solitary ride is hardly to be recommended; it is not fair to friends who have been left anxious behind, nor is it prudent to expose oneself, without help, to the common accidents to which a horse and his rider are always liable. Those who have a friend with whom they feel they can venture to go in double harness, had better do so. It is a severe test, and the trial becomes greater in proportion as hardships abound and accommodations are scanty, causes which sour the milk of human kindness, and prove indifferent restorers of stomach or temper. It is on these occasions, on a large journey and in a small *venta*, that a man finds out what his friend really is made of.

“ *En largo camino y chico meson,
Conoce el hombre su compa  on.* ”

While in the more serious necessities of danger, sickness, and need—a friend is one indeed, and the one thing wanting, “*al buen amigo, con tu pan y tu vino,*” we share our last morsel and cup gladly. The salt of good fellowship, if it cannot work miracles as to quantity, converts the small loaf into a respectable abstract feed, by the “*gusto and agrado,*” the zest and satisfaction with which it flavours it.

Nothing, moreover, cements friendships for the future like having made one of these conjoint rambles, provided it did not end in a quarrel. The mere fact of having travelled *at all* in Spain has a peculiarity which is denied to the more hackneyed countries of Europe. When we are introduced to a person who has visited these spell-casting sites, we feel as if we knew him already. There is a sort of freemasonry in having done something in common, which is not in common with the world at large. Those who are about to qualify themselves for this exclusive quality will do well not to let the party exceed five in number, three masters and two servants; two masters with two servants are perhaps more likely to be better accommodated;* a third, however, is often of use in trying journeys, as an arbiter elegantiarum et rixarum; for in the best regulated teams it must happen that some one will occasionally start, gib, and bolt, when the majority being against him brings the offender to his proper senses. Four eyes see better than two, “*mas ven cuatro ojos que dos,*” or, as those say who like a jest at marriage, which most Spaniards do,—

“ *Porque mas pueden dos que uno
Por eso, es hombre cornudo.* ”

* The Spanish proverb thus lays down the number of companions:—

*Compa  a de uno, compa  a de ninguno,
Compa  a de dos, compa  a de Dios!
Compa  a de tres, compa  a es,
Compa  a de cuatro, compa  a del diablo.*

13. TRAVELLING ON HORSEBACK.

This is the ancient, primitive, and once universal mode of travelling in Europe, as it still is in the East; mankind, however, soon gets accustomed to an improved state of locomotion, and we are apt to forget how recent is its introduction. Fynes Moryson, when writing an English hand-book, gives much the same sort of advice to his readers as it will be our duty to offer to those who, following Gray's advice, desert the beaten highways to explore some of the rarely visited but not the least interesting portions of Spain. It has been our good fortune to perform many of these expeditions on horseback, both alone and in company; and on one occasion to have made the pilgrimage from Seville to Santiago, through Estremadura and Galicia, returning by the Asturias, Biscay, Leon, and the Castiles; thus riding nearly two thousand miles on the same horse, and only accompanied by one Andalusian servant, who had never before gone out of his native province. The same tour was afterwards performed by two friends with two servants; nor did they or ourselves ever meet with any real impediments or difficulties, scarcely indeed sufficient of either to give the flavour of adventure, or the dignity of danger, to the undertaking. It has also been our lot to make an extended tour of many months, accompanied by an English lady, through Granada, Murcia, Valencia, Catalonia, and Arragon, to say nothing of repeated excursions through every nook and corner of Andalusia. The result of all this experience, combined with that of many friends, who have *ridden over* the greater part of the Peninsula, enables us to recommend this method to the young, healthy, and adventurous, as by far the most agreeable plan of proceeding, and, indeed, as regards two-thirds of the Peninsula, the only practicable course. The leading royal roads which connect the capital with the principal sea-ports are indeed excellent; but they are generally drawn in a straight line, or are conducted by those directions which offer the best facilities of getting over the continuous chains of mountains by which the face of Spain is intersected. Many of the most ancient cities are thus left out, and these, together with sites of battles and historical incident, ruins and remains of antiquity, and scenes of the greatest natural beauty, are accessible with difficulty, and in many cases only on horseback. The wide extent of country which intervenes between the radii of the great roads is most indifferently provided with public means of inter-communication; there is no traffic, and no demand for modern conveyances—even mules and horses are not always to be procured, and we have always found it best to set out on these distant excursions with our own beasts: the comfort and certainty of this precaution have been corroborated beyond any doubt by frequent comparisons with the discomforts undergone by other persons, who trusted to chance accommodations and means of locomotion in ill-provided districts and out-of-the-way excursions: indeed, as a general rule, the traveller will do well to carry with him everything with which from habit he feels that he cannot dispense. The chief object will be to combine in as small a space as possible the greatest quantity of portable comfort, taking care to select the really essential; for there is no worse mistake than lumbering oneself with things that are never wanted. We shall devote some pages to advice on these heads; the subject has not been much detailed by previous authors, who have rarely travelled much out of the beaten track, or undertaken a long-continued riding tour, and they have been rather inclined to overstate the dangers and difficulties of a plan which they have never tried. At the same time this plan is not to be recommended to delicate ladies nor to delicate gentlemen, nor to those who have had a touch of rheumatism, or who tremble at the shadows which coming gout casts before it. Those who have endurance and curiosity enough to face a tour in Sicily, may

readily set out for Spain, and still more if they do not penetrate into the interior. Post-horses certainly get quicker over the country; but the pleasure of the remembrance and the benefits derived by travel are commonly in an inverse ratio to the ease and rapidity with which the journey is performed. In addition to the accurate knowledge which is thus acquired of the country (for there is no map like this mode of surveying), and of a considerable and by no means the worst portion of its population, a riding expedition to a civilian is almost equivalent to serving a campaign. It imparts a new life, which is adopted on the spot, and which soon appears quite natural, from being in perfect harmony and fitness with everything around, however strange to all previous habits and notions; it takes the conceit out of a man for the rest of his life—it makes him bear and forbear. It is a capital practical school of moral discipline, just as the hardiest mariners are nurtured in the roughest seas. Then and there will be learnt golden rules of patience, perseverance, good temper, and good fellowship: the individual man must come out, for better or worse. On these occasions, where wealth and rank are stripped of the aids and appurtenances of conventional superiority, he will draw more on his own resources, moral and physical, than on any letter of credit; his wit will be sharpened by invention-suggesting necessity. Then and there, when up, about, and abroad, will be shaken off dull sloth. Action—Demosthenic action—will be the watchword. The traveller will blot out from his dictionary the fatal phrase of procrastination, *by-and-bye*, a street which leads to the house of *never*, for “*por la calle de despues, se va a la casa de nunca.*” Reduced to shift for himself, he will see the evil of waste, “*sal vertida, nunca bien cogida*;” the folly of improvidence and want of order, “*quien bien ata, bien desata*;” fast bind, fast unbind.—He will whistle to the winds the paltry excuse of idleness, the “*no se puede*,” “*it is impossible.*” He will soon learn, by grappling with difficulties, how surely they are overcome,—how soft as silk becomes the nettle when it is sternly grasped, which would sting the tender-handed touch,—how powerful a principle of realising the object proposed, is the moral conviction that we can and will accomplish it. He will never be scared by shadows thin as air; for when one door shuts another opens, “*cuando uno puerta se cierra, otra se abre*,” and he who pushes on arrives, “*quien no cansa, alcanza.*” Again, these sorts of independent expeditions are equally conducive to health of body: after the first few days of the new fatigue are got over, the frame becomes of iron, “*hecho de bronze.*” The living in the pure air, the sustaining excitement of novelty, exercise, and constant occupation, are all sweetened by the “*studio fallente labore*,” which renders even labour itself a pleasure; a new and vigorous life is infused into every bone and muscle: early to bed and early to rise, if it does not make all brains wise, at least invigorates the gastric juices, makes a man forget that he has a liver, that storehouse of mortal misery—bile, blue pill, and blue devils. This health is one of the secrets of the amazing charm which seems inherent to this mode of travelling, in spite of all the apparent hardships with which it is surrounded in the abstract. Escaping from the meshes of the west end of London, we are transported into a new world; every day the out-of-door panorama is varied; now the heart is cheered and the countenance made glad by gazing on plains overflowing with milk and honey, or laughing with oil and wine, where the orange and citron bask in the glorious sunbeams. Anon we are lost amid the wild magnificence of Nature, who, careless of mortal admiration, lavishes with proud indifference her fairest charms where most unseen, her grandest forms where most inaccessible. Every day and everywhere we are unconsciously funding a stock of treasures and pleasures of memory, to be hived in our bosoms like the honey of the bee, to cheer and sweeten our after-life; which, delightful even as in the reality,

wax stronger as we grow in years and feel that these feats of our youth, like sweet youth itself, can never be our portion again. Therefore let those who honour us by taking our advice and *Hand-book* remember to do the thing well and completely the first time; for the first visit is the best, *en las sopas y amores, los primeros son mejores*; and if the same localities be revisited, let it be after a long interval, when new harvests have sprung up, and another though a different interest may be created. Of one thing the reader may be assured,—that dear will be to him, as is now to us, the remembrance of those wild and weary rides through tawny Spain, where hardship was forgotten ere undergone: those sweet-aired hills—those rocky crags and torrents—those fresh valleys which communicated their own freshness to the heart—that keen relish for hard fare earned by hunger, the best of sauces—those sound slumbers on harder couch, earned by fatigue, the downiest of pillows—the braced nerves—the spirits light, elastic, and joyous—that freedom from care—that health of body and soul which ever rewards a close communion with Nature, and the shuffling off the frets and factitious wants of the thick-pent artificial city.

Whatever be the number of the party, and however they travel, whether on wheels or horseback, admitting even that a pleasant friend pro vehiculo est, yet no one should ever dream of making a pedestrian tour in Spain. It seldom answers anywhere. The walker arrives at the object of his promenade tired and hungry, just at the moment when he ought to be the freshest and most up to intellectual pleasures. Athenæus (vi. 20) long ago discovered that there was no love for the sublime and beautiful in an empty stomach. *Εν κενῇ γὰρ γαστρῇ, τῶν καλῶν ἐρως οὐκ ἐστὶ*. There is no prospect in the world so fine then as that of a dinner and a nap, or *siesta*, afterwards. The pedestrian in Spain, where fleshly comforts are rare, will soon understand why, in the real journals of our Peninsular soldiers, so little attention is paid to those objects which most attract the well-provided traveller. In cases of bodily hardship, the employment of the mental faculties is narrowed into the care of supplying mere physical wants, rather than expanded into searching for those of a contemplative or intellectual gratification; the footsore and way-worn require, according to

“The unexempt condition
By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain.”

Walking is the manner by which animals, who have therefore four legs, travel; those bipeds who follow the example of the brute beasts will soon find that they will be reduced to their level in more particulars than they imagined or bargained for.

14. SPANISH HORSES.

What Fynes Moryson stated in his advice to travellers in England holds good to this day as regards Spain. “For the most part Englishmen, especially in long journeys, use to ride upon their owne horses; all the difficultie is to have a body able to endure the toyle.” No horse in the world is so easy in his paces or so delightful to ride as the Andalusian. The expressions, “*Haca Andaluça—Cordovesa*,” convey to the Spanish mind the ne plus ultra of all that is perfect in horseflesh. A good horse is not easily got anywhere; and however every man flatters himself that he has, or once had, just the very best horse in the world, it is safer to set out with the conviction that even a really sound horse is very seldom to be met with. The horses of Spain have never attracted the attention of inquiring foreigners. Even the careful and accurate Townsend, who will always rank among the best authors, and who paid such

particular notice to agricultural subjects, overlooked this branch, which nevertheless abounds with curious matter both to the antiquarian and to the mere rider, who professes (what is far more difficult) to be a judge, "*un inteligente en caballos*." Although there are more mules and asses in Spain than in any other country in the world, and the great bulk of the natives have never ridden any other quadruped, yet they address each other and expect to be addressed as horsemen, par excellence, "*caballeros*." This designation, if the particular equestrian reference be dropped and simply translated as *riders*, is true enough. No Spaniard, in ancient or modern history, ever took a regular walk on his own feet—a walk for the sake of mere health, exercise, or pleasure. When the old autochthonic Iberians saw some Roman centurions walking for walking's sake, they laid hold of them and carried them to their tents, thinking that they must be mad (Strabo, iii. 249). A modern Spaniard having stumbled over a stone, exclaimed on getting up, "*voto a Dios*—this comes of a *caballero's* ever walking!"

The Andalucian horse takes precedence of all; he fetches the highest price, and the Spaniards in general value no other breed; they consider his configuration and qualities as perfect. In some respects they are right: no horse is more elegant or more easy in his motions, none are more gentle or docile, none are more quick in acquiring showy accomplishments, or in performing feats of Astleyan agility: he has a little in common with the English blood-horse; his mane, "*crin, clin*," is soft and silky, and is frequently plaited with gay ribbons; his tail, "*cola*," is of great length, and left in all the proportions of nature, not cropped and docked, by which Voltaire was so much offended:—

"Fiers et bizarres Anglais, qui des mêmes ciseaux
Coupez la tête aux rois, et la queue aux chevaux."

The Spanish horse's tail often trails to the very ground, while the animal has perfect command over it, lashing it on every side as a gentleman switches his cane: when on a journey it is usual to double and tie it up, after the fashion of the ancient pig-tails of our sailors. The Andalucian horse is round in all his quarters, though inclined to be small in the barrel; he is broad-chested, and always carries his head high, especially when running; his length bears no proportion to his height, which sometimes reaches to sixteen hands; he is, to make use of a Spanish term, "*muy recogido*," very well *gathered up*, especially when tearing along at full speed; he never, however, stretches out with the long graceful sweep of the English thorough-bred; his action is apt to be loose and shambling, and given to *dishing* with the feet. The pace is, notwithstanding, perfectly delightful. From being very long in the pastern, "*largo de cuartilla*," the motion is broken as it were by the springs of a carriage; their pace is the peculiar "*paso Castellano*," which is something more than a walk and less than a trot. It is truly sedate and sedan-chair-like. It has been carefully described by Plin. 'N. H.' viii. 42, as belonging to the Gallician and Asturian horses: "*quibus non est vulgaris in cursu gradus, sed mollis alterno crurum explicatu glomeratio, unde equis totum carpere in cursus traditur arte*." This sort of Spanish horse was called by the Romans *asturcon*, *tolutarius*, *gradarius*, and his pace was the sort of lounging Spanish walk which Seneca says that Cicero had: all these terms were merged in the middle ages into *ambulator*, the walker; whence the French and our expression, *amble*; although Hudibras had not forgotten the old word,

—"Whether *pace* or trot,
That is to say, whether *tolutation*,
As they do term it, or succussion."

Pliny seems to think that this *pace* was taught by art; and he is probably

right, as those Andalusian horses which fall when young into the hands of the officers at Gibraltar acquire a very different action, and lay themselves better down to their work, and gain much more in speed from the English system of training than they would have done had they been managed by Spaniards; Dr. Combe, however, in support of the hereditary transmission of qualities in animals, mentions that the untaught South American horses (whose parents came from Estremadura and Andalusia) break of their own accord into the "*paso Castellano*." Taught or untaught, this *pace* is most gentlemanlike, and well did Beaumont and Fletcher

" Think it noble, as Spaniards do in riding,
In managing a great horse, which is princely."

There is, however, no end to curious traits on this subject, with which some future traveller may favour the world with more propriety than the limits of this practical guide will permit: our duty is to describe the Andalusian horse as he is. His head and ears are apt to be rather large; in general he is unequal to hard work, and delicate; he soon knocks up if ill-treated or overworked. The old Spanish Goths were very particular as to the colour of their horses. St. Isidore, though an archbishop, enters into the minutest details (Orig. xii. 1). The black horse is the "*negro, moro, morillo, callado*;" the chestnut "*castaño*;" the bay—badius—" *bayo*;" the dapple "*tordo, tordo rodado*." Strabo (iii. 248) had an idea that Spanish piebalds, *ὑποψαφους*, changed colour if taken out of Spain. The grey "*pardo*;" the sorrel "*alazan*," which is the "*gilvus*," that uncertain colour of Virgil, *γυλιππος*, *gelb*. The cream, "*la perla*," like the white, denoted pure Arab breed, and used to be the most esteemed. Chaucer's knight, Sir Topaz, talks of "Jennets of Spayne that be so wyght." The favourite colour at present is the dark cinnamon or coffee-coloured, "*Alazan tostado*." Such a horse is supposed to die rather than knock up: "*Alazan tostado, antes muerto que cansado*." "*Mohino*" is a common term for a sort of nondescript colour of any shades which verge on black: it is used both as an epithet and a name; it means, strictly speaking, the foal of an ass, got by a horse. As to the colour of their legs, a horse with four white feet is called "*cuatralbo*;" one with three is called "*trisalbo*." Horses with white feet are not so much esteemed in Spain, as it is said that they are peculiarly liable to the thrush, "*arestin*."

SPANISH HORSE-FAIRS AND HORSE-DEALERS.

Many other provinces possess breeds of horses which are more useful, though far less showy, than the Andalusian; next to which the horse of Estremadura, "*caballo extremeño*," is the most valued. The horse of Castile is a strong, hardy animal, and the best which Spain produces for mounting heavy cavalry. The ponies of Galicia, although ugly and uncouth, are admirably suited to the wild hilly country and laborious population; they require very little care or grooming, and are satisfied with coarse food and Indian corn. The horses of Navarre, once so celebrated, are still esteemed for their hardy strength; they have, from neglect, degenerated into ponies, which, however, are beautiful in form, hardy, docile, sure-footed, and excellent trotters. In most of the large towns of Spain there is a sort of market, "*mercado*," where horses are publicly sold. There are great horse-fairs at Leon in June, at Pamplona in July, and at Mairena, near Seville, in May; but Ronda fair, in May, is the great Howden and Horncastle of the four provinces of Seville, Cordova, Jaen, and Granada, and the resort of all the picturesque-looking rogues of the south. No traveller who is fond of horseflesh should omit visiting the two latter; that of Mairena

is one of the lions of Andalucia, where the fancy is to be seen in all the glories of the stable. "*La Majeza en toda la bravura de la cuadra.*" There will be assembled horses and men from all parts of Spain—the *criador*, who breeds them; the *conocidor*, who looks after them in the fields; the *picador*, who breaks them; the *chalan*, who deals in them, who is generally a gipsy, and of course a rogue. St. Isidore particularly cautions the good old Goths against horse-races, &c., which were filled by the devil and his choicest spirits. The *chalan* either owns the horse himself, or is the broker, "*corredor*," or the go-between, or "*tercero*," who often cheats both buyer and seller. He is full of tricks upon travellers, "*Arañas, embustes, trampas.*" These trampers delight in doing a Christian, or a heathen, as they term him, "*jongabar un busno.*" To the readers of Don Quixote and Gil Blas we need not say that the race of Gines Passamonte is not extinct. Let the purchaser therefore beware, for though the Spanish *chalan* is a mere child when compared to the perfection of rascality to which a real English *leg* has attained, he has a glimmering of the mysteries of lying, chaunting and making up a horse. The best plan for those who want to buy a horse is to apply to some respectable private person, who may know in the circle of his acquaintance of something that will be warranted. Horses for sale are constantly paraded about by regular breakers; and it is soon known among the *chalanes* that a customer is in the market. He will have no lack of horses offered to him; and it is better to let them be offered to him than to make the first inquiries himself, when a fancy price will be sure to be asked.

DISEASES OF SPANISH HORSES.

One word on the diseases to which Spanish horses are most liable, and the veterinary terms in use. The glanders, *mal muermo*, is their scourge; it is very infectious, and is caught by eating out of the same manger, "*pesebre*," or by smelling at noses of the infected: it is incurable. It may be produced by sudden cold, as is the deadly *pulmonia* of Madrid: it often arises from a determination of blood to the head, from excitement. The Andalucian riding horses are generally stallions, *caballos enteros*. The Gallicians, for the most part, travel over Spain on little pony mares (the stallion ponies being much bought up by the dealers of the two Castiles). The consequence is, that the *entero* is driven half crazy every time he meets these mares. He should be kept low, and constantly physicked: when he neighs or rears he should *never* be jerked with the bit, or suddenly checked: it drives the blood to the head. The spur is the safest method of punishment. The *tiro*, or crib-biting, is very prevalent in Spain: it is a sign of unsoundness. The Spanish term, from *tirar*, to draw, is very expressive. The horse *draws* his food up against the side of the crib, and then swallows it with a strong convulsion, accompanied by a noise like the hooping-cough; and when he has no food before him is eternally amusing himself with the same unwholesome exercise. Horses with the *tiro* always look poor and thin, although they frequently are high-spirited and capital goers. The *tiro* seems to be, like many bad tricks, catching. The royal stud at Aranjuez was broken up on account of an universal *tiro*. When a horse is inclined to crib-biting, he should be either turned out to grass, or his headstall, "*cabestro*," be so shortened as to prevent him pressing against the side of the manger. The *arestin*, or thrush, so general among Spanish horses, arises from bad shoeing and from want of cleanliness about the pastern and fetlocks: the Spaniards in general are very careless in everything connected with our notions of grooming. The gipsy horse-clippers think the best preventive against the *arestin* is the cutting away all hair from the hoofs to the

greatest nicety, for which they have peculiarly small scissors, "*par monrabar, yes pisire del gras.*" The *arestin* is not easily cured in Spain. If the *menudillos*, the pastern, and fetlocks are carefully rubbed every evening with the hand, and thereby all gritty matter dislodged, there is little danger from this troublesome complaint. A galled horse is termed "*caballo matado*;" the wound is *matadura*, or *uña*, which last word signifies the beginning of the *matadura*. A horse wrung in the withers is called *matado en la cruz*. *Aguado* is applied to a foundered horse. There is no remedy for this. In addition to the common acceptance of this term, a horse being clean done up from over work, the Spaniards have a notion that it arises from a chill in the breast, which is caught by allowing the animal, when over-heated after hard work, to remain in a damp stable. The delicate Andalusian horses are most subject to this attack. An intelligent groom always is provided with *travas*, which are bandages of a soft twisted stuff, with little sticks at each end, with which they fether the horse's fore-feet: no traveller should be without them, for if his horse fails him on one of these expeditions, all is over. Prevention is the best cure, and ensures success: "*Hombre prevenido nunca fu vencido.*" The gipsy clippers always have an *acial*, an Arabic name and instrument made of two short sticks tied together with whiplcord at the end, by means of which the lower lip of the horse, should he prove restive, is twisted, and the animal reduced to speedy subjection: *mas vale acial que fuerza de oficial*. The following rules have been found to answer every purpose, and to carry man and beast safely through long journeys of ten weeks' duration: the day's march should vary from eight to ten leagues. The animal should never be trotted or galloped, except under circumstances of danger or absolute necessity. It is surprising how a steady, continued slow pace gets over the ground: "*paso a paso va a lejos.*" The end of the journey each day is settled before starting, and there the traveller is sure to arrive with the evening. Spaniards never fidget themselves to get quickly to places where nobody is expecting them: nor is there any good to be got in trying to hurry man or beast in Spain; you might as well think of hurrying the Court of Chancery. He should be rested, if possible, every fourth day, and not used during halts in towns, unless they exceed three days' sojourn. The state of his feet should be carefully attended to, and a spare set of shoes, with nails, always kept in store. In the morning, before starting, he should be fed twice within an hour, giving his drink, of about two quarts, between each feed. The ancients, before they set forth on their day's journey, used to pray to Hercules or Sanco. Festus (*propter viam*) relates that Augustus Cæsar on these occasions used to sleep at the house of some friend who lived near a temple. The Spaniards always, whenever they can, hear a mass. In the placards of the steamers in the time of Ferdinand VII. it was always announced that a mass would be said before starting. Spaniards say that a day's journey is never retarded by the time given to prayer or provender, *missa y cebada no estorban jornada*. The horse's morning feed should consist of a *cuartillo* each time. The temperature and softness of the water given should always be attended to. Very cold or very hard water must be carefully avoided. The Spaniards allow their horses, when on a journey, to drink very freely at all running streams, for there is no broth like flint juice, "*No hay tal callo como zumo de guijarro.*" They drink quite as copiously themselves,—water like an ox, wine like a king, "*Agua como buey, vino como rey.*" The day's journey should be divided. It is best to get the largest half over at first. The hours of starting of course depend on the distance and the district. The sooner the better, as all who wish to cheat the devil must get up very early. "*Quien al demonio quiere engañar muy temprano levantarse ha.*" In the summer it is both agreeable and profitable to be under weigh and

off an hour before sunrise, as the heat soon gets insupportable, and the stranger is exposed to the *tabardillo*, the coup de soleil, which, even in a smaller degree, occasions more ill health in Spain than is generally imagined, and especially by the English, who brave it either from ignorance or foolhardiness. The head should be well protected with a silk handkerchief, tied "*a lo majo*," which all the natives do: in addition to which we always lined the inside of our hats with thickly doubled brown paper. In Andalucia, during summer, the natives travel by night, and rest during the day-heat: "*Cuando fueras en Andalucia andes de noche y duermas de dia*." This, however, is not a satisfactory method, except for those who wish to see nothing. We have never adopted it. The early mornings and cool afternoons and evenings are infinitely preferable; while to the artist the glorious sunrises and sunsets, and the marking of mountains, and definition of forms from the long shadows, are magnificent beyond all conception. In these almost tropical countries, when the sun is high, the effect of shadow is lost, and everything looks flat and unpicturesque. Soon after arrival at the baiting-place, the horse should be given two *cuartillos* of barley, mixed with straw;* and after he has eaten part of it, a little water. The Duke, who looked into everything, issued a general order on the great care which was to be taken in giving water to horses *before or after* feeding on Indian corn or barley (Genl. Orders, 157). When arrived at night, the horse should remain at least two hours without eating; his saddle should not be removed from his back, the girths, "*cinchas*," only being slackened, and the back covered with a rug, the "*manta*," which all Spaniards carry on their saddle's pommel. Remember that during the whole day the saddle should never be taken off his back, especially if the animal be hot, or his back will assuredly become galled, and then, a Dios! all is over. When the *manta* is removed, the horse should be well rubbed down with straw, if possible; if not, with an "*esparto*," or Spanish rush glove, or with cloths, "*paños*," all of which should be taken with him by the groom. The feet should be carefully cleaned, but not washed; and the hocks, pasterns, and fetlocks rubbed with the palm of the hand. In the mean time the horse may be eating a *cuartillo* of barley, two of which should be given him when left for the night. He will thus have consumed seven *cuartillos* of barley, and as much straw as he likes. This quantity of barley amounts to about one peck English; a greater quantity would certainly prove injurious; and it must be remembered that eight pounds' weight of barley is equal to ten of oats, as containing less husk and more mucilage or starch, which English dealers know, when they want to *make up* a horse; overfeeding a horse in the hot climate of Spain, like overfeeding his rider, renders both liable to fevers and sudden inflammatory attacks, which are much more prevalent in Gibraltar than elsewhere in Spain, because the English will go on exactly as if they were in England. The Spanish corn-measures are the *fanega*, two of which, on a rough calculation, are equal to our quarter. The *celemin* is the twelfth part of the *fanega*, and the *cuartillo* is the fourth part of the "*celemin*." In conclusion, we cannot do better than recommend an infallible remedy for most of the accidents to which horses are liable on a journey, such as kicks, strains, cuts, &c., namely, a constant fomentation with hot water, and which should be done under the immediate superintendence of the master, or it will either be done insufficiently or not at all.

* The bruised straw is brought into towns, enclosed in large nettings, in carts or on muleback, exactly in the same manner as it was done among the ancient and modern Egyptians.—Wilkinson, iii, 195.

SPANISH SADDLES.

Having provided himself with a horse, the accoutrements are next to be thought of. Those who cannot ride except on an English saddle will do well to bring one out with them; for, except at Gibraltar, such an article is seldom to be met with in Spain: they cannot make anything equal to our *trees*, the "*casco, fuste de silla*." Our experience induces us to recommend the Spanish saddle in preference to the English, as less fatiguing to the rider and better suited to the horse and the things he has to carry. The Spanish saddles are of various classes. The *albarda albardon* is the old pique saddle, with high pommel or bow in front, *arzon*, and croup behind, from which the rider, when once boxed in, is not easily unseated. It is, however, not an agreeable seat, and, moreover, is very heavy. The *albardilla* is infinitely preferable. In shape it is broad and square, and looks like a cushion; it is composed of a well-stuffed body, over which several wrappings are laid, the upper of which is a fine lamb-skin; it is soft and easy. The tree is hollowed out in such a manner that it does not touch the horse's back, which is accordingly kept cooler and less likely to be galled. The stirrups are the primitive Moorish, copper or iron boxes of a triangular shape, in which almost the whole foot rests. An *albardilla con sus arreos*, a saddle with its accoutrements, will cost about five pounds. The crupper, *gruperá*, and breastplate, *pretal*, are quite necessary, from the steep ascents and descents in the mountains, a *gran subida gran descendida*. The *mosquero*, the fly-flapper, is a great comfort to the horse, as, being in perpetual motion, and hanging between his eyes, it keeps off the flies; the *cabestra*, head-stall, or night halter, never should be removed from the bridle; it is neatly rolled up during the day, and fastened along the side of the cheek.

THE RIDER'S LUGGAGE AND ACCOUTREMENTS.

The best travelling costume is that the most universally used and worn by the natives. The hat should be the Spanish *sombrero calanes*, and the sheepskin jacket the *zamarra*. The importance of the silken sash, *faja*, both in reality and in the metaphor, should never be forgotten. The colics in Spain are dangerous, and the warmth over the abdomen is a great preventive; to be Homerically well girt, *εὐζώνος*, is half the battle for the traveller in Spain.

If the stranger, thus arrayed, will only hold his tongue and not expose himself, he will pass on without being taken for a foreigner; he will be more likely to be taken for a robber, and find simple peasants, especially females, when he chances to meet them in out-of-the-way places, where ten vultures are seen for one human being, run away before he gets near them, and hide themselves in the myrtle or cistus thickets. This of course will only be his road costume: he should take a plain round hat with him in a spare leather hat-box, and be careful to have a suit of black, which is the colour of ceremony in towns. The thin Merino stuffs, *cubica*, are much worn; the very touch of cloth is insupportable in the summer heats. Every traveller should have his cloak, *capa*, his *manta*, or striped plaid (for he will be exposed in the same day frequently to piercing cold on the hills and scorching heat in the valleys), and his saddle-bags, or *alforjas*. These three essentials should be strapped on the front of the saddle, as being less heating to the horse than when on his flanks. Each master should have his own pair of *alforjas*, which at night should be placed under his pillow, as being the receptacle of all his most valuable *trapos*, traps; his reticule or *ridicule*—not that it is so—on the contrary, it is useful, ornamental, and antique. The *alforjas* combine the *sarcinæ*, ab utroque latere pendent, of Cato the censor,

with the *bulgas* of the Romans, and are quite as indispensable as in the days of Lucilius. The Spaniards can do nothing on the road without them; they live with them and through them.

“Cum *bulgâ* cœnat, dormit, lavat, omnis in unâ.
Spes hominis *bulga* hæc devincta est cætera vita.”

The Spanish saddle-bags, *alforjas*, in name and appearance, are the Moorish *al horch*. (The F and H, like the B and V, X and J, are almost equivalent, and are used indiscriminately in Spanish cacography.) They are generally composed of cotton and worsted, embroidered in gaudy colours and patterns; the *correct* thing is to have the owner's name worked in on the edge. Those made at Granada are very excellent; the Moorish, especially those from Morocco, are ornamented with an infinity of small tassels. Peasants, when dismounted, mendicant monks, when foraging for their convents, slung their *alforjas* over their shoulders when they came into villages. Into these reservoirs the traveller will stow away everything which, according to his particular wants, he knows he shall require the most particularly and the most frequently. Among the contents which most people will find it convenient to carry in the *right hand bag*, a pair of blue gauze wire spectacles or goggles will be found useful; a green shade is also a comfort. Ophthalmia is very common in Spain, and particularly in the calcined central plains. The constant glare is unrelieved by any verdure, the air is dry, and the clouds of dust highly irritating from being impregnated with nitre. The best remedy is to bathe the eyes frequently with hot water, and *never to rub them when inflamed*, except with the elbows, *los ojos con los codos*; the hand must be tied up: *si quieras al ojo sano, atase la mano*. Spaniards never trifle or jest with their eyes or creed, *con los ojos y la fé, nunca me burlaré*. A really good strong English knife, a pair of ditto scissars, a small thermometer, a good achromatic telescope with a compass in the cap, the passport; a supply of cigars, those keys to Spanish hearts; a powder-flask and ammunition, keep it dry; a blank notebook, for “memory is more treacherous than a lead pencil, and one word dotted down on the spot is worth a cart-load of recollections,” as Gray says. The rapid succession of scenes, objects, and incidents efface one another, *velut unda supervenit undam*—therefore, *quod vides describe, et memoriæ nil fide*. Here let the botanist keep his *hortus siccus* book and *vasculum*, the geologist his hammer, his specimens, those samples of the land, which he will be suspected to be carrying home in order to entice back his invading countrymen: the artist his block-book and paint-box:—one word to the artist;—Bring out everything from England; camel-hair brushes, liquid water-colours, permanent white, and *good* lead pencils; little relating to the water-colour art is to be got in Spain. The few Spaniards who use water-colours, which their painters despise as child's play, are still in the dark ages of Indian ink. The grand essential for everybody is to have everything handy and accessible. Therefore, *there* let a supply of small money be kept for the halt and the blind, for the piteous cases of human suffering and poverty by which the traveller's eye will be pained; such charity from God's purse, *bolsa de Dios*, never impoverishes that of man, *en dar limosna, nunca mengua la bolsa*. The left half of the *alforjas* may be given up to the writing and dressing cases, and the smaller each is the better. Nor should steel pens and soap be forgotten, as neither are made in Castile. Ditto tooth-brushes and powder: the Spaniards, though they make good use of their masticators, “*muy valientes con los dientes*,” neglect them to a degree which would have made Mr. Waite faint; anything, however, is better than the ancient Cantabrian cosmetic and dentifrice, which each man made for himself and his wife, according to Strabo (iii. 249) and Catullus (Ep. 37): *Τους ουρω λουομε-*

vous και τους οδοντας σμηχομενους και αυτους και τις γυναικας αυτων. Those who require it should take their own physic with them, and prescribe for themselves. "After forty every man is a fool or a physician"—sometimes both, Sir Henry. The more physic is thrown to the dogs the better. Don Quixote's advice to Sancho is the safest, to eat little dinner and less supper, especially when travelling. Very little meat and wine are necessary in these hot latitudes; the English at Gibraltar, who mess as in England, have in consequence faces somewhat redder than their jackets: they have yet to learn that the stomach is the anvil whereon health is forged, and that graves are dug with teeth before spades: *mas cura la dieta que no la lanceta*. "*Modicus cibi, medicus sibi*," said Linnæus. The arts of medicine and surgery are somewhat in arrear in Spain; there a man is of the smallest possible value, there few take to their beds except to die, and the doctor announces the undertaker. The shears of the Paracæ are still wielded by the Sangrados, who, when *through Providence* a man escapes, pocket the fee: *Dios es el que sana, el medico lleva la plata*. They have an itching palm, and know what's good to soothe it; *Medicos de Valencia luengas faldas y poca ciencia*; but it is as well to be protected against disease and doctors; an oily cuisine creates bile, and as *blue pill* is as scarce in Spain as blue woman, the traveller may take a box of the former. *Soda*, notwithstanding that half the province of Murcia produces little else, is not to be got in Spain in the *carbonate* form; it is precious to subacid stomachs which are exposed to constant change of wines and climate. *Quinine* cures the *quartana*, and *ague*, which is prevalent in the low plains of Andalucia and Valencia. *Boxes* of Seidlitz offer an agreeable means of opening the communication recommended in the proverb—"Quando te dolieren las tripas, hazlo saber," &c. So much for cathartics for the body; food for the mind must not be neglected. The travelling library, like companions, should be select and good; *libros y amigos pocos y buenos*. The duodecimo editions are the best; a large heavy book kills horse, rider, and reader. Books are a matter of taste; some men like Bacon, others prefer Pickwick: we venture to recommend pocket editions of the Bible, Shakspeare, and Don Quixote, and this Hand-book, too highly indeed honoured in thus being their humble companion. Having thus disposed of his library on the front bow of his saddle, a double-barrelled detonator (and an English one) should be slung at the croup, on the right-hand side, and in a loose strap, so as to be ready to be whipped out and quoted at a moment's notice. Travellers should never ride together in a suspicious country—it may do well enough on an open plain; about half pistol-shot distance is the safest wherever danger is suspected, and the gun should be out and carried upright in the right hand. These precautions often avert real accidents; and the appearance of being armed and prepared is of itself quite enough to deter *rateros* and mere stragglers, who otherwise might have turned thieves. Even the regular robbers dislike fighting, and are very shy of attacking those awkward customers who have made ready and have only to present and fire; accordingly travellers thus on their guard often pass unscathed and without knowing their danger through a den of lions, who would have pounced on more careless passengers.

15. SPANISH SERVANTS—GROOM, VALET, COOK.

Two masters should take two servants; they should be Spaniards: all others, unless they speak the language perfectly, are nuisances. A Gallegan or Asturian makes the best groom; an *Andaluz* the best cook and personal attendant. Sometimes a person may be picked up who has some knowledge of languages, and who is accustomed to accompany strangers through Spain as a sort of courier.

These accomplishments are very rare, and the moral qualities of the possessor often diminish in proportion as his intellect has marched; he has learnt more foreign tricks than words, and sea-port towns are not the best schools for honesty. Whichever of the two is the sharpest should lead the way, and leave the other to bring up the rear. The servants should be mounted on good mules, and be provided with large panniers made of the universal Spanish rush, "*espuertas*," "*capuchos de esparto*." If there are two servants, one should be chosen as the cook and valet, the other as the groom of the party; and the utensils peculiar to each department should be carried by each professor. Where only one servant is employed, one side of the *capucho* should be dedicated to the commissariat, and the other to the luggage; in that case the master should have a flying portmanteau, which should be sent by means of *cosarios*, and precede him from great town to great town, as a magazine, wardrobe, or general supply to fall back on. The servants should each have their own "*alforjas* and *bota*," which, since the days of Sancho Panza, are part and parcel of a faithful squire, and when carried on an ass are quite patriarchal. "*Iba Sancho Panza, sobre su jumento como un patriarca con sus alforjas y bota*." Let no knight-errant in Spain forget the advice given to the ingenious hidalgo at starting, to take money and *shirts*, and particularly good English angola or flannel ones, which he will not get in Spain; and let him take plenty,—" *al hombre desnudo, mas valen dos camisones que uno*." They tend more than anything to preserve health; they are warm during the cold mornings, absorb perspiration during the mid-day heats, and are invaluable in the occasional duckings to which all are exposed during thunder-storms, when the buckets of heaven are poured out over the treeless, houseless, shelterless plains. The groom will take charge of all things appertaining to the stable; never forgetting, besides his *travas* and *acial*, spare sets of shoes, nails, hammer, stone-picker, a sieve, spare girths, bandages, a supply of leather straps, *correas*, of strong cord and string, *cuerda sogá y bramante*, cooling balls, brushes and currycombs, *bruzas y almohazas o vascaderas* (not omitting elbow-grease to use them), spare halters, *cabestros*, *cavezadas de pesebre*, a nose-bag *morral*, for each animal, and to fill them beforehand with barley, whenever the country is desolate, or it is suspected that the mid-day halt will be made in the open air; whenever no *venta* is to be found, or where shady rocks, cool groves, green meadows, and running streams invite repose, then is felt the truth of the Biblical expression, "The shadow of a great rock in a weary land," and the joys of slaking thirst with *flint juice*. It will be one of the most important duties of good servants to ascertain beforehand the nature and accommodations of each day's journey, and to provide accordingly; and whenever the country is intricate, or any out-of-the-way excursion be meditated, to secure a stout local peasant as a guide.

The valet will take all things necessary to his master's comfort, always remembering a *mosquetera*, or moskitoe-net, with plenty of strong nails to drive into the walls, whereby to hang it, and a good hammer to knock them in with, and a gimlet, which is always of use, and often does for a nail or a peg to hang clothes on—simple articles which will never be to be met with in those situations where they are most wanted. In the plains of Andalucia, the plague of flies of Egypt, was scarcely worse than these winged tormentors. Travellers who are particular about sheets may take a pair of wash-leather. These are but sham luxuries; and we never met with any want of linen in any part of Spain, which, though coarse, is clean and good, and generally is the manufacture of the owners themselves. The valet should have a small canteen, the more ordinary-looking the better, as anything unusual attracts attention, and suggests the coveting other men's goods and robbery. Fynes Moryson found it absolutely necessary thus to

caution travellers in England: "In generall he must be warie not to show any quantity of money about him, since theeves have their spies commonly in all innes, to enquire into the condition of travellers." The manufactures of Spain are so rude, that what appears to us to be the most ordinary, appears to them to be the most excellent. The lower orders, who eat with their fingers, think everything is gold which glitters, *todo es oro que reluce*. It is what is on the plate, after all, that is the rub: let no wise man have such smart forks and knives as to tempt cut-throats to turn them to unnatural purposes. Pewter is a safe metal; it does not break, nor is easily mistaken for gold; a tumbler or two in a case, a wicker-bound bottle, "*damajuana*," a pair of common candlesticks,* some wax candles, for the oil of a venta lamp is not less offensive than the rude lamp or *candil* is inconvenient; a looking-glass should always be in the dressing-case, a box of floating wicks for night lamps, "*mariposas*,"† some phosphorus lucifers: however, avoid all superfluous luggage, especially prejudices and foregone conclusions, for "*en largo camino paja pesa*," a straw is heavy on a long journey, and "*el subornál mata*," the last feather breaks the horse's back. The yellow shoes or boots, *de becerro*, which are so common in Spain, are preferable; a store of cigars is a *sine quâ non*; it always opens a conversation well with a Spaniard, to offer him one of these little delicate marks of attention. Good snuff is acceptable to the curates and to monks (though there are none just now). English needles, thread, and pairs of scissors take no room, and are all keys to the good graces of the fair sex: a gift breaks rocks, and gets in without gimlets, *dativa, quebranta peña, y entra sin barrena*. There is a charm about a present, *bachshish*, in most European as well as Oriental countries, and still more if it is given with tact, and at the proper time; Spaniards, if unable to make any return, will always repay the trifling gift by civilities and attentions, "*manos que no dades, que sperades*." The close-fisted in no country must hope to receive much gratuitous service; the Spaniards show very little apparent gratitude for any present, hardly indeed thanks, the exchequer of the poor. Tacitus (Ger. 21) mentions a similar trait in the ancestors of the Goths, "*Gaudent muneribus, sed nec data imputant, nec acceptis obligantur*." This is also a remnant of Oriental customs, where presents, given and taken, are almost a matter of course, and the omission amounts to a positive incivility; the poverty of Spaniards has curtailed the means of those acts of magnificent generosity in which they formerly took pride to indulge; yet the form remains, surviving, as it so often does, the existence of the substance. Thus if anything belonging to a Spaniard be admired, a well-bred person instantly offers it, "*estâ muy a la disposicion de Vmd.*" It is right to refuse this with a bow, and some handsome remark, such as *gracias—no puede mejorarse de dueno*; or *gracias, estâ muy bien empleado*: thanks, it cannot change masters for the better, or, it is perfectly well bestowed where it is. All travellers (who cannot act on the safer *nil admirari* principle of Horace and the Orientals) should never fail to go through this most ancient Eastern form; for it is just as much a form as when Ephron, four thousand years ago, first offered the Cave of Machpelah to Abraham, and then sold it to him. (Gen. xxiii.) The modern Egyptians, when asked the price of anything, still say, "receive it as a present."

* Candlesticks are rare even in the houses of the middle classes. They burn the ancient brass lamp, *belon*, which is precisely the same in shape as that used in the south of Italy. In the *ventas* a still more classical shaped lamp is used, the *candil*. It is made of tin, and has a hooked point at the end, by which it is either stuck into the wall or hung up on a nail. It is used among the Moors.

† This *mariposa* was used by the old Egyptians. (Herod. ii. 62.) The guarded bottle is equally ancient. (Wilkinson, iii. 107.) It is called *Damajân* in Egypt, whence our word "*Demijohn*."

COOK AND VALET.

It is not easy for mortal man to dress a master *and* a dinner, and both well at the same time, let alone two masters. Cooks who run after two hares at once catch neither, *quien dos liebres caza ninguna mata*, while a valet in common belongs to nobody, *quien serve en comun, serve a ningun*. No prudent man on these, or on any occasions, should let another do for him what he can do for himself, *a lo que puedes solo, no esperes a otro*; a man who waits upon himself is sure to be well waited on, *si quieres ser bien servido, servete tu mismo*. If, however, a valet be absolutely necessary, the groom clearly is best left in his own chamber, the stable; he will have enough to do to curry and valet his four animals, which he knows to be good for their health, though he never scrapes off the cutaneous stucco by which his own illote carcass is Roman cemented. If the traveller will get into the habit of carrying all the things requisite for his own dressing in a small separate bag, and employ the hour while the cook is getting the supper under weigh, it is wonderful how comfortably he will proceed to his puchero.

The cook should take with him a stewing-pan, and a pot or kettle for boiling water: he need not lumber himself with much batterie de cuisine; all sort of artillery is rather rare in Spanish kitchen or fortress; an hidalgo would as soon think of having a voltaic battery in his sitting-room, as a copper one in his cuisine; most classes are equally satisfied with the Oriental earthenware *ollas*, which are everywhere to be found, and have some peculiar sympathy with the Spanish cuisine; a *guisado* never eats so well when made in a metal vessel; the great thing is to bring the raw materials,—first catch your hare. Those who have meat and money will always get a neighbour to lend them a pipkin: *Si tuvieramos dineros, para pan, carne, y cebolla, nuestra vicina nos prestera una olla*. A *venta* is a place where the rich are sent empty away, and where the poor hungry are not filled; the whole duty of the man-cook, therefore, is to be always thinking of his commissariat; he need not trouble himself about his master's appetite, that will seldom fail,—nay, often be a misfortune: a good appetite is not a good *per se*,* for it, even when the best, becomes a bore when there is nothing to eat; his *capucho* must be his travelling larder, cellar, and store-room; he will victual himself according to the route, and the distances from one great town to another. He must start with a provision of tea, sugar, coffee, wax candles, good brandy, clean salt (which in *ventas* is generally the "*sale nigro*" of Horace), a cheese, a bottle or two of fine oil (the oil got on the road is often rancid, and seldom eatable to foreigners, although it is a calumny to say that it comes out of the lamp), ditto good vinegar, a ham, a joint of roast meat or a turkey, with some white bread. Although the bread of Spain is delicious, yet in poorer districts it is not always to be got made of pure flour; the lower classes live on all kinds of cerealia, rye, Indian corn, &c., and their daily bread is very coarse, as it is hardly earned, and is soldier's fare, *pan de soldado*, or *de municion*. Bread is the staff of the traveller's life; a loaf never weighs, or is in the way, as Æsop, the prototype of Sancho Panza, knew; *la hogaza no embarrasa*. Some dry salted cod, *bacalao*, should be laid in as a dernier ressort; it must be selected with care, as it is apt to be rancid, which the Spaniards like. Our advice as to the *bota* (p. 29) need not be repeated. There is no danger that Spaniards will permit their master to be without wine; they are true descendants of Sancho, who came from renowned ancestors and connoisseurs of the pigskin, one who was always caressing another man's *bota* with *mil bezos*,

* When George IV. once complained that he had lost his royal appetite, "What a scrape, sir, a poor man would be in if he found it!" said his Rochester companion.

mil abrazos. There is nothing in life, like making a good start. The party arrives safely at the first resting-place. The cook must never appear to have anything; he must get from others all he can, and much is to be had for asking, and crying, as even a Spanish infant knows—*quien no llora, no mama*; he must never fall back on his own reservoirs except in cases of need; during the day he must keep his eyes and ears open; he must pick up everything eatable, and where he can and when he can. By keeping a sharp look-out and going quietly to work you may catch the hen and her chickens too—*calla y ojos, tomaremos la madre con los pollos*. All is fish that comes into the net: fruit, onions, salads, which, as they must be bought somewhere, had better be secured whenever they turn up; there is nothing like precaution and *provision*. "If you mean to dine," writes the all-providing Duke to Lord Hill, from Moraleja, "*you had better bring your things*, as I shall have nothing with me;" (Disp. Dec. 10, 1812)—the ancient Bursal fashion holds good on Spanish roads:

Regula Bursalis est omni tempore talis,
Prandia fer tecum, si vis comedere mecum.

The peasants, who are sad poachers, will constantly hail travellers from the fields with offers of partridges, rabbits, melons, hares, which always jump up when you least expect it: *Salta la liebre cuando menos uno piensa*. Spanish melons are rather aqueous; a good one, like something else, is difficult to choose: *el melon y la muger, malos son a conocer*. The Spaniards, like the Orientals, eat vast quantities, and are very fond of insipid fruits, such as the *sandea* or water melon, the prickly pear, cactus Indicus, *higo chumbo*, the pomegranate, *granada*, &c. The partridge is the red legged, and, although not to be compared with our brown partridge, makes an excellent stew: a brace or two in hand is better than a flying vulture, *mas vale pajar en mano que buitre volando*. Hares should always be bagged; they are considered delicacies now as heretofore: "inter quadrupedes gloria prima lepus," says Martial. No wise Spaniard or old stager ever takes a rabbit when he can get a hare, *a perro viejo, echale liebre y no conejo*. A ready stewed hare is to be eschewed as suspicious in a *venta*: at the same time if the consumer does not find out that it is a cat, there is no great harm done—ignorance is bliss; let him not know it, he is not robbed at all. It is a pity to dispel his gastronomic delusion—the knowledge of the cheat kills, and not the cat. Pol! me occidistis, amici. The philosophy of the Spanish cuisine is strictly Oriental—it is the stew, or pilaf. The prima materia on which the artist is to operate is quite secondary; scarcity of wood and ignorance of coal prevent roasting; accordingly *sauce* is everything; this may be defined to be unctuous, rich, savoury, and highly spiced; the same sauce being applied to everything reduces everything to the same flavour, which is a sort of extract of capsicum, tomatas, saffron, oil, and garlic: oil, indeed, supplies the want of fat in their lean meats; it is a brown sauce—*salsa morena*. Brown is in fact the epithet for *tauny* Spain, and for *las cosas de España*—cloaks, sierras, women, and ollas. The exact ingredients which go to make a Spanish stew are not to be tested by a Ude palate, any more now than it could have been in the days of Isaac, who, although his senses of smell, touch, hearing, and taste were quite acute, and his suspicions of unfair play awakened, could not distinguish hashed kid from venison; the cook therefore should know beforehand what are the bonâ fide ingredients. In preparing supper he should make enough for the next day's lunch, *las once*, the eleven o'clock meal, as the Spaniards translate *meridie*, twelve or mid-day, whence the correct word for luncheon is derived, *merienda merendar*. Wherever good dishes are cut up there are good leavings, "*donde buenas ollas quebran, buenos cascós quedan*;" the having some-

thing ready gives time to the cook to forage and make his ulterior preparations. Those who have a *corps de réserve* to fall back upon—say a cold turkey and a ham—can always convert any spot in the desert into an oasis; at the same time the connection between body and soul may be kept up by trusting to *venta* pot-luck: it offers, however, but a miserable existence to persons of judgment. One mouthful of beef is worth ten of potatoes, *mas vale un bocado de vaca que no diez de patatas*; and even when this precaution of provision be not required, there are never wanting in Spain the poor and hungry, to whom the taste of meat is almost unknown, and to whom these crumbs that fall from the rich man's table are indeed a feast; the relish and gratitude with which these fragments are devoured do as much good to the heart of the donor as to the stomach of the donees; the best medicines of the poor are to be found in the cellars and kitchens of the rich. All servants should be careful of their traps and stores, which are liable to be pilfered and plundered in *ventas*, where the élite of society is not always assembled: a good chain and padlock, *una cadena con candado*, is not amiss; at all events the luggage should be well corded, for the devil is always a gleaning, *ata al sacco, ya espiga el diablo*.

Formerly all travellers of rank carried a silver olla with a key, the *guardacena*, the *save* supper. This has furnished matter for many a pleasantry in picaresque tales and farces. Madame Daunoy gives us the history of what befel the Archbishop of Burgos and his orthodox olla.*

The example of the masters, if they be early, active, and orderly, is the best lesson to servants; *mucho sabe el rato, pero mas el gato*. Achilles, Patroclus, and the Homeric heroes, were their own cooks; and many a man who, like Lord Blayney, may not be a hero, will be none the worse for following the epical example, in a Spanish *venta*: at all events a good servant, who is up to his work, and will work, is indeed a jewel,—*quien trabaja tiene alhaja*—on these as on other occasions he deserves to be well treated. *To secure a really good servant is of the utmost consequence to all who make out-of-the-way excursions in Spain*; for, as in the East, he becomes often not only cook but interpreter and companion to his master. It is therefore of great importance to get a person with whom a man can ramble over these wild scenes. The so doing ends in almost friendship, and the Spaniard, when the tour is done, is broken-hearted; and ready to leave house and home, to follow his master to the world's end. Nine times out of ten it is the master's fault if he has bad servants: *tel maître tel valet*. *Al amo imprudente, el mozo negligente*. He must begin at once, and exact the performance of their duty; the only way to get them to do anything is to "frighten them," to "take a decided line," said the Duke (Disp. Nov. 2 and 27, 1813). There is no making them to see the importance of detail and doing exactly what they are told, which they will always endeavour to shirk when they can; their task must be clearly pointed out to them at starting, and the earliest and smallest infractions, either in commission or omission, at once and seriously noticed, the moral victory is soon gained. Those masters who make themselves honey are eaten by flies—*quien se hace miel, le comen las moscas*; while no rat ever ventures to jest with the cat's son; *con hijo de gato, no se burlan los ratones*. The great thing is to make them get up early, and learn the value of time, which the groom cannot tie with his halter, *tiempo y hora, no se ata con sogá*; while a cook who oversleeps himself not only misses his mass, but his meat, *quien se levanta tarde, ni oye misa, ni compra carne*. If (which is soon found out) the servants seem not likely to answer, the sooner they are changed the better: it is

* Relation du Voyage d'Espagne, tome ii., Lett. 5. This is a pleasant little book, written with all the liveliness of a French female pen. It contains most curious details of Spanish life during the reign of Philip IV. 3 vols., duo.; à la Haye, 1715.

loss of time and soap to wash an ass's head—*quien lava cabeza del asnon, pierde tiempo y jabon* : he who is good for nothing in his own village will not be worth more either at Seville or elsewhere—*quien ruin es en su villa, ruin sera en Sevilla*. The principal defects of Spanish servants and of the lower classes of Spaniards are much the same. There are finer distinctions between the natives of one province and another, which we shall touch on in their respective places : suffice it generally to observe that they are, as a mass, apt to indulge in habits of procrastination, waste, improvidence, and untidiness ; they are unmechanical, obstinate, and incurious, ill-educated and prejudiced, and either too proud, self-opinionated, or idle to ask for information from others ; they are very loquacious and highly credulous, as often is the case with those given to romancing, which they, and especially the Andalusians, are to a large degree ; and, in fact, it is the only remaining romance in Spain, as far as the natives are concerned. As they have an especial good opinion of themselves, they are touchy, sensitive, jealous, and thin-skinned, and easily affronted whenever their imperfections are pointed out ; their disposition is very sanguine and inflammable ; they are always hoping that what they eagerly desire will come to pass without any great exertion on their parts ; they love to stand still with their arms folded, angling for impossibilities, while other men put their shoulders to the wheel. Their lively imagination is very apt to carry them away into extremes for good or evil, when they act on the moment like children, and having gratified the humour of the impulse relapse into their ordinary tranquillity, which is that of a slumbering volcano. On the other hand, they are full of excellent and redeeming good qualities ; they are free from caprice, are hardy, patient, cheerful, good humoured, sharp-witted, and intelligent ; they are honest, faithful, and trustworthy ; sober, and unaddicted to mean, vulgar vices ; they have a bold, manly bearing, and will follow well wherever they are well led, being the raw material of as good soldiers as are in the world ; they are loyal and religious at heart, and full of natural tact, mother wit, and innate good manners. In general, a firm, quiet, courteous, and somewhat reserved manner is the most effective. Whenever duties are to be performed, let them see that you are not to be trifled with. The coolness of a determined Englishman's manner, when in earnest, is what few foreigners can withstand. Grimace and gesticulation, sound and fury, bluster, petulance, and impertinence fume and fret in vain against it, as the sprays and foam of the Mediterranean do against the unmoved, and immovable rock of Gibraltar. An Englishman, without being over-familiar, may venture on a far greater degree of unbending in his intercourse with his Spanish dependants than he can dare to do with those he has in England. It is the custom of the country ; they are used to it, and their heads are not turned by it, nor do they ever forget their relative positions. The Spaniards treat their servants very much like the ancient Romans or the modern Moors ; they are more their *vernæ*, their domestic slaves : it is the absolute authority of the father combined with the kindness. Servants do not often change their masters in Spain : their relation and duties are so clearly defined, that the latter runs no risk of compromising himself by his familiarity, which can be laid down or taken up at his own pleasure. In England no man dares to be intimate with his footman ; for supposing even such absurd fancy entered his brain, his footman is his equal in the eye of the law. Conventional barriers accordingly must be erected in self-defence : and social barriers are more difficult to be passed than walls of brass, more impossible to be repealed than the whole statutes at large. No master in Spain, and still less a foreigner, should ever descend to personal abuse, sneers, or violence. A blow is never to be washed out except in blood ; and Spanish revenge descends to the third and fourth generation. There should be no threatenings in vain ; but whenever the op-

portunity occurs for punishment, let it be done quietly and effectively, *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*, and the fault once punished should not be needlessly ripped up again; Spaniards are sufficiently unforgiving, and hoarders up of unrevenged grievances: they do not require to be reminded. A kind and uniform behaviour, a showing consideration to them, in a manner which implies that you are accustomed to it, and expect it to be shown to you, keeps most things in their right places. Temper and patience are the great requisites in the master, especially when the traveller speaks the language imperfectly. He must not think Spaniards stupid because they cannot guess the meaning of his unknown tongue. Nothing is gained by fidgeting and overdoing. However early you may get up, daybreak will not take place the sooner: *no por mucho madrugar, amanece mas temprano*. Let well alone: be not zealous overmuch: be occasionally both blind and deaf: *a lo que no te agrada haz te el sordo*. Keep the door shut, and the devil passes by: *de puerta cerrada, el diablo se torna*. Fret not about what is done, and cannot be helped: the most profitless of all labour. *Trabajo sin provecho, hacer lo que está hecho*; but keep honey in mouth and an eye to your cash: *miel en boca y guarda la bolsa*. Still how much less expenditure is necessary in Spain than in performing the commonest excursion in England; and yet many who submit to their own countrymen's extortions are furious at what they imagine is especial cheating of them, *quasi* Englishmen, abroad: this outrageous economy, with which some are afflicted, is penny wise and pound foolish. The traveller must remember that he gains caste, gets brevet rank in Spain, that he is taken for a lord, and ranks with their nobility; he must pay for these luxuries: how small after all will be the additional per centage on his general expenditure, and how well bestowed is the excess, in keeping the temper good, and the capability of enjoying a tour, which only is performed once in a life, unruffled. No wise man who goes into Spain for amusement will plunge into this guerilla, this constant petty warfare, about sixpences. Let the traveller be true to himself; avoid bad company, *quien hace su cama con perros, se levanta con pulgas*, and make room for bulls and fools, *al loco y toro da le corro*, and he may see Spain agreeably, and, as Catullus said to Veranius, who made the tour many centuries ago, may on his return amuse his friends and "old mother" by telling his own stories after his own way:

"Visam te incolumem, audiamque Iberum
Narrantem loca, facta, nationes,
Sicut tuus est mos."

TRAVELLER'S BILL OF FARE.

To be a good cook, which few Spaniards are, a man must not only understand his master's taste, but be able to make something out of nothing; just as a clever French *artiste* converts an old shoe into an épigramme d'agneau, or a Parisian milliner dresses up two deal boards into a fine live *Madame*, whose only fault is the appearance of too much embonpoint. We now proceed to submit a few approved receipts of genuine and legitimate Spanish dishes: they are excellent in their way. No man nor man-cook ever is ridiculous when he does not attempt to be what he is not. The *au naturel* may occasionally be somewhat plain, but seldom makes one sick. It would be as hopeless to make a Spaniard understand real French cookery as to endeavour to explain to a député the meaning of our constitution or parliament. The ruin of Spanish cooks is their futile attempts to imitate French ones: * just as their silly grandees murder the glo-

* In the last edition of the *Nueva Cocinera*, vol. iii., the 'Spanish Domestic Cookery, by a Lady,' the olla is left out altogether. It is not, however, to be found in the earlier books, *Libro de Cocina*, Roberto de Nola. Toledo, 1577.

rious Castilian tongue by what they fancy is talking French: *dis moi ce que tu manges, et je te dirai ce que tu es*—la destinée des nations dépend de la manière dont elles se nourrissent.

THE OLLA.

It may be made in one pot, but two are better: take therefore two, and put them on their separate stoves with water. Place into No. 1, *Garbanzos*,* cicer, aretinum chick-pea, which have been placed to soak over-night, *al remojo*, or they will be hard. Add a good piece of beef, a chicken, a large piece of bacon; let it boil once and quickly; then let it simmer: *olla que mucho hierva, mucho pierde*: it requires four or five hours to be well done. Meanwhile place into No. 2, with water, whatever vegetables, "*verdura*," are to be had: lettuces, "*lechugas*;" cabbage, "*berza, coles*;" a slice of gourd, "*troncho de calabaza*;" of beet, "*acelga*;" carrots, "*azanorias*;" beans, "*fideos judias habichuelas*;" celery, "*apio*;" endive, "*escarola*;" onions and garlic, "*ajo y cebollas*;" long peppers, "*pimientos*." These must be previously well washed and cut, as if they were destined to make a salad; then add sausages, "*chorizo*;" those of Montanches are the best: *Longanizas*, those of Vich, and *Morsillas*; half a salted pig's face, which should have been soaked over-night. When all is sufficiently boiled, strain off the water, and throw it away. Remember constantly to skim the scum of both saucepans. When all this is sufficiently dressed, take a large dish, lay in the bottom the vegetables, the beef, "*cocido*," in the centre, flanked by the bacon, chicken, and pig's face. The sausages should be arranged around, *en couronne*; pour over some of the soup of No. 1, and serve hot, as Horace did: "*Uncta satis—ponuntur oluscula lardo*." No violets come up to the perfume which a coming olla casts before it; the mouth-watering bystanders sigh, as they see and smell the rich freight steaming away from them.

This is the olla *en grande*, such as Don Quixote says was eaten by canons and presidents of colleges. A worthy dignitary of Seville, whose daily olla was transcendental, told us, as a wrinkle, that he on feast-days used turkeys instead of chickens, and added two sharp Ronda apples, "*dos peros agrios de Ronda*," and three sweet potatoes of Malaga, *batatas*. His advice is worth attention: he was a good Roman Catholic canon, who believed everything, absolved everything, drank everything, ate everything, and digested everything. In fact, as a general rule, anything that is good in itself is good for an olla, provided, as old Spanish books always conclude, that it contains nothing contrary to the holy mother church, to orthodoxy, and to good manners—" *que no contiene cosa, que se oponga a nuestra madre Iglesia y santa fé catolica, y buenas costumbres*." Such an olla as this is not to be got on the road, but may be made to restore nature, when halting in the cities. Of course, every olla must everywhere be made according to what can be got. In private families the contents of No. 1, the soup, *caldo*, is served up with bread, in a tureen, and the frugal table decked with the separate contents of the olla in separate platters; the remains coldly serve, or are warmed up, for supper. Refer also back to page 28.

Sopa de Cebollas—Onion Soup.

This is soon made, and often is a great comfort to the traveller who arrives

* The *Garbanzo* is the vegetable of Spain. The use of dried peas, rice, &c., argues a low state of horticultural knowledge. The taste for the *Garbanzo* was introduced by the Carthaginians—the *puls punica*, which (like the *fides punica*, an especial ingredient in all Spanish governments and finance) afforded such merriment to Plautus, that he introduced the chick-pea-eating Pœnus, *multiphagoides*, speaking Punic, just as Shakspeare did the toasted-cheese-eating Welshman talking Welsh.

wet and chilled : take onions, peel and pare them, cut them into pieces and fry them in lard or oil ; add water, salt, and pepper, and pour it over toasted bread. If potatoes are to be had, boil a few, pound them, and pass them through a sieve, to thicken and make a *purée*.

Pisto, or Meat Omelette.

Take eggs, see that they are fresh by being pellucid, *huevos transparentes*, beat them well up ; chop up onions and whatever savoury herbs are to be got, *tomillo*, thyme, *albahaca*, sweet basil, *hinojo*, fennel, *peregil*, parsley, *estragon*, tarragon ; small slices of any meat at hand, cold turkey, ham, &c. ; beat it all up together and fry it quickly. Most Spaniards have a peculiar knack in making omelettes, *tortillas*, *revueltas de huevos*. These to the fastidious stomach are, as in most parts of the Continent, a sure resource to fall back upon.

Sesos escabechados y fritos—Brains en marinade and fried.

Take brains, either of sheep or calf, wash and pare them well, removing all blood, fibres, &c. ; soak them in water, then place them for an hour in a pickle of wine, vinegar, onions, bay-leaf, thyme, parsley, oil, and salt ; dry them with a cloth, powder them with flour, and fry them in oil or lard, in which a few onions have been previously fried, to give flavour and colour.*

Guisado de Perdices o Liebre—Stewed Partridges or Hare.

This dish is always well done by every cook in every *venta*, barring that they are apt to put in bad oil, and too much garlic, pepper, and saffron.—Take hare, partridge, rabbit, chicken, or whatever it may be ; cut it up, save the blood, the liver, and the giblets, *menudillos* ; do not wash the pieces, but dry them in a cloth ; fry them with onions in oil or lard till browned ; take an olla, put in equal portions of wine and water, a bit of bacon, onions, garlic, salt, pepper, *pimientas*, a bunch of thyme or herbs ; let it simmer, carefully skimming it ; half an hour before serving add the giblets ; when done, which can be tested by feeling with a fork, serve hot. The stew should be constantly stirred with a wooden spoon, and with a good salad it forms a supper for a cardinal, or Santiago himself.

Ensalada—Salad.

Take whatever salad can be got, wash it in many waters, rinse it in a small net, or in napkins till nearly dry, chop up onions and tarragon, take a bowl, put in equal quantities of vinegar and water, a teaspoonful of pepper and salt, and four times as much oil as vinegar and water, mix the same well together, take care never to put the lettuce into the sauce till the moment the salad is wanted, or it loses all its crispness and becomes sodden. The Spanish salad is delicious in a hot country, where much meat is neither eaten nor wanted ; half the population live on a vegetable diet, which is eaten boiled in winter and raw in summer. To make a good salad, says the proverb, four persons are wanted, —a spendthrift for oil, a miser for vinegar, a counsellor for salt, and a madman to stir it all up : “ *Para hacer una buena ensalada, se necesitan cuatro personas—un prodigo para el aceite, un avaro para el vinagre, un prudente para la sal, y un loco para menearla.* ”

Gazpacho.

Akin to the salad is this most ancient Roman and Moorish dish, on which the Spaniards in the hotter provinces exist during the dog-days, of which days

* Note well to avoid everything in the shape of an *adobo* or *escabeche* which is not made by your own cook.

there are packs : it is a cold vegetable soup, and is composed of onions, garlic, cucumbers, *pepinos*, pimientos, all chopped up very small and mixed with crumbs of bread, and then put into a bowl of oil, vinegar, and fresh water. *Gazpacho caliente* is the same thing, only hot : the word in Arabic signifies "soaked bread." Reapers and agricultural labourers could never stand the sun's fire without this cooling acetous diet : it is of the most remote antiquity. Boaz at meal-time invites Ruth to dip her morsel, *mendruco de pan*, in the *vinegar* (Ruth ii. 14). This was the *οἶνκρατος* of the Greeks, the *posca*, potable food, meat and drink, *potus et esca*, which formed part of the rations of the Roman soldiers, and which Adrian (a Spaniard) delighted to share with them. Dr. Buchanan states in his 'Researches,' p. 113, that he found some Syrian Christians who still called it *ail, ail, Hul Hila*, for which our Saviour was supposed to have called on the Cross, when those who understood that dialect gave it him from the vessel which was full of it for the guard. In Andalusia, during the summer, a bowl of gazpacho is commonly ready in every house of an evening, and is partaken of by every person who comes in. It is not easily digested by those unaccustomed to it. It is the Russian *Bativinia*, au maigre. Oil, vinegar, and bread are all that is given out to the lower class of labourers ; two cow's horns are constantly seen suspended on each side of their carts, and contain this provision, with which they compound their *migas* : this consists of crumbs of bread fried in oil, with pepper and garlic ; nor can a stronger proof be given of the common poverty of their fare than the common expression, "*buenas migas hay*," there are good crumbs, being equivalent to capital eating. Martial, ii. 59, thought otherwise, "*mica vocor ; quid sim cernis, cœnatio parva*."

Agraz—Verjuice Lemonade.

This, the Moorish *Hacaraz*, is the most delicious and most refreshing drink ever devised by thirsty soul ; it is the *new* pleasure for which Xerxes wished in vain, and beats the "hock and soda-water," the "*hoc erat in votis*" of Byron. It is made of pounded unripe grapes, clarified sugar, and water ; it is strained till it becomes of the palest straw-coloured amber, and well iced. It is particularly well made in Andalusia, and it is worth going there if only to drink it, either alone or mixed with *Mansanilla* wine. At Madrid an agreeable drink is sold in the streets ; it is called *Michi Michi*, from the Valencian *Mits e Mits*, "half and half." It is made of equal portions of barley water and orgeat of *Chufas*, and is highly iced : cold drinks, in hot dry summers, are almost articles of absolute necessity. The Spaniards, among other cooling fruits, eat their strawberries mixed with sugar and the juice of oranges, which will be found a more agreeable addition than the wine used by the French, or the cream of the English,—the one heats, and the other, whenever it is to be had, makes a man bilious in Spain. Spanish ices, *helados*, are apt to be too sweet, nor is the sugar well refined ; the ices, frozen very hard and in small forms, either representing fruits or shells, are called *quesos*.

Huevos Estrellados.

These are Spanish poached eggs. The egg is broken into a pan with hot oil or lard ; it must be remembered, although Strabo mentions as a singular fact that the Iberians made use of butter, *βοτρυπω* (iii. 233), instead of oil, that now it is just the reverse ; a century ago butter was only sold by the apothecaries, as a sort of ointment. The butter of Spain used to be iniquitous ; the *manteca de Soria* passed for the best. Spaniards generally used either Irish or Flemish salted butter, and from long habit think fresh butter quite insipid ; indeed, they have no objection to its being a trifle or so rancid, just as some

aldermen like high venison. The Queen Christina had a fancy dairy at Madrid, where she made a few pounds of fresh butter, of which a small portion was sold, at five shillings the pound, to foreign ambassadors for their breakfast. Recently more attention has been paid to the dairy in the Swiss-like provinces of the N.W. The Spanish pastry, which is, however, far inferior to the Moorish, is made with fine lard, *manteca de puerco*; it is extremely light. The puffs of Madrid, the *hojaldres*, are worth the attention of the curious. The Spaniards, like the heroes in the Iliad, seldom boil their food (eggs excepted), at least not in water, for frying, after all, is but boiling in oil.

Cebollas rellenas—*Stuffed Onions*; or *Tomatas rellenas*—*Stuffed Tomatas*.

Take either, cut them in halves and hollow out the centre; take whatever cold meat may be at hand; either chicken, partridge, or hare, with ham, &c., onions, fine herbs, crumbs of bread, and form a forcemeat ball, with beaten eggs; fill up the centres of the onions or tomatas, and let them stew gently in any gravy; before serving up, pass them over with a salamander, or hot iron.

Pollo con arroz—Chicken and rice.

This most excellent dish is eaten in perfection in Valencia, and is often called *Pollo Valenciano*. Cut a good fowl into pieces, wipe it clean, but do not put it into water; take a saucepan, put in a wine-glass of fine oil, heat the oil well, put in a bit of bread; let it fry, stirring it about with a wooden spoon; when the bread is browned take it out and throw it away: put in two cloves of garlic, *dos dientes*, taking care that it does not burn, as, if it does, it will turn bitter; stir the garlic till it is fried; put in the chicken, keep stirring it about while it fries, then put in a little salt and stir again; whenever a sound of cracking is heard, stir it again; when the chicken is well browned, *dorado*, which will take from five to ten minutes, *stirring constantly*, put in chopped onions, chopped *pimientas*, and stir about; if once the contents catch the pan the dish is spoiled; then add tomatas, divided into quarters, and parsley; take two teacupsful of rice, mix all well up together; add *hot* water enough to cover the whole over; let it boil *once*, and then set it aside to simmer until the rice becomes tender and done. The great art consists in having the rice turned out granulated and separate, not in a pudding state, which is sure to be the case if a cover be put over the dish, which condenses the steam.

We are not writing an essay on Spanish cookery, a rich piquant subject which is well worth the inquiry of any antiquarian deipnosophist: we have put down those dishes which we have often helped to make, and have oftener eaten, in the wildest ventas of Spain; they are to be made and eaten again; the ingredients may be varied, especially the garlic, which depends on taste, and according to what the cook has been able to forage on the road; and never let him throw away a chance in the commissariat line, which, as he may read in the Duke's Dispatches, is the one thing wanting in Spain. Chocolate is almost always to be found good; the best is made by the nuns, who are great confectioners and compounders of sweetmeats, of sugarplums and orange flowers.

“Et tous ces mets sucrés en pâte, ou bien liquides,
Dont estomacs dévots furent toujours avides.”

It was long a disputed point in Spain whether chocolate did or did not break fast theologically, just as happened with coffee among the rigid Moslems. Since the learned Escobar decided that it did not, *liquidum non rumpit jejunium*, it has become the universal breakfast of Spain. It is made just liquid enough to come within the benefit of clergy, that is, a spoon will almost stand

up in it; only a small cup is taken, *una jicara*, generally with a bit of toasted bread or a biscuit: these *jicaras* have seldom any handles; they were used by the rich (as coffee-cups are among the Orientals) enclosed in little filigree cases of silver or gold; some of these *marcelinas* are very beautiful, in the form of a tulip or lotus leaf, on a saucer of mother-o'-pearl. The flower is so contrived that, by a spring underneath, on raising the saucer, the leaves fall back and disclose the cup to the lips, while, when put down, they re-close over it, and form a protection against the flies. A glass of water should always be drunk after this chocolate; this is an axiom; the aqueous *chasse* neutralizes the bilious propensities of this breakfast of the gods, the *θεοβρωμα* of Linnæus. Tea and coffee have supplanted chocolate in England and France. In Spain alone we are carried back to the breakfasts of Belinda and of the wits at Buttons. In Spain exist, unchanged, the fans, the game of ombre, *tresillo*, and the *coche de colleras*, the coach and six, and other social usages of the age of Pope and the 'Spectator.'

Spaniards are no great drinkers of beer, notwithstanding that their ancestors drank more of it than wine (Strabo, iii. 233), which was not then either so plentiful or universal as at present; this *βρυτον*, or substitute of grapeless countries, passed from the Egyptians and the Carthaginians into Spain, where it was excellent, and kept well (Plin., 'Nat. Hist.,' xxii. 25, sub fin.). The vinous Roman soldiers derided the beer-drinking Iberians, just as the French did the English *before* the battle of Agincourt. "Can sodden water—barley-broth decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?" Polybius sneers at the magnificence of a Spanish king, because his home was furnished with silver and gold vases full of beer, of barley-wine, *οινου κριθινου* (Athen. ii. 14). The genuine Goths, as happens everywhere to this day, were great swillers of ale and beer, *καρωτικά*, heady and stupifying mixtures, according to Aristotle. Their archbishop, St. Isidore, distinguished between *celia ceria*, the ale, and *cerbisia*, beer, whence the present word *cerbeza* is derived. Spanish beer, like many other Spanish matters, has become small. Strong English beer is rare and dear; among one of the infinite ingenious absurdities of Spanish customs' law, English beer in barrels was prohibited, as were English bottles if empty—but prohibited beer, in prohibited bottles, was admissible, on the principle that two fiscal negatives made an exchequer affirmative.

Water, after all, is the staple drink, *αριστον μιν υδωρ*. It is one of the most unchangeable peculiarities of Iberian character. Strabo (iii. 232) called them *υδροποται*. Athenæus was amazed that even the rich Spaniards should all be water-drinkers *παντας υδροποτειν* (Deip. ii. 6). It is the one thing wanting, alike to moisten mortal clay and fertilise land and garden. All classes of Spaniards are very particular about water; "*agua muy rica*," very rich, is a common phrase for fresh good water. They are great drinkers of it on all occasions. The first thing all will do on entering a *venta* is to take a full draught, even when wine is to be had; (and compare the similar precedence of Iberian thirst in Livy xl. 47.) They are very learned on the subject, and, although on the whole they cannot be accused of teetotalism, they are loud in their praises of the pure fluid; which, according to their proverbs, should have neither taste, smell, nor colour, "*ni sabor, olor, ni color*;" which neither makes men sick or in debt, nor women widows, "*que no enferma, no adeuda, no enviuda*." It is sold in every direction exactly as among the Egyptians. The cries of *quien quiere agua* rejoice the thirsty souls in the torrid heats; as everything is exaggerated in Spain, the water is announced *mas fresca que la nieve*. The seller carries it on his back in a porous *álcarraza*, with a little cock by which it is drawn into a glass; he is usually provided with a small tin box strapped to his waist, and in

which he stows away his glasses, brushes, and some light *azucarillos*—*panales*, which are made of sugar and white of egg, which Spaniards dip and dissolve in their drink. These retail pedestrian aqueducts bring a supply to every part of the city; they follow thirst like fire-engines; while in particular stations water-mongers in wholesale have a shed, with ranges of jars, glasses, oranges, lemons, &c., and a bench or two, for the drinkers to *descansarse un ratito*, to untire themselves. In winter these are provided with an *añafe* or portable stove, which keeps a supply of hot water, to take the chill off the cold, for Spaniards, from a sort of dropsical habit, drink like fishes all the year round, *quò plus sunt potæ, plus sitiuntur aquæ*. Ferdinand the Catholic, on seeing a peasant drowned in a river, observed, "that he had never before seen a Spaniard who had had enough water." At the same time it must be remembered that this fluid is applied with greater prodigality in washing their inside than their outside. This species of hydrophobia is chiefly religious. Justin (xliv. 2) remarks that the Spaniards only learnt the use of *hot* water, as applicable to the toilette, from the Romans after the second Punic war. The Romans introduced their aqueducts and thermæ. The Goths and Gotho-Spaniards have utterly abolished the latter, because appertaining to the Jews and Moors, who were bathing people. Bathing in the Nile led to the preservation of the Jewish legislator. Ablutions and lustral purifications formed an article of faith with the Moslem, with whom "cleanliness is godliness." The mendicant monks, according to their practice of setting up a directly antagonist principle, considered physical dirt as the test of moral purity and true faith; and by dining and sleeping from year's end to year's end in the same unchanged woollen frock, arrived at the height of their ambition, according to their view of the odour of sanctity. The rude Goths saw in the Roman thermæ, which were carried to an excess, an element of effeminacy: the Spaniards took the same view of the luxurious baths of the sensual Oriental; and it must be admitted that the baths of the Middle Ages, which were open to both sexes, justified the mingled signification still retained in our term bagnio. St. Isidore (Orig. viii. 4) places last in his list of heretics the Hemerobaptistæ, people who washed their clothes and bodies once a day. The baths of pagan Rome have given place to the papal *immondezzaio's*; and the eternal city and its denizens, under the very nose of the holy father, have become the standard of Italian uncleanness. In Spain, at the conquest of Granada, Ferdinand and Isabella passed edicts to close and abolish the Moorish baths. They forbade not only the Christians but the Moors from using anything but holy water. Fire, not water, became the grand element of inquisitorial purification. The Pindaric *θερμα λουτρα νυμφαν* were exchanged for the original Iberian cold lavations (Strabo, iii. 232), and even these were limited. The fair sex was warned by monks, who practised what they preached, that they should remember the cases of Susanna and Bathsheba. Their aqueous anathemas extended not only to public but to minutely private washings, regarding which Sanchez instructs the Spanish confessor to question his fair penitents, and not to absolve the over-washed; many instances could be produced of the practical working of this enjoined dirt. Isabella, the favourite daughter of Philip II., his eye, as he called her, made a solemn vow never to change her shift until Ostend was taken. The siege lasted three years, three months, and thirteen days. The royal garment acquired a tawny colour, which was called *Isabel* by the courtiers, in compliment to the pious princess (Réaumur, 'Lett.' xx.). Southey, in his note 36 to Don Roderick, relates that the devout Saint Eufraxia entered into a convent of 130 nuns, not one of whom had ever washed her feet, and the very mention of a bath was an abomination. These obedient daughters to their capuchin confessors are what Gil de Avila termed a

sweet garden of flowers, perfumed by the good smell and reputation of sanctity, "*ameno jardin de flores, olorosas por el buen odor y fama de santidad.*" Justice to the land of Castile soap requires us to observe that latterly both sexes, and the fair especially, have departed from the strict observance of the religious duties of their excellent grandmothers. Warm baths are now pretty generally established in larger towns. Still, however, the interiors of private bedrooms, as well by the striking absence of vitreous and crockery utensils, which to English notions are absolute necessities, as by the presence of French pie-dish basins, and duodecimo jugs, indicate that this "little damned spot" on the average Spanish hand has not yet been quite rubbed out.

16. STEAM BOATS TO GIBRALTAR.

The whole line of coast, an extent of nearly 600 leagues, is admirably provided with steamers. The Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, which takes her Majesty's Mails on to Malta and Alexandria, offers a certain and regular conveyance from London to Gibraltar.

To secure passages and to obtain information of every kind, applications may be made at the Company's offices, 51, St. Mary Axe, and 44, Regent Street, Piccadilly, London; at No. 57, High Street, Southampton; or of Lieut. Kendall or Mr. Hill, Shipping Agent. In Liverpool apply to the Company's Agent in Water Street; also to Messrs. Martin and Burns, Buchanan Street, Glasgow; in Vigo, to Leopold Menendez, Esq., British Consul; in Oporto, to Alexander Miller, Esq.; in Lisbon, to Messrs. J. Vanzeller and Sons; in Cadiz, to Messrs. P. de Zulueta and Co.; in Gibraltar, to William James Smith, Esq. These particulars are liable to changes, but the proper offices can be pointed out by any one on the spot.

There are two branches: the vessels which sail for Alexandria leave Southampton the 1st of every month, at 4 P.M. Those which only go to Gibraltar sail weekly, leaving Southampton every Thursday at 4 P.M. The following are the rates of passage money, steward's fee included; but the traveller will of course make a personal inquiry, as minor changes are constantly liable to occur:—

		1st Cabin.	2nd Cabin.
Vigo, Oporto, and Lisbon	{ From or to the South- amptn Docks.... }	£17 10	£11 15
Cadiz and Gibraltar	{ From or to the South- amptn Docks.... }	20 10	14 5

Children under ten years of age half the above rates; under three years of age, free.

The fares include a liberal table, and wines, for 1st Cabin passengers; and for 2nd Cabin passengers, provisions without wines.

	For Carriages.	Horses, exclusive of Fodder, Attendance, &c.	Dogs, ex- clusive of Food.
Freight to Lisbon....	£12 12 0	£10 10 0	£0 15
Ditto Gibraltar..	13 13 0	11 11 0	1 0

Baggage.—Passengers are allowed each 2 cwt. of personal baggage; all above that quantity will be charged at the rate of 1s. per cubic foot.

Each vessel carries a medical officer approved of by government.

Experienced and respectable female attendants for the ladies' cabin.

Private family cabins for passengers, if required.

The cabins are fitted with bedding, drawers, and every requisite.

These weekly steamers are connected with the monthly departure for India

viâ Alexandria. An arrangement has been made by which passengers for India, who may desire to visit the interesting scenery of the W. portion of Spain and Portugal, will have the privilege, free of additional expense, of proceeding in any of the Company's weekly Peninsular Mail Steamers, and may thus visit Vigo, Oporto, Lisbon, and Cintra, Cadiz, Seville, Gibraltar, Algesiras, &c., joining the India Mail Steamer for Malta and Alexandria, at Gibraltar. The passage to Vigo has been made in less than three days; that to Cadiz seldom exceeds six. The voyage offers a glorious opportunity to lovers of magnificent sea-views. No one who has never crossed the Bay of Biscay, where the storms seldom cease, can form any idea of what a sea is—those vast mountain-waves which roll unchecked and unbroken across the whole of the mighty Atlantic.

STEAMERS FROM GIBRALTAR TO MARSEILLES.

These vessels, although by no means such good sea-boats nor so well managed as those which we have just mentioned, are better suited for the mere purposes of the traveller: being unconnected with the carrying mails, they are entirely destined to form the means of communication between one sea-port and another. They are foreign boats, and manned by foreigners: their prices are lower than the English. They generally touch, coming and going, once in the week, at each port. These particulars, however, will be easily ascertained, either in the ports themselves, or at the larger inns in the cities of the interior, which are furnished with printed anticipating notices of the days of sailing, &c. We subjoin the tariff of the prices from Marseilles to Gibraltar and the intermediate and intervening ports. The prices are in *reales vellon*, of which one hundred may be taken as an average equivalent to the pound sterling. The voyage on this eastern coast of Spain is more agreeable than that of the western; the still, sleepy, blue Mediterranean appears like a crystal lake, after the boiling caldron of the Bay of Biscay. The table on the opposite page will give a general idea of the rate of charges by steam, from one port to another of the Mediterranean.

Those who have little time to spare, and wish to return from Gibraltar viâ Marseilles and Paris, may obtain a rapid glance of the eastern coast, even if going directly from Gibraltar to Marseilles. The steamer usually remains a whole day at Malaga; it does not always anchor at Almeria, which is not a place of much importance to the traveller. At Cartagena half a day is allowed, which is sufficient. Ditto at Alicante. A whole day is given to Valencia, and *tartanas*, or carriages, are always ready to convey passengers from the shore to the city. It does not always anchor at the interesting old city of Tarragona. At Barcelona it remains two days: sometimes half a day at Port Vendres, which is a Cartagena in miniature. From Port Vendres to Marseilles the voyage is usually made in one night. The exact fares, the days and hours of sailing, are of course liable to constant changes, and can only be ascertained on the spot.

It would be easy to swell out the particulars of the steamers which ply up and down each coast of the Peninsula; but there is little practical necessity for extending this information, which, besides the liability of changing from day to day, it is the interest of the different companies to make as public as possible. They are quite as anxious to obtain passengers, as travellers are to obtain passages; they omit no opportunity of placarding and advertising, in characters that he who runs may read, all the particulars connected with each departure. In the great towns of Spain, as elsewhere, all who live by the conveyance of travellers, whether by sea or by land, are always on the look-out for customers; they anticipate inquiries by their offers of mules, horses, carriages, and other

	To Port Vendres.	To Barcelona.	To Tarragona.	To Valencia.	To Alicante.	To Cartagena.	To Almeria.	To Malaga.	To Gibraltar.	To Cadiz.
FROM MAR SEILLES.	160 120 60	400 320 180	440 360 180	660 500 240	800 610 330	930 710 360	1030 770 410	1170 870 480	1300 930 540	1440 1st Cab. 1030 2d Cab. 600 Deck.
FROM PORT VENDRES	240 200 130	280 240 140	510 390 210	650 500 290	785 605 335	885 665 385	1025 765 455	1160 830 520	1300 930 580	„ „ „
FROM BARCELONA	60 50 40	280 200 120	420 310 200	560 420 250	660 480 300	800 580 370	940 650 440	1080 750 500	„ „ „	
FROM TARRAGONA	240 160 90	400 280 160	540 390 210	640 460 270	780 560 340	920 640 400	1060 740 480	„ „ „		
FROM VALENCIA	160 120 80	320 240 140	420 310 200	560 420 250	660 480 300	800 580 370	940 650 440	1080 750 500	„ „ „	
FROM ALICANTE	160 120 60	320 240 140	420 310 200	560 420 250	660 480 300	800 580 370	940 650 440	1080 750 500	„ „ „	
FROM CARTAGENA	120 80 60	280 200 140	420 310 200	560 420 250	660 480 300	800 580 370	940 650 440	1080 750 500	„ „ „	
FROM ALMERIA	160 120 60	320 240 140	420 310 200	560 420 250	660 480 300	800 580 370	940 650 440	1080 750 500	„ „ „	
FROM MALAGA	160 80 60	320 240 140	420 310 200	560 420 250	660 480 300	800 580 370	940 650 440	1080 750 500	„ „ „	
FROM GIBRALTAR	160 100 60	320 240 140	420 310 200	560 420 250	660 480 300	800 580 370	940 650 440	1080 750 500	„ „ „	

appliances of locomotion. The traveller will do well to go beforehand and secure his own particular berth. We subjoin the names of some of the principal agents; they, however, like their craft, are subject to constant changes:—

Seville—Don Manuel le Roi.

Cadiz—Don Antonio Sicre—Oneto and Co.

———Los Señores Retordillo.

Gibraltar—Los Señores Retordillo—Jose Abudarham.

Malaga—Don Juan Giro—Juan Bta. Bisso.

Almeria—Don Jose Jover—Jose M. Velasco.

Cartagena—Don Nicolas Biale.

Alicante—Los Señores Diaz—Wallace and Co.

Valencia—Los Señores White, Llano and Co.—A. Scotto.

Barcelona—Los Señores Martorell y Bofill—Faria and Co.

Port Vendres—Señor A. Debec.

Marseilles—Monsieur T. Perier.

The formation of a new company is contemplated in France, who propose to establish a line of steamers to run between La Teste, near Bordeaux, and La Coruña, touching at the intermediate sea-ports in going and returning. This will afford great facilities in visiting this mountainous coast, which at present is utterly without means of tolerable intercommunication by land. Travellers from England, who do not mind the sea, will thus be enabled to land in the north-western provinces of Spain, without undergoing the purgatory of *pavés* in passing through France; they might embark at Southampton for Havre, take the steamer to Bordeaux, and thence to Pasages, Bilbao, Santander, Gijon, Rivadeo, El Ferrol or La Coruña, and thence by Santiago and Salamanca to Madrid.

There are few real difficulties in getting onward when at the spots themselves; it is before we set out, or arrive, that these appear insurmountable, but they vanish as we advance. The Alps and Pyrenees, which in the distance rise up an apparently impassable barrier, are studded with paths by which they may be crossed, which do not, however, become visible until they are actually approached. Travelling in Spain may indeed be slower than in other countries, but the country is travelled over day and night in every direction by the natives, who arrive at their journey's end safe and sound, and with quite as great certainty as elsewhere: knowing this, they are never in a hurry; and however scanty their baggage, they are well supplied with patience and good humour, which they oppose successfully to those petty annoyances from which no road is exempt; and they are too practical philosophers to distress themselves with the anticipation of calamities, which after all, in nineteen cases out of twenty, never do really happen. Spain, like Ireland, has long had a name far worse than it deserves: to read the English newspapers, which thrive on startling events, both appear dens of thieves and law-breakers, whose works are battle, murder, and sudden death; all this *couleur de noir* becomes roseate on landing, and the traveller makes his tour without hearing a word on the subject.

17. WHAT TO OBSERVE IN SPAIN.

Before we proceed to point out the objects best worth seeing in the Peninsula, many of which are to be seen there only, it may be as well to mention what is *not* to be seen: there is no such loss of time as finding this out oneself, after weary chace and wasted hour. Those who expect to find well-garnished arsenals, libraries, restaurants, charitable or literary institutions, canals, railroads, tunnels, suspension-bridges, steam-engines, omnibuses, manufactories, polytechnic galleries, pale-ale breweries, and similar appliances and appurtenances of a high state of political, social, and commercial civilisation, had better stay at home. In Spain there are no turnpike-trust meetings, no quarter-sessions, no courts of *justice*, according to the real meaning of that word, no tread-mills, no boards of guardians, no chairmen, directors, masters-extraordinary of the court of chancery, no assistant poor-law commissioners. There are no anti-tobacco-teetotal-temperance meetings, no auxiliary missionary propagating societies, nothing in the blanket and lying-in asylum line, nothing, in short, worth a revising barrister of three years' standing's notice. Spain is no country for the political economist, beyond affording an example of the decline of the wealth of nations, and offering a wide topic on errors to be avoided, as well as for experimental theories, plans of reform and amelioration. In Spain, Nature reigns; she has there lavished her utmost prodigality of soil and climate, which a bad government has for the last three centuries been endeavouring to counteract. *El cielo y suelo es bueno, el entresuelo malo*, and man, the occupier of

the Peninsular *entresol*, uses, or rather abuses, with incurious apathy the goods with which the gods have provided him. Spain is a *terra incognita* to naturalists, geologists, and every branch of ists and ologists. The material is as superabundant as native labourers and operatives are deficient. All these interesting branches of inquiry, healthful and agreeable, as being out-of-door pursuits, and bringing the amateur in close contact with nature, offer to embryo authors, who are ambitious to *book something new*, a more worthy subject than the *decies repetita* descriptions of bull-fights and the natural history of ollas and ventas. Those who aspire to the romantic, the poetical, the sentimental, the artistical, the antiquarian, the classical, in short, to any of the sublime and beautiful lines, will find both in the past and present state of Spain subjects enough, in wandering with lead-pencil and note-book through this singular country, which hovers between Europe and Africa, between civilisation and barbarism; this is the land of the green valley and barren mountain, of the boundless plain and the broken sierra, now of Elysian gardens of the vine, the olive, the orange, and the aloe, then of trackless, vast, silent, uncultivated wastes, the heritage of the wild bee. Here we fly from the dull uniformity, the polished monotony of Europe, to the racy freshness of an original, unchanged country, where antiquity treads on the heels of to-day, where Paganism disputes the very altar with Christianity, where indulgence and luxury contend with privation and poverty, where a want of all that is generous or merciful is blended with the most devoted heroic virtues, where the most cold-blooded cruelty is linked with the fiery passions of Africa, where ignorance and erudition stand in violent and striking contrast.

Here let the antiquarian pore over the stirring memorials of many thousand years, the vestiges of Phœnician enterprise, of Roman magnificence, of Moorish elegance, in that storehouse of ancient customs, that repository of all elsewhere long forgotten and passed by; here let him gaze upon those classical monuments, unequalled almost in Greece or Italy, and on those fairy Aladdin palaces, the creatures of Oriental gorgeousness and imagination, with which Spain alone can enchant the dull European; here let the man of feeling dwell on the poetry of her envy-disarming decay, fallen from her high estate, the dignity of a dethroned monarch, borne with unrepining self-respect, the last consolation of the innately noble, which no adversity can take away; here let the lover of art feed his eyes with the mighty masterpieces of Italian art, when Raphael and Titian strove to decorate the palaces of Charles, the great emperor of the age of Leo X., or with the living nature of Velazquez and Murillo, whose paintings are truly to be seen in Spain alone; here let the artist sketch the lowly mosque of the Moor, the lofty cathedral of the Christian, in which God is worshipped in a manner as nearly befitting his glory as the power and wealth of finite man can reach; art and nature here offer subjects, from the feudal castle, the vasty Escorial, the rock-built alcazar of imperial Toledo, the sunny towers of stately Seville, to the eternal snows and lovely vega of Granada: let the geologist clamber over mountains of marble, and metal-pregnant sierras; let the botanist cull from the wild hothouse of nature plants unknown, unnumbered, matchless in colour, and breathing the aroma of the sweet south; let all, learned or unlearned, listen to the song, the guitar, the castanet; let all mingle with the gay, good-humoured, temperate peasantry, the finest in the world, free, manly, and independent, yet courteous and respectful; let all live with the noble, dignified, high-bred, self-respecting Spaniard; let all share in their easy, courteous society; let all admire their dark-eyed women, so frank and natural, to whom the voice of all ages and nations has conceded the palm of attraction, to whom Venus has bequeathed her magic girdle of grace and fascination; let all—*sed ohe! jam satis*—enough for starting on this expedition, where, as Don Quixote said, there are opportunities for what

are called adventures elbow-deep. "*Aquí, Hermano Sancho, podemos metir las manos hasta los codos, en esto que llaman aventuras.*"

18. SPANISH LANGUAGE.

"He that travelleth into a country before he hath some entrance into the language goeth to school and not to travel," saith Bacon. "For every language that a man can speak, so many more times is he a man," said Charles V. This same emperor justly characterised the superb idiom of Spain as the one in which God ought to be prayed to by mortal man; and in truth, of all modern languages, it is the most fitting and decorous medium for solemn, lofty devotion, for grave disquisitions, for elevated, moral, and theological subjects; the language, which is an exponent of national character, partakes of the virtues and vices of the Spaniard—it is noble, manly, grandiloquent, sententious, and imposing. The commonest village *alcalde* pens his placards in the Cambyzes state-paper style, more naturally than Pitt dictated king's speeches extemporaneously. The pompous, fine-sounding expressions and professions convey to plain English understandings promises which are seldom realised by Spaniards. The words are so fine in themselves that they appear to be the result of thought and talent. The ear is bewildered and the judgment carried away by the mistakes we make in translating all these fine words—*palabras*, palaver, which are but Orientalisms, and mean, and are meant to mean, nothing—into our homely, business-like, honest idiom. We take Spanish syllabubs for heavy plum-pudding: we deceive ourselves only; for no official Spaniard ever credits another to the letter: our *literalness* induces us to set them down as greater boasters, braggarts, and more beggarly in performance than they really are. This wordy exaggeration is peculiar to southern imaginative people, who delight in the ornate and gorgeous; our readers must therefore be on their guard not to take au pied de la lettre all this conventional hyperbole of Spanish grandiloquence; less is meant than meets the ear. Such words must be lowered down to the standard of truth, and their paper, when not protested, which is by far the safest way, at least discounted; a deduction of twenty-five per cent. will seldom be found enough, if the *bonâ fide* value is wished to be ascertained. Not only must attention be paid to what is *spoken* to us, but to what we *speak* to Spaniards. Mutual ignorance of language is a fatal cause of "*guessing*," and of the "*you don't understand us.*" Mutual ridicule is *seen* without words. Now, to speak intelligibly to a Spaniard, we must learn to feel and think as he does, and forget how we thought before; we must pass into his mind from our own. Language is but the vehicle of ideas and impressions; and each language is formed out of those notions and manners which are peculiar to each nation: without knowing these we cannot know the language. We may know the grammatical signification of each word, but the peculiar beauty is lost. What idea has the boor of a Lincolnshire fen of *lava*? We must allude to ideas: when they are coincident, one half-word, one key-note, like a spark falling on a train, fires up the whole hidden mine of meaning. Our *plain* language must be enriched, otherwise it will seem cold, insipid, and flavourless. It is like giving a man who has been brought up on curry and chetnee a boiled leg of mutton and turnips. *Λογος* signifies *both* intelligence and language, both the means and the directing power, and the Spanish *Λογος* may be described as being more ornamental than useful. The repugnance to all commercial and mechanical pursuits which has been inherited from the Goths, and the fetters by which national intellect and literature have been confined, have rendered the idiom comparatively unfit for most of the practical purposes for which there is

such a growing demand in this popular utilitarian age. Language follows, does not precede, social advancement. Spaniards have never hammered their tongue on the anvil of every-day concerns. It is poor in technical terms of art or modern inventions and the expression of homely, useful, and every-day knowledge. It is, from its very structure, unfitted for rapid, concise descriptions, and as time is of no value in Spain, they have endeavoured to lengthen words as much as we have to abbreviate them; no Spaniard would dream of calling Gibraltar Gib; they prefer three syllables to one: our termination *ment* in movement and similar words becomes *miento*, *movimiento*. What they call diminutives are in fact elongations—Juan, Juanito. To make a thing dearer or smaller they add two syllables. Everything is *ito* or *ita* at Seville: *carmentsita*, *graciosita*, *chico*, *chiquito*, *chiquitito*—"my little little one," the fond parental expression of affection. The adding *on* increases—*picaro*, *picaron*, *picarona*; *ucho* implies contempt—*fraile*, *frailucho*. The language, however, suits them, and that, after all, is the object of language; as no other is spoken, the traveller, *nolens volens*, must either hold his tongue or use theirs. Those who have any knack at learning languages, and especially if familiar with the Latin and French, will find no difficulty whatever in reading Spanish, and not much in speaking it. Italian, so far from being any assistance, will be a constant source of blunders in speaking Spanish. Indeed it is almost impossible for a stranger to speak the two correctly and simultaneously. The pronunciation of Spanish is very easy; every word is spoken as it is written, and with the lips and mouth, not the nose; the consonants *g*, *j*, and *x*, before certain vowels, have a marked Arabic and German guttural power, which confers a force and manliness that is far from disagreeable. In fact, this manliness, combined with gravity and majesty, is what principally distinguishes the Spanish from the Italian language, which is more feminine, elegant, and voluptuous. The speaking a language imperfectly conveys to those who are familiar with it an air of stupidity, which, with every disposition to make allowances, does not favourably impress the listener, while the consciousness and the awkwardness of so doing, and being a bore, depresses the speaker, silences the eloquent, and stupifies the witty. The Spanish language, which is made for the courteous intercourse of gentlemen, was the dominant and fashionable language of Europe during the period of the great Emperor Charles V. It is worthy, now that Spain has ceased to be the bugbear, to become again the common tongue, instead of French, especially amongst Anglo-Saxon nations, and the sooner the better.

The modern Basque is supposed, with reason, to represent the primitive language of the aboriginal Iberians: it fell into desuetude when Spain became a conquered province of Italy. The power and fashion of Rome prevailed, and it was part of her policy to introduce her language: Sertorius induced his rude countrymen to adopt Roman schools and institutions, and the Latin toga and tongue soon became almost universal. Latin, although corrupted and no longer Ciceronian, was the prevalent tongue when the Gothic invasion introduced a new element—*Barbarolexis*: their Teutonic words, as might be expected, related principally to war and the ruder occupations, but the language of the more civilised conquered prevailed over (which generally happens) that of their more untutored conquerors. From the fusion of the two, and on the ruins of the Latin, arose the *Romance*, or modern Spanish language; the present limited signification is quite secondary, and originated from those peculiar writings, the great feature of modern literature, in which the Romance was first employed. The term still continues in Spanish to be synonymous with the Castilian language, nor is it inapplicable to certain braggadocio paper achievements, while elsewhere, "to romance" has become equivalent to decided devia-

tions from matter of fact. Precisely in the manner by which the Latin was formed of the Hellenic and barbarous Oscan or Italian element, so the "Romance" was begotten by the Teutonic on the Latin, which perished in giving it birth. The mass of the people were called "Romans" by their invaders, and the new language "Roman," from its having a greater affinity to Latin; conquerors and conquered met half way: the former, who wielded the sword better than the pen, yielded to their intellectual superiors, as the Romans had before done to the Greeks. They made the nearest approach to the Latin in their power, just as foreigners do with strange languages; they caught at words and roots, with a marvellous disregard of grammar and prosody; a compromise was soon effected, and a hybrid language generated—a *lingua Franca*, in which both parties could communicate. The progress of language, when not fixed by a written literature, is to discard the synthetic forms, inflexions by terminations, and to adopt the analytic by resolving every idea into its component parts. The niceties of cases, genders, and declensions, were too refined for the illiterate Goths: a change of structure and syntax ensued; accusatives became nominatives; other cases were supplied by prepositions, declensions by auxiliary verbs; a new stock of Teutonic words was introduced, the dictionary was enriched while the grammar was deteriorated, the substance improved while the form was broken up, just as the walls of Gothic and Moorish fortresses have been imbedded with mutilated torsos of exquisite antique marbles. This convenient middle idiom led to the neglect by either party of the original language of the other; the unwritten speech of the conquerors was forgotten, while the Latin was preserved in the ritual of the Church and in the tribunals. It ceased, however, to be the spoken language of the many, insomuch that, in the ninth century, the clergy were enjoined to be able to translate their homilies into the Romance for the benefit of the laity; hence it came to be considered the vulgar, in contradistinction to the learned: the romantic is still opposed to the classical style, and a "scholar," even among ourselves, emphatically means one skilled in the dead languages (see Edin. Rev. clvi. 394).

A certain uniformity is observable in the present deviations from the Latin: the most obvious changes consist in the terminations; the ends of words ending in *as*, *atis*, &c., have been exchanged for *ad*; thus *majestas*, *voluntas*, became *majestad*, *voluntad*. The letter *p* at the beginning of words has become a double *ll*—*plenus*, *planus*, *lleno*, *llano*;—the *f* became an *h*, *facere*, *formosos*—*hacer*, *hermosos*. An *n* has been added to words ending with an *o*—*religio*, *religion*. The final *e* has been removed from infinitives—*amare*, *tenere*, *amar*, *tener*. The final syllable of words in which the letters *t* and *m* have been followed by vowels has been converted into *dre* and *bre*—*pater*, *mater*, *padre*, *madre*; *homo*, *lumen*, *hombre*, *lumbre*. It would not, however, be difficult to compose a sentence which should still be almost pure Latin and Spanish.

When the Saracenic irruption in the eighth century overturned the Gothic dominion, the scattered remnant took refuge in the mountainous recesses of the north-western provinces. These, like other highlands, became the cradle of national liberty; their climate and productions, much inferior to the richer and more sunny plains, offered few temptations to invaders, while the mountain character rendered approach more difficult, and defences easier. The language of the refugees gradually became more degenerated, and the Latin (the idiom of courtiers and prelates) shared the ruin of those who spoke it; in the 13th century it had become so completely a dead language that Alonzo el Sabio discarded it from the tribunals, and thus fixed the modern Spanish. He caused chronicles to be written in the then spoken *Romance*. This, springing from the north-western provinces, was based on the Latin with the "Babel" (the still

spoken "rustica" of the Asturias), and the Gallician and Portuguese. The pride of the Castilians rejected the softer idiom of inferior provinces, while their jealousy of Arragon excluded the more perfect Provençal; and "*el Castellano*" came to signify, as it still does, the language of Spain.

Meanwhile further changes were going on in the south, where the original Oriental tendency was revived by the Arabic influence; Cordova, made a city of delight by the luxurious and accomplished Abderahmans, still continued to be the Athens of the Peninsula. While the sterner Goths starved in their chilly mountains, the Epicurean Andalucians preferred, under the mild toleration of the Moors, the delicious south; these Mosarabic Christians, *Musta'rabs*, i. e., imitators of Arabians, "while not one in a thousand knew their Latin," delighted in Chaldean pomps, to the horror of the good Goths of the old school: the sorrows of Alvarus have been preserved by Florez (Esp. Sag. xi. 274); now the "Christian youth, carried aloft by Oriental eloquence—*Arabico eloquio sublimati*—neglected the streams of paradise which flowed from the Church." They forgot even their mother-tongue, "*linguam propriam non advertant.*"

In the thirteenth century the Gotho-Spaniards crossed the Sierra Morena, and re-conquered Cordova and Seville: a greater intercourse now took place between them and the Moors of Granada, both in peace and war; insomuch that, before the final expulsion of the Moriscos, the same sort of fusion took place in language as had previously done between the Goths and Romans. A compromise had taken place; two new dialects were formed—the *Aljama*, or Spanish, spoken by the Moors, and the *Algarrabia*, or Arabic, spoken by the Spaniards. This latter was so bad, that the term in its secondary sense is applied to any *gibberish—garrabia*. To this day the idiom spoken by the peasants on the southern slopes of the Alpujarras mountains, the last retreat of the Granada Moriscos, is strongly tinged with *Algarrabia*. The class of Arabic words introduced into Spanish affords evidence of the decided superiority in all elegant arts, sciences, agriculture, architecture, and manufactures, which the polished Moor maintained over the Gotho-Spaniard: the words are mostly distinguished by the prefix *al*, the article. So says Don Quixote: "*Y este nombre Alboques, es Morisco, como lo son todos aquellos que en nuestra lengua castellana comiençan con el AL.*" The guttural *j*, *g*, and *x* are by some authors considered to be Arabic, by others have been referred to the Goths and to the German followers of Charles V. These letters are used indiscriminately; thus, Xerez, Jerez, Ximenez, Jimenez, Gimenez. The *j* is considered just now to be the correct thing: *b* and *v* have, from the time of the Greeks and Romans, been cognate and convertible: St. Isidore pointed that out clearly to the Goths. Travellers must not be hypercritical when they see the pleasant announcement in a thirsty land, *Aquí se vende buen bino*, instead of *Aquí se vende buen vino*. The value of the meaning might well excuse the cacography, were it not justified by Scaliger:—"Felices populi quibus vivere est bibere." Andalusia, in the names of her rivers, towns, and mountains, retains the language of her former possessors, although the Spaniards have even forgotten their meaning; thus they call the *Wadi 'l kiber*, the great river, *el río grande, del Guadalquivir*; los banos de *Alhama*, the baths of the bath; *el puente de Alcantara*, the bridge of the bridge.

Spain has now relapsed, in regard to the number of its dialects, to the same condition as it was in the time of Strabo: although *el hablar Castellano* means, emphatically speaking, Spanish, yet separate dialects prevail in Valencia, Catalonia, Arragon, the Basque provinces, in the Asturias, and Galicia. These may be conveniently classed under four great branches:—the primitive Basque; the Valencian and Catalanian, which comes near the Provençal, as the Arragonese does to the langue d'Oc, or Lemosin; the Asturian and Gallician; and

the *Castilian*, which may be compared to a heap of corn, composed of many different classes of grain. The purest *Castilian* is written and spoken at Madrid and at Toledo: the most corrupt is the Andalusian. One marked difference in pronunciation consists in the sound of the *th*; the *Castilian* marks it clearly—Zaragoza, *Tharagotha*; Andalus, *Andaluth*: placer, *plather*; usted, *usteth*: while the Andalusian, whose *ceceo* is much laughed at, will say *Saragosa*, *placer*, or *plaser*, *Andaluce*, *uste*. Yet the old Goths had a horror of the *th*, *θητα*,—they derived it *απο του θανατου* (St. Isidore, ‘*Ori.*’ i. 3), “Oh! multum inter alias infelix littera *θητα*!” The traveller must never pronounce the *h* when at the beginning of a word; hombre, hacer, must be *Ombre*, *ather*. This aspiration of the *h* was thought vulgar by the Romans, as Catullus (Ep. 83) quizzes one Arrius (probably a Tuscan), for pronouncing *Insidias*, *Hinsidias*. The Goths, following the Romans, hardly admitted *h* to be a letter (St. Isidore, ‘*Ori.*’ i. 4). An accomplished *Castilian* once assured us that he never had a complete idea of what could be the sound of the *h* before a vowel until he heard an Englishman pronounce *hombre*. The *Castilian* speaks with a grave distinct pronunciation, *ore rotundo*; he enunciates every letter and syllable. The Andalusian clips the Queen’s Spanish, and seldom sounds the *d* between two vowels; *lo come*, he eats it, and says, *comiõ, queriõ, ganaõ*, for *comido, querido, ganado*; *no vale nã*, *no hay nã*, for *no vale nada, no hay nada*. Some of the Andalusian vulgarisms are inexpressibly odious to the *Castilian* ear: beware of such sounds as these, and of the company of those from whose mouths such vocal toads and vipers come forth:—

<i>Asin</i>	instead of	<i>asi</i>	thus.
<i>Sanguisuelas</i>	„	<i>sangu’juelas</i>	leeches.
<i>A la vera</i>	„	<i>al lado</i>	at the side of.
<i>Tiseras</i>	„	<i>tijeras</i>	scissars.
<i>Lo vidé</i>	„	<i>lo ví</i>	I saw him.
<i>Toitos</i>	„	<i>todos</i>	all.
<i>Siudad</i>	„	<i>ciudad</i>	city.

The Spaniards, especially the *Castilians*, are sparing of words, since by them men are compromised: a word once spoken is like a thrown stone, and can never be recalled—*Palabra y piedra suelta no tienen vuelta*. Words, they say, were given to conceal thoughts: occasionally, quite as much business (as at Naples) is done by signs—thus, energetic defiance or contempt (the national oath expressed by telegraph) is irresistibly conveyed by closing the fist of the right hand, elevating it, and catching the elbow in the palm of the left hand, thus raising the right arm at a right angle. There is no mistake in this, and the fierce manner in which it is often done. People call each other by a polite hissing, or rather by the labial sound—*Ps, ps*. The telegraph action of this sibilant—*Hola! vien aca, querio!*—is done by reversing our form of beckoning; the open hand is raised, and the palm is turned towards the person summoned or selected, and the four fingers drawn rapidly up and down into the palm. Admiration—*sobre saliente, que buena moza!*—is expressed by collecting the five fingers’ tips to a point, bringing them to the lip, kissing them, and then expanding the hand like a bursting shell. Dissent—*mentira*, or have nothing to do with it, her, or him, *no te metas en eso*—is quietly hinted by raising the single fore-finger to the nose, and wagging it rapidly and horizontally backwards and forwards. Astonishment, incredulous surprise, or jocular resignation under unavoidable, irremediable afflictions, milliners’ bills (*Dos hijas con su madre, son tres diablos para el padre*, two daughters and their mother are three devils for the father)—is dumbshowed by performing the flugelman’s exercise of crossing oneself, as is done on entering a church in Spain, always beginning with touching the forehead first, and ending with a tap or

two with the thumb on the lips—*hago la cruz, hacerse cruces*. The ancient contemptuous "*fig of Spain*"—a fig for you—is digitally represented by inserting the head of the thumb between the fore and middle fingers, and raising the back of the hand towards the person thus complimented. In the Koran, Allah himself swears by the fig-tree. An irresistible parry to the *requiebros*, the jests of *majeza*, "the fancy," is the elevating to the forehead the hand, having doubled down the two middle fingers, and leaving the little and fore fingers standing out like a pair of horns. This gesture is the silent expression of the old Roman *magnâ conclamans voce cucullum*. However, most of this finger-talk, wittoly wit, as well as the figs, is confined to the lower classes, who are jealous to the knife, and whose wives are quite as chaste as those of any other nation in Europe. Who can enumerate, though most understand by intuition, the signal codes of an Andalusian fan? No Spanish canon, like the Neapolitan Jorio, has collected them together and compared these gesticulations with those of the ancients. We throw out this virgin ground to travellers who wish to book something new in the old way.*

To speak Spanish, and indeed any foreign language, well, a man must be a bit of a mimic as well as a linguist. He must have a quick eye and ear, and suit his action to his words; especially in Andalusia and southern countries, where bodily excitement keeps pace with mental imagination. It is no *still* life, and, although a pantomime, is anything but a dumb show: gesticulation is the safety-valve of the superabundant energy and caloric of the South. The most amicable discussion is conducted like a mortal fray, a logomachy, a *guerra al cuchillo*, or war to the knife—when compared to the quiet phlegm with which the most important affairs are debated in England. There is more row aboard a Spanish fishing-smack than an English line-of-battle ship: no man knows what conversational noise is till he has stepped from the steamer at once into the *Plaza de Cadiz*; it is *mucho ruido y pocas nubes*, much cry and little wool. Even the Spaniards feel that, and say that three women and two geese constitute a complete market—*tres mugeres con dos ganzos, hacen un mercado entero*. As far as power over, stress, intonation, and modulation (forgive the word) of the voice is concerned, even a Parisian might take a lesson on gesticulation. The traveller must reckon his shoulders and ten fingers among his parts of speech: without a little of this lively articulation they hardly think that you are serious. He should remember to catch, to get by rote, and repeat their formulæ of courtesy. Certain words, in all countries, like *open sesame*, have a charm in themselves, as much as in their meaning: the adopted, current, and recognised terms of opening a conversation, salutations, &c., all those neutral grounds on which strangers meet, are soon learnt, and *should be scrupulously imitated*, both in speaking and in writing letters. The Spaniards, in this respect perfectly Oriental, are formal and ceremonious, *etiqueteros*, sensitive and touchy, *quisquillosos y peleteros*, and attach great importance to routine, to personal attentions, to greetings in the market-places, to prolix complimentary inquiries about health and their families, to visits, to returning visits, getting up and sitting down: isolated, their habits are what we should call those of our old-fashioned and provincial life. As they have nothing to do, the grand object is to kill time, and practice has made them perfect. Hence they are so accustomed to go through all this *bore* themselves that it is become a second nature; they forget that others think and act differently, and fancy the stranger either ignorant of the usages of good society or inclined to slight them or undervalue their acquaintance: all this is very natural and excusable in a self-loving, proud, decayed, semi-Oriental

* La Mimica degli Antichi, investigata nel Gestire Napolitano. With plates. Napoli, 1832.

people, and it is quite distinct from the disposition to take affront which characterises the Anglo-Americans. The lively imagination of Spaniards renders them highly susceptible, and liable to invest unintentional trifles with a fancied importance. Like poor gentlemen, they never can forget their former prosperity and glory. Personal respect, to which Spaniards always attached infinite consequence, is their safeguard. Excess of ceremony is considered a high manner in the East, although among more western nations it is one indication of low breeding. But we must never compare the sensitiveness of the punctilious *hidalgo* with the vulgar miffiness of the newly-enriched upstart, who, conscious that he is out of his proper social position, always feels uneasy and uncertain, and like a fretful porcupine, is ever on his guard in anticipating neglect or ridicule, while this very suspicion, of itself, convicts him that such treatment would not be undeserved.

We cannot dismiss the subject of language without saying a few words on the *Germania*, the peculiar slang of Andalusia. This province is the *El Dorado* of the contrabandista, the bull-fighter, the bandit, and the *majo*, who is the gay, fancy, flash, and national dandy; his dress, manner, and conversation are the admired of all admirers in the lower classes of Spaniards, with whom the traveller cannot help being thrown much in contact. *Alfarache* is a Moorish castle near Seville, from whence *Guzman*, the hero of the *picaresque*, or rogue's-march novels of Spain, set forth. The readers of *Don Quixote* (part i. 3) will remember that the education of all his good-for-nothing heroes was finished at the *Potro* of Cordova, the *compas* of Seville, the *playa* of San Lucar, *los percheles de Malaga*, and other Andalusian localities of bad fame; the *picaresque* style was introduced from Italy, in the reign of Charles V., by soldiers and gentlemen who, in the dearth of higher but prohibited themes, recorded the low life of Spanish vagabonds and gipsies. The language spoken by these *Picaros*, *Picaroons*, has been reduced into a system: it is called in Spain *Germania*, *Gerigonza*, *Xerga*—whence our word jargon: it is the *argot* of France, the *gauner Sprache*, the *Rothwülch*, of Germany, the *gergo* of the *red condottieri* of Italy. Regular dictionaries have been compiled, in order to make readers fully to relish the low humour of the *picaresque* literature. This *Germania* was long confounded with *Rommany*, the gibberish of gipsies, until set at rest for ever by our friend Borrow, whose interesting 'Account of the Gipsies in Spain' is well worthy of forming part of every traveller's library who contemplates any lengthened sojourn in Andalusia, where these picturesque vagabonds play a first fiddle.

The *Rommany* is of Eastern origin. This wandering people were a low, *Paria* caste, something of the *Thug* sect in Hindostan, from whence they either emigrated or were expelled. An infinity of Sanscrit words, more or less corrupted, is to be found in the language of gipsies, in whatever part of the world they are now met with. The Spanish gipsy shows moreover decided physical marks of his Hindoo blood and beauty. The eye is languid, full, and almost glazed, the hair black, the teeth white, and forehead low, the frame slight but elegantly formed. In their moral qualities they are marked by sobriety and singular chastity; by an unbounded love of their own sect, their own blood *errate* (they dislike the name of *Gitano*), and by an unextinguishable Thug-like hatred of all not of their blood, by a total absence of any religion whatever, and by pride, avarice, and falsehood. When they first appeared in Europe no one would receive or employ these reputed infidels. Suspicion and oppression are sure receipts for making a rogue; accordingly, from want of honest occupation, they took kindly to tinkering, horse-dealing, inn-keeping, Indian juggling, fortune-telling, and tumbling, by hereditary descent. They are ignorant and illiterate, have forgotten their origin, and have corrupted their language. In

Spain they have lost their original grammar, and have adopted that of the country; their dialect is fast disappearing. These Indian jugglers changed the nature of European robbery; they substituted for brute violence, cheating, and tricks upon travellers. This art, this legerdemain, as well as the names by which it is expressed, *hoax*, *hocus*, *jockey*, are all shown by Mr. Borrow to be derived from pure gipsy words. This mode of overreaching is comparatively modern even among the moderns. The ancients seem to have escaped the small-pox and horse-dealing. Now, as the gipsies dealt in horses, which everywhere presents an inexhaustible fund for *doing* the simple and gentle, other rogues saw and seized the opening; these docile pupils naturally caught some of the lingo of the art: it was necessary for them to have an esoteric language, in which they might plot against the victims, who could not understand them, even before their faces; they accordingly either adopted gipsy terms or attached new and technical meanings to old words, just as English lawyers have done amongst us, especially in the Court of Chancery, which, on the same principle, those who grow rich in it call *Equity*. This is the real distinction between *Germania* slang and *Romany* gipsy tongue. The former is based on metaphor and allegory, the giving a new, *caut* meaning to an old word. *Colegio*, for instance, a college, means in slang a prison, because young boys are placed among the most hardened culprits, in order to learn their profession, and come out masters of arts, in lying, robbery, and murder. *Germania*, now a little Babel of itself, is a purely artificial tongue, formed for specific purposes; *Romany* is the corrupted remnant of a genuine Hindostanee idiom. All this slang must be used like garlic, with great caution. It is more prevalent and allowable in flashy Andalucia than in any other province, and is the least allowable in the grave Castiles. Even in Sevilla, the capital of *Majeza*, it appertains more to the short fur-jacket, *zamarras*, than to the dress frock or to the long-tailed coat, the *fraje* or the *levita*, which argue a corresponding decorum in conduct. The *majo* dress, like a mask, is hoisting the signal of licence: whatever be the rank or sex of the wearer—and the highest nobility do wear it occasionally—all classes claim a right of passing their *requiebro*. This is always done and borne with good humour and good breeding. Next to the skill required in talking well, is the judgment of being able to hold one's tongue—*mas vale callar, que mal hablar*. However, all Spaniards relax a little in Andalucia—*dulce est desipere in loco*; and it is so catching in that province that it must arise from the "quality of the climate." The best method of acquiring the Spanish language is to establish oneself in a good *casa de pupilos*, to avoid English society and conversation, to read Don Quixote through and aloud, before a teacher of a morning, and to be schooled by bright eyes and female tongues of an evening, for in Spain—my Lady Morgan to the contrary notwithstanding—man has his master and mistress too. The female society is easy and most agreeable. The fair sex prove better mistresses, and their lessons are more attended to by their pupils, than the inflections and irregular verbs of a snuffy *tobaccon* pedagogue, a bore, and a button-holder, *majadero y botarate*.

A good English and Spanish grammar, like a good English and Spanish dictionary, is yet a desideratum; perhaps that of Mac Henry may be cited as the best. In Spain Philip V. founded the Royal Academy of Madrid for the specific purpose of compiling a grand dictionary. It was published in 6 vols. fol. Madrid, 1726-1739. The earlier dictionary, the '*Tesoro de la Lengua Castellana*,' of Don Sebastian Covarrubias, Madrid, 1611 and 1674, abounds with quaint and amusing information. The Arabic etymologies are, however, to be taken with caution. To this volume usually is prefixed a valuable and learned treatise on the Spanish language by Dr. Bernardo Aldrete, '*Del*

Origen y Principio de la Lengua Castellana.' Don Gregorio Mayans y Siscar published at Madrid, in 1737, 2 vols. 12mo., a compilation on the Spanish language, 'Origenes de la Lengua Española, compuestas por varios Autores.'

The French and Spanish dictionary of Nuñez de Taboada is perhaps the best for the traveller, although it does not satisfy some learned Spaniards; but as our great lexicographer said, "Dictionaries are like watches; the worst is better than none, and the best can't be expected to go quite true." Those who wish to trace the Arabic influence on the Spanish language should look out for the works of *Pedro de Alcalá*, 'Arte de la Lengua Arabica,' and the 'Vocabulario Arabico,' Granada, 1504. There is an earlier but not so useful an edition. It is by far the most valuable work for ascertaining the exact Arabic which was spoken by the Granada Moors. It was published in that city soon after the conquest, by its first archbishop, the benevolent Talavera, in the hopes of converting the infidels to Christianity by gentle means, by enabling them to read the Scriptures. Antonio de Nebrissa, the celebrated grammarian, gives a list of about 400 words from the Arabic, together with a curious etymological account of the streets of Granada, which was prepared by Francisco Lopez Tamarid, interpreter of Arabic to the Inquisition; this is appended to his 'Diccionario de Romance y Latin.' Our edition is that of Madrid, 1638; the earlier editions are very rare black-letter curiosities,—Salamanca, 1492; ditto, 1494 or 1495; Seville, 1506. A modern Spanish and Arabic dictionary was published at Madrid in 1787, 3 vols. folio, by Francisco Canes, 'Diccionario Español-Latino-Arabico,' of which a smaller portion, in 8vo., was previously published at Madrid in 1775. The Royal Academy of History have printed in their 4th vol., p. 26, an essay of *Marina's*, with an Hispano-Arabico dictionary. João de Souza's work, which is entitled 'Vestigios da Lingua Arabica em Portugal,' Lisbon, 4to., 1789, is much more to be depended upon than the thin 8vo. 'Remains of Arabic in the Spanish and Portuguese Languages,' by Stephen Weston, London, 1810. In Mr. George Cornewall Lewis's 'Essay on the Romance Language,' Oxford, 1835, which we cannot too highly recommend, will be found a letter from Dr. Rosen on this subject, together with some Arabic etymologies. *Cean Bermudez* (Arq. i. 243) and *Gayangos* (Moh. Dyn. ii. clix.) have given many others. Those who aspire to gipsy *Romany* cannot possibly do without Mr. Borrow's book. Spanish slang has found its Dr. Johnson in Joanes Hidalgo; he published at Barcelona, in 1609, 'Romance de Germania con el Vocabulario.' The later editions are Zaragoza in 1644 and Madrid in 1799. Quevedo, Cervantes, and the Picaresque school cannot be fully appreciated without Hidalgo; albeit Nicolas Antonio, the Spanish Dibdin, treats him rather cavalierly, and not like an Hidalgo—"Joanes Hidalgo, nescio quis, nec multum interest ut sciam ignoremve" (Bib. Nova, i. 710). The works on the *Basque*, and the Unknown Iberian tongue, and medallic inscriptions, are endless. W. von Humboldt's 'Urbewohner von Hispanien,' Berlin, 1821, like Aaron's rod, swallows them all up; no one can do without it. Manuel de Larramendi ranks high amongst Spanish authorities; his best works are 'De la Antigüedad y Universalidad del Bascuense en España,' 8vo. Salamanca; 'El Imposible Vencido, o arte de la Lengua Bascongada,' Salamanca, 1729; and his copious dictionary, 'Diccionario trilingue del Castellano, Bascuense, y Latin,' San Sebastian, 1745, 2 vols. folio. Humboldt pronounces as "durchaus unbedeutend" ('Mithr.' iv. 336, Berlin, 1817) the work of Juan de Perochegui, Pamplona, 1760, 'Origen de la Nacion Bascongada y de su Lengua.' We also possess the 'Alfabeto' of Erro, the different works of Velazquez, the 'Apologia' of Astarloa, and others which it would be swelling these pages to mention. Great assistance is to be derived from the habit of writing down on sundry blank

pages, purposely bound up within *Taboada's* dictionary, such conversational, colloquial, or conventional phrases as are most current among all classes; these, thus impressed on the memory, should be used as often as possible. A leaf or two from such conversational exercises are submitted as an example to the student. Phrases bearing on common every day and light subjects have been purposely selected.

Ojala! I wish I could, would to Allah it were so!

Si Dios quiere, if God pleases. The Inch allah! of the Moors.

Valgame Dios, God bless me.

Ave Maria purissima, a form of admiration.

Sabe Dios, quien sabe? God knows, who can tell?

No se sabe, nobody knows, that depends.

Muy bien, very well.

Segun y conforme, just as it may turn out.

Corriente, all's right, certainly.

Es regular que si, I should suppose so.

No hay inconveniente, it is quite convenient.

Está dos leguas mas alla, it is two leagues further on.

Me han dicho que era mas aca, they told me that it was two leagues nearer on this side.

En el dia de hoy, now-a-days.

Lo hago por amor de Vmd., I do it for your sake.

Es casa de mucho aseo, it is a very comfortable house.

Me armó una trama, he laid a trap for me.

Con mucho descoco y descara, with a regular brazen face.

Vaya Vmd. mucho en mala hora, ill luck betide you (an oath).

Ya se ve, mas claro, certainly, quite clear.

Cabal, no cabe duda, exactly, there can be no doubt.

Es verdad, tiene Vmd. razon, it is true, you are right.

Por supuesto, of course.

Me lo presumo, me lo figuro, I presume so, I conclude so.

Sin embargo, a pesar de eso, nevertheless, in spite of.

Que buena moza! what a pretty girl!

Muy guapa, muy guapita, very nice, uncommonly nice.

Me lo dijo un tal. Don Fulano, so and so told me, Mr. What-d'ye-call-him.

Fulan is pure Arabic.

Perdone, Vmd., dispense Vmd., excuse me, forgive me.

Disimule Vmd., pardon me.

Eso no puede ser de ningun modo, that cannot be on any account.

Eso no era en mi año, it was not in my year, it did not happen in my time.

Y no era mi daño, I have no right to complain.

Pues, señores, and so, sirs, as I was saying.

Con que luego, and so then.

De botones adentro, inside outside.

Me viene como anillo al dedo, it suits me like a ring does a finger.

Que se aguante, hasta el jueves, let him wait (till Thursday).

Sabe muy bien guisar, he is a capital cook.

Muy hinchada, que tono se da! very proud, what airs she gives herself!

No me da la gana, I don't choose, I am not in the humour.

Ya está hecha la diligencia, the commission or thing is already done.

Que disparate! what nonsense!

Hombre de bien, a good, an honest fellow.

Tunante y embustero, a good-for-nothing liar.

Picaro, picara, rogue (may be used playfully).

Buena alhaja, buena prenda es Vmd., you are a pretty jewel.

Calavera, atolondrado, empty noddle (skull).

Muy ordinario, very bad style.

No vale nada, it is worth nothing.

Me quiere mucho, he is very fond of me.

Le mande un recado, I sent him a message.

Una esquila, una esquelita, a note, a billet.
A medio pelo, half-seas over.
Vamos á las tiendas, let us go shopping.
Vamos, vamos á la calle, let us go out (literally, into the street).
Que lastima! what a pity!
Me da lastima, I am very sorry.
Me da tanto coraje, it puts me in such a rage.
Ne me quemes la sangre, don't vex me (burn my blood).
Me hace volver loco, he drives me mad.
Vengo sofocado, I am suffocated with rage.
Quedarse fresco, Llevar chasco, to be done.
Ah que me burlas, ah, you are joking at me.
Lo dice en broma, he says it in jest.
Corazon de cuartel, a heart as roomy as a barrack.
No como pan de valde, I don't eat my bread gratis.
No compro nada de gangas, I buy nothing a bargain.
Le pone el pie en el pescuezo, she hen-pecks him.
Tengo mi angel de guarda, I have my guardian angel.
Tengo bula para todo, I have a bull for everything (I am a privileged person).
Tiene el diablo en el cuerpo, he has the devil in him.
Que mas le da á Vmd.? what is that to you?
No le hace, it does not signify.
No por los lindos ojos de Vmd., not for the sake of your good looks (eyes).
Rezelo que lo tomen á mal, I am afraid they may take it amiss.
Una cosa de tres semanas, about three weeks.
Mande Vmd. con toda franqueza, command me quite freely.
Echaremos un paseito, let us take a walk.
Tenga Vmd. cuidado, take care.
No tiene Vmd. miedo, cuidado, don't be afraid, don't mind.
Aquí estoy yo, I am here.
No lo reparé, I paid no attention to it.

He leído una porcion de ellas, I have read some of them.
Pondré tierra por medio, I shall be off (put earth between).
Hace mucho papel, he makes a great show.
Salió á las tablas, went on the stage (boards).
Echaremos un cigarillo, let us make a cigar.
No fumo, no gasto cigarros, I do not smoke, I never use cigars.
Fuego, candela, light (to light cigars).
Que tonto eres! how silly you are!
Me volvió la hoja, he changed the subject, turned over another leaf.
Dice sandezes, he talks nonsense.
Sabe mucho, he is a clever fellow.
Sabe un punto mas del diablo, he knows a trick more than the devil.
Cachaza, hay tiempo, patience, there's plenty of time.
No corre prisa, there is no hurry.
Conque se marcha Vmd. de veras? so you are really going?
Es preciso, no hay remedio, it must be, there's no help.
Hola! Señor Don José, que tal?
Hollo! Mr. Joseph, what news?
Se dice en el pueblo, they say in the town.
Mentiras, no lo creo, fibs, I don't believe it.
Que chismografia! what tittle-tattle!
Mala lengua tiene Conchita, little Concha has a wicked tongue.
No te metas en eso, have nothing to do with it.
Que caidas tiene! how droll he is!
Que ocurrencias! how witty!
Eso va largo, that's a long affair.
Por lo que toca á me, as far as depends on me.
Que cara tan risueña! what a cheerful countenance!
Tiene Vmd. buena cara, you are looking very well.
Que compuesta estás! how well dressed you are!
Venida en batea, you seem to come in a waiter (out of a bandbox).
Hija de mi alma, de mis ojos, de mi corazon, daughter of my soul, of my eyes, of my heart.

Calle Vmd. hombre! hold your tongue, sir!

Calle Vmd. muger! hold your tongue, madam!

Que le parece á Vmd.? what do you think of it?

De me Vmd. el pico de la cuenta, give me the change of my bill.

Estoy muy de prisa, I am in a great hurry.

Esto no acaezera otra vez, it shall not happen another time.

Que enfado, que pesadez—que molestia, que majadería! what a bore, what a nuisance!

Diga Vmd., mira Vmd., tell me, look here.

Tenga Vmd. la bondad de decirme, be so good as to tell me.

Haga me Vmd. el favor, do me the favour.

Guste a Vmd. decirme, pray please to tell me.

Acaeció en el tiempo del rey Wamba, it happened in the time of Wamba.

No me pasa el pellejo, it does not wet through my skin.

Tomar el aire, el fresco, to take an airing.

Jesus! que calor hace! how hot it is!

Vengo molido, hecho pedazos, I am knocked all to pieces.

Manos blancas no offendan, white hands (the fair sex) never hurt.

Conque me marchó, so I must go now.

Vaya Vmd. con Dios, well, God bless you.

Quede Vmd. con Dios, may you remain with God.

A los pies de la señora, my respects to your wife.

Agour, good bye; pronounced *about*.

Muchas memorias, remember me to all.

Adios, adieu.

Expresiones, say everything civil from me.

Hasta la vista, Hasta despues, au revoir.

19. THE GEOGRAPHY OF SPAIN.

From Spain being the most southern country in Europe, it is very natural that those who have never been there should imagine the climate to be as delicious as that of Italy or of Greece: this is far from being the fact; some of the sea coasts and sheltered plains in the S. and E. provinces are warm in winter, and exposed to an almost African sun in summer, but the N. and W. districts are damp and rainy, while the interior is either cold and cheerless, or sunburnt and wind-blown; winters have occurred at Madrid of such severity that sentinels have been frozen to death, and frequently all communication is suspended by the depth of the snow in the elevated roads of the Castiles. All, therefore, who are about to travel through the Peninsula, are particularly cautioned to consider well their line of route beforehand; by referring to our skeleton tours, they may select certain portions, to be visited at certain seasons, and thus avoid every local disadvantage.

One glance at a map of Europe will convey a clearer notion of the relative position of Spain in regard to other countries than pages of letter-press: this is an advantage which every school-boy possesses over the Plinys and Strabos of antiquity; the ancients were content to compare the shape of the Peninsula to that of a bull's hide, nor was the comparison ill chosen in some respects. Referring for geographical details to the maps which accompany these volumes, it will suffice to say that this country is placed between the latitudes $36^{\circ} 57'$ and $43^{\circ} 40'$ north, and extends from longitude $9^{\circ} 13'$ west to $30^{\circ} 15'$ east; the most northern point is Cape Ortegal, and the most southern, Tarifa; it is bounded to the north by France and the Bay of Biscay; to the east, by the Mediterranean; to the south, by the Mediterranean and the Atlantic; and to the west, by the Atlantic; the extreme length has been calculated at about 200 leagues of twenty to the degree, and the greatest breadth at somewhat less than 200; the whole superficies, including Portugal, is stated to contain

upwards of 19,000 square leagues, of which somewhat more than 15,500 belong to Spain; it is thus almost twice as large as the British Islands, and only one-tenth smaller than France; the circumference or coast-line is estimated at 750 leagues. This compact and isolated territory, inhabited by a fine, hardy, warlike population, ought, therefore, to have rivalled France in military power, while its position between those two great seas which command the commerce of the old and new world, its indented line of coast, abounding in bays and harbours, offered every advantage of vying with England in maritime enterprise. Nature has provided commensurate outlets for the infinite productions of a country which is rich alike in everything that is to be found either on the face or in the bowels of the earth; the mines and quarries abound with precious metals and marbles, from gold to iron, from the agate to coal; a fertile soil and every possible variety of climate admit of unlimited cultivation of the natural productions of the temperate or tropical zones: thus in the province of Granada the sugar-cane and cotton-tree luxuriate at the base of ranges which are covered with eternal snow. It has, indeed, required the utmost ingenuity and bad government of man to neutralise the prodigality of advantages which Providence has lavished on this highly favoured land, and which, while under the dominion of the Romans and Moors, resembled an Eden, a garden of plenty and delight, as in the days of Solinus (xxvi.), when there was "nihil otiosum, nihil sterile in Hispaniâ." A sad change has come over this fair vision, and now the bulk of the Peninsula offers a picture of neglect and desolation, moral and physical, which it is painful to contemplate: the face of nature and the mind of man have too often been dwarfed and curtailed of their fair proportions; they have either been neglected and their inherent fertility allowed to run into luxuriant weeds and vice, or their energies have been misdirected, and a capability of all good converted into an element equally powerful for evil.

The geological construction of Spain is very peculiar, and unlike that of most other countries: it is almost one mountain or agglomeration of mountains; it rises on every side from the sea, and the central portions are higher than any other table-lands in Europe, ranging on an average from two to three thousand feet above the level of the sea, while from this elevated plain chains of mountains rise again to a still greater height. Madrid, which stands on this central plateau, is situated about 2000 feet above the level of Naples, which lies in the same latitude; the mean temperature of the former is 59° , while that of the latter is $63^{\circ} 30'$; it is to this difference of elevation that the extraordinary difference of climate and vegetable productions between the two capitals is to be ascribed. Fruits which flourish on the coasts of Provence and Genoa, which lie four degrees more to the north than any portion of Spain, are rarely to be met with in the elevated interior of the Peninsula: on the other hand, the low and sunny maritime belts abound with productions of a tropical vegetation. The mountainous character and general aspect of the coast are nearly analogous throughout the circuit which extends from the Basque Provinces to Cape Finisterre; and offer a remarkable contrast to those sunny alluvial plains which extend, more or less, from Cadiz to Barcelona, and which closely resemble each other in vegetable productions, such as the fig, orange, pomegranate, aloe, and carob tree, which grow everywhere in profusion, except in those parts where the mountains come down abruptly into the sea itself. Again, the central table-lands, *las Parameras*, *Tierras de campo*, *y Secanos*, closely resemble each other in their monotonous denuded aspect, in their scarcity of fruit and timber, and their abundance of cereal productions.

Spanish geographers have divided the Peninsula into seven distinct chains of mountains. These commence with the Pyrenees and end with the Bætican

or Andalusian ranges : these *cordilleras* arise on each side of intervening plains, which once formed the basins of internal lakes, until the accumulated waters, by bursting through the obstructions by which they were dammed up, found a passage to the ocean : the dip or inclination of the country lies from the east towards the west, and, accordingly, the chief rivers which form the drains of the great leading channels between the principal water-sheds flow into the Atlantic : their courses, like the basins through which they pass, lie in a transversal and almost a parallel direction ; thus the Duero, the Tagus, the Guadiana, and the Guadalquivir, all flow into their recipient between their distinct chains of mountains. The sources of the supply to these leading arteries arise in the longitudinal range of elevations which descends all through the Peninsula, approaching rather to the eastern than to the western coast, whereby a considerably greater length is obtained by each of these four rivers, when compared to the Ebro, which disembogues in the Mediterranean.

The Moorish geographer Alrasi was the first to take difference of climate as the rule of dividing the Peninsula into distinct portions. The French, carrying out this idea, have drawn an imaginary line, which runs north-east to south-west, from Solsona, Zaragoza, Soria, Avila, to the Sierras of Gata and Estrella down to the Cabo de Roca—thus separating the Peninsula into the northern, or the boreal and temperate, and the southern or the torrid ; nor is this division altogether fanciful. Our accurate friend, Captain Cook (now Widdrington), working out these hints, has divided Spain into three portions, which blend and amalgamate with each other ; other authors have preferred four divisions ; all, however, are guided by the same principle. *The first or northern zone* is the *Cantabrian*, the European ; this portion skirts the base of the Pyrenees, and includes portions of Catalonia, Arragon, and Navarre, the Basque provinces, the Asturias, and Galicia. This is the region of humidity ; the winters are long, and the springs and autumns rainy. It should only be visited in the summer. It is a country of hill and dale ; it is intersected by numerous streams, which abound in fish, and which irrigate rich meadows for pasture. The valleys form the now improving dairy country of Spain, while the mountains furnish the most valuable and available timber of the Peninsula. In some parts corn will scarcely ripen, while in others, in addition to the cerealia, cider and an ordinary wine are produced. It is inhabited by a hardy, independent, and rarely subdued population. The mountainous country offers natural means of defence to brave highlanders. It is useless to attempt the conquest with a small army, while a large one would find no means of support in the hungry localities. *The second zone* is the Iberian or eastern, which, in its maritime portions, is more Asiatic than European, and where the lower classes partake of the Greek and Carthaginian character, being false, cruel, and treacherous, yet lively, ingenious, and fond of pleasure ; this portion commences at Burgos, and is continued through the Sierras of Albarracin and Segura to the Cabo de Gata. It thus includes the southern portion of Catalonia and Arragon, with parts of Castile, Valencia, and Murcia. The sea-coasts should be visited in the spring and autumn, when they are delicious. They are intensely hot in the summer, and infested with myriads of muskitoes. The districts about Burgos are among the coldest in Spain ; they have little at any time to attract the traveller, who will do well to avoid them except during the summer months. The population is grave, sober, and Castilian. The elevation is very considerable. Thus the upper valley of the Miño and some of the north-western portions of Old Castile and Leon are placed about 6000 feet above the level of the sea, and the frosts often last for three months at a time.

The third zone is the Lusitanian, or western, which is by far the largest, and

includes the central parts of Spain and all Portugal. The interior of this portion, and especially the provinces of the two Castiles and La Mancha, both in the physical condition of the soil and the moral qualities of the inhabitants, presents a very unfavourable view of the Peninsula: these inland steppes are burnt up by summer suns, tempest and wind-rent during winter. The common absence of trees exposes these wide unprotected plains to the rage and violence of the elements; poverty-stricken mud houses, scattered here and there in the desolate extent, afford a wretched home to a poor, proud, and ignorant population. These localities, which offer in themselves neither pleasure nor profit to the stranger, contain many sites and cities of the highest interest. New Castile is the sovereign province, and besides the capital Madrid, contains Toledo, the Escorial, Segovia, Aranjuez, Avila, Cuenca, which none who wish to understand Spain can possibly pass by unnoticed. The base of operations of course will be Madrid.

The best periods for this portion of Spain are May and June, or September and October. The more western districts of this Lusitanian zone are not so disagreeable; the ilex and chesnut abound, the rich plains produce vast harvests of corn, and the vineyards powerful red wines. The whole central table-land occupies about 93,000 square miles, and forms nearly one-half of the entire area of the Peninsula. The peculiarity of the climate is its dryness; it is not, however, unhealthy, being free from the agues and fevers which are prevalent in the lower plains, river-swamps, and rice-grounds of parts of Valencia and Andalusia. "Rain is comparatively scarce on this table-land: it is stated that the annual quantity on an average does not amount to more than ten inches. The least quantity falls in the mountain regions near Guadalupe, and on the high plains of Cuenca and Murcia, where sometimes eight or nine months pass without a drop falling." The occasional thunder-storms do but just lay the dust, since here moisture dries up quicker even than woman's tears. The face of the earth is tanned. It is wonderful how the principle of life in the green herb is preserved; everything seems scorched and dead; yet when once the rains set in, vegetation springs up, phoenix-like, from the ashes, and bursts forth in gigantic luxuriance and life, carpeting the desert with verdure, gladdening the eye with flowers, and intoxicating the senses with perfume. The periods of rains are the winter and spring, and when these are plentiful, all kinds of grain, and in many places wines, are produced in abundance. The olive, however, is only to be met with in a few favoured localities.

The fourth zone is the Boetican, which is the most southern and African; it coasts the Mediterranean, basking at the foot of the mountains which rise behind and form the mass of the Peninsula; this mural barrier offers a sure protection against the cold winds which sweep across the central region. Nothing can be more striking than the descent from the table elevations into these maritime strips; in a few hours the face of nature is completely changed, and the traveller passes from the climate and vegetation of Europe into that of Africa. This region is characterised by a dry burning atmosphere during a large part of the year. The winters are short and temperate, the springs and autumns delightful beyond all conception. Much of the cultivation depends on artificial irrigation, which was carried by the Moors to the highest perfection: indeed water, under this forcing, vivifying sun, is synonymous with fertility; the productions are tropical: sugar, cotton, rice; the orange, lemon, and date. Capt. Widdrington considers the *algarrobo*, the carob tree, and the *adelfa*, the oleander, as forming boundary marks between this the *tierra caliente*, and the colder regions by which it is encompassed.

Such are the geographical divisions of nature with which the vegetable and

animal productions are closely connected. This Bœtican zone, Andalucia, which contains in itself many of the most interesting cities, sites, and natural beauties of the Peninsula, will always take precedence in any plan of the traveller. Andalucia includes Cadiz, Gibraltar, Ronda, Malaga, the Alpujarras, Granada, Cordova, Seville, Xerez; and each of these points has its own peculiar attractions. These embrace a wide range of varied scenery and objects, which it will be our duty to point out, at a greater length than some other provinces of Spain, which are less visited, and which in truth hold out fewer temptations, in comparison to the more than counterbalancing distances and discomforts, which deter the majority of travellers. Andalucia, easy of access, may be gone over almost at every portion of the year. The winters may be spent at Cadiz, Seville, or Malaga, the summers in the cool mountains of Ronda, Aracena, or Granada. April, May, and June, or September, October, and November, are, however, the most preferable. Those who go in the spring should reserve June for the mountains; those who go in the autumn should reverse the plan, and commence with Ronda and Granada, ending with Seville and Cadiz.

Spain, it has thus been shown, is one mountain, or rather a jumble of mountains, for the principal and secondary ranges are all, more or less, connected with each other. They descend in a serpentine direction throughout the Peninsula, with a general inclination to the west. The Pyrenees extend from the Cape Creux to that of Finisterre; an offshoot branches away near Lugo, into a minor chain, which terminates at the sea near the Miño; another ramification passes on from Pajares to Astorga, and winds by the Sierra de Culebra, along the confines of Portugal, towards the Tagus, extending westward in the direction of Coimbra, eastward towards Avila, and south-eastward towards Guadalupe and Toledo. The Avila branch, connecting itself with the Guadarrama, joins the nucleus from the Pyrenean trunk, which descending from Pancorvo connects Moncayo and Albarracin with Valencia, running southwards to Segura, where it inosculates with the Sierra Morena, and terminates at Cape St. Vincent. It casts off in its course a lateral chain, which diverges down to Gibraltar, dividing the basins of Jaen and Seville from those of Granada. A second and more southern branch isolates the plain of Granada, and connects the Alpujarras or the snowy range, La Sierra Nevada. This extends to the sea eastwards at Cabo de Gata, and joins, near Alhama and Loja, the Ronda chain, which terminates at Gibraltar. Nature, by thus dislocating the country, seems to have suggested localism and isolation to the inhabitants, who each in their valleys and districts are walled off from their neighbours.

The internal communication of the Peninsula, which is thus divided by the mountain-walls of the *Cordilleras*, or chains, is effected by roads, which are carried over the most convenient points, where the natural dips are the lowest, and the ascents and descents the most practicable. These passes are called *Puertos*—*portæ*—mountain-gates; the precise *ghaut* of the Hindoos. As a general rule, the traveller should always pass the mountains by one of these grand *puertos*. There are, indeed, mule-tracks and goat-paths over other and intermediate portions of the chain, but they are difficult and dangerous, and seldom provided with ventas or villages: the farthest and fairest way about will always be found the best and shortest road.

The term *Sierra*, which is commonly applied to these serrated ranges, has been derived from the Spanish *sierra*, a saw; while others refer it to the Arabic *Sehrah*, an uncultivated tract. *Montaña* means a mountain; *Cerro*, Arabicé *Cehro*, a hog-backed hill; *pico*, *picacho*, a pointed height. *Una Cuesta*, a much-used expression, means both an ascent and a descent. *Cuesta arriba*, *cuesta abajo*, up hill, down hill. There are few of the singular-shaped hills

which have not some local name, such as *Cabeza del Moro*, the Moor's head ; or something connected with religion, such as *San Cristobal, el Fraile*, &c.

There are six great rivers in Spain,—the arteries which run between the seven mountain chains, the vertebræ of the geological skeleton. These six water-sheds are each intersected in their extent by others on a minor scale, by valleys and indentations, in each of which runs its own stream. Thus the rains and melted snows are all collected in an infinity of ramifications, and carried by these tributary conduits into one of the six main trunks, or great rivers : all these, with the exception of the Ebro, empty themselves into the Atlantic. The Duero and Tagus, unfortunately for Spain, disemboque in Portugal, thus becoming a portion of a foreign dominion exactly where their commercial importance is the greatest. Philip II. saw the true value of the possession of Portugal, which rounded and consolidated Spain, and insured to her the possession of these valuable outlets of internal produce, and inlets for external commerce. Portugal annexed to Spain gave more real power to his throne than the dominion of entire continents across the Atlantic. The *Miño*, which is the shortest of these rivers, runs through a bosom of fertility. The *Tajo*, Tagus, which the fancy of poets has sanded with gold and embanked with roses, tracks much of its dreary way through rocks and comparative barrenness. The *Guadiana* creeps through lonely Estremadura, infecting the low plains with miasma. The *Guadalquivir* eats out its deep banks amid the sunny olive-clad regions of Andalusia, as the Ebro divides the levels of Arragon. Spain abounds with brackish streams, *Salados*, and with salt-mines, or saline deposits, after the evaporation of the sea-waters. The central soil is strongly impregnated with saltpetre : always arid, it every day is becoming more so, from the singular antipathy which the inhabitants of the interior have against trees. There is nothing to check the power of evaporation, no shelter to protect or preserve moisture. The soil becomes more and more baked and calcined ; in some parts it has almost ceased to be available for cultivation : another serious evil, which arises from want of plantations, is, that the slopes of hills are everywhere liable to constant denudation of soil after heavy rain. There is nothing to break the descent of the water ; hence the naked, barren stone summits of many of the sierras, which have been pared and peeled of every particle capable of nourishing vegetation : they are skeletons where life is extinct. Not only is the soil thus lost, but the detritus washed down either forms bars at the mouths of rivers, or chokes up and raises their beds ; they are thus rendered liable to overflow their banks, and convert the adjoining plains into pestilential swamps. The supply of water, which is afforded by periodical rains, and which ought to support the reservoirs of rivers, is carried off at once in violent floods, rather than in a gentle gradual disembocation. The volume in the principal rivers of Spain has diminished, and is diminishing. Rivers which once were navigable are so no longer ; the artificial canals which were to have been substituted remain unfinished : the progress of deterioration advances, while little is done to counteract or amend what every year must render more difficult and expensive, while the means of repair and correction will diminish in equal proportion, from the poverty occasioned by the evil, and by the fearful extent which it will be allowed to attain. The rivers which are really adapted to navigation are, however, only those which are perpetually fed by those tributary streams that flow down from mountains which are covered with snow all the year, and these are not many. The majority of Spanish rivers are very scanty of water during the summer time, and very rapid in their flow when filled by rains or melting snow : during these periods they are impracticable for boats. They are, moreover, much exhausted by being drained off, *sangrado*, bled, for the

purposes of artificial irrigation. The scarcity of rain in the central table-lands is much against a regular supply of water to the springs of the rivers: the water is soon sucked up by a parched, dusty, and thirsty soil, or evaporated by the dryness of the atmosphere. Many of the *sierras* are indeed covered with snow, but to no great depth, and the coating soon melts under the summer suns, and passes rapidly away.

These geographical peculiarities of Spain, and particularly the existence of the great central elevation, when once attained are apt to be forgotten. The country rises from the coast, directly in the north-western provinces, and with an intervening alluvial strip, and swell in some of the southern and eastern: but when once the ascent is accomplished, no *real* descent ever takes place—we are then on the summit of a vast elevated mass. The roads indeed *apparently* ascend and descend, but the mean height is seldom diminished: the interior hills or plains are undulations of one mountain. The traveller is often deceived at the apparent low height of snow-clad ranges, such as the Guadarrama; this will be accounted for by adding the great elevation of their bases above the level of the sea. The palace of the Escorial, which is placed at the foot of the Guadarrama, and at the head of a seeming plain, stands in reality at 2725 feet above Valencia, while the summer residence of the king at *La Granja*, in the same chain, is thirty feet higher than the summit of Vesuvius. This, indeed, is a castle in the air—a *château en Espagne*, and worthy of the most German potentate to whom that element belongs. The mean temperature on the plateau of Spain is as 15° Reamr., while that of the coast is as 18° and 19°, in addition to the protection from cutting winds which their mountainous backgrounds afford; nor is the traveller less deceived as regards the heights of the interior mountains than he is with the champaigns, or table-land plains. The eye wanders over a vast level extent bounded only by the horizon, or a faint blue line of other distant *sierras*; this space, which appears one townless level, is intersected with deep ravines, *barrancos*, in which villages lie concealed, and streams, *arroyos*, flow unperceived. Another important effect of this central elevation is the searching dryness and rarefaction of the air. It is often highly prejudicial to strangers; the least exposure, which is very tempting under a burning sun, will often bring on ophthalmia, irritable colics, and inflammatory diseases of the lungs and vital organs. Such are the causes of the *pulmonia*, which carries off the invalid in a few days, and is the disease of Madrid. The frozen blasts descending from the snow-clad Guadarrama catch the incautious passenger at the turning of streets which are roasting under a fierce sun.

Such are the geographical, geological, and natural divisions of the Peninsula, throughout which a leading prevailing principle may be traced. The artificial, political, and conventional arrangement into kingdoms and provinces is entirely the work of accident and absence of design; indeed, one who only looked at the map might sometimes fancy that some of the partitions were expressly devised for the sake of being purposely inconvenient and incongruous.

These provincial divisions were however formed by the gradual union of many smaller and previously independent portions, which have been taken into Spain as a whole, just as our inconvenient counties constitute the kingdom of England. Long habit has reconciled the inhabitants to these divisions, and they now suit them infinitely better than any new arrangement, however better calculated, according to statistical and geographical principles.

The French, during their intrusive rule, were struck with this apparent irregularity, and introduced their own system of *départements*, by which districts were neatly squared out and people re-arranged, as if Spain were a chess-board and Spaniards mere pawns; but however specious in theory, it was no easy

matter to remodel ancient demarcations, or to re-combine their antipathetic inhabitants. Accordingly, no sooner were Spaniards free again, than they cast off these paper arrangements, and reverted like the Italians, on whom the same experiment was tried, to their own pre-existing divisions, which however defective in theory, and unsightly and inconvenient on the map, had from long habit been found practically to suit better. Recently, in spite of this experience, among other reforms and innovations, the Peninsula has been re-divided: but it will be long before the original deeply impressed divisions, which have grown with the growth, and are engraved on the retentive memories of the people, are effaced and a fusion completed.

The political divisions in former times consisted of fourteen large provinces, some of which were called kingdoms, as Granada, Seville, Jaen, Murcia, Valencia, &c.: others principalities, like Asturias: others counties, like Barcelona, Niebla, &c.; and lastly, others were called provinces, like New and Old Castile, Estremadura, &c.; Biscay was termed *el Señorío*. Spain, by the decree November 30, 1833, is now divided into forty-nine provinces; viz.—Alava, Albacete, Alicante, Almeria, Avila, Badajoz, las Baleares, Barcelona, Burgos, Caceres, Cadiz, las Canarias, Castellon de la Plana, Ciudad Real, Cordoba, la Coruña, Cuenca, Gerona, Granada, Guadalajara, Guipuzcoa, Huelva, Huesca, Jaen, Leon, Lérida, Logroño, Lugo, Madrid, Malaga, Murcia, Navarra, Orense, Oviedo, Palencia, Pontevedra, Salamanca, Santander, Segovia, Sevilla, Soria, Tarragona, Teruel, Toledo, Valencia, Valladolid, Viscaya, Zamora, Zaragoza. The article on Spain in the ‘Penny Cyclopædia’ by our learned friend Don Pascual Gayangos is excellent.

It may, however, be useful, until these new sub-divisions are become generally familiar, to furnish an account of those which prevailed before; we copy some particulars from the work of Paez, who has adopted Antillon as his model. These authors* are considered to be deserving of credit in their geographical and statistical details; their works are otherwise duller than the high roads of Castile, and never freshened by a single sideways rivulet, nor gladdened by a stray flower, but “dry as the remainder of the biscuit after a voyage.”

GENERAL TABLE.

Great Divisions.	Smaller Provinces.	Square Leagues.	Population.	To the Square League.
1. Andalucia.				
Kingdom of Seville . . .	{ Cadiz . . .	242	245,160	1013
	{ Seville . . .	510	501,061	982
” ”	{ Cordoba . . .	348	252,028	724
” ”	{ Jaen . . .	268	206,807	762
” Granada . . .	{ Granada . . .	575½	485,075	844
	{ Malaga . . .	229½	207,849	907
New Towns		108	6,196	57
2. Kingdom of Murcia		659	383,226	582
3. Kingdom of Valencia		643	825,059	1283
4. Principality of Catalonia		1003	858,818	856
5. Kingdom of Arragon		1232½	657,376	534
6. Kingdom of Navarre		205	221,728	1082

* *Elementos de la Geografia de España. Don Isidoro de Antillon. Madrid, 1824.—Descripcion General de España. Francisco Verdugo Paez. 2 vols., Madrid, 1827.*

GENERAL TABLE—continued.

Great Divisions.	Smaller Provinces.	Square Leagues.	Population.	To the Square League.
7. Old Castile . . .	Santander . .	274	225,796	823
	Burgos . . .	368	244,792	665
	Segovia . . .	290	164,007	566
	Avila	215	118,061	519
	Soria	341	198,107	581
8. New Castile . . .	Madrid . . .	110	228,520	2078
	Guadalajara .	163	121,115	743
	Cuenca . . .	943	294,290	311
	Toledo . . .	734	370,641	505
9. Province of Estremadura	La Mancha . .	631	205,548	326
		1199	428,493	505
10. Kingdom of Leon . . .	Salamanca . .	471	209,988	446
	Zamora . . .	133	71,401	537
	Toro	165	97,370	590
	Valladolid . .	271	187,390	692
	Palencia . . .	145	118,064	814
	Leon	493	239,812	486
	Lugo	373	242,345	649
11. Kingdom of Galicia . . .	Orense	391	281,315	719
	Tuy	89	142,140	1597
	Santiago . . .	315	391,128	1242
	La Coruña . .	25	42,120	1685
	Betanzos . . .	64	100,988	1578
	Mondoñedo . .	73	88,542	1213
12. Principality of the Asturias		308½	364,238	1180
	Alava	90½	67,523	746
13. Basque Provinces . . .	Viscaya . . .	106	111,436	1051
	Guipuzcoa . .	52	104,491	2009

The two last columns must be taken only as approximations; nothing is more difficult to ascertain than the exact number of the population of any country. The people at large consider any attempt to number them as boding no good; they have a well-grounded apprehension of ulterior objects, and dread an increase of taxation and of recruitment. To "number the people," was a crime in the East; and many moral and practical difficulties exist in arriving at a true census of Spain. Thus while some writers on statistics hope to flatter the powers that be, by a glowing exaggeration of national strength, "to boast of which," says the Duke, "is the national weakness," the suspicious *many*, on the other hand, are disposed to conceal and diminish the truth. The traveller therefore should be always on his guard when he hears accounts of the past or present population, commerce, or revenue of Spain. The better classes will magnify them both, for the credit of their country; the poorer, on the other hand, will appeal *ad misericordiam*, by representing matters as even worse than they really are. They never afford any opening, however indirect, to information which may lead to poll-taxes and conscriptions. The population and the revenue have generally been exaggerated, and all statements may be much dis-

counted. The present population may be reckoned, at rough calculation, at about 10,000,000 or 11,000,000, with a slow tendency to increase; the present revenue may be taken at about 12,000,000*l.* or 13,000,000*l.* sterling: but it is badly collected, and at a ruinous per centage, and at no time during the last century has been sufficient for the national expenses. Recourse has been had to the desperate experiments of usurious loans and wholesale confiscations; this system necessarily cannot last. Since the reign of Philip II. every act of dishonesty has been perpetrated. Public securities have been "repudiated," interest unpaid, and principal spunged out. No country in the Old World stands lower in financial discredit; and whatever be the line of the traveller who reads these pages, let him beware how he embarks in Spanish speculations: however promising in the prospectus, they will, sooner or later, turn out to be deceptions; and, whether they assume the form of loans, rails, waters, or lands, none are *real* securities: they are mere castles in the air, *châteaux en Espagne*: "The earth has bubbles as the water has, and these are of them."

20. SKELETON TOURS.

Another division of the Peninsula might easily be constructed in addition to those preceding, which are based on differences of geology or of climate. The country might be portioned off morally, into districts containing peculiar antiquarian and artistical interests; for instance, as regards the past, into the Roman, the Moorish, the Gotho-Spaniard, and into the modern periods. The evidences of these distinct epochs will be found to run in certain strata, and to accord with the residence, more or less lengthened, of those different nations, who have left behind them indelible impressions of their character. Thus, those who wish to study Roman antiquities should follow the waving line of route which connects Seville with Valencia and Catalonia. See No. 5. This tract will include all the finest aqueducts, bridges, arches, amphitheatres, temples, and other monuments of Roman construction; then Andalucia is the best province wherein to understand the Moors, whose delicate filigree elegance stands in remarkable contrast with the majestic solidity of the Romans. A line, No. 6, will comprehend the most interesting specimens of their palaces, mosques, castles, and systems of irrigation. The fashions of the Moors did not change, nor is there any very great difference between those of their works which were constructed in the ninth century and those in the fifteenth. Any single specimen once seen in perfection, is a type to which all others, in all other parts of Spain, are closely analogous. Andalucia, from the first to the last, was the cherished province of the Moors, who felt at home in its African peculiarities. There they lavished their greatest magnificence. In the other portions of Spain they were much sooner dispossessed, and their mosques were pulled down, and their edifices adapted to Christian and Gotho-Spanish habits. Granada, which was conquered the last, suffered little from positive and intentional destruction. The triumph was then certain, and the bitterness of a doubtful contest had passed away.

The amateur of Gothic or pointed architecture, especially as applied to ecclesiastical buildings, must visit the north-western provinces, which, being the first to be wrested from the Moors, contain the earliest specimens of that style of construction, of which the Peninsula is a mine of almost unknown wealth, commencing from the *Obras de Los Godos* of the eighth century; while Germany, Normandy, and England have been ransacked, few antiquarians have been aware that Spain is inferior to neither, in the number or magnificence of her Gothic cathedrals, which date from the twelfth to the sixteenth century. And these

remain in their unshorn pristine order, in all the symmetry and arrangement for which they were originally intended. No reformation as in England, no revolution as in France, has ever deprived them of their best religious ornaments, or converted them to base purposes. Their shrines have not been stripped, nor their storied windows smashed by iconoclastic Dowsings. Neither have all sacred paintings been transferred from the altar to the museum, nor their monumental sculpture knocked to pieces. The confiscation and the appropriation of church property has latterly dried up the sources by which these ancient fabrics were maintained in decorous repair. The expenses were enormous; and, the means withdrawn, they must sink into decay, slowly indeed, for the progress will be somewhat retarded by the dry climate of Spain, which is far more conservative than our fatal moisture. But ruin eventually would have awaited them under a system which wished to deal heavy blows to the establishment.

The best line of route for those who wish to study the Spanish Gothic will be to commence at La Coruña, taking Santiago, Oviedo, and Leon, and descending to Salamanca, Segovia, Avila, and Toledo, and thence through Valladolid to Burgos; at the same time, as this style of architecture prevailed down to the 16th century, and subsequently to the final conquest of the Moors, Gothic cathedrals are to be found in almost every principal city of Spain, and none can, for instance, rival that of Seville, which is a perfect museum of the fine arts. Arragon and Catalonia abound in specimens of peculiar solemnity and solidity. Nor in cathedrals alone is Spain remarkable for her Gothic architecture. Many of her ancient palaces, castles, her town-houses and convents, are second only to the metropolitan churches. These, however, are infinitely less well preserved. War, foreign and civil, has laid them waste, while the recent changes have signed the doom of some of those which escaped the invader. Many buildings, which, in an artistical point of view, deserved to have been walled round and preserved as models for posterity, and which were only gutted by the armed enemy, have since been pulled down, while those which have not been levelled have been degraded into barracks, manufactories, and even prisons: thus, indeed, turning the house of God into a den of thieves. Indeed, to *destroy* has been the national business ever since 1836. The noblest monuments of art and piety have been vandalized, and in many instances taken down to be sold for the paltry value of the materials. The reforming *Exaltado* has followed in the path of the French revolutionist, the great architect of ruin. Speculators, like the *bande noire*, purchased the edifices of religion, partly on the John Knox principle of "pulling down the rooks' nests," but still more to put money in their own purses. The havoc in the Castiles and Arragon has been frightful: and now, when it is almost too late, a remedy is attempted, a true *socorro de España*, which, *tarde o nunca*, only begins to shut the door when the steed has been stolen; a "commission of conservation," or *Junta de conservacion de monumentos artisticos y antigüedades*, has been appointed. No convent, chapel, or object of art and antiquity can now be sold or destroyed, without permission being first obtained from these inspectors: and as one member is our friend Carderera, in whose portfolios now exist the only memorials of many a chef-d'œuvre of antiquity, possibly the hand of some barbarians may be arrested: yet all who know the *do-nothing* system of every Spanish *Junta*, and the facility with which a bribe and *empeño* manages every thing, must tremble for the remnant of what invasions and revolutions have spared.

The fine arts naturally form a most important item in what to observe. In Numbers 11, 12, and 16 of our subsequent Skeleton Tours, the best lines are laid down for investigating the sculpture, painting, and architecture of Spain, which are all exponents of the peculiar national mind and character; they are

idiosyncratic, and differ essentially from those of other nations: thus far beyond the Pyrenees lie mighty works of great men, whose names are scarcely known to our countrymen—planets whose light has yet to reach our distant hemisphere.

To make a **GRAND** or **GENERAL TOUR** of Spain would be a work of much time and difficulty. The square form of the country and the central position of the capital offer many obstacles; all the lines of great roads are commenced at Madrid, and terminate at the chief sea-ports; the different extremities are sufficiently accessible from the capital, but by no means so as regards each other: for instance, a traveller will find an excellent road from Madrid either to La Coruña or to Oviedo; but should he wish to proceed in a carriage from La Coruña or Lugo, to Leon or Oviedo, he would be obliged to retrace his steps at least to Astorga, where there is an indifferent cross road to Leon, and then ascend again to Oviedo; the communications between Seville and Granada, between Granada and Murcia, are equally imperfect. The Peninsula may be compared to Seville, Tarifa, or some Moorish city, in which, from the narrowness of the streets, two persons almost neighbours who wish to visit each other *en coche* are obliged to make a great *détour* in order to find streets which are wide enough for their vehicles to pass through; so it is with the roads—they were traced before travelling in coaches was in fashion, and when the better classes rode on horseback, and the limited internal commerce was carried on by means of mules and pack-horses: at the same time, and we speak from personal experience, the whole tour of the Peninsula is to be performed by a proper combination of the different modes of getting on which we have before detailed.

The grand tour could scarcely be accomplished under a year and a half; indeed we ourselves devoted three years to the task. The line which perhaps would include the greatest variety of interest, and offer the fewest difficulties, would be to commence at Cadiz in March, devoting April and May to Andalusia, and moving upwards to Madrid about June, either through La Mancha, or, which is far preferable, through Estremadura, by Badajoz and Merida, diverging thence to Alcantara, Coria, and Placencia, and coming down through Avila. July might be devoted to Toledo, Aranjuez, Cuenca, and Madrid; moving upwards by the Escorial and Segovia, the traveller might pass on to Salamanca, and thence by Astorga to Santiago and La Coruña: he might ramble during the hot weather in the hills of Galicia and the Asturias, descending from Oviedo by Leon, to Valladolid, and thence to Burgos and Vitoria, from whence an excursion might be made to Bilbao and the Basque provinces; he would next pass through Pamplona on to Zaragoza and Barcelona. November and the beginning of December are by no means winter in those charming districts which lie between Valencia and Alicante, where steamers will always be found, which communicate either with Italy *viâ* Marseilles, or with England *viâ* Gibraltar. See also No. 1. The fancied dangers are all nonsense.

Those who are pressed for time might run down from Bayonne to Madrid, through Vitoria, Burgos, Valladolid, Segovia, and the Escorial; might visit Toledo, Aranjuez, and Cuenca, and thence on to Valencia and Barcelona, all of which could be easily accomplished in the three summer months; or take Jaca, Zaragoza, Barcelona, Valencia, Madrid, Granada, Malaga, Gibraltar, Ronda, Cordova, Seville, and by Xerez to Cadiz.

Andalusia is still easier both of access and return by means of the weekly communication by steamers with England; from six weeks to two months will suffice to visit this interesting province. The tourist would commence at Cadiz, which, with the neighbourhood, might occupy three or four days; thence he

would go on through Xerez to Seville, where ten days will be sufficient, or a fortnight, if an excursion be made to the copper-mines at Rio Tinto, and to those of quicksilver at Almaden. Thence he would continue through Carmona to Cordova, where a day will be enough. He might then proceed either by the high road through Andujar and Jaen to Granada, or ride across the country through Alcalá la Real. A week is ample for Granada, and another may be well bestowed in a ramble into the Alpujarras, visiting the lead-mines at Berja, and making for Motril. Those who proceed directly to Malaga will either ride by Alhama, or take the circuitous carriage road through Colmenar. A couple of days is enough for Malaga. Gibraltar may be reached either by sea or by land, through Monda, in three short days; or, which is far more interesting, by riding to Antequera, Ronda, and Gaucin. This delightful circuit will require from five days to a week; and there is but one Ronda in the whole world, and it alone is worth the sea voyage out to Cadiz and back again. Gibraltar and the neighbourhood may be seen in a few days, and Cadiz regained either by the steamer or by riding over-land through Tarifa and Chiclana.

The grand objects in the Peninsula are *Andalucia*—*Madrid*, in which we would include Toledo, Avila, Salamanca, Valladolid, Segovia, the Escorial, Cuenca, and Guadalajara—and then *Valencia*, in which we would comprehend Tarragona, Zaragoza, Monserrat, and Barcelona. Those who pass from Andalusia to Madrid will find the route through Estremadura to be full of interest, while that of La Mancha, excepting for the ideal charm of Don Quixote, is altogether dreary and tiresome. *Estremadura* deserves a visit of itself, and those who land at Lisbon might enter Spain at Badajoz. Merida is a second Rome, and contains remains of every sort and kind, and many in admirable preservation. The road to Alcantara and Placencia is practicable only on horseback; but it leads into the heart of English victories, while Madrid may be reached by passing through Avila and Talavera.

As nothing in life is of more consequence than making a good start, and having a well-defined previous plan of route, the substance of what we have just observed as to the variety of lines of journey will be made clearer by giving the chief towns on each route, which the traveller will easily understand by following them out on the map. The letters annexed signify, S. the existence of steamers, C. of public conveyance, while R. indicates the necessity of riding; and as it often occurs, it will be well to attend to our preliminary directions, p. 49.

NO. 1. THE GRAND TOUR.

Start from England by the Steam-packet about the end of March for Cadiz, and then proceed thus—

	Puerto, S.		Gaucin, R.		Alberca, R.
	Xerez, C.		Gibraltar, R.		Ciudad Rodrigo.
	Bonanza.		Tarifa, R. or S.	July 24.	Salamanca, R.
	Seville, S.	June 25.	Cadiz, R. or S.		Zamora, R.
May 6.	Cordova, C.		Seville, S.		Benavente, R.
	Andujar, C.		Aracena, R.		Astorga, R.
	Jaen, C.		Badajoz, R.		Ponferrada, R.
May 20.	Granada, C.	July 5.	Merida, C. R.		Lugo, R.
	Alpujarras, R.		Alcantara, R.	Aug. 5.	Santiago, R.
	Berja, R.		Coria, R.	Aug. 10.	La Coruña or
	Motril, R.	July 16.	Placencia, R.		Ponferrada,
June 5.	Malaga, R.		St. Juste, R.		C. R.
	Antequera, R.		Abadia, R.		Orense, R.
	Ronda, R.		Batuecas, R.		Tuy, R.

GRAND TOUR—*continued.*

	Vigo, R.		Toledo, C.		Cervera, R.
	Santiago, R.	Oct.	Aranjuez, C.		Igualada, R.
	La Coruña, C.		Cuenca, R.	Spring.	Cardona, R.
	Oviedo by the coast, R. S., or by Cangas de Tineo, R.		Madrid(winter), or at		Monserrat, R.
Aug. 10.	La Coruña.		Valencia, C.		Martorell, R.
	Oviedo, R.		Xativa, C.	Summer.	Barcelona, R.
	Leon, C.		Villena, R.		Zaragoza, C.
	Sahagun, R.		Murcia, R.		Jaca, R.
	Burgos, R.	Spring.	Cartagena, C.		Huesca, C. R.
	Santander, C.		Orihuela, R.		The Pyrenees, R.
	Bilbao, R.		Elche, C.		Tudela, C.
	Vitoria, C.		Alicante, C.		Pamplona, C.
Sept.	Burgos, C.		Ibi, R.	Summer.	Tolosa, C.
	Valladolid, C.		Alcoy, R.		Irun, C. or
	Segovia, R. C.		Xativa, R.		Pamplona, R. C.
	Escorial, C.		Valencia, C.		Elizondo, R.
	Avila, R.		Tarragona, C.S.		Vera, R.
	Madrid, R.		Reus, C.		Irun, R.
			Poblet, R.		

No. 2. A TOUR OF THE CREAM OF SPAIN.

May.	Cadiz, S.	June.	Granada, C. or R.	July	Tarragona, C. S.
	Xerez, C.		Madrid, C.		Barcelona, C. S.
	Seville, S.		Escorial, C.		Cardona, R.
	Cordova, C.		Segovia, C.		Igualada, R.
	Osuna, R.		Toledo, C.	Aug.	Zaragoza, C.
	Ronda, R.		Aranjuez, C.		Burgos, C.
	Gibraltar, R.	July.	Cuenca, R.		Irun, C.
	Malaga, S.		Valencia, C.		

No. 3. A SUMMER'S TOUR IN THE NORTH OF SPAIN.

	Irun, C.	July.	Logroño, C.		Monserat, R.
	Vitoria, C.		Pamplona, C.	Aug.	Cardona, R.
June.	Bilbao, C.		Pyrenees, R.		Urgel, R.
	Santander, R. S.		Zaragoza, C.		Gerona, R.
	Burgos, C.		Barcelona, C.		Perpiñan, C.

No. 4. A CENTRAL TOUR ROUND MADRID.

	Escorial, C.	July.	Placencia, R.	Aug.	Aranjuez, C.
	Segovia, C.	Aug.	St. Juste, R.	Sept.	Cuenca, R.
July.	Valladolid, R.		Alcantara, R.		Albarracin, R.
	Salamanca, R.		Merida, R.		Solan de Cabras, R.
	Ciudad Rodrigo, R.		Talavera, R.		Guadalajara, C.
	Batuecas, R.		Toledo, R.		Alcalá de Henares, C.

No. 5. A ROMAN ANTIQUARIAN TOUR.

	Seville	June.	Coria, R.		Valencia, C.
	Itálica, R.		Placencia, R.		Murviedro, C.
	Rio Tinto, R.		Capara, R.	July.	Tarragona, C. S.
May.	Merida, R.		Salamanca, R.		Barcelona, C. S.
	Alcantara, R.		Segovia, R.		Martorell, C.
	Alconetar, R.		Toledo, C.		

No. 6. A MOORISH ANTIQUARIAN TOUR.

	Seville.	June.	Granada, C.	June.	Malaga, R.
May.	Cordova, C.		Alhama, R.		Tarifa, R. S.
	Jaen, C.				

No. 7. GEOLOGICAL AND MINERALOGICAL TOUR.

	Villa Nueva del Rio..	Coal.		Minglanilla	Salt.
Spring.	Rio Tinto	Copper.	Summer.	Teruel	Fossils.
	Logrosan ..	Phosphate of Lime.		Caudete	Fossils.
	Almaden	Quicksilver.		Albarracin	Iron.
	Linares	Lead.		Daroca	Iron.
	Baeza	Lead.		Calatayud	Iron.
	Granada	Marbles.	Spring.	Tortosa	Marbles.
	Berja	Lead.		Cardona	Salt.
Spring	Marbella	Iron.		Ripoll	Iron.
or	Macael	Marbles.		Durango	Iron.
Autumn.	Cartagena	Silver.	Summer.	Bilbao	Iron.
	Hellin	Sulphur.		Biscay	Iron.
	Petrola	Salt.		Gijon	Coal.

No. 8. A MILITARY AND NAVAL TOUR.

Cadiz	} Andalusia.	Belchite	} Arragon.
Barrosa		Zaragoza	
Trafalgar		Tudela	
Tarifa		Pamplona	} Navarre.
Gibraltar		Vera	
Granada	} Valencia.	San Marcial	} Basque provinces.
Navas de Tolosa		The Bidasoa	
Bailen		San Sebastian	
Castalla		Hernani	
Almansa		Vitoria	
Valencia	} Catalonia.	Bilbao	} Old Castile.
Murviedro		Burgos	
Almenara		Navarete	
Ordal		Espinosa	
Barcelona		Somosierra	
Molins del Rey	} Leon.	Rio Seco	} Galicia.
Bruch		Benavente	
Rosas		Salamanca	
Gerona		Ciudad Rodrigo	
Figueras		El Bodon	
Lérida		La Coruña	

MILITARY AND NAVAL TOUR—*continued.*

San Payo	} Galicia.	Talavera	} New Castile.
Vigo		Madrid	
Cape Finisterre.		Ocaña	
Arroyo Molinos .	} Estremadura.	Ucles	} La Mancha.
Almaraz		Villaviciosa . .	
Badajoz		Montiel	
Albuera		Ciudad Real . .	
Gevora		Sierra Morena .	
Medellin.			

No. 9. AN ARTISTICAL TOUR—THE PICTURESQUE.

The artist should, before leaving England, lay in a stock of materials, such as block-books, liquid water-colours, camel-hair brushes, permanent white, and good lead pencils, hardly any of which are to be procured in Spain (the few there who use water-colours, which their painters despise, are still in the dark ages of indian ink;—N.B. all before using pencil in Spain should read our suggestions, p. 9.

Ronda, R.	Escorial, C.	Santander, R.
Gibraltar, R.	Avila, C.	Bilbao, R.
Malaga, R.	Placencia, R.	Vera, R.
Granada, R.	Batuecas, R.	Jaca, R.
Lanjaron, R.	El Vierzo, R.	Huesca, R.
Elche, R.	Cangas de Tineo, R.	Pyrenees, R.
Cuenca, R.	Oviedo, R.	Manresa, R.
Albarracin, R.	Pajares, C.	Montserrat, R.
Toledo, C.	Reinosa, R.	Rosas, R.

No. 10. SHOOTING AND FISHING TOURS.

The shooting is wild and excellent; where Nature has resumed her rights and clothed the soil with brushwood, where domestic and foreign enemies have destroyed the habitation of man, before whom the wild beasts of the field and birds of the air fly, there is not only excellent lodging for owls in ruined buildings, but first-rate cover for game of every kind, which, left in undisputed possession, thrive in these lonely wastes. The game takes care of itself, and is abundant, less from being preserved than from not being destroyed. There is very little difficulty in procuring leave to shoot in Spain; a licence to carry a gun is required of every native, but it is seldom necessary for an Englishman: the moment a Spaniard gets out of town, licence or no licence, he likes to have a gun, for to go armed is immemorial (see Toledo). The sword and lance, the weapons of the Iberians, which were dearer to them than life itself, continued down to the 17th century to be the national defence: now the gun and knife have replaced them. It is reasonable to suppose that Spaniards, from always having these weapons in their hands, know how to use them; hence the facility with which what is here called an army is got together.

No sporting Englishman should omit bringing his own double-barrel detector, with a good supply of caps and cut wadding. N.B. Never to fail when at Gibraltar to secure a supply of English gunpowder: it is scarcely to be had in Spain, being prohibited.

Spain was always the land of the rabbit, the coney, *conejo*, which the Phœnicians saw here for the first time, and hence some have read the origin of the name *His-*

pania, in the Hebrew *Sephan*, or rabbit. This animal figured on the early coins—*cuniculosæ Celtiberiæ*, Catullus (xxxv. 18). Large ships freighted with them were regularly sent from Cadiz for the supply of Rome (Strabo, iii. 214). The rabbit is still the favourite shooting of Spaniards, who look invariably to the pot: pheasants are very rare; a bird requiring artificial feeding cannot be expected to thrive in a country where half the population is under-fed: red-legged partridges and hares are most plentiful: the izzard, a sort of chamois, abounds in the Pyrenees. In Andalucia the multitude of bustards and woodcocks is incredible. The river-banks and marshes swarm with aquatic birds and wild fowl of every kind, while inland the *caza mayor y menor* is equally abundant: the former consists of deer, *venados*, and wild boars, *javalis*; the latter of hares, rabbits, quails, red-legged partridges, and a multitude of birds which we have not. The sportsman takes a pasteboard-horse, which is made with the head down, as if grazing; he carries this like a shield on his arm till he gets up, behind it, within shot. They may also be approached in a common cart of the country, the shooter concealing himself till he gets near. The name of the bustard, *abutarda*, is probably Iberian: the Romans (Plin. 'N. H.' x. 22), catching at sound, not sense, called them *aves tardas*—quasi, *slow* birds—which no one who has ever seen them fly or run, as we have, would do. Pliny, however, blundered about the bustard; he confounded this *ωρτις* with the *ωρτος*, the owl. The lower classes of Spaniards do not like eating the bustard.

The Spaniards generally go shooting in very large parties, especially when the object is the *caza mayor*. This is conducted very much in the manner of driving deer in the Highlands of Scotland. Many are mounted and carry their long spears, *garrochas*, across their saddles, and when an obstinate boar, *javalí*, breaks into the open country in a contrary direction to the guns, their quickness in riding and in spearing him, after the original type the Indian hog-hunter, is highly exciting and masterly. The intelligence with which these Spanish beaters track and recover a wounded deer, although not quite equal to that of the American Indian, is very little inferior to the best efforts of a skilful Highland forester. Parties remain out on these campaigns for many days in the wild country, and indeed are clad almost as wild as nature: their dress is a jacket of fur or leather, with a profusion of belts, bags, powder-flasks, strapped over the body; the cartridge-belt, *cañama*, which is fastened round the waist, holds the rabbits, whose heads are tucked under it. This exact furred costume, and the manner of carrying the game, is represented in an ancient statue in the Museo Borbonico at Naples; and so the Egyptians did ages before (Wilk. iii. 47). Very often their thighs are armed with fleeces against the brushwood; which gives them the appearance of satyrs. Fair play, throwing away a shot, or giving a chance, is considered a weakness, for their sporting code is assassin-like, and a good bag is everything. The usual plan of filling it, is to fix on a proper spot, where the shooters are placed at certain distances, and generally concealed. The beaters depart, make a wide circuit, and then drive, as in a net, the whole country up to where the guns are. No Spaniard, unless he can help it, shoots at anything in motion; nor are their rude guns and ammunition much more on the hair-trigger snap-shot principle. Often the sportsman takes up a position after the fashion of a Gil Blas robber or rifleman: having cleared away the un-

derwood in front of his ground, and made a sort of path to entice the driven animals to come out at, he gets his gun to his shoulder beforehand, and stands aiming at a fixed spot, and as soon as the unsuspecting victim creeps out, fires. It is wonderful how well many of them shoot from nice artillery calculation. They know exactly how long their gun will be going off, and make allowances for its tardy motion, by shooting so much in advance of their object, which unconsciously arrives in time to meet the shot. Francisco, one of the royal gamekeepers at the *Coto del Rey*, near Seville, with whom we have often been out, killed snap-shots at rabbits, firing apparently at nothing but underwood, yet his gun went off thus, if words can describe it:—he pulled the trigger—the heavy hammer descended—struck the pan—which opened reluctantly—ignition—fizzing—bang, but the process of explosion was completed under a quarter of a minute. Now that detonators are coming slowly in, many shoot quicker than they used, and miss in consequence.

In spite of game-law enactments, some Spaniards continue to shoot partridges after the manner of the Phœnicians of old, and the modern Moors: they take a call-bird, a tame partridge, which is kept in a small mousetrap-shaped wicker cage, in which the decoy can scarcely stand up. Bochart (*'Hierozoicon,'* i. 13) gives the true meaning of the text of Ecclesiasticus (xi. 30), "Like as a partridge kept in a cage;" and shows how ancient and identical this Oriental device is. The decoy is placed in a space cleared out, and some grains of corn are sprinkled; he calls the wild coveys, which are shot on the ground. It is needless to say that such shooters as these never waste their ammunition on snipes: when they see an Englishman running wild after them and woodcocks, putting up hares and rabbits, which he might have shot on their form, they think him demented. Just as Spanish soldiers, in case of alarm and apprehended rescue, often shoot their prisoners to make sure of them, so they treat their game. The Spanish pointer is a regular brute in Spain, with tail like a rope, and docked like those of the cats, not quite so closely however. When Spanish sportsmen see a neat English shot killing his ten and twenty couple of snipes, and double shots of woodcocks, they attribute it either to the demon by whom most foreigners consider our countrymen to be possessed—*son demonios esos Ingleses*,—or to the excellence of his gun: so foreigners, when Sir Humphrey Davy first showed them that trout could be caught with artificial flies, suspected that there was a chemical attractive worked into his tackle. Whatever, in all countries, surpasses the limited understanding of ignorance, is attributed to supernatural means, and the devil gets the credit of many an excelling Englishman. The lovers of woodcocks (*gallinetas*, *chochas*) and snipes (*agachonas*) should go to Andalusia: the whole southern part, from the cork-woods of Gibraltar, from the western bank of the Guadalquivir, from Bonanza to Seville, are absolutely alive with them; four, five, and six woodcocks come out at a time from a small copse of half an acre. The snipes are as countless as motes in the sun's beam. They are never shot at by the natives; first, because a dozen of them is hardly worth the cost of one charge of powder and shot, which, being a royal monopoly and sold at the *estanco*, or licensed-to-sell shop, is very dear; and secondly, because they could not hit them. A person living in Seville may walk outside the walls and kill ten or a dozen couple of a morning, between that town and *Alcalá*, or *El Bodegon*. The snipes when flushed get up in clouds, fly and hover about for a short time, and then settle again: however, a double-barrelled Purdey, in a few days, produces a wonderful march in their intellect, and they get much wilder. There is an abundance of plovers, and especially the golden (*chorillo*). The flight of quails (*codornices*) in May and October, when they arrive from and return to Africa, are, indeed, miraculous:

thirty or forty couple may be killed in a morning. The Spaniards are fond of keeping quails in small cages. The click of this bird is one of the three common sounds in an Andalusian town, and mingles with the castanet and the eternal pounding in brass mortars of spices, garlic, and what not. The quail was honoured by the Phœnicians as having saved Hercules; a myth which Bochart ('Hieroz.' i. 15) refers to the miraculous support, in the desert, of the Israelites, the powerful neighbours of Tyre. The worship of Hercules continued at Cadiz down to the fifth century (Festus Avien. 'Or. Mar.' 278).

The lover of the angle will find an abundance of virgin rivers in Spain, in which fly has never been thrown. Spain is a jumble of mountains, down the bosoms of which flow clear streams: most of these abound in trout, and those which disembogue into the Bay of Biscay, in salmon. The natives have no idea whatever of fly-fishing, nor, which is better, have the fish; they take any fly with the greediness that a young savage damsel does a glass bead. *As no sort of tackle is to be procured in Spain, the angler will bring out everything from England.* The lower classes take to water and poaching like otters; they use nets, spears, night-lines, and every unsportsmanlike abomination. They do not mind water, except in a basin, and say that it passes to, but not through their skin, that impervious Macintosh, with which nature and their oily diet have encased them. The best localities are Placencia, Avila, Cuenca, and the whole country from El Bierzo, Galicia, the Asturias, the Basque provinces, and Pyrenean valleys. *El Bierzo and Oviedo* contain streams, the sight of which would make honest Izaak Walton rise, like a trout at a May-fly, out of his grave; far from the sewers and pollutions of cities, these streams are as pure, as the peasants who live on their banks are unsophisticated. For best sporting quarters see Index, under "Fishing."

No. 11. ARTISTICAL TOURS—SCULPTURE.

Seville, S.	Madrid, R.	Rio Seco, R.
Granada, C.	Toledo, C.	Valladolid, C.
Murcia, R.	Escorial, C.	Burgos, C.
Valencia, R.	Avila, R.	Zaragoza, C.
Cuenca, R.	Salamanca, R.	Huesca, R.

There is very little good ancient sculpture in Spain, and there never was much. Before the Roman dominion, no statue of the tutelary was admitted into the temple of Hercules at Gades. Sil. Ital. iii. 30. It would seem that when the Phœnicians traded with the Jews to Tarshish, they adopted their objection to graven images (Exod. xx. 4): when the Peninsula became a Roman province, the arts of Greece were in the decline, and whatever sculpture was executed, was the work either of Romans or Spaniards, neither of whom have ever excelled in that department, and they felt this themselves: thus, as ancient Rome was content to import her best marble sculpture and sculptors from Greece, so the modern Spaniard has been from Italy. Again, most of whatever statuary was introduced into the Peninsula by the Trajans and Adrians was destroyed by the Vandal Goths: first, because as Christians they abhorred the graven images of Pagan gods; and, secondly, because they hated Rome and its works, and especially those connected with the fine arts, to which these rude soldiers attributed their foes' degeneracy and effeminacy; thus, when they struck down the world-oppressor, they cast the statues of its chiefs from the pedestal, and the idols from the altar. The Goth was supplanted by the Moor, who swept away whatever had escaped from his predecessor; nay, the fragments were treated with studied insult, either buried, to prevent resurrection, in the foundations of their buildings, or worked in as base materials for

their city walls. The Moslem re-introduced the old Jewish principle of tolerating no representations of living objects in their temples, while the Gotho-Spaniard, acting on an antagonistic principle, filled his churches with graven images, until they became Pantheons; the Moorish annalists, rigid upholders of the unity of the Godhead, speak with horror of their opponents as *Moschrik* or Polytheists; hence, iconoclasm became a sacred duty, and was termed (as in Deut. vii.), *Purification*. As the Moor everywhere brake down statuary, very little either of early Spanish sculpture exists, nor has the Spaniard himself ever had much feeling for antiquity or æsthetics; a love for archæological inquiries betokens a high grade of civilization and security. It is only when the present is exhausted that men recur to the past, and to the philosophy and abstract of learning, rather than the tangible and material: we must construct before we analyze. Thus, now while Europe is decyphering the hieroglyphics of Egypt, and unravelling the inscriptions of Tyre and Sidon, the notes of Spaniards indicate, in matters even of Greek and Latin knowledge, a school-boy want of classical and antiquarian information in the nation at large.

The Spaniard, the mass of whom, like the Orientals, have seldom known what security of person and property is, "scarcely looks beyond his own beard;" he lives for himself without taking thought either of the past or the morrow; sufficient for his day is the evil thereof. He views ruins with the familiarity and contempt of the Bedouin, and holds them as mere old stones, which he neither admires nor preserves; accordingly, whenever antique remains are dug up they have mostly been reburied, or those which any rare alcalde of taste may have collected are left at his death to chance and decay; and in the provincial towns the fragments are lumped together after the fashion of "Rubbish may be shot here." Fatal indeed to antiquity is the new pretence of the authorities to form, or rather to talk about forming, museums; it is like Mehemet Ali's fancy to collect Egyptian remains. The prohibitions act against intelligent foreigners, who would excavate with zeal and science, and remove their discoveries to collections where they would be understood and valued. Entrusted to the natives, jealous as ignorant, either they are taken to some stonemason's-yard-like receptacle to be neglected, or are left unmoved on the ground to be destroyed by accidental violence (see R. xx.) Classification and arrangement are not Spanish or Oriental qualities. They are as rare in most of their museums or collections, as uniform and discipline are in their ill-organized armies.

The church again, almost the sole patron of sculpture, only encouraged that kind which best served its own purpose. It had no feeling for ancient art for itself, which if over-studied necessarily has a tendency to reproduce a heathen character, and it hated it because Pagan and anti-Christian. It had its own models of Astartes, Minervas, and Jupiters in the images of the Virgin and Saints: it abhorred a rival idol, and this spirit is far from being extinct. Thus Florez and other antiquarians (the best of whom have been clergymen and busied about their own church's and religion's archæology) constantly apologise for bestowing attention on such *un-Christian* inquiries: nowhere was the distinction between things sacred or profane kept up more to the injury of the literature and art of the latter than in Spain; a common painting in the Jeronimite convents was the scourging by angels of the tutelar saint for reading his Cicero instead of his mass-book. This supernatural rod became a reality in the hands of the Inquisition, who watched alike over all, whether using the pencil or the pen.

The historical research of antiquarian Spaniards is seldom critical; they love to flounder about Hercules and Tubal; and when people have recourse to mythology, it is clear that history will not serve their ends. The discussion and

authenticity of a monk's bone have long been of more importance than a relic of Phidias. Yet Spain ought to have been a storehouse of Roman architectural antiquity, a *Herculaneum* above ground. It was the favourite province of the empire, and the four centuries which elapsed between Augustus and Alaric, would seem to have been the happiest age of this ill-fated country : safe in her isolation, and far from the intrigues and enemies of Rome, this province is seldom mentioned by contemporary writers during that eventful period, when history was busy in recording human sufferings and national calamities. How much peace and prosperity is not to be inferred from that eloquent silence ! The land during this time was covered with Roman monuments, always useful and magnificent, although deficient in high quality of beautiful art. The climate of many portions of the Peninsula rivals even that of Egypt, in the absence of "damp, your whoreson destroyer." Thus many of the bridges, aqueducts, and of subsequent mediæval stone-built cities, exist almost unimpaired ; nay, even the fragile *Tarkish*, the plaster of Paris wall-embroidery, the "diaper, or par-getting," of the Moors, wherever man has not destroyed it, looks, after the lapse of ten centuries, as fresh and perfect as when first put up. Many of the antiquities appear of any age, for there is no officious mania for repairing them ; the catena of monuments from the cradle of the restored monarchy is almost complete ; and such is the effect of dryness that they often disappoint from lacking the venerable ærugo of age to which we are accustomed in a less beneficent climate. The sepulchre is hardly shrouded by a lichen ; things look younger by centuries than they really are ; alas, for Spain, where the destructive propensities, both of the foreigner and native, have too often been in direct contradiction to nature, who, like a kind mother, exerts herself only to preserve.

Of all ruins, Spain itself, morally and physically, is the most impressive ; her soil is strewn with broken temples and dynasties ; like Palmyra and Balbeck, the vast fragments denote the colossal proportions of former magnificence. The moral of this noble land and nation, fallen from a high estate, is most impressive, and teaches how vicious institutions in church and state can neutralize—nay, convert into evil—a soil and people which Providence had destined for good, in a lavish gift of her choicest favours ; and Foy (ii. 271) has remarked with equal truth and eloquence, that "*Le peuple Espagnol a brillé sur la terre, sans avoir traversé la civilisation : il ne s'est pas mêlé aux autres peuples. Il est resté avec ses habitudes et ses vertus natives : c'est un roi détrôné, qui n'a pas perdu le souvenir de sa puissance, et que l'infortune a renversé sans l'humilier.*" The *noble people of Spain* stand yet upright as a column amid ruins ; they are the material on which the edifice of future prosperity is to be supported : they are *the object*, the best and proper study of mankind.

The sculpture therefore of Spain is comparatively modern, and consists chiefly of religious and sepulchral subjects. In one branch it is very peculiar, and without any rival in Europe, and this is the dressed and painted images which are placed in chapels, or carried about in the streets for public adoration. These are the identical *ξοανα*, the *εἰδωλα*, the idols which the lust of the human eye required, the *doli* or cheats of the devil, whence St. Isidoro derives the name of an invention which nowhere now rules more triumphantly than in his own Seville. The Spanish names *Simulacros Imagenes* are as little changed from the Roman *Simulacra Imagines*, as the objects to which they once were applied. Those familiar with ancient art will be struck with beholding how little even *subjects* have been changed. The Virgin and Child have taken the place of Isis and Horus, and of Cupid and Venus ; Santiago has of Mars ; San Miguel and San Jorge, with their dragons, of Horus and Apophis, Apollo and Python, Hercules and Hydra, and of all those myths which represent the victory

obtained by the good, over the evil principle, or old serpent; Esculapius has been converted into San Roque, whence our term, "sound as a roach;" San Antonio of Padua and San Francisco exercise by preaching the same influence over fishes and beasts which Amphion and Orpheus did by fiddling; Sa. Teresa is either a Sibyl or a Muse; and San Cristobal nothing but "Cœlifer Atlas."

The great demand for these carvings has induced many first-rate artists in Spain to devote themselves to this branch of sculpture; hence Cano, Montañes, Roldan, Becerra, Juni, and Hernandez rank exactly as Dædalus, Emilis, and the Telchines did among the antients. Their works have a startling identity: the stone statues of monks actually seem petrifications of a once living being; many others are exquisitely conceived and executed; unfortunately, from the prudery of draperies, much of the anatomical excellence is concealed: from being clothed and painted they are failures as works of art, strictly speaking, for they attempt too much. The essence of statuary is *form*, and to clothe a statue, said Byron, is like translating Dante: a *marble* statue never deceives; it is the colouring it that does, and is a trick beneath the severity of sculpture. The imitation of life may surprise, but, like colossal toys, barbers' blocks, and Madame Tussaud's wax-work figures, it can only please the ignorant and children of a large or small growth, to whom a painted doll gives more pleasure than the Apollo Belvidere. Many of the smaller *ξοανα* are preserved in glass cases, exactly like our surgical preparations. The resemblance is obvious, and cannot give pleasure, from the absence of life. The imitation is so exact in form and colour, that it suggests the painful idea of a dead body, which a statue does not. But no feeling for fine art or good taste entered into the minds of those who set up those tinsel images. They made sculpture the slave of their end and system; they used it to feed the eye of the illiterate many; to put before those who could not read, a visible tangible object, which realised a legend or a dogma; and there is no mistake in the subject which was intended to be thus represented; nothing was risked by trusting to the abstract and spiritual. Now that these graven images are removed into museums from the altar, and dethroned as it were from Olympus, they, like sacred Spanish pictures, have lost much of their prestige, and have become objects of study to the artist, instead of fear and veneration to devotees. Torn from the semi-gloom of the chapel and cloister, they are robbed of much of the *religio loci*, and now stand staring and out of place like monks turned out of their cells into the public streets, and the cheat is explained; and those alone who, like ourselves, have seen them in their original positions, can estimate how much they have lost both in a devotional and artistical point of view.

The Spanish painted and dressed images tally in the minutest particulars with those which were introduced from Babylon and Egypt into Greece and Rome. Those who wish to pursue this subject are referred particularly to Müller, *Hand-buch der Kunst*, p. 42 et seq. Marble statues were quite a late introduction in Italy (Plin. 'Nat. Hist.,' xxxiv. 7), and are still very rare in Spain. Cedar and the resinous woods were preferred as being "eternal" as the immortal gods themselves (Plin. 'N. H.,' xiii. 5). The Cyllenian Mercury was made of the arbor vitæ, *Θυου*, the exact Alerce of Spain, *ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius*. When decayed they were replaced. Pliny, jun. (Ep. ix. 39), writes to his architect, Mustius, to make or get him a new Ceres, as the old one was wearing out. The artists became famous; thus Pausanias (ii. 19. 3) mentions the *ξοανον* of Argos, the work of Attalus the Athenian, just as Ponz would cite the San Jeronimo of Montañes at Italica. It is impossible to read Pausanias, and his accounts of the statues new and old, the temples ruined and rebuilt, without being struck how closely the facts and objects therein pointed

out tally with parallels now offered in Spain; then some *ξοανα*, as is the case in Spain at this moment, were made of baked clay, or *terra cotta*, because, as he says, they were cheaper; and although the profane Juvenal (Sat. xi. 115) and Josephus (contr. Ap. ii. 35) laughed at these makeshifts, they answered the purposes for which they were intended just as well then as now. The resemblance is equally striking as regards ages, attributes, colours, and dresses. Thus Pliny ('Nat. Hist.' ii. 7) mentions, that some gods were always young, others always old, some had hair, some were bald: thus San Juan and Sⁿ. Sebastian, comely and fair haired, represent Apollo and Bacchus, while Sⁿ. Pedro, always bald, represents Esculapius, as San José, always aged, does Saturn. And see Cicero, 'N. D.' i. 30. The gods of the Heathens were always distinguished by some particular instrument or symbol, in exact imitation of which S^a. Catalina bears the palm of Juno, San Roque the staff or crook of Osiris, Santo Domingo the torch and dog, the Cerberus of the hell-born furies; San Vicente has his crow, as Jupiter his eagle; S^a. Teresa has her dove, like Venus, just as Minerva had her owl, &c. The ancient *ξοανα* had also their prescriptive colours. Re of Egypt, like Pan, was painted red; Osiris, black and green; the Athena of Skiras, white, while Apollo's face was frequently gilded. Thus in Spain the Virgin in 'La Concepcion,' is always painted in blue and white; St. John is always dressed in green, and Judas Iscariot in yellow: "and so intimately," says Blanco White (p. 289), "is this circumstance associated with the idea of the traitor, that it is held in universal discredit." Persons taken to execution are clad in yellow serge. That colour was also adopted by the Inquisition for their *san benito*, or dress of heresy and infamy. The hair of Judas is always red; of Rosalind's "dissembling colour something browner than Judas's." Athenæus (v. 7), describes the *Paso* of Bacchus being carried by sixty men, and by an ingenious mechanism: his *αγαλμα* was clad in purple, and that of his nurse Nyssa in yellow. Much of this, no doubt, is based on immemorial traditions, which are preserved by these formulæ. As the ancient temples, like the Christian churches in the middle ages, were highly painted with blue, vermilion, and gilding, in an artistical point of view, it became necessary to dress and colour the idols up to the general tone of everything around them; they otherwise would have had a cold and ineffective character. The colouring in Spain was deemed of such importance, that Alonzo Cano and Montañes frequently stipulated that no one but themselves should paint the images which they carved. These figures were treated by the ancients exactly as if they were living deities. Real food was provided for them, which their good chaplains saw was duly consumed. They were washed and dressed by their own attendants (S. Aug. 'Civ. Dei,' vi. 10). These *palladia* spoke, perspired, bled, and wept (Livy, xliii. 13), just as many do in Spain, whereby, as Palonimo (i. 203) justly remarks, "the Church has been much enriched, and innumerable souls converted." In Spain no man is allowed to undress the *Paso* or *sagrada imagen* of the Virgin. So the idol of Ceres could only be waited upon by women and virgins (Cic. 'In Ver.' iv. 45). Some images, like queens, have their *camerera mayor*, their mistress of the robes, and their boudoir, or *camerin*, where their toilet is made. This duty has now devolved on venerable single ladies, and thence has become a term of reproach, *ha quedado para vestir imagines*, just as Turnus derided Alecto, when disguised as an old woman, "cura tibi effigies Divum, et templa tueri." The making and embroidering the superb dresses of the Virgin afford constant occupation to the wealthy and devout, and is one reason why this Moorish manufacture still thrives pre-eminently in Spain. Her costume, when the *Pasos* are borne in triumphal procession through the streets, forms the object of envy, critique, and admiration. Much the same takes place in China,

where Col. Ellis was “startled” with the identity of the splendidly dressed idol of the “Queen of Heaven,” with the Madonna of Romanism.

All this dressing is very ancient. We have in Callimachus the rules for toilette and oiling the hair of the *ἱεραὶ* of Minerva; any man who saw it naked was banished from Argos. This is the meaning of the myth of Acteon and Diana. The grave charge brought against Clodius by Cicero was, that he had profaned the *Bona Dea* by his presence. The wardrobe of Isis was provided at the public cost (Plut. ‘De Isid.’ 78); and Osiris had his state-dress, *ἱερὸν κοσμον*. The Peplum of Minerva was the fruit of the five years’ work of Athenian matrons and virgins. Castæ velamine Divæ. The Roman *signa* were so well dressed, that it was considered to be a compliment to compare a fine lady to one. Plaut. ‘Epid.’ (v. 1, 18). The ancients paid much more attention to the decorum and propriety of costume than the Spanish clergy. In the remote villages and in the mendicant convents the most ridiculous masquerades were exhibited, such as the Saviour in a court-dress, with wig and breeches, whereat the Duc de St. Simon was so offended (xx. 113). The traveller will see stranger sights even than this. If once a people can be got to fancy that a mannequin is their god, if they can get over this first step, nothing else ought to create either a smile or surprise. Some figures only have heads, feet, and arms, the body being left a mere block, because destined to be covered with drapery: these are called *imagenes á vestir*, images to be dressed, and are exactly those described by Pausanias (ii. 2. 6). These *Pasos* are only brought out on grand occasions, principally during the holy week. The rest of the year they are stowed away, like the properties of a theatre, in regular store-houses, the exact ancient *Favissæ*, and for these the curious traveller should enquire. The expense is very great, both in the construction and costume of the machinery, and in the number of persons employed in managing and attending the ceremonial. The French invasion, the progress of poverty, and advance of intellect, have tended to reduce the number of *Pasos*, which amounted, previously, to more than fifty in Seville alone. Every parish had its own figure or group, which were paraded in the Holy Week; particular incidents of our Saviour’s passion were represented by companies, *Cofradías*, *Hermandades*, brotherhoods or *guilds* (from *gelt*, their annual contribution): and these took their name from the image or mystery which they upheld: they were the *ἱερὴ εἰκὼν* of the Rosetta stone, the *Κωμασταὶ* of Clemens Alex. (‘Strom.’ v. 242). the ancient *εταῖραι*, the Sodalitates (see Cicero, ‘De Senec.’ 13), the unions, which in Rome were so powerful, numerous, and well organized, that Julius Cæsar alone could put them down (Suet. 43). The King of Spain is generally the *Hermano Mayor*. These lodges are constituted on the masonic principle; their affairs are directed by the *Teniente Hermano Mayor nombrado por S. M.* There is no lack of fine sounding appellations or paraphernalia, in which Orientals and Spaniards delight; and, however great the present distress, money is seldom wanting, for these ceremonies gratify many national peculiarities. First, the show delights old and young, then it is an excuse for a holiday, for making most days in the week a Sunday, and for exhibition of dress hallowed with a character of doing a religious duty. The members, as among our Freemasons, thus gratify their personal vanity and love of parade, costume, and titles; and their tinsel tomfoolery, moreover, passes for a meritorious act. After the suppression of convents, and appropriation of church property, a new tax was imposed, called *contribucion de culto y clero*, ostensibly to defray the salaries of the plundered priests and their religious ceremonials. This payment, inadequate in itself, it need not be said was seldom booked up, as the proceeds were misapplied by the government; very little reached the clergy, who have no bayonets. Accord-

ingly they, and their shows, and processions, were supported by private and voluntary contributions; and as they still command in the confessional-box, they seldom failed or ever will fail to extract largely from pious devotees and rich sinners who require indulgences and absolutions. Some revenue is also derived by the sale of "wax-ends." The candles lighted in these processions obtain a peculiar sanctity; they avert lightning, and are very beneficial on death-beds in securing salvation, and therefore are greedily purchased by women at treble their original cost.

Seville and Valencia are the head-quarters of these *Lectisternia*, *Anteludia*, and processions. The holy week is the chief period; when we behold these and read the classics, time and space are annihilated. We are carried back to Arnobius (lib. vii.), "Lavatio Deum matris est hodie—Jovis epulum cras est—lectisternium Cereris est idibus proximis:" and the newspapers of the day now give the same previous notice. The images are moved on platforms, *Andas*, and pushed on by men concealed under draperies. The *Pasos* are just as heavy to the weary "as were Bel and Nebo" (Isaiah xli. 1). Among the ancients, not only the images of the gods, but the sacred boat of Osiris, the shrine of Isis, the ark of the Jews, were borne on staves, as are some of the smaller *custodia* in Spain. Those who wish to compare analogies between ancient and modern superstition, are referred to the sixth chapter of Baruch, wherein he describes the Babylonian *Pasos*,—their dresses, the gilding, the lights, &c., or to Athenæus (v. 7) and Apuleius ('Met.' ii. 241), who have forestalled much of what takes place in Spain, especially as regards the *Pasos* of the Virgin. Thus the Syrian Venus was carried by an inferior order of priests: Apuleius calls them *Pastofori*, the Spaniards might fairly term theirs *Pasofori*; *Paso*, strictly speaking, means the figure of the Saviour during his passion. The *Paso*, however, of the Virgin is the most popular, and her gold-embroidered and lace pocket handkerchief sets the fashion for the season to the Andalusian dandyettes. This is the exact *Megalesia* in honour of the mother of the gods, the great goddess *μεγαληθεος*, which took place in April (see Pitiscus, in voce, for the singular coincidences); the *paso* of Salambo, the Babylonian Astarte Aphrodite (see Hesychius), was carried through Seville with all the Phœnician rites even down to the third century. Santas Rufina and Justina, the present patronesses of the cathedral tower, were torn to pieces by the populace for insulting the image; which would infallibly be the case should any one presume to do the same to the *Sagrada imagen de la Virgen del mayor dolor y traspaso*, which is now carried at about the same time through the same streets and almost precisely in the same manner; indeed, Florez admits ('E. S.' ix. 3) that the *Paso* of Salambo represented the *grief and agony* felt by Venus for the death of Adonis. A female goddess always has been popular among all Southrons. Thus Venus, when carried in *Pompa*, on an ivory *Andas*, round the circus, was hailed with the same deafening applause, te Dea major eris! (Ovid, 'Art. Am.' i. 147, iii. 43) as the goddess Doorga, when borne on her gorgeous throne, draws from the admiring Hindoos at this day, and he *Santissima* does from Spaniards. There is little new under the sun, and still less in human devices. Every superb superstition has been anticipated by Paganism, and every grovelling vagary of dissent by the fanatics and impostors of the early ages of the church; these things of the present day have not even the poor merit of originality.

However these *ζοανα* and their processions have hitherto been neglected by writers on Spain, there are few subjects more interesting to the classical antiquarian, and no hand-book would have done its office without thus briefly suggesting them for observation. But there is another branch of sculpture in which Spain is singularly rich, and which has even higher claims to notice. These are images *not made by mortal hands*, and called by Cardinal Baronius, *imagines*

non manufactæ. The Spanish term is, *imagenes aparecidas*—images that have appeared miraculously, either by revealing themselves to pious rustics in caves and thickets, where they were concealed by the Goths at the Moorish invasion, or by descending directly from heaven. Their exact prototype will be found in antiquity. They were called by the Greeks *Διοπετα*, as falling from Jupiter, and *Αγαλματα απευτα αχειροποιήτα*; and not images alone, but other objects as well. Such was the Palladium of Troy, *cœlone peractum fluxit opus*; such the *lapsa ancilia cœlo* of Numa; such the *Cinta* and *Cazulla* of the Virgin (see Tortosa and Toledo). Indeed the Minerva of Ilion and tutelar of the city tallies in every respect with the *Virgen del Pilar* of Zaragoza. These heaven-wrought *Palladia*, however rude, as compared to the exquisite statuary of Cano or Hernandez, were naturally treated with far greater reverence, and the miracles which they continually wrought passed all reasonable belief; wisely, therefore, were they appealed to in public and private calamities, appointed to command armies, to superintend difficult surgical cases, &c. The French invaders, possibly dreading their opposition, destroyed many of them; and others have disappeared, doubtlessly reconcealing themselves until better times return. Some, however, have escaped, and are the pride and protection of their districts; they will be carefully pointed out. None can understand this branch of divine art without the standard work of Villafane (*Compendio Historico*, folio, Mad. 1740); it is the church-authorised record; it details the revelation and miracles of no less than 189 heavenly and holy images of the Virgin, for it excludes all those concerning which there can be a shadow of doubt. In addition to this wholesale book almost every supernatural image has its own authentic volume, which will always be cited, and the best and authentic edition named.

NO. 12.—ARTISTICAL TOURS.—PAINTING.

Seville.	Escorial, C.	Toledo, C.
Badajoz, C.	Madrid, C.	Valencia, C.

Wilkie called Spain the Timbuctoo of artists. It is indeed a *terra incognita* of a great and national school of artists, of whom, with the exception of Velazquez, Murillo, and a few others, even the names have scarcely trauspired beyond the Pyrenees. Art, like everything in that isolated and little-visited land, has long remained hermetically sealed up. The *collecting* propensities of sundry French generals did her a good turn, although one perfectly unintended. They emancipated many of her imprisoned disciples, who thus were admitted into the fellowship of the great masters of the rest of Europe.

Yet the knowledge of Spanish art is still vague and uncertain; beyond Velazquez and Murillo few paintings have any marketable value. They are not the fashion, and from not being understood are not appreciated. There are three grand schools in Spain; first and foremost is that of Seville, secondly that of Valencia, and thirdly that of the Castiles or Madrid; and these again (Velazquez excepted), in local and uncommunicating Spain, are best to be studied in their own homes, hanging like ripe oranges on their native branches.

Few cities in Spain possess good collections of pictures, and, with the exception of the capital, those which do are seldom enriched with any specimens of *foreign* schools, for such is that of Valencia as regards Seville, and *vice versâ*. The Spaniards have ever used their art as they do their wines, and other gifts of the soil; they just consume what is produced on the spot and the nearest at hand, ignorant and indifferent as regards all other, even be they of a higher quality.

The general character of the Spanish school of painting is grave, religious, draped, dark, natural, and decent. The church, the great patron, neither looked

to Apelles or Raphael, to Venus or the Graces : she employed painting to decorate her churches, not private residences ; to furnish objects of devotion, not of beauty or delight ; to provide painted books for those who could not read printed ones ; to disseminate and fix on the popular memory those especial subjects by which *her* system was best supported, *her* purposes answered, and what Tacitus calls the “*sacra ignorantia*” of her flocks maintained ; and this accounts for the *professional* character of Spanish art, which, as old Thomas Coryate (ii. 256) observed at Frankfort, contains “a world of excellent pictures, inventions of singular curiosity, whereof most were religious and such as tended to mortification :” hence the hagiographic, hieratic, legendary, and conventional character of the compositions. The jealous church, in her palmy power, treated art like the priests of Egypt ; it was to be silent, impassive, and immutable. She exacted a stern adhesion to an established model ; she forbade any deviation from her religious type. To have changed an attitude or attribute would have been a change of Deity : thus the rude conceptions of an unartistic period were repeated by men of a later and better age, whose creative inventions were fettered to a prescribed formula. But the artists, even if they had wished it, did not dare offend a patron by whose commissions alone they lived ; as among the Pagans, the painting the Virgin gave them fame and bread :

—————“*Pictores ab Iside pasci
Quis nescit ?*”

The most distinguished, however, partook of the deep sincerity of a religious age and people. Luis de Vargas and Juanes were eminently devout, and, like Angelico da Fiesole, never ventured to paint the Virgin without purifying and exalting their minds by previous prayer : so, in the more religious days of Rome, Amulius never dared to paint Minerva except *togatus*, that is, in grand costume (Plin. ‘Nat. Hist.’ xxxv. 10). These early artists were upheld by faith ; they believed even in the wildest legends : hence their earnestness and honesty. It was only when Romanism itself began to be questioned, under the shadow of the tiara itself, that M. Angelo, the Luther of art, headed the reformation, and broke through conventional trammels. Form led the way, and fascinating colour followed ; then pleasure, sensuality, and ostentation succeeded, until the religious apostasy of art insured its degradation. It became of earth and earthy, for never, either in ancient or modern ages, has art aspired to or attained its highest elevation without being ordained as it were and consecrated to the service of the altar. Being mortal, it contained in itself the germ of corruption ; first the handmaid of the church, then the slave of its superstitions ; first the exponent of creeds and religion, then the pandar of the worst passions.

Spain, isolated alike by geography and the palisadoes of the Inquisition, was long the last hold of the papacy ; it held out until the end of the sixteenth century, when Herrera in painting, and Juni in sculpture, followed in the wake of Italy, then drunk with form and beauty ; but what art gained in attraction she lost in religious simplicity, sentiment, and impression ; her works were admired, not worshipped, and they inspired pleasure rather than awe and veneration.

Still the Holy Tribunal stood sentinel over author and artist : An inspector—*ensor y veedor*—was appointed, whose duty it was to visit the studios of sculptors and painters, either to destroy or to paint over the slightest deviation from the manner which their rubric laid down for treating sacred subjects. Pacheco,*

* *Arte de Pintura, su Antigüedad y Grandezas, por Fro. Pacheco, 4to. : Simon Fawardo, Sevilla, 1649.* This work is so scarce that Cicognara, in his *Catálogo Ragionato*, does not seem to have known of its existence. Mr. Heber only possessed an imperfect copy. Neither Brunet nor Salva mention it. It contains 641 pages, and two of index. The amateur should secure, whenever he can, *Los Dialogos de la Pintura, por Vincencio Carducho. Fro. Martinez,*

the father-in-law of Velazquez, details in his official character, in 270 pages, the orthodox receipts for the usual class of devotional pictures. Although these strict rules have been latterly relaxed, yet down to 1790 every sort of caricature against religious matters, every sort of indecent or even free representation in painting, sculpture, or engraving, was prohibited (Regla xi. Indice Expurg.). Hence the fine arts of Spain are singularly chaste—they are honourably distinguished by a total absence of that lascivious prostitution of art by which youth is corrupted, morality offended, and decency and good sense insulted. Thus, when Italy poured forth her voluptuous nymphs, her Venuses, her naked Graces, which the discovery and rising taste for the antique reconciled and endeared to their tastes, the prudery of veiled Spain took fright. This class of paintings was prohibited, or the nudities of those that crept in were covered with drapery. The doctors of Salamanca pronounced it to be a deadly sin, *pecado mortal*, to possess them (Carducho, 123); the painters were liable to excommunication (Palom. ii. 137). Carducho mentions that the soul of an artist had appeared to his confessor to inform him that he was confined to fast in fire until a free picture which he had painted should be burnt for him. Ancient Greek art was naked; the inflammatory effect was neutralised by the constant and familiar exposition of nudity at the public games—even the goddesses unveiled their immortal charms. “*Nec fuerat nudas pœna videre deas.*” The judgment of Paris was not then hampered by millinery: Venus sat herself to Praxiteles, *favente Deâ*, naked and not ashamed, just as Madame Borghese did to Canova, without minding it, because there was a fire in the room. Few Spaniards have ever known that feeling for art for itself, that perception of the beautiful, which among the ancient Grecians and the modern Italians has triumphed over the severe dignity of religion. Such Gothic scruples furnished jests at St. Peter’s, where Priagio de Cesena, when he objected to the nudities of the Last Judgment, only got the nickname of *Il Braghetone*, for want of both judgment and inexpressibles; but your old Castilian in loyalty and religion was anything but a *Sans-culotte*.

A Spanish Venus, at least on canvass, is yet a desideratum among amateurs. Those of Titian and Paduanino, which are in the royal collection of Madrid, blush unseen—they, with all other improper company of that sort, Ledas, Danaës, and so forth, were lumped together, just as the naughty epigrams of Martial are collected in one appendix in well-intentioned editions; the peccant pictures were all consigned into an under-ground apartment, *la galleria reservada*, into which no one was admitted without an especial permission. Nothing gave the Holy Tribunal greater uneasiness than how Adam and Eve in Paradise, the blessed souls burning in purgatory, the lady who tempted St. Anthony, or the last Day of Judgment, were to be painted, circumstances in which small clothes and long clothes would be highly misplaced. Both Palomino (ii. 137) and Pacheco (201) handle these delicate subjects very tenderly. Describing the celebrated Last Judgment of Martin de Vos, at Seville, Pacheco relates how a bishop informed him that he had chanced, when only a simple monk, to perform service before this group of nakedness—the mitre had not obliterated the dire recollections; he observed (he had been a sailor in early life) that rather than celebrate mass before it again, he would face a hurricane in the Gulf of Bermuda. The moral effect of the awful day of judgment was so much counterbalanced by the immoral deshabile.

Mad. 1633. This octavo is illustrated with etchings, which is a rare occurrence in Spanish books. It contains many very curious anecdotes concerning Charles I. and his manner of passing his time among the artists at Madrid. The *Museo Pittorico*, by Antonio Palomino 3 vols. fol. Mad., 1795, will be found to be useful for some practical purposes.

Spanish pictures, on the whole, like Spanish beauties, will, at first sight, disappoint all those whose tastes have been formed beyond the Pyrenees; they may indeed improve upon acquaintance, and from the want of anything better: again the more agreeable subjects are seldom to be seen in Spain, for these naturally have been the first to be removed by the iron or gold of foreigners, who have left the gloomy and ascetic behind; thus, in all Spain, not ten of Murillo's gipsy and beggar pictures are to be found, and the style by which he is best known in England is that by which he will be least recognised in his native land.

One word of advice on making *purchases in Spain*. A notion exists, because few people have been there curiosity-collecting, that it is ungleaned ground. Nothing can be more erroneous. The market never was well provided with literary or artistical wares: the rich cared not for these things, and the clergy made art subservient to religion, and tied it up in mortmain. Whatever there was, has been pretty well cleared out, during the war by the swords of invaders, and since the peace by the purses of amateurs. Those who expect to be able to pick up good things for nothing, *de gangas*, will be wofully disappointed in Spain. Let them beware of the '*extraordinary luck of getting for an old song—by the merest chance in the world—an ORIGINAL Murillo or Velazquez.*' These bargains are, indeed, plentiful as blackberries. But when the fortunate amateur has paid for them, their packing, freight, duty, repairing, lining, cleaning, framing, and hanging, he will be in a frame of mind to suspend himself. Sad is *desengaño*, the change which will come over the spirit of his bargain, when seen through the flattering medium of the paid or unpaid bills, and the yellow London fog, instead of the first-love sight under the cheerful sun of Spain. Again, Spanish pictures are on a large scale, having been destined for the altars of churches and chapels of magnificent proportions; and hence arises another inconvenience, in addition to the too frequent repulsiveness of the subjects, that they are ill-adapted to the confined rooms of private English houses, nay even to those of France. It is true that these pictures, by being placed in London and Paris, are more accessible to Europe than in the remote churches and convents of Spain; but the productions of artists, who were employed by priest and monk, necessarily became tinged with *their* all-pervading, all-dominant sentiment. The subjects of cowed Inquisidores, the Mæcenates of Spain, look dark, gloomy, and repulsive, when transported, like hooded owls, into the daylight and judgment of sensual Paris, or coupled with the voluptuous groupings of siren Italy. But Spanish art, like her literature, is with few exceptions the expression of a people long subject to a bigoted ascetic despot, and fettered down to conventional rules and formulæ, diametrically opposed to beauty and grace, and with which genius had to struggle. Seen in dimly-lighted chapels, these paintings, part and parcel of the edifices and the system, were in harmony with all around; and those who painted them calculated on given places and intentions, all of which are changed and taken away in the Louvre: restore them to their original positions, and they will regain their power, effect, and meaning.

The Spanish school is remarkable for an absence of the ideal. Religion there has been so much materialized, that the representations and exponents of necessity partook more of the flesh than the spirit, more of humanity than divinity; it seldom soared above the lower regions of reality. The Deity was anthropomorphised; to seek whose form was thought even by Pliny ('N. H.' ii. 7) to be *human imbecility*. The monkish saints, raised from the ranks to this Olympus, were designed after the vulgar models of conventual life: thus they held out to the masses the prospect of an equal elevation. The Capuchins painted by Murillo, the Jesuits by Roelas, and the Carthusians by Zurbaran, almost step out of their frames, and do all but move and speak.

The absence of good antique examples of a high style, the prohibition of

nudity—the essence of sculpture, the semi-Moorish abhorrence of anatomical dissection, all conspired to militate against the learned drawing of the M. Angelo school. The great charm of the Spanish school is the truth of representation of Spanish life and nature. Despising the foreigner and his methods, and trusting little to ideal conception, the artists went to *the nature*, by which they were surrounded, for everything. Hence, Velazquez and Murillo, like Cervantes, come home at once to the countrymen of Reynolds, Wilson, and Shakspeare, nature's darling. They have, indeed, been said to be the anticipation of our school, but more correctly speaking they only preceded us, who, without inter-communication, arrived at similar results by adopting similar means. Both countries drank at the same source and learned their lesson of the same mistress, who never is untrue to those who turn truly to her. The varieties are such as necessarily must arise from difference of climate, manners, religion, and other *extrinsic* disturbing influences; both, while preserving a distinct nationality and a peculiar *borracha* and raciness, are united by this common *intrinsic* bond, the study and reflection of nature: hence the kindred feeling and love of us English for the great masters of Spain, who are infinitely less appreciated, although more prated about, by other people, to whose cherished canons of taste, whether as regards the drama or pallet, they are diametrically opposed, or rather *were*; for modern Spaniards, deserting Murillo, Velazquez, and nature, have, in their present dearth of talent, turned, like the desert-benighted Israelites, even in the presence of truth, to worship false gods and bow down to molten calves, to Mengs and David.

No. 13. MINERAL BATHS.

These are very numerous, and were always much frequented. In every part of the Peninsula such names as *Caldas*, the Roman *Calidas*, and *Alhama*, the Arabic *Al-hāmūn*, denote the continuance of baths, in spite of the changes of nations and language. From *Al-hāmūn*, the *Hhamman* of Cairo, our Covent Garden Hummums are derived. Very different are the Spanish accommodations; they are mostly rude, inadequate, and inconvenient. The Junta suprema de Sanidad, or Official Board of Health, has published a list of the names of the principal baths, and their proper seasons. At each a medical superintendent resides, who is appointed by government.

Names of Baths.	Province.	Vicinity.	Seasons.
Chiclana	Andalucia.	Cadiz.	June to October.
Paterna de la Rivera	do.	Medina Sidonia.	June to September.
Arenocillo	do.	Cordova.	do. do.
Horcajo	do.	do.	{ May to June. August to September.
Alhama	do.	Granada.	{ April to June. September to Oct.
Graena	do.	Purullena.	{ May to June. August to October.
Lanjaron	do.	Lanjaron.	May to September.
Sierra Alamilla. . . .	do.	Almeria.	{ May to June. September to Oct.
Guarda vieja	do.	do.	do. do.
Marmolejo	do.	Jaen.	{ April to June. September to Nov.
Frailes	do.	do.	June to September.
Carratraca	do.	Malaga.	do. do.

Names of Baths.	Province.	Vicinity.	Seasons.
Archena.	Murcia.	Murcia.	{ April to June. September to Oct.
Busot.	Valencia.	Alicante.	{ May to June. September to Oct.
Bellús	do.	Xativa.	{ April to June. September to Oct.
Villa vieja	do.	Castellon.	{ May to July. August to September.
Caldas de Monbuy	Catalonia.	Mataró.	{ May to July. September to Oct.
Olesa y Esparraguera	do.	Barcelona.	July to September.
Alhama	Arragon.	Calatayud.	June to September.
Quinto	do.	Zaragoza.	May to September.
Tierras	do.	Cinco-villas.	do. do.
Panticosa	do.	Huesca.	June to September.
Segura	do.	Daroca.	May to September.
Fitero	Navarra.	Pamplona.	do. do.
Hervideros	La Mancha.	Ciudad Real.	June to September.
Fuencaliente	do.	do.	May to June.
Solan de Cabras	New Castile.	Cuenca.	June to September.
Sacedon	do.	Guadalajara.	do. do.
Trillo	do.	do.	do. do.
El Molar	do.	Madrid.	do. do.
Ledesma	Old Castile.	Salamanca.	do. do.
Arnedillo	do.	Logroño.	do. do.
Alange	Estremadura.	Badajoz.	do. do.
Monte mayor	do.	Caceres.	do. do.
Arteijo	Gallicia.	La Coruña.	July to September.
Lugo	do.	do.	June to September.
Carballino	do.	Orense.	July to September.
Cortegada	do.	do.	June to September.
Caldas de Reyes	do.	Pontevedra.	July to September.
Caldelas de Tuy	do.	do.	do. do.
Cestona	Guipuzcoa.		June to September.
La Hermida.	Asturias.	Santander.	do. do.

NO. 14. TOUR FOR THE IDLER AND MAN OF PLEASURE.

Perhaps this class of travellers had better go to Paris or Naples. Spain is not a land of fleshly comforts, or of social sensual civilization. *Oh! dura tellus Iberiæ!*—God there sends the meat, and the evil one cooks:—there are more altars than kitchens—*des milliers de prêtres et pas un cuisinier.*

Life in the country is a Bedouin Oriental existence. The inland unfrequented towns are dull and poverty-stricken. Madrid itself is but a dear second-rate inhospitable city; the maritime seaports, as in the East, from being frequented by the foreigner, are more cosmopolitan, more cheerful and amusing. Generally speaking, as in the East, public amusements are rare. The calm contemplation of a cigar, and a *dolce far niente*, *siestose* quiet indolence with unexciting twaddle, suffice; while to some nations it is a pain to be out of pleasure, to the Spaniard it is a pleasure to be out of painful exertion: leave me, leave me, to repose and tobacco. When however awake, the *Alameda*, or church show, and the bull-fight, are the chief relaxations. These will be best enjoyed in the

Southern provinces, the land also of the song and dance, of bright suns and eyes, and not the largest female feet in the world.

No. 15. RELIGIOUS FESTIVALS TOUR.

Religion has long been mixed up in every public, private, and social relation of Spain. The intelligent and powerful clergy, jealous of any rival, interfered with the popular amusements, and monopolized them: the chief of these, in a country where there are very few, were the *Auto de Fés*, Processions, *Rosarios*, Pilgrimages, and church ceremonials and festivals. These have also given employment to the finest art.

The recent reforms have closed the convent, the grand theatre of monastic melo-drama, and once the leading item of public recreation. The monasteries and their inmates, white, blue, and grey, have, with all their miracles and pantomimes, been scheduled away; while the impoverished church has no longer the means of performing those more solemn and magnificent spectacles of ceremonial and music for which the Peninsula was unrivalled. Those which still remain, together with the leading pilgrimages, the holiday of the provincial peasantry, will be duly noticed in their proper places. Although only a shadow of the past, the Holy Week is observed with much solemnity and pomp, and with many circumstances peculiar to the Spanish church. Seville is by far the best town for this striking and solemn ceremonial.

The *Dia de Corpus* is the next grand festival. This movable feast takes place the first Thursday after Trinity Sunday. It is splendidly got up, with public processions through the streets in even the smallest villages. Valencia, Seville, Toledo, Granada, Santiago, and Barcelona are the most remarkable; but all the chief cities reserve their magnificence for this occasion. Particular towns have also their particular holidays: *e. g.* Madrid, that of S^a Isidro; Seville, that of S^t Ferdinand; Valencia, of San Vicente de Ferrer; Pamplona, of S^a Fermin; Santiago, of S^t James.

In Spain, as in the East, the duty of performing certain pilgrimages was formerly one of the absolute precepts of faith. Spain abounds in sacred spots and "high places." *Montserrat* was their Ararat, *Zaragoza* and *Santiago* their Medina and Mecca. These were the grand sites to which it once was necessary to "go up." See particularly our remarks at each of them; in process of time the monks provided also for every village some consecrated spot, which offered a substitute for these distant and expensive expeditions: they will perish with the dissolution of monasteries, which derived the greatest benefit from their observance. Few pilgrims ever visited the sacred spot without contributing their mite towards the keeping up the chapel, and the support of the holy man or brotherhood to whose especial care it was consigned. "No penny no pater-noster;" and masses must be paid for, as diamonds, pearls, and other matters, and the greatest sinners are the best customers. Although lighter in purse, the pilgrim on his return took rank in his village, and, as in the East, was honoured as a *Hadji*; the Spanish term is *Romero*, which some have derived from Roma, one who had been to Rome, a roamer; others from the branch of rosemary, *Romero*, which they wore in their caps, which is a Scandinavian charm against witches; and this elfin plant, called by the Northmen *Ellegrem*, is still termed *alecrim* in Portugal. Thus our pilgrims were called Palmers, from bearing the palm-branch, and *Saunterers*, because returning from the Holy Land, *La Sainte Terre*. These *Romerias* and *Ferias*, the fairs, offer the only amusement and relaxation to their hard and continued life of labour: *Feria*, as the word implies, is both a *holy* day and a fair. It was everywhere found convenient to unite a little busi-

ness with devotion; while purer motives attracted from afar the religiously disposed, the sacred love of gold induced those who had wares to sell, to serve God and Mammon, by tempting the assembled pilgrims and peasants to carry back with them to their homes something more substantial than the abstract satisfaction of having performed this sort of conscientious duty. In every part of Spain, on the recurrence of certain days devoted to these excursions, men, women, and children desert their homes and occupations, their ploughs and spindles. The cell, hermitage, or whatever be the place of worship, is visited, and the day and night given up to song and dance, to drinking and wassail, with which, as with our skittles, these pilgrimages have much sympathy and association; indeed, if observance of rites formed any test, these festivals would appear especially devoted to Bacchus and Venus; the ulterior results are brought to light some nine months afterwards: hence the proverb considers a pilgrimage to be quite as attractive to *all* weak women as a marriage, *a Romerías y bodas, van las locas todas*. The attendance of female devotees at these alfresco expeditions, whether to *Missas de Madrugada*, masses of peep of day, or to *Virgines del Rocio*, Dew-Virgins, of course attracts all the young men, who come in saints' clothing to make love. Both sexes remain for days and nights together in woods and thickets, not *sub Jove frigido*, but amid the bursting, life-pregnant vegetation of the South. Accordingly, many a fair pilgrim *sale Romera y vuelve Ramera*; the deplorable consequences have passed into national truisms, *detras de la cruz, está el diablo*. Those who chiefly follow these love-meetings are, unfortunately, those whose enthusiasm is the most inflammable. In vain do they bear the cross on their bosoms, which cannot scare Satan from their hearts. *La cruz en los pechos, el diablo en los hechos*. This is the old story: "After the feast of Bel the people rose up to play." Bishop Patrick explains what the particular game was: *το μεθυσειν*, this getting drunk, is derived by Aristotle, *μετα το θυειν*, from the Methuen wine-treaty, which was always ratified on the conclusion of such religious congresses and sacrifices. However, the sight is so curious, that the traveller, during this time of the year, should make inquiries at the principal towns what and when are the most remarkable Fiestas and Romerías of the immediate neighbourhood. They are every day diminishing, for in Spain as in the East, where foreign civilization is at work, the transition state interferes with painters and authors of "Sketches," since the march of intellect and the exposure of popular fallacies is at least paring away something from religious and national festivities. Education, the rights and responsibilities of citizenship, and the consequent increased taxation, has both dispelled the bliss of ignorance and saddened the enlightened populace. Poverty and politics, cares for to-day and anxiety for the morrow, have damped a something of the former reckless abandon of uninstructed joyousness, and lessened the avidity for immediate and perhaps childish enjoyments. Many a picturesque custom and popular usage will pass away, to the triumph of the utilitarian and political economist, to the sorrow of the poet, the artist, and antiquarian. Now the *Progreso* with merciless harrow is tearing up many a wild flower of Spanish nature, which are to be rooted up before "bread-stuffs" can be substituted.

The most remarkable *Panteons*, or royal and private burial-places, are at the Escorial, Toledo, Guadalajara, Cuenca, Poblet, Ripoll, and San Juan de la Peña. But even these have suffered much; the destruction and profanation which commenced during the French invasion, having been carried fearfully out during the recent changes and chances of civil war. Many of the superb tombs erected in convents, which were founded by great men for their family burial-places, have been swept away from the face of the earth. They had previously been grossly neglected by the degenerate possessors of their names and estates, who,

however proud of the descent, were indifferent to the fate of the effigies of their "grandsires cut in alabaster." The feeling of respect for these monuments died away with the custom of erecting them; nor, even supposing that the patrons had had the inclination to protect them, would it have been in their power. The suppression of the convents was decreed in a hurry, and executed by popular violence. Their hatred against the monk, as a drone and Carlist, was stimulated by licensed plunder. Art and religion were trampled on alike; objects once the most revered became in the reaction the most abhorred; scarcely anything was respected; for had any sentiment of respect existed, the spirit which directed the movement never could have been roused up to demolition pitch. Here and there in the larger towns a few monuments have escaped, having been removed, as objects of art, to museums and other receptacles. It is true that they are thus preserved from destruction, but the *religio loci*, and the charm of original intention and associations, are lost for ever. Spain has in our time gone through a double visitation, which in England took place after long intervals. The French invasion represents the Reformation of Henry VIII., and the recent civil wars, those of our Charles I. In both a war of destruction was waged against palace and convent. Time has healed the wounds of our ecclesiastical ruins, but in Spain they remain in all the unsightliness of recent onslaught, still smoking, still, as it were, bleeding.

No. 16. ECCLESIOLOGICAL TOUR.

Seville, S.	Madrid, C.	Oviedo, R. S.
Cordova, C.	Avila, R.	Leon, R.
Jaen, C.	Escorial, R.	Burgos, R.
Granada, C.	Segovia, C.	Zaragoza, C.
Madrid, C.	Valladolid, R.	Huesca, R.
Toledo, C.	Salamanca, R.	Barcelona, C.
Cuenca, R.	Zamora, R.	Taragona, C. S.
Alcalá de Henares, R.	Santiago, R.	Valencia, C. S.

21. CHURCH AND ARCHITECTURAL TERMS.

The religious architecture in Spain is still of the highest and most varied quality, notwithstanding these deplorable ravages. In common with Spanish art and literature, it has been an exponent of the national mind during its different periods, and has shared in the rise, power, and decline of the monarchy. The earliest edifices erected after the Moorish conquest will naturally be found in the Asturias and Galicia, the cradles of Gotho-Spanish monarchy. These simple solid specimens, with round-headed arches, are termed by Spanish architects *Obras de los Godos*; *Gothic*, or the works of the Goth, which indeed they were, while the pointed style to which in English that term is most erroneously applied, has nothing whatever in common with that people, or their works. As the Spanish monarchy waxed stronger, it followed in the wake of Europe, with the peculiarity of a Moorish infusion. The rude Gotho-Spaniard employed Saracenic workmen for the ornamental, just as the Normans did in Sicily. This admixture prevails chiefly in the south and east. In Catalonia, and portions of Leon and Castile, the infusion is Norman, and was introduced by the French allies of the Spanish Christians. The earliest periods are marked by a simple, solid, Gothic style; for in the days of border foray, churches and convents, as now in Syria, served frequently as fortresses. Specimens of this period abound in Salamanca, Zamora, Santiago, and Oviedo, and generally to the north-west.

When the monarchy was consolidated under Ferdinand and Isabella, a more royal, florid, and ornate decoration was introduced. This was exchanged by their grandson Charles V. for the chivalrous cinque-cento, or renaissance, which Italy taught to Europe. This the Spaniards call the *Græco-Romano* style, and the term is well chosen, for it was more antique and Pagan than Christian. The newly discovered literature and arts of the classical ages, which engrossed and absorbed European attention, wrestled with the creed of the cross even in the churches themselves. The decorations of altars and sepulchres became mythological; tritons, flowers, and griffins disputed with monks, chaplets, and saints. This rich arabesque style the Spaniards appropriately called *el Plateresco*, from its resemblance to the chasings of silversmiths. It is also called the style of *Berruguete*, from the name of that great architect, sculptor, and painter, who carried it to such perfection. In the ornamental working of plate few countries can compete with Spain; she had her Cellinis in the family of the D'Arphes and the Becerriles; the age of Leo X. was that of her Charles V., when she was the dominant power of Europe. He was succeeded by Philip II., who, with all his faults, perfectly understood art, and was its most liberal encourager. He introduced a severer style, and abandoned the fantastic caprices of the *Berruguete* cinque-cento. The classical orders became the model, and especially the chaste Doric and graceful Ionic. This is termed the *Herrera* style, because much promulgated by that great architect, the builder of the Escorial, and appointed by Philip II., the sole supervisor of all the edifices of the Peninsula.

Architecture, which grew with the monarchy, shared in its decline. Thus, when the Gongoras corrupted literature with euphuism and conceit, this second expression of the spirit of the age was tortured by *Churriguerra*. This heresiarch of flagitious taste has bequeathed his name a warning to mankind. *El Churriguerismo*, *el Churrigueresque*, in the language of Spanish criticism, designates all that is bad and vicious; to wit, those piles of gilded wood, and fricassees of marbles, with which the old churches of Spain were unfortunately filled, by a well-intentioned mistaken desire to beautify. This was indeed the age of gold, when viceroys and officials, returning from distant dependencies with cankered heaps of strangely achieved gold, sought on their death-beds to bribe St. Peter, and listened to their confessors, ever ready to absolve a penitent who was willing to bequeath legacies for *obras pias*, or pious works. But it was an age of leaden dross in art. The shell of the temples shared in the degeneracy of the spirit of their creed; never was religion more crusted over with tinsel ceremonial, but more stripped of realities; and so her shrines, albeit plastered over with gilding, were poverty-stricken as regarded alike the beautiful and sublime, or the Christian, in art. Seneca, although a Spaniard, could see the glittering cheat: "Cum auro tecta perfundimus quid aliud quam mendacio gaudemus? Scimus enim sub illo auro *foeda ligna* latitare" (Ep. 115). But everything then was a lie, and bunglers, who called themselves artists, endeavoured to make up by barbaric ornament for want of sentiment, feeling, and design.

The *Churrigueresque* mania continued to prevail during the reign of Philip V., who superadded to its unmeaning monstrosities the gaudy French *rococo* of Louis XIV. About 1750 the *Churrigueresque* was succeeded by the *Academical*, of which Mengs, the type of learned mediocrity and commonplace, was the apostle. This *Academical* still prevails: hence the poor conventionalities of modern buildings in Spain, which, without soul, spirit, or nationality, are an emblem of the monarchy fallen from its pride of place. Yet the Spaniards turn from the Gothic, the Cinque-cento, and the Moorish, to admire these

formal workings by line and rule, coldly correct and classically dull. They point out with pride the bald adaptations and veneerings of other men's inventions, which characterize the piles of brick and mortar reared during the reign of Charles III., whose passion was architecture, and whose taste was that of his vile period, contemporary and common-place as that of our George III.

The cathedrals and churches of Spain, built in better times, are unrivalled in number and magnificence. They are museums of art in all its branches, of which the clergy have always been the best patrons; not from any love of art itself, but in order to make it the handmaid of their system and creed. Much also of the private outlay of kings and princes has been lavished on the chapels of their tutelar saints and family burial-places. Hence the remarkable religious tendency of the fine arts in Spain. The cathedrals range from the eleventh to the seventeenth century; they embrace every transition-style, and constitute the emphatic feature of their respective cities. They differ in details from each other, but one and the same principle prevails in the general intention and arrangement; and this requires to be explained once for all. The Spanish terms will be retained throughout these pages. They are those used by the natives, and therefore will best facilitate the traveller's inquiries.

The exteriors frequently remain unfinished; Spanish grandeur of conception too often outstrips the means of execution; and when the original religious motive began to decline, the funds destined for completion were misappropriated by jobbing individuals. The *fachada principal*, or western façade, is generally the most ornate. It sometimes is placed between two towers, with deeply recessed portals and niche work, studded with statues and sculpture. It is seldom that both towers are finished. The plan of the body of the edifice is almost always a cross. The number of naves, *naves* (*navis*, *vaos*, the ark), vary. The side aisles, *alas*, wings, *las laterales*, *colaterales*, are divided by piers, *pilones*, from whence the roof, *boveda*, springs. The font, *pila*, is usually placed at the entrances, typical of the *entrance* of the baptized into the church of Christ, and also to be readier for digital immersion. No Spaniard comes into church without dipping his finger into this holy water, or *aqua bendita*, which the devil is said to hate even worse than monks did the common abstersive fluid. The persons the *pila* may, having dipped, pass on the liquid to their companions, who all cross themselves, *Santiguanse*, *hagan cruces*, touching the breast, forehead, and lips, and ending with apparently kissing the reversed thumb. All this is most ancient, Oriental, and Phallic. Compare Job xxxi. 27; Pliny, 'Hist. Nat.' xi. 45; xxviii. 2; and particularly Apuleius, 'Met.' iv. 83; indeed the *kiss* is the root and essence of adoration: *προσκυνησις, απο του κυνειν*.

Advancing up the centre aisle is the heart, *cor*, *el coro*, the quire, which is occupied by the canons and quiristers. This isolated portion is enclosed on three sides, open only to the east. This mode of structure, although very convenient for the occupants, is a grievous eyesore in the edifice; it blocks up the space, and conceals the high altar. The back of the *coro* is called *el trascoro*: this, which faces those who enter the cathedral from the west, is frequently most elaborately adorned with marbles, pictures, and sculpture. The lateral walls of the quire are called *los respaldos del coro*, and often contain small chapels. Over these the organs are generally placed, of which in larger cathedrals there are usually two. They are, as instruments, of a rich and deep tone; the ornaments, however, being of the seventeenth century, are too often in the vilest taste, and out of harmony with everything around. The *coro* is lined with stalls, *sillas*, frequently in two tiers, and backed by a highly enriched carved wainscoting, and crowned with finials, poppyheads, and ornamental decoration. The seats, *silleria del coro*, should be carefully examined, especially

the "misereres," *subsilia*, or turn-up stools; many are extremely ancient and grotesque. The *atrilas*, or desks on which the books of the quiristers are placed, are also frequently exquisitely designed in wood and metal; as are the *facistoles*, the letterns or eagles. The throne of the bishop and the confessional chair of the great penitentiary, *el penitenciario*, are always the most elaborate.

Opposite to the *coro* is an open space, which marks the centre of the transept, *crucero*, and over which is the great dome, *el cimborio*. This space is called the "*entre los dos coros*," and divides the quire from the high altar, *el altar mayor*, *capilla mayor*, or *el presbiterio*. This, again, is usually isolated and fenced off by a *reja*, or railing, the *cancelli*, gratings, whence comes our term chancel. These *rejas* are among the most remarkable and artistical peculiarities of Spain, and, from being made of iron, have escaped the melting-pot of armed power, both foreign and domestic. The minor chapels frequently have their *reja* or "parclose;" and they should always be examined. The pulpits, *pulpitos*, *ambones*, generally two in number, are placed in the angle outside the chancel: they are fixed N.W. and S.W., in order that the preacher may face the congregation, who look towards the high altar, without his turning his back to it. Ascending usually by steps is the *capilla mayor*, or the *αρχιεον*, or *summum templum*, called *el altar* (*ab altitudine*), and on this is placed a tabernacle, *el tabernaculo*, or *ciborio*, under which the consecrated wafer, *La Hostia*, is placed in a *viril*, or open "monstrance," when displayed, or *manifestado*. This term *viril* was thought by Blanco White to be a remnant of the Phallic abomination. Pliny ('Hist. Nat.' xxxiii. 3), however, mentions the names *viriolæ*, *viricæ*, as Celtic and Celtiberian words for golden ornaments. When the wafer is not exhibited, it is enclosed in a *sagrario*, *andas*, *ciborium*, or tabernacle. In some churches, as at Lugo and Leon, the host is always displayed for public adoration; in others, only at particular times: generally, in great towns, this is done in all the churches by rotation, and during forty hours, *las cuarenta horas*, which are duly mentioned in almanacs and newspapers, and which may be seen by the cluster of beggars at the particular church-door, who well know that this church will be the most visited by the devout and charitable.

The church plate, as might be expected in a land the mistress of the gold and silver of the New World, and of a most wealthy clergy, was once most splendid and abundant; (see some remarks on the D'Arphes of Leon;) but, as usual in troubled times, the precious material attracted the spoiler, foreign and domestic. Vast quantities have disappeared; a few specimens, however, of the Cellinis of Spain remain, and chiefly at Toledo, Seville, Santiago, and Oviedo. The most remarkable objects to examine are the altar candlesticks, *candeleros*, *blandones*; the *calix*, or sacramental cup; the *porta pax*, in which relics are enclosed, and offered to devout osculation; the *cruces*, crosses; *baculos*, croziers; and the vergers' staves, *cetros*. The traveller should always inquire if there be a *custodia*, whether of silver, *plata*, or of silver gilt, *sobredorada*; these are precisely the Moslem *Makh'mil*. (Lane, ii. 247.) They are called *custodias*, because in them, on grand festivals, the consecrated host is kept. The *custodia*, containing the wafer, *thus guarded*, is deposited on Good Friday in the sepulchre, *el monumento*. This is a pile of wood-work which is put up for the occasion; and in some cathedrals—Seville, for instance—is of great architectural splendour.

At the back of the high altar rises a screen, or *reredos*, called *el retablo*; these often are most magnificent, reared high aloft, and crowned with a "holy rood," or the representation of Christ on the cross, with St. John and the Virgin at his side. The *retablos* are most elaborately designed, carved, and gilt; they are divided into compartments, either by niches or intercolumniations; and these

spaces are filled with paintings or sculpture, generally representing the life of the Virgin, or of the Saviour, or subjects taken from the Bible, and not unfrequently the local legends and tutelars : these are the books of those who can see, but cannot read. The place of honour is usually assigned to *La Santissima*, the Virgin, the "Queen of heaven" (Jer. xlv. 17), either in the attitude of her Conception, Assumption, or as bearing the infant Saviour. She is the Astarte, Isis, and great Diana, the focus of light and adoration ; and to her indeed the majority of cathedrals of Spain are dedicated, whilst in every church in the Peninsula, she at least has her Lady Chapel. Few Spaniards ever at any time, in crossing the cathedral, pass the high altar without bowing and crossing themselves to this, the Sanctum Sanctorum, since the incarnate host is placed thereon : and in order not to offend the weaker brethren, every considerate Protestant should also manifest an outward respect for this the holy of holies of the natives, and of his Redeemer also. Sometimes kings, queens, and princes are buried near the high altar, which is then called a *Capilla real*. The sarcophagus, or bed on which the figures representing the deceased kneel or lie, is called *Urna*. The sepulchral monuments of Spain are, or rather were, most numerous and magnificent : vast numbers were destroyed by the French ; many of those which escaped have perished in the recent suppression of convents : leaving the *capilla mayor*, the two outsides are called *respaldos*, and the back part *el trasaltar*. Spaniards, in designating the right and left of the altar, generally use the terms *lado del Evangelio*, *lado de la Epistola* : the *Gospel* side, that is the right, looking from the altar ; the *Epistle* side, that is the left. These are the spots occupied by the minister while reading those portions of the service. The altar on grand occasions is decked with superbly embroidered coverlets ; a complete set is called *el terno*. The piers of the nave are then hung with damask or velvet hangings, *colgaduras*. The cathedrals generally have a parish church attached to them, *La Parroquia*, and many have a royal chapel, *una capilla real*, quite distinct from the high altar, in which separate services are performed by a separate establishment of clergy. The chapter-houses should always be visited. The *Sala del Cabildo*, *Sala capitular*, have frequently an ante-room, *antesala*, and both generally contain carvings and pictures. The *Sagrario* is a term used for the additional chapel which is sometimes appended to the cathedral, and also for the chamber where the relics and sacred vessels are kept. Spain is still the land of relics : for bones and other fragments have escaped better than their precious settings, which the irreverent spoiler removed. In case any traveller may miss seeing any particular *Relicario*, he has the satisfactory reflection that there will be found a bit of almost any given article in every other grand repository of the Peninsula : for in proportion as objects were rare, nay unique, they possessed a marvellous power of self-reproduction, for the comfort and consolation of true believers.

The vestry is called *la Sacristia*, and its showman, or official servant, *el Sacristan* : here the robes and utensils of the officiating ministers are put away. These saloons are frequently remarkable for the profusion of mirrors which are hung, like pictures, all around over the presses : the looking-glasses are slanted forwards, in order that the priest, when arrayed, may have a full-length view of himself in these clerical Psyches. The dresses and copes of the clergy are magnificently embroidered : the Spaniards excel in this art of working silver and gold. It is Oriental, and inherited from Phœnician and Moor. The enormous wealth and display of the church, moreover, created a constant demand for artificers in this manufacture. The use of mantillas also encourages embroidery ; it is, indeed, the great occupation of all Spanish women, who, as in the East, are continually thus employed, and at precisely the same low frames. Many of the side

chapels have also their *Sagrario* and *Sacristia*, and vie in magnificence with the *Capilla mayor* or high altar; they are museums of art, it having been the study of the rich and pious of the founder's family, to whom each belouged, to adorn them as much as possible, since all wished to leave, in the security of the temple, some memorial of their munificence, some, *non omnis moriar*.

The painted glass in the windows, *las vidrieras de las ventanas*, is often most superb, although the Spaniards have produced very few artists in this chemical branch; they mostly employed painters from Flanders and Germany.

The cathedrals of Spain are truly metropolitan, and set a mother's example, a decorous type and model, in architecture and ceremonial, to the smaller parish churches; therefore, on entering a new province or diocese the cathedral should be well studied; for by it the parochial temples will be best explained and understood, and ecclesiastical architecture has its provincialisms, like dialects. The cathedrals may be visited every day, except during a few hours in the afternoon, the vacation of dinner, and the siesta. They do not lie shut during the week, dead and idle, like tombs: the door of the house of God is never closed; it is open, like his ear and mercy, to all, and always. Thus those who are prompted by the sudden still small voice may realize the warning on the spur of the happy yearning, and in the place where prayer is best offered up. It can be done "to-day, if the voice be heard," and now: there is no risk in being forced to wait, and thus sanding life with good intentions never to be carried out: there need be no putting off until "a more convenient season," when the greedy vergers, tax-gatherers, and the money-changers of absent deans and married canons, unwillingly unlock their spiked gratings, and grudge a gratuitous glance, even to those who come not to pry but to pray. There are no extortionate fees, no disgraceful tariff printed and hung up on the door of God's house: all is free to all, like the light of the sun and air of heaven; whether the stranger comes to kneel in penitence, or to elevate his mind with religious art and magnificence.

The services are impressive. They are performed at all hours, and are thus suited to the habits and necessities of all classes, from the hard worker at chilly dawn, to the invalid at the aired mid-day. The whole chapter attends at the grand mass; there are no non-residents; the canons alone are seated in the *coro*, and have appointed places. The rest of the church is unencumbered with shabby pews or pens, and undesecrated by any worldly distinctions: all here assemble before their Creator in a perfect equality, high and low, rich and poor: they meet in the church as they will in the grave, where all are levelled. The public behaviour is very respectful: many of their actions, such as beating the breast, prostration of the body, are borrowed from the East, and are very ancient (compare Herod. ii. 40 (see Larcher's note) and 85; Gen. xlii. 6; Luke xxiii. 48). The men generally stand up or kneel, the women sit on the pavement, resting on their heels, a remnant of the Moor; indeed, down to the times of Philip IV. Spanish females seldom sat on chairs, even in their houses. The action of sitting down is very peculiar; it is like what our children call making a cheese: they turn round once or twice, and, when their drapery expands, plump down. This is quite Roman: "*Capite velato circumvertens se, deinde procumbens*" (Suet. 'Vitell.' 2), the *περίστρε φόμενος* enjoined by Numa (Plut.). Such was the position of the ancient Egyptian females (Wilkinson, ii. 204). So David "sat before the Lord."

Many and distinct masses are celebrated every day, and often simultaneously at the different lateral altars; the grander processions and ceremonials are conducted in the vasty aisles. Thus the whole space of the cathedral is available for worship; hence the propriety and fitness. The edifice is used for the purposes for which it was constructed. It does not look thrown away upon Pro-

testants who, having no occasion for such space, do not know what to do with the superfluous room, the vacuum against which even nature protests. The services again are short and impressive. Everywhere the sacramental *sacrifice* is offered up *on the altar*. The import of the mass being the most solemn of the whole ritual, devotion is thus concentrated. In time and tone the performance is commensurate with the limited powers of mortal reverence and capability of sustaining attention; nor are these feelings frittered away by repetitions or mere subordinate and disconnected services. Sermons—the word of man—are the exception, not the rule; they, indeed, are quite secondary, but when delivered, a person of natural eloquence is usually selected, who pours forth a fervid, impassioned, and extemporaneous exhortation. He seldom fails to arrest and rivet attention. A written sermon would be thought a professor's lecture; and those of the congregation who did not go away—which any one in this well-considered system always may—would infallibly become *siestose*.

22. THE ERA.

The antiquarian will frequently meet with the date *Era* in old books or on old inscriptions. This mode of reckoning prevailed in the Roman dominions, and arose from a particular payment of taxes, *æs æra*, therefore the Moors translated this date by *Safar*, "copper," whence the Spanish word *azofar*. It commenced in the fourth year of Augustus Cæsar; according to some, on March 25th, according to others December 25th. Volumes have been written on this disputed point: consult 'Obras Chronologicas,' Marques de Mondejar, folio, Valencia, 1744, and the second volume of the 'España Sagrada.' Suffice it now to say, that to make the *Era* correspond with the *Anno Domini*, thirty-eight years must be added; thus A.D. 1200 is equivalent to the *Era* 1238. The use of the *Era* prevailed in Spain down to the twelfth century, when the modern system of reckoning from the date of the Saviour was introduced, not, however, to the exclusion of the *Era*, for both were for a long time frequently used in juxtaposition: the *Era* was finally ordered to be discontinued in 1383, by the Cortes of Segovia.

The Moorish *Hegira* commences from Friday, July 16, A.D. 622.

The New Style was introduced by Gregory XIII. into *Spain* in 1582, at the same time that it was at Rome; October 5th of the Old Style was then called October 15th. This change must always be remembered, in ascertaining the exact date of previous events, and especially in comparing Spanish and English dates, since the New Style was introduced into England only in 1751.

KINGS OF SPAIN.

The subjoined Chronology of the order of succession of the Kings of Spain, from the Goths, is useful for the purposes of dates. The years of their deaths are given from the official and recognised lists.

<i>Gothic Kings.</i>		A.D.		A.D.	
	A.D.		A.D.		A.D.
Ataulfo . . .	417	Gesalico . . .	510	Leuva II. . .	603
Sigerico . . .	417	Amalarico . . .	531	Witerico . . .	610
Walia . . .	420	Theudio . . .	548	Gundemaro . . .	612
Theodoredó . .	451	Theudesilo . . .	549	Sisebuto . . .	621
Turismundo . .	454	Agila . . .	554	Recaredo II. . .	621
Theodorico . .	467	Atanagildo . . .	567	Suintila . . .	631
Eurico . . .	483	Leuva I. . .	572	Sisenanto. . .	635
Alarico . . .	506	Leovigildo . . .	586	Chintila . . .	638
		Recaredo I. . .	601	Tulga. . .	640

KINGS OF SPAIN—*continued.*

	A.D.		A.D.		A.D.
Chindasuindo . . .	650	Ramiro II. . . .	950	Alonzo XI. . . .	1350
Recesvinto . . .	672	Ordoño III. . . .	955	Pedro I. el Cruel. .	1369
Wamba	687	Sancho I. . . .	967	Henrique II. . . .	1379
Ervigio	687	Ramiro III. . . .	982	Juan I.	1390
Egica	701	Bermudo II. . . .	999	Henrique III. . . .	1407
Witiza	711	Alonzo V.	1028	Juan II.	1454
Don Rodrigo . . .	714	Bermudo III. . . .	1037	Henrique IV. el	
		Doña Sancha. . . .	1067	Impotente	1474
<i>Kings of Leon.</i>		<i>Kings of Castile and Leon.</i>		Doña Isabel, la	
Pelayo	737			Catolica	1504
Favila	739			Fernando V.	1516
Alonzo I. el Cato-		Fernando I.	1067	Doña Juana	1555
lico.	757	Sancho II.	1073	Felipe I.	1506
Fruela I.	768	Alonzo VI.	1108	Carlos V., I. de	
Aurelio	774	Doña Uraca	1126	España.	1558
Silo	783	Alonzo VII. Em-		Felipe II.	1598
Mauregato	788	perador	1157	Felipe III.	1621
Bermudo I. el Di-		Sancho III.	1158	Felipe IV.	1665
acono	795	Alonzo VIII. . . .	1214	Carlos II.	1700
Alonzo II. el Casto	843	Henrique I.	1217	Felipe V. abdicated	1724
Ramiro I.	850	Fernando II.	1188	Luis I.	1724
Ordoño I.	862	Alonzo IX.	1230	Felipe V.	1746
Alonzo III. el		Doña Berenguela. .	1244	Fernando VI. . . .	1759
Magno	910	San Fernando III. .	1252	Carlos III.	1788
Garcia	913	Alonzo X. el Sabio	1284	Carlos IV., abdi-	
Ordoño II.	923	Sancho IV. el		cated	1808
Fruela II.	924	Bravo	1295	Fernando VII. . . .	1833
Alonzo IV. el		Fernando IV. el		Isabel II.	
Monge	930	Emplazado	1312		

TABLE OF CONTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS.

The periods have been selected during which leading events in Spanish history have occurred.

A.D.	Spain.	England.	France.	Rome.
800	Alonzo II. el Casto . .	Egbert	Charlemagne. . .	Leo III.
877	Alonzo III. el Magno . .	Alfred	Louis II. . . .	John VII.
996	Ramiro III.	Ethelred II. . .	Hugh Capet . . .	Gregory V.
1075	Sancho II.	{William the Conqueror.}	Philip I. . . .	Gregory VII.
1155	Alonzo VII.	Henry II. . . .	Louis VII. . . .	{Adrian IV., Breakspeare.
1245	San Fernando	Henry III. . . .	St. Louis	Innocent IV.
1345	Alonzo XI.	Edward III. . .	Philip VI. . . .	Benedict VI.
1360	Pedro el Cruel	Edward III. . .	John II.	Innocent VI.
1485	Isabel la Catolica . . .	Henry VII. . . .	Charles VIII. . .	Innocent VIII.
1515	Fernando de Aragon. . .	Henry VIII. . .	Francis I. . . .	Leo X.
1550	Carlos V.	Edward VI. . . .	Henry II. . . .	Paul III.
1560	Felipe II.	Elizabeth. . . .	Charles IX. . . .	Pius IV.

TABLE OF CONTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS—*continued*.

A.D.	Spain.	England.	France.	Rome.
1644	Felipe IV.	Charles I. .	Louis XIV. .	Innocent X.
1705	Felipe V.	Anne . . .	Louis XIV. .	Clement XI.
1760	Carlos III.	George III. .	Louis XV. .	Clement XIII.
1808	Fernando VII. . . .	George III. .	Buonaparte .	Pius VII.
1840	Isabel II.	Victoria . .	Louis-Philippe	Gregory XVI.

THE ROYAL ARMS OF SPAIN.

Those which appear on most religious and public buildings are certain aids in fixing dates. They have from time to time undergone many changes, and those changes marked epochs. The "canting" *Castle* was first assumed for Castile, and the Lion for *Leon*; the earliest shields were parted per cross, gules, a castle or, argent a lion rampant or. In 1332 Alonzo XI. instituted the order of *La Vanda*, the "Band," or scarf; the charge was a bend dexter gules issuing from two dragons' heads vert. This was the charge of the old banner of Castile. It was discontinued in 1369, by Henry II., who hated an order of which his brother had deprived him.

The union of Arragon and Castile in 1479, under Ferdinand and Isabella, made a great change in the royal shield. It was then divided by coupe and party: the first and fourth areas were given to Castile and Leon quartered, the second and third to Arragon—Or, four bars, gules—and Sicily impaled; Navarre and Jerusalem were added subsequently: Ferdinand and Isabella, who were much devoted to St. John the Evangelist, adopted his eagle, sable with one head, as the supporter of their common shield: they each assumed a separate device: Isabella took a bundle of arrows, *Flechas*, and the letter *F*, the initial of her husband's name and of this symbol of union. The arbitrary Ferdinand took a Yoke, *Yugo*, and the letter *Y*, the initial of his wife's name and of the despotic machine which he fixed on the neck of Moor and Spaniard: he added the motto *Tāto mōta*, *Tanto monta*, Tantamount, to mark his assumed equality with his Castilian queen, which the Castilians never admitted.

When Granada was captured in 1492, a pomegranate stalked and leaved *proper*, with the shell open-grained *gules*, was added to the point of the shield in base: wherever this is wanting, the traveller may be certain that the building is prior to 1492. Ferdinand and Isabella are generally called *Los Reyes Catolicos*, the Catholic sovereigns; they were very great builders, and lived at the period of the most florid Gothic and armorial decorations: they were very fond of introducing figures of heralds in tabards.

The age of their grandson Charles V. was again that of change: he brought in all the pride of Teutonic emblazoning; and the arms of the empire, Austria, Burgundy, Brabant, and Flanders were added: the apostolic one-headed eagle gave way to the doubled-headed eagle of the empire: the shield was enclosed with the order of the Golden Fleece; the ragged staff of Burgundy, and the pillars of Hercules, with the motto *Plus ultra, plus outre*, were added. Philip II. discontinued the Imperial Eagle: he added in two escutcheons of pretence the arms of Portugal, Artois, and Charolois. These were omitted by his grandson Philip IV. when Spain began to fall to pieces and her kingdoms to drop off; on the accession of Philip V. the three Bourbon *fleur de lys* were added in an escutcheon of pretence.

The arms of every city in Spain will be found in the 'Rasgo Heroico' of Ant. Moya, Madrid, 1756. Those of private families are endless. Few countries

can vie with Spain in heraldic pride and heraldic literature, on which consult 'Bibliotheca Hispanica Historico Genealogico Heraldica,' Q. E. de Frankenau, 4to., Leipsig. 1724: it enumerates no less than 1490 works; the real author was Juan Lucas Cortes, a learned Spaniard, whose MS. treatises on heraldry and jurisprudence fell into the hands of this Frankenau, a Dane, by whom they were appropriated in the most barefaced manner; consult also 'Quart. Review,' No. cxxiii.

23. AUTHORITIES QUOTED.

As this 'Handbook' is destined chiefly for a reader in Spain, we shall, in quoting authorities for historical, artistical, religious, and military statements, either select *Spanish* authors, as being the most readily accessible in a country where foreign books are very rare, or those authors which, by common consent, in Spain and out, are held by their respective countrymen to be most deserving of credit; a frequent reference will be made to authorities of all kinds, ancient as well as modern; thus the reader who is anxious to pursue any particular subject will find his researches facilitated, and all will have a better guarantee that facts are stated correctly than if they were merely depended on the unsupported assertion of the author of this 'Hand-book.' He, again, on his part will be relieved from any personal responsibility, when inexorable history demands the statement of unpalatable truths. The subjoined are those to which most frequent reference will be made, and, in order to economise precious space, they will be usually quoted in the following abbreviated forms:

HISTORICAL AND ARTISTICAL AUTHORITIES.

Mar^a. vi. 13; book and chapter of the learned Mariana's history of Spain, which offers a fair collection of *facts*, for it was not likely that the author, a Jesuit, would have taken a liberal or philosophical view of many of the most important bearings of his country's annals, even had any truly searching spirit of investigation been ever permitted by the censorship of the government and inquisition.

'Moh. D.' ii. 367; volume and page of the 'Mohammedan Dynasties in Spain,' 2 vols. 4to., London, 1841-43, by Don Pascual Gayangos. This gentleman (and our valued friend) is by far the first Hispano-Arabic scholar of his day, and unites to indefatigable industry a sound critical judgment; he has unravelled the perplexed subject, which he may be said to have exhausted.

Conde, iii. 156; volume and page of 'Historia de los Arabes en España,' by Juan Antonio Conde, 4 vols. 4to. Mad. 1820-21. It is compiled entirely from Arabic authorities, and is very dry reading; the premature death of the author prevented his giving it the last finishing touches; hence sundry inaccuracies, and a general want of lucid arrangement. It was translated into French by a M. Marles, 3 vols. Paris, 1825. This worthless performance, in which not only the original text is misrepresented, is rendered worse than useless by the introduction of new and inaccurate matter of the translator's.

C. Ber.; thus will be cited Cean Bermudez, a diligent accurate modern author, on the arts and antiquities of the Peninsula, and whose works, on the whole, are among the soundest and most critical produced by Spaniard: writing after the French revolution, he has ventured to omit much of the legendary, &c. in which his predecessors were so prone to indulge.

C. Ber. D. iv. 39; vol. and page of the 'Diccionario de las Bellas Artes,' 6 vols. 8vo. Mad. 1800. This is a complete dictionary of all the leading artists

of Spain in every branch except architecture; it is alphabetically arranged; a short biography is given of each artist, and then a list of his principal works, and the places where they are to be seen. Appended are many excellent and useful indexes. This, one of the few methodical books ever published in Spain, unintentionally occasioned the loss of much fine art, as it was used by the French invaders as a guide. Thus, on taking possession of any city, collecting generals knew at once what was most valuable, and where to go for it. Accordingly, at least half of the treasures indicated in the pages have disappeared.

C. Ber. A. iii. 74; volume and page of 'Noticias de los Arquitectos y Arquitectura,' 4 vols. 4to., Mad. 1829. This is a dictionary of architecture, based somewhat on the plan of the preceding work. The ground-plan was prepared by Don Eugenio Llaguno y Amirola, who left to Cean the task of filling up and completing. Herein will be found many documents, agreements, and specifications of the highest interest, and evidences of the extreme care and foresight with which the Spaniards of old planned and carried out their magnificent cathedrals, &c.

C. Ber. S. 49; page of 'Sumario de las Antigüedades Romanas en España,' 1 vol. fol. Mad. 1832. In this single volume are collected all the chief remains of antiquity which still exist in Spain. The work is subdivided, classified, and furnished with indexes, which so rarely is the case in Spanish publications.

Mas. H. C. xvi. 26; vol. and page of the 'Historia Critica' of Jⁿ. Fr^o. Masdeu, 20 vols. 4to., Mad. 1784, 1805. This is a work of great research and utility, although overdone and tedious. It contains a vast collection of ancient inscriptions, which are now doubly valuable, as many of the originals have perished. These, indeed, are precious records of the past, and may be trusted; they are the title-deeds of the dead, the planks saved from the wreck of time. For the ancient geography of Spain, consult 'Geographie von Hispanien,' Konrad Mannert, 8vo., 3rd edit., Leipsig, 1829; and, better still, 'Hispanien,' Fr. Aug. Ukert, Weimar, 1821, second part, p. 229. These works are such as German scholars alone can produce; they are mines of patient research, and accurate unostentatious learning. The references are most elaborate; although dry and curt for reading, they are invaluable as books of reference.

For early histories down to the Goths, Depping's work, Paris, 2 vols., 1814, is excellent; also the 'Histoire de l'Espagne,' by Romey, now publishing at Paris. They have drawn largely from Masdeu, who, although a bad maker of a book, was a good pioneer for others.

The Spanish *Cronicas* contain most curious details of early national history, and are often almost as interesting to read as Froissart or Monstrelet. The first and black-letter editions are bibliographical curiosities; the modern 4to. reprints by Sancha at Madrid, are very convenient. In respect, however, to real history, no country is more indebted to another than Spain is to English writers; suffice it to mention the names of Robertson, Watson, Dunlop, Coxo, and Washington Irving, Prescott, and Lord Mahon. The two Americans have with singular good grace repaid, by their contributions to the romance and history of Spain, the obligation which their new country owes to the old land, of which Columbus was a protégé. Not so Lord Mahon, who by his able account of the 'War of the Succession,' and 'Spain under Charles II.,' has engrafted the bay of the historian on the laurel of his soldier ancestor: deep indeed are Spain's obligations to the noble race of Stanhope, which, in a long series of generations, has bled and conquered for her in war, and has in peace sustained her by diplomacy, and illustrated her by literature—*esto perpetua*.

Ponz, vi. 35; vol. and page of the 'Viaje de España,' by Antonio Ponz, 18 v. Mad. 1786-94; a very useful itinerary of Spain. The author was a kind-

hearted, pains-taking man, and, albeit given to prosy twaddle—the vice of the commonplace period at which he wrote—was honest and well intentioned. A true Spaniard leaves nothing in his inkstand, *no deja nada en el tintero*, for time and ink are of little value in the Peninsula. Woe unto him who tells us all that he knows : but the pith of these eighteen volumes might well have been condensed into six ; amid an infinite deal of nothing, good grains of wheat are hid in the bushels of chaff, and the work is now curious as describing temples and palaces as they existed before they were desecrated or destroyed by invaders or reformers.

Min. ix. 305 ; vol. and page of the ‘Diccionario Geografico’ of Spain, by Sebastian de Minaño ; 10 v. 4to. Mad. 1826-9. This geographical and topographical description of the Peninsula was compiled under the patronage of Ferdinand VII., and really was a creditable performance. A new work is now publishing which is to supersede it, ‘Descripcion Geografica,’ &c., by Tomás Beltran Soler, with maps and woodcuts. There are a vast number of county and city histories, the chief of which will be named in their respective localities.

RELIGIOUS AUTHORITIES.

E. S. xxiii. 97 ; vol. and page of ‘La España Sagrada ;’ the grand compilation of the learned Padre Henrique Florez ; the Dugdale, Muratori, and Monfaucon of Spain. It was commenced in 1747, in imitation of the ‘Italia Sacra’ of Ferd. Ughelli, Roma, 1644-62. This admirable work has been carried down to 1832, and now consists of 45 vols. 4to. The Academia de la Historia of Madrid is charged with its continuance. So many of the archives of cathedrals and convents were burnt by the French, and during the recent civil wars and sequestrations, that the latter dioceses must of necessity be somewhat inferior to the former, from the lack of those earliest and most interesting documents, which have fortunately been printed by Florez, and thus rescued from oblivion. Florez is the author of several other excellent works, one of which will constantly be referred to thus :

Florez, M., ii. 83 : vol. and page of his ‘Medallas de España,’ 3 vols. folio. Mad. 1757, 73. The third volume is rather rare, and is smaller than the two preceding ; herein are described the coins and medals from before the Romans down to the Goths : plates are given of the specimens, and a short account of the mints in which they were struck. The coinage of Spain is highly interesting. These are the portraits and picture-books of antiquity, and of all its remnants those which have the best escaped. They now possess a value far beyond that merely monetary, and one which the ancients never contemplated : they illustrate at once religion, war, and history. They are chiefly copper.

Ribad, iii. 43 ; vol. and page of the ‘Flos Sanctorum,’ or ‘Vida de los Santos,’ by the Jesuit Pedro Ribadeneyra and others. The Madrid fol. edit. of 1790, 3 vols., is that quoted. Without this book, none can hope to understand the fine arts of the Peninsula, where biography, like heraldry, constitutes a wide branch of its literature, as all may verify by looking at the comparative numbers given by Antonio in his ‘Bibliotheca Nova.’ These branches were not only *not* persecuted by the Inquisition, the enemy of the press, but encouraged ; they flattered the national pride, and upheld the system of the church. Ribadeneyra must be considered as the best *vade mecum* of Spanish picture-galleries and cathedrals ; indeed, it will be as impossible to understand the subjects without some guide of this sort, as it would have been the mythological arts of Greece without a Pausanias, or of the Pantheon without Ovid’s Fasti. At the same time, in the legends of the monkish tribe, there is wanting the elegant poetical fiction which suited the fine arts of the classical period. No traveller, as we have said, can fully understand these subjects without a *flos sanctorum*, a work

which Palomino (ii. 131) considers quite *indispensable* to every Spanish artist about to paint. The subjects are seldom much varied : they represent mystical visions and groupings, in defiance of chronology and human probability. But a legend is not a history ; and these pictures, like poetical fictions, disdain dry matter-of-fact. Their harmony does not consist in agreement with dates, real life, or possibilities, so much as in colour and arrangement of lines and forms. The traveller's acquaintance with the proper names, epithets, histories, and attributes of the saints the most honoured in each locality, will do him a good turn ; it will conciliate the natives, not from their valuing his knowledge as a connoisseur of art, but from a latent suspicion that he *may be* a Christian, which no man can possibly be who asks questions or displays his ignorance on matters which are familiar to the veriest babies, beggars, and barbers ; while the Protestant who understands the subject, will be better qualified to estimate the talent of artists in handling the theme proposed to them. The other most authentic lives of local saints, the legends and local miracles, will be cited at their respective places.

The reader is assured, and he may verify it by a reference to the pages cited, that nothing has been quoted from these works, which is not almost a literal translation of the Spanish church-approved original. And let none undervalue these monastic vellum-clad quartos and folios. Entertaining as any romance, they are original sources of information, and often the only records of their periods. They unfold the spirit of their age. They are *true* contemporary accounts, when touching incidentally on matters unconnected with their saint or miracle, for whose honour alone they commit pious frauds. These, certainly, to the Protestant reader, when not purely mythological, amount often to downright blasphemy. Yet here and there precious items of history glitter like globules of gold in the sands of monastic absurdities. This Handbook is not a book of criticism. Facts will be therefore stated as authorized by the responsible ecclesiastical authorities for the implicit belief of Spaniards ; and such inventions never would have been thus palmed on a people and universally received, if not in harmony with, and adapted to the national character, which exaggerates and believes everything, and delights in calling on Hercules and Santiago, rather than practically setting its own shoulders to the cart-wheel, and which "love and will have false prophecies."

MILITARY AUTHORITIES.

These necessarily are of three classes : and belong to the invader, the *French* ; the invaded, the *Spanish* ; and the deliverer, the *English*. They correct and explain each other.

Œuvr. de B. ii. 75, vol. and page of 'Œuvres de N. Buonaparte,' 5 vols., 8vo., Paris, 1822. These contain his military proclamations, his bulletins, and leading *Moniteur* articles, and information, "garbled," as the Duke says, "in the usual Jacobin style," and filled with "the usual philippics" against *la perfide Albion et son or*. True exponents of the man and his system, they breathe fire and spirit—*splendide mendax* ; and if occasionally Ossianic, and the very reverse of the dispatches of the plain veracious Duke, they were admirably suited for his readers and purposes. Although the truth is never in them, yet they fascinate by their daring, and burn like sparks struck from granite by the sword.

Foy, i. 259, vol. and page of General Foy's 'Histoire de la Guerre dans la Péninsule,' 4 v. Paris, 1827. It only comes down to the convention of Cintra : it is said to have been tampered with after the author's death, hence possibly some of its inaccuracy and injustice against the English. Ingenious, eloquent, and clever as Foy was, he could not always invent facts, or guess numbers *accu-*

rately; nor was he equal to that most difficult of all tasks, the sustaining consistently throughout, a "fiction of military romance." The truth creeps out in accidental contradictions. Foy is thus justly characterized by Sir G. Murray ('Quart. Rev.' cxi. 167), who knew him well in peace and war as "A writer who has shown notoriously the grossest ignorance in respect to many particulars connected with England, about which a very slight inquiry would have set him right." Foy denies to the Duke the commonest military talent, and attributes his successes to accident, and ascribes the valour of British soldiers principally to "Beef and Rum," see i. 230, 259, 290, 325, et passim; and yet this is a text-book in France.

Bel. iv. 16, vol. and page. 'Journaux des Sièges dans la Péninsule,' J. Belmas, 4 vols. 8vo., Paris, 1836. Projected by Buonaparte in 1812, it was finished by Soult. It professes to be based on authentic *documents* in the French war-office—it details how the English were always double in number to the French; the reverse being nearer the truth. It is valuable as containing some of the rebukes administered by the master-hand of Buonaparte to his beaten and out-generaled marshals.

V. et C. xx. 231, vol. and page. This denotes the 'Victoires et Conquêtes des Français,' 26 vols. 8vo., Paris, 1818-21. It was compiled by a set of inferior officers and small gens-de-lettres, after the second capture of Paris, and exhibits throughout a most unfair and virulent tone against the countrymen of Nelson and Wellington.

Lab. iii. 263, vol. and page. The third edition of the 'Itinéraire descriptif de l'Espagne,' by Alex. de Laborde, 6 vols., Paris, 1827. The first edition was published in 1806-21, in 4 vols. fol., by Didot, and is a fine work as far as type and paper go, all the rest is leather and prunella: the plates are miserable, both as designs and engravings. This work was, like Murphy's "Alhambra," a bookseller's speculation, and in both cases it is difficult to believe that the authors ever were at all in Spain, so gross, palpable, and numerous are the inaccuracies; some idea of the multitudinous and almost incredible mistakes and misstatements of Laborde may be formed by reading the just critique of the Edin. Rev. xv. 5. It was re-edited in 1827 by Bory de St. Vincent, an aide-de-camp to Soult, and a tolerable geographer: he was author of a *Guide des Voyageurs en Espagne*, Paris, 1823, a thing of very slender merit.

B. U. xxi. 19, vol. and page of 'Biographie Universelle,' 74 vols. 8vo., Paris, 1811-43. This is a respectable compilation, although not free from bias whenever tender national subjects are concerned.

The generality of French authors on the war in Spain naturally desire to palliate the injustice of the invasion, the terrorism with which it was carried out, and to explain away defeats sustained; they seem to be written solely to conciliate French readers at the expense of truth and history, nay facts are occasionally so denaturalized that an Englishman often supposes that the accounts must have reference to some totally distinct campaign and results.

It is strange that authors of a nation of such undisputed military skill, and chivalrous gallantry, should refuse to our soldiers that laurel which we never deny to theirs; nay, we indeed honour and admire the brave French in the words of Picton, "as the only troops worth fighting with." It is marvellous that the conquerors of Austerlitz and Jena should not know how easily they could afford to admit a reverse in a fair well-fought field.

Some, at the same time, have sincerely hoped and imagined that they were writing the truth. They could only construct from the materials placed within their reach: these, under Buonaparte, were systematically tampered with; the sources of correct information were corrupted as a matter of course; his throne was hung around with a curtain of falsehood, lined with terror; or, in the

words of his own agent, l'Abbé de Pradt, with *ruse doublée de terreur*. Under him, says Foy, i. 17, "La presse était esclave; la police repoussait la vérité avec autant de soins, que s'il fut agi d'écarter l'invasion de l'ennemi." "At all times," says the Duke ('Disp.' July 8, 1815), "of the French revolution, the actors in it have not scrupled to resort to falsehood, either to give a colour or palliate their adoption or abandonment of any line of policy, and they think, provided the falsehood answers the purpose of the moment, it is fully justified." Some allowance therefore must be made for honest Frenchmen writing under the thick mists and atmosphere of deception—"Où on peut dire des mensonges sans mentir, et commettre des erreurs sans croire de tromper." Thus the honey of the bees of Xenophon, by continually sucking the flowers of bitter lupines, became tainted in flavour. Nor has this inevitable tendency escaped the French themselves; and one of their best writers justly laments "that France, since the murder of Louis XVI., has been *fed with lies*. Under the system adopted by the heads of the army, formed in the school of revolutions, the truth can never be known. Formerly, when the sentiment of honour was delicate and profound, it was not required from generals to be constantly conquerors, but they were expected to be always brave. It followed that if victory had its joys, defeat was not without its consolations. It followed also that the reports of military events were sincere and natural, and that a disaster was not represented as a victory. In the Revolution all honour consisted in success, and therefore it was not allowed to meet with a check. The consequences of this alteration in the notions of military honour are, that commanders must disguise events, swell out advantages, dissemble losses—in fact, tell lies; and this, it must be confessed, is most admirably done."

SPANISH MILITARY AUTHORITIES.

They have two objects: one, to detail the ill usage which they sustained from their invaders; the second, to blink as much as possible the assistance afforded by England, and to magnify their own exertions. They all demonstrate, to their own and Spain's entire satisfaction, that the Peninsula, and Europe also, was delivered by *them alone* from the iron yoke of France. They are wordy and wearisome to read, floundering through petty debates of juntas and paltry partisan "little war," by which the issue of the great campaign was scarcely ever influenced; they, in a word, join issue with the Duke, who, when a conqueror in France, Spain's salvation being accomplished, wrote thus: "It is *ridiculous* to suppose that the Spaniards or the Portuguese could have resisted for a moment, if the British force had been withdrawn" ('Disp.' Dec. 21, 1813). The traveller, when standing even on the battle-plains of Salamanca and Vitoria, will hear the post of superiority assigned to *Nosotros*. And such was the language of the *juntas* and authorities, even at the very moment when the English generals were winning battles, and the Spanish officers were losing them; but *Españoles sobre todos* was then, as now, the national axiom. Nor is this high opinion of self and country, when not carried to abuse, any element of mean or ignoble actions.

Schep. iii. 294; vol. and page of 'Histoire de la Révolution d'Espagne,' 3 vols. Leipzig, 1829-31, by Schepeler, a Westphalian, holding a commission in the Spanish service, and imbued with all the worst national prejudices. He vents his dislike to the French by appalling details of sacks, &c., and his hatred to the English by sneering at her general and soldiers. His details of Spanish camps and councils are authentic.

Mal iii. 441; vol. and page of 'La Historia politica y militar,' 3 vols. Mad. 1833. It was compiled by José Muñoz Maldonado, from official Spanish papers,

to write down Col. Napier's truthful revelations. Hear the Duke's opinions on these Peninsular sources of *historical* information:—"In respect to papers and returns, I shall not even take the trouble of reading them, because I know that they are *fabricated for a particular purpose*, and cannot contain an answer to the *strong fact* from me. Nothing shall induce me even to read, much less to give an answer to *documentos* very ingeniously framed, but which do not contain one word bearing on the point." "I have no leisure to read long papers, which are called *documents*, but which contain *not one syllable of truth*." (Disp., May 22, June 4, 1811.) These are the precise *pièces officielles et justificatives* of some of our ingenious neighbours; Anglicè *lies*. Maldonado ascribes the result to the petty war of the *guerillos*, and not to Salamanca and Vitoria nominatim (iii. 442), for the part of Hamlet is pretty much omitted; it was the *Spanish* armies that the Duke led to victory (iii. 594), the English are not even named: the Spanish military conduct throughout humbled Buonaparte, and "obfuscated in sublimity anything in Greek or Roman history" (iii. 601).

Toro. vi.; meaning book of the 'Historia del Levantamiento, etc. de España,' 5 vols. 4to., Mad. 1833-37, by the Conde de Toreno, the celebrated loan financier and minister. The work is written in pure Castilian, although tainted with an affectation of quaint phraseology. The object of the author is to justify the misconduct of the Cortes, of which he was a star, and to magnify the exertions of the Spanish government: he too often allows party feelings to get the better of his judgment.

All these works, written either by official personages or under the eye of the government, are calculated to suppress the true, and suggest the false; they advocate the *few* at the expense of the *many*; they defend the shallow *heads* and corrupt *hearts* by which the honest members of the nation were sacrificed; by which armies were left wanting in everything at the most critical moment, and brave *individuals* exposed to certain collective defeat. Far be it from us to imitate their example; for, however thwarted by their miserable leaders in camp and cabinet, honour eternal is due to the BRAVE AND NOBLE PEOPLE OF SPAIN, worthy of better rulers and a better fortune! And now that the jobs and intrigues of their juntas, the misconduct and incapacity of their generals, are sinking into the deserved obscurity of oblivion, the *national resistance* rises nobly out of the ridiculous details, a grand and impressive feature, which will ever adorn the annals of haughty Spain. That resistance was indeed wild, disorganised, undisciplined, and Algerine, but it held out to Europe an example which was not shown by the civilized Italian or intellectual German.

ENGLISH MILITARY AUTHORITIES.

These are of all classes and quality, from the sergeant to the commander-in-chief. Among the minor and most entertaining are the works of Gleg, Sherer, Hamilton, and Kincaid. We shall chiefly quote three others.

Southey, xvi. A reference to chapters in Southey's 'History of the Peninsular War.' It is a true exponent of author, a scholar, poet, and lover of Spaniards, his ballads and chronicles. It breathes a high, generous, monarchical tone; a detestation of the tyrannical and revolutionary, and a loathing for cruelty, bad faith, and Vandalism. It is somewhat descriptive, excursive, and romantic.

Nap^r. xii. 5. Book and chapter of Col. Napier's 'History of the War in the Peninsula,' 6 vols., London, 1828-40. This is in most respects the antithesis to Southey; it is the book of a real soldier, and is characterized by a bold, nervous, and high-toned manliness. The style is graphic, original, and attractive. He records, in stern language and scornful indignation, the sins of our own and the

Spanish government, which, without the Duke's Dispatches, the world never could have believed. The author, although anxious to be impartial, is unaware of his strong under-current of democratic prejudices; his advocacy of Soult and idol-worship of Buonaparte, not merely as a general, but as a man, and statesman, justify the excellent criticism of Lord Mahon, that this is by far the best *French* account of the war.

Disp., June 18, 1815. Thus will be quoted the Dispatches of "The Duke." This is the TRUE ENGLISH book, the *Κηρυα es aei*; this is the antidote and corrective of all foreign libels. Here is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and no mistake; nothing is extenuated, nothing is set down in malice. Born, bred, and educated like a gentleman, he could not lie, like revolutionary upstarts. A conqueror of conquerors, he scorned to bully, and was too really powerful to exchange the simplicity of greatness for bombast. He was too just and generous to deny merit to a brave although a vanquished opponent. Serene and confident in himself—*αἰσιος ων*—he pursued his career of glory, without condescending to notice the mean calumnies, the "things invented by the enemy," who judged of others by themselves: for wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile. The Duke's writings are the exponent of the man; they give a plain unvarnished tale, with no fine writing about fine fighting. *Eodem animo scripsit, quo bellavit, et dum scribebat legenda, scribenda perficiebat.* The iron energy of his sword passed, like Cæsar's, into his didactic pen, and inscribed on tablets of bronze, more enduring than the Pyramids, the *truth*. Every line bears that honest *English* impress, without which there can be no real manliness or greatness.

The best histories and works on localities and other subjects, which it is impossible fully to investigate in a practical and limited hand-book, will be carefully mentioned in their proper places. They will form in the aggregate a tolerable specimen of a new branch of Spanish literature, which is well worth the consideration of travellers and collectors; to whom also we would especially recommend the two Catalogues published by Salva, London, 1826 and 1829; and the grand work in 4 vols. folio, by Nicolas Antonio, 'Bibliotheca Hispana Vetus et Nova,' Mad., 1788, and edited by the learned Bayer; although the arrangement is very Spanish, that is, inartificial and confused, it contains a vast body of bibliographical information, and is the best work of the kind in Spain. The lover of black letter and of books printed in Spain before 1500, cannot dispense with the 'Typographia Española,' Fro. Mendez, 4to., Mad., 1796.

As this 'Handbook,' it is hoped, may be of service to the scholar and antiquarian, a few words will not be out of place on the subject of Spanish books, and those who sell them.

A Spanish bookseller is a queer uncomfortable person for an eager collector to fall foul of. He sits ensconced among his parchment-bound wares, more indifferent than a Turk. His delight is to twaddle with a few cigaesque clergymen, and monks, when there were monks, for they were almost the only purchasers. He acts as if he were the author, or the collector, not the vendor of his books. He scarcely notices the stranger's entrance; neither knows what books he has, or what he has not got; he has no catalogue, and will scarcely reach out his arm to take down any book which is pointed out; he never has anything which is published by another bookseller, and will not send for it for you, nor always even tell you where it may be had. As for gaining the trade-allowance by going himself for a book, he would not stir if it were twenty-five hundred instead of twenty-five per cent. Now-a-days, as more books are let in and sold, the genus *bibliopolum* is getting a trifle sharper. In the days of Ferd. VII., whenever we were *young* enough to hint at the unreasonable proposition of begging the book-

seller to get any book, the certain rejoinder was, "*Ah que ! I must mind my shop ; you are doing nothing else but running up and down streets*"—*tengo que guardar la tienda, V^{ma}. está corriendo las calles.*

When a Spanish bookseller happens not to be receiving visitors, and will attend to a customer, if you ask him for any particular book, say Caro's 'Antiquities of Seville,' he will answer "*Veremos,*" "call again in a day or two." When you return the third or fourth time, he will hand you Pedraza's 'Antiquities of Granada.' It is in vain to remonstrate. He will reply, "*No le hace, lo mismo tiene, son siempre antigüedades*"—"what does it signify? it is the same thing, both are antiquities." If you ask for a particular history, ten to one he will give you a poem, and say, "This is thought to be an excellent book." A book is a book, and you cannot drive him from that; "*omne simile est idem*" is his rule. If you do not agree, he will say, "Why, an Englishman bought a copy of it from me five years ago." He cannot understand how you can resist following the example of a *paisano*, a countryman. If he is in good humour, and you have won his heart by a reasonable waste of time in gossiping or cigarising, he will take down some book, and, just as he is going to offer it to you, say, "Ah! but you do not understand Spanish;" which is a common notion among Spaniards, who, like the Moors, seldom themselves understand any language but their own; and this although, as you flatter yourself, you have been giving him half an hour's proof to the contrary: then, by way of making amends, he will produce some English grammar or French dictionary, which, being unintelligible to him, he concludes must be particularly useful to a foreigner, whose vernacular they are. An odd volume of Rousseau or Voltaire used to be produced with the air of a conspirator, when the dealer felt sure that his customer was a safe person, and with as much self-triumph as if it had been a *Tirante lo Blanc*. His dismay at the contemptuous *bah!* with which these tomes of forbidden knowledge were rejected could only be depicted by Hogarth. The collector of rare and good books may be assured that a better and cheaper Spanish library is more likely to be formed in one month in London than in one year in Spain.

Books in Spain have always been both scarce and dear: there are few purchasers, and prices must be high to remunerate the publisher or importer. The commonest editions of the classics are hardly to be had. The Spaniard never was a critic or learned annotator; and, in general, there are very few Spanish books by which a foreigner, accustomed to better works on the same subjects, will be much benefited or amused. Spanish literature, depressed and tintured by the Inquisition, was a creature of accident, and good books occurred only like palms in the desert; it never exercised a connected influence on national civilization, excepting its ballads, the poetry of heroism, which the learned despised. How vast was the proportion dedicated to scholastic theology, monkish legends, and wasted polemical research. In general, there is a want of sound critical judgment, of bold, searching, truth-grappling philosophy. We adventure on this remark with some hundred Spanish volumes frowning around us. The Spaniards themselves are well aware of the comparative inferiority of their literature, although none dared, for fear of the scaffold and furnace, to name the real cause. Half their works on literature take the explanatory and apologetical tone. 'Ensayo Historico Apologetico de la Lengua Española,' Xavier Lampillas, 7 vols. 4to., Mad., 1789; 'Oracion Apologetica por la España,' Juan Pablo Forner, Mad., 1786. This list might be swelled till an apology would be necessary from us. There is no surer criterion of the wants and wealth of a nation than by looking at their shops. In Madrid every September a general fair is held: every person of every rank places in the street

whatever he may wish to sell; and a beggarly 'turn-out it is. Those who delight in picking up knowledge at book-stalls might then see how ordinary are the wares thus exposed. Since the recent changes matters have had some tendency to improve. Theology, law, and medicine, form the chief subjects. There are very few classical works beyond mere school-books, and those mostly in Latin. Greek was never much known in Spain; even learned men quoted from Latin translations, and when they used the Greek word, often printed it in Roman letters. Greek books were either printed in Flanders, or procured from Italy, owing to the scarcity of Greek type in Spain. German is altogether modern Greek to Spaniards—non potest intelligi. There is a sprinkling of English works, grammars, 'Vicars of Wakefield,' and 'Buchan's Domestic Medicine.' They are much behind in receiving modern publications. 'Valter Scott' is double done into Spanish from the French. He fares no better than the Bard of Avon—'Cheshire, que les Anglais écrivent Schakspir;' who "en français" is like Niagara passed through a jelly-bag. Real French books are more common, and especially those which treat on medical, chemical, and mechanical subjects. It is one of the worst misfortunes of Spain that she is mistaught what is going on in intellectual Germany and practical England, through the unfair alembic of French translation. This habit of relying on other nations for original works on science has given a timidity to Spanish authors. It is easier to translate and borrow than to invent. They distrust each other's compositions as much as they do each other, and turn readily to a foreign book, in spite of all their dislike to foreigners, which is more against persons than things. Those who buy these books are like the wares which they purchase,—clergymen, thin, hungry, fee-less-looking lawyers, and doctors: the lower and better classes pass on without even giving a glance. The bulk of Spaniards would as soon think of having a cellar as a library. The trash offered for sale has few attractions for a foreigner. Most of the curious private Spanish libraries were dispersed during the war of independence; those which were not made into cartridges, or burnt to boil French soldiers' kettles, escaped to England, and even the best of these are seldom in good condition; the copies are torn, worm-eaten, stained, and imperfect. The Spaniards, like the Orientals, never were collectors or conservators, nor ever had any keen relish or perception of matters of taste and intellectual enjoyment; they are to modern nations what the old Romans were to the Greeks—soldiers, conquerors, and colonists, rather than cultivators of elegance, art, fancy, and æsthetic enjoyments.

To those who take further interest in some Spanish matters which, though very essential in the country itself, are of necessity only touched upon in these pages, the author of this Handbook would venture to suggest for perusal the following essays:—

Q. Rev.—Quarterly Review.

No.	CXVI.	Art. 9	•	Cob Walls—Phœnician and Spanish <i>Tapia</i> .
"	CXVII.	" 4	•	Spanish Theatre and Dances.
"	CXXII.	" 4	•	Banditti of Spain—Jose Maria.
"	CXXIII.	" 3	•	Spanish Heraldry, Genealogy, and Grandees.
"	CXXIV.	" 4	•	Spanish Bullfights.
"	CXXVI.	" 1	•	Ronda and Granada—ancient Geography.
"	CXXVII.	" 1	•	Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella.

Ed. Rev.—Edinburgh Review.

"	CXLVI.	" 4	•	Ancient Spanish Ballads.
"	CLV.	" 4	•	Borrow's Bible in Spain.

W^r. Rev.—Westminster Review.

No. LXV. Art. 2 . Ballad Literature of Spain.

Brit. and For.—The British and Foreign Review.

„ XXVI. „ 3 . Borrow's Gipsies of Spain.

Velazquez, his Biography, in the 'Penny Cyclopædia.'

Historical Enquiry into the Unchangeable Character of a War in Spain.

Murray, 1837.

24. EXPLANATION OF OTHER ABBREVIATIONS.

Cath.—*Catedral*, Cathedral.

Col^a.—*Colegiata*, Collegiate church.

Par^a.—*Parroquia*, Parish church.

Ca.—*Capilla*, Chapel.

Conv^o.—*Convento*, Convent.

Ret^o.—*Retablo*, Reredos, altar-screen.

Silla.—*Silleria del coro*, Stalls in quire.

Card.—*Cardinal*, Cardinal.

Archb.—*Arzobispo*, Archbishop.

Bp.—*Obispo*, Bishop.

Sn. } *San, Santo, Santa*, a Saint.

Sn. Jn. Ba.—*San Juan Bautista*, St. John the Baptist.

Sn. Ant^o.—*San Antonio*, St. Anthony.

Sn. Fr.—*San Francisco*, St. Francis.

So. Dom^o.—*Santo Domingo*, St. Dominick.

N. S.—*Nuestro Señor*, Our Lord.

Na. Sa.—*Nuestra Señora*, Our Lady.

"The Duke"—Wellington.

C^e.—*Calle*, street.

Pla.—*Plaza*, place, square.

Pr^{ai}.—*Puerta*, gate.

Pda.—*Posada*, an inn.

Pdor.—*Parador*, a halting-place, a khan.

Fa.—*Fonda*, an hotel.

Va.—*Venta*, a pothouse.

La.—or L.—*Legua*, a league.

N.—*Norte*, North.

E.—*Est, Este, Oriente*, East.

S.—*Sud, Mediodia*, South.

W.—*Poniente, Occidente*, West.

R.—*Derecho*, right.

L.—*Isquierdo*, left.

Inhab.—*Vecinos*, inhabitants.

Popⁿ.—Population; Spaniards, for the term *householders*, use *vecinos*, and assume 6 to be the average of a

family; when the epithet *escasos* is added it means 4 or 5.

M^s.—*Marques*, Marquis.

Cde.—*Conde*, Count.

Gen^l.—*General*, General.

Capⁿ.—*Capitan*, Captain.

Ferd. VII.—*Fernando*, Ferdinand.

Ferd. and Isab.—*Fernando y Isabel*, Ferdinand and Isabella; or *Los Reyes Catolicos*, the Catholic Sovereigns: their period is between 1474—1516.

Vmd. or V.—*Vuestra Merced*, "Usted," Your worship, the common form of "you;" it is now usually written simply V.

Mad. { Madrid, Valencia, Barcelona :
Vala. { this sort of abbreviation will
Bara. { be used in quoting editions of
 { books published in these and
 { other cities.

[] Whenever words are introduced between these *brackets*, thus [Sn. Isidoro, Leon, p.], without any apparent connexion with the text, the intention is to refer the reader to something analogous or illustrative; indeed, whenever any doubt occurs, consult the INDEX.

Está por acabar, { "It has to be fi-
Quedó por concluir. { nished;" the com-
 { mon condition of
 { much mighty pro-
 { mise in Spain.

Nosotros—We, *i. e.* the Spaniards; the collective expression of individual egotism; each I or item of the aggregate considering himself as No. 1 among mortals, as Spain is the first and foremost of nations.

Cosas de España—"Things of Spain;" *i. e.* peculiarities tending to illustrate national character. The expression is common among all classes, and is that by which the natives express anything, which they either cannot or will not explain to strangers.

Bisoños—Wanters; an old Spanish term, and much used by Torenó to express the soldiers of a regular Spanish army—*Cosas de España paupertas*, *Egestas*—"always," as the Duke says, "hors de combat,"

always "in want of everything at the most critical moment;" and such Spanish armies have too often been from the neglect of vicious administrations. The term arose in Italy, where the troops of Charles V. were always asking for everything—*Bisogna carni*, *Bisogna denari*.

INDEX.—In all cases where a word or name does not explain itself, refer to the *Index*, as it will be found to have been used and explained in some previous page.

SECTION II.

ANDALUCIA.

CONTENTS.—INTRODUCTORY INFORMATION.

Kingdom of Andalucia ; its History and Geography ; Character of the People and Country ; Uncultivation ; Rotany ; Shooting ; Skeleton Tours.—Social Manners ; Religious peculiarities ; Symbols and Attributes ; Purgatory ; Beggars ; Charitable Institutions.—Bull-fights.—Theatre ; Dances ; Music and Guitar.—The Cigar ; Spanish Costume ; the Mantilla ; the Fan ; the Cloak.

ROUTE I.—ENGLAND TO CADIZ AND GIBRALTAR.

Steamers to Spain ; Cape St. Vincent ; Cadiz ; Bay of Cadiz ; Isla de Leon ; Barrosa ; Trafalgar ; the Straits ; Tarifa ; Algeciras ; Carteia.

ROUTE II.—CADIZ TO SEVILLE, BY STEAM.

San Lucar ; Mansanilla wine ; the Guadalquivir.

ROUTE III.—CADIZ TO SEVILLE BY LAND.

Xerez ; sherry wines ; Utrera ; Alcalà de Guadaira.

ROUTE IV.—XEREZ TO SEVILLE.

ROUTE V.—SAN LUCAR TO PORTUGAL.
Moguer ; Lepe ; Normans in Spain.

ROUTE VI.—SAN LUCAR TO PORTUGAL.

Niebla ; shooting ; Coto del Rey.

SEVILLE.

Excursion to Italica.

ROUTE VII.—A MINING TOUR.

Rio Tinto ; Aracena ; Llerena ; Almaden.

ROUTE VIII.—SEVILLE TO MADRID.

Carmona ; Ecija ; Cordova ; Andujar ; Bailen ; Navas de Tolosa ; La Mancha ; Cervantes and his works ; Valdepeñas ; cross-road to Ciudad Real ; Ocaña ; Aranjuez.

ROUTE IX.—SEVILLE TO BADAJOZ.

Zafra.

ROUTE X.—SEVILLE TO BADAJOZ.

Albuera.

ANDALUCIA.

The kingdom or province of Andalucia, in local position, climate, fertility, objects of interest, and facility of access, must take precedence over all others in Spain. It is the Tarshish of the Bible, a word interpreted by Sir Wm. Betham as the "furthest known habitation." It was the "*ultima terra*" of the classics, the "uttermost parts of the earth," to which Jonah wished to flee. Tarshish—Tartessus in the uncertain geography of the ancients, who were purposely kept mystified by the jealous Phœnicians, scouts of all free trade—was long a vague general name, like our Indies. It was applied sometimes to a town, to a river, to a locality, by authors who wrote for Rome, the blind leading the blind. But when the Romans, after the fall of Carthage, obtained an undisputed possession of the Peninsula, these difficulties were cleared up, and the S. of Spain was called Bætica, from the Bætis, the Guadalquivir, which intersects its fairest portions.

At the Gothic invasion this province was overrun by the Vandals: their occupation was brief, as they were soon driven out into Barbary by the Visigoths; yet they left their name behind, and fixed the nomenclature of both sides of the straits, which were long called Vandalucia, or *Beled-el-Andalosh*, the territory of the Vandal. The inhabitants, however, never were Vandals in its secondary meaning; on the contrary, they were, and always have been, the most elegant, refined, and sensual of the Peninsula. They were the Ionians, while the Cantabrians and Celtiberians were the Spartans. And nowhere to this day is *race* more evident: they sprang from a Southern stock, the Phœnician, while the Arragonese and Catalonians came from a Northern or Celtic. Similar differences exist between the N. of Ireland, which is peopled with an Anglo-Saxon Scotch race, and the S. who boast to be, like the Andalucians, true Milesians. Nor is the national character dissimilar; both alike are impressionable as children, heedless of results, uncalculating of contingencies, passive victims to violent impulse, gay, clever, good-humoured, and light-hearted, and the most subservient dupes of plausible nonsense. Tell them that their country is the most beautiful, themselves the finest, handsomest, bravest, and most civilized of mortals, and they may be led forthwith by the nose. Of all Spaniards the Andalucian is the greatest boaster; he brags chiefly of his courage and wealth. He ends in believing his own lie, and hence is always pleased with himself, with whom he is on the best of terms. His redeeming qualities are his kind and good manners, his lively, social turn, his ready wit and sparkle: he is ostentatious, and, as far as his limited means will allow, eager to show hospitality to the stranger, after the Spanish acceptance of that term, which has no English reference to the kitchen. As in the days of Strabo, he rather affects the foreigner than dislikes him, for the intercourse of his rich maritime cities has broken down somewhat of inland prejudices.

The Oriental imagination of the Andalucians colours men and things up to the bright hues of their glorious sun; their exaggeration, *Ponderacion*, is only exceeded by their credulity, its twin sister. Everything is in the superlative or diminutive, especially as regards talk in the former, and deeds in the latter. They have a yearning after the unattainable, and a disregard for the practical; never, in fact, either much knowing or caring about the object in pursuit. They are incapable of sustained sobriety of conduct, which alone can succeed in the long run. Nowhere will the stranger hear more frequently those talismanic words which mark national character—*No se sabe, no se puede, conforme*, the “I don’t know,” “I can’t do it;” the *Mañana, pasado mañana*, the “to-morrow and day after to-morrow;” the *Boukra, balboukra*, of the procrastinating Oriental. Here remain the *Bakalum* or *Veremos*, “we will see about it;” the *Pek-éyi* or *muy bien*, “very well;” and the *Inshallah, si Dios quiere*, the “if the Lord will” of St. James (iv. 15); the *Ojala*, or wishing that God would effect what he wants, the Moslems *Enxo-Allah*. In a word, the besetting sins of the Oriental, his ignorance, indifference, procrastination, tempered by a religious resignation to Providence.

Eminently superstitious, Mariolatry has here succeeded to the adoration of the Bætican *Salambo*, the Venus and Astarte of the Phœnicians, and a reliance on supernatural aid, and the chapter of accidents, is the common resource in all circumstances of difficulty. Their intellect, energy and industry wither under this perpetual calling on gods and men to do their work for them. Their church has provided a tutelar, an interruptive Patron or Genius for every emergency of life, however trivial. Every town has its local saint, male or female, its miracle, its legends; and once for all, it may be observed that a wide distinction is to be made between these inventions palmed on a credulous

people, and the serious truths of real religion for which they have been here substituted. Little moral benefit has been the result, for, if proverbs are to be trusted, the Andalucian is not over-honest in word or deed. *Al Andaluz cata la Cruz ; dal Andaluz guarda tu capuz*, that is, keep a sharp look-out, even if he makes the sign of the cross, for your cloak, not omitting the rest of your goods and chattels. In no province are robbers and smugglers (convertible terms) more a weed of the soil.

Whatever may be the analogies of race with the congener Milesians, the Irish beat the Andalucians hollow in fighting propensities. The latter were always men of peace. Strabo (iii. 225) praises their gentle manners, their *πολιτικον*; and this "*muy politico*"—*politus*, well polished—is their present unchanged quality.

" La terra molle e lieta e diletta
Simili a se gli abitatori produce."

However "inflated their nostrils," as the Moors said, or big their talk, their natural defence is in their heels, and their bark is worse than their bite. *Perro ladrador nunca bien mordedor*; they are the Gascons of Spain; they seldom wait to be attacked. Ocaña, in 1810, was but a repetition of the run described by Livy (xxxiv. 17), who there spoke of the Andalucians as "*Omnium Hispanorum maxime imbelles*;" nor are they at all changed. Soult subdued the whole province in fifteen days; and its conquest was quite as much a "*promenade militaire*" to the feeble Angoulême in 1823. Nowhere were the French better received: they called it "*their province*:" for the Andalucians, spaniel-like, fawned most on those who used them the worst; at the same time, however dastardly their *collective* conduct, the Andalucian as an *individual* shares in the personal valour and prowess for which all Spaniards, taken singly, are remarkable. If the people are sometimes cruel and ferocious when collected in numbers, we must remember that the blood of Africa boils in their veins; their fathers were the children of the Arab, whose arm is against every man; they have never had a chance given them—an iniquitous and long-continued system of misgovernment in church and state has tended to depress their good qualities and encourage their vices; the former, which are all their own, have flourished in spite of the depressing incubus. Can it be wondered that their armies should fly when every means of efficiency is wanting to the poor soldier, and when unworthy chiefs set the example? Is there no allowance to be made for their taking the law into their own hands, when they see the fountains of justice habitually corrupted? The world is not their friend, nor the world's law; their lives, sinews, and little properties have never been respected by the powers that be, who have ever favoured the rich and strong, at the expense of the poor and weak; the people, therefore, from sad experience have no confidence in institutions, and when armed with power, and their blood on fire, can it be expected that they should not slake their great revenge?

Whatever may be their failings, none will at least deny them those high intellectual qualities, for which they have ever been celebrated. The *Turdetani*, their ancestors, were always renowned for their imagination: when the Augustan age of literature died away at Rome, it was revived in Bætica by the two Senecas, Lucan, and Columella. Again, from the ninth to the fourteenth century, during the darkest periods of European barbarism, Cordova was the bright spot, the Athens and Rome of the west, at once the seat of arts, science, and elegance, as of arms and valiant soldiers. Again, when the sun of Raphael set in Italy, painting here arose in a new form in the Velazquez, Murillo, and Cano school of Seville. The Moorish Andalucians took the lead in every branch of intellectual pursuit, and in spite of protracted misgovernment, the

Andalucian to this day is the wit, the *gracioso* of Spain. The *gracia*, the *sal Andaluza*, is proverbial. This *salt* is not exactly Attic, having a tendency to gitanesque and tauro-machian slang; but it is almost the national language of the *smuggler*, *bandit*, *bull-fighter*, *dancer*, and *Majo*, and who has not heard of these worthies of Bætica, the *Contrabandista*, *Ladron*, *Torero*, *Bailerino*, and *Majo*? Their fame has long scaled the Pyrenees, while in the Peninsula itself such persons and pursuits are the rage and dear delight of the young and daring, of all indeed who aspire to the "*Fancy*," or *aficion*. These truly provincial Andalucian pastimes represent, with Spaniards, our road, ring, race, chase, and everything, in short, connected with a sporting character. Andalusia is the head-quarters of all this, and the cradle of the most eminent professors, who in the other provinces become stars, patterns, models, the observed of all observers, and the envy and admiration of their applauding countrymen. The qualities are essentially Andalucian, and like the delicate flavour and aroma of Sherry wines, are local and inimitable.

The provincial dress is so extremely picturesque, that it is adopted in our costumeless land for fancy balls; to judge of its full effect, an Andalucian village must be visited on some holiday, when all are clad in their best. Whatever the merits of tailors and milliners, nature has lent her hand in the good work; the Andalucian is cast in her happiest mould, he is tall, well-grown, strong and sinewy. The female is worthy of her mate, and often presents a form of matchless symmetry, to which is added a peculiar and most fascinating grace and action, all of which are essential to the dancer, bull-fighter, and *Majo*. These are certainly among the "objects to observe" in this province, and indeed, whether the traveller chooses or not, they will at every step be forced into his notice.

The *Majo*, the *Figaro* of our theatres, is entirely in word and deed of Moorish origin; he is akin to the Greek *Pallicar*; he is the local dandy. The derivation of the word is the Arabic *Majar*, brilliancy, splendour, jauntiness in walk. Martial, as described by Pliny, jun. (Ep. iii. 21), although an Arragonese by birth, was, in fact, an *Andaluz*. "Erat homo ingeniosus (*ingenioso hidalgo*)—acutus, acer, et qui plurimum in scribendo *salis* haberet et fellis." This mixture of salt and gall is most peculiar to the satirical Sevillians, whose tongues flay their victims alive; *quitante a uno el pellejo*." The graver Castilians, truer children of the Goth, either despise the Andalucians as half Moors, or laugh at them as mere clowns and merrymen, and certainly they are somewhat idle, insincere, fickle, and undignified. The *Majo* glitters in velvets and filigree buttons, tags and tassels; his dress is as gay as his sun; external appearance is all and everything with him. This love of *show*, *boato*, is precisely the Arabic *batto*, *betato*; his favourite epithet *bizarro*, "*distinguished*," is the Arabic *bessarâ*, "*elegance of form*," from *bizar*, a youth. The *Majo* is an out-and-out *swell*, *muy fanfaron*; this fanfaronade in word and thing is also Moorish, since *fanfar* and *hinchar* both signify to "*distend*," and are applied in the Arabic and in the Spanish to *las narices*, the inflation of the barb's nostrils, and in a secondary meaning, to *pretencion*. The *Majo*, especially if *crudo* (See Xerez), is fond of practical jokes; his outbreaks and "larks" are still termed in Spanish by their Arabic names, *arana*, *jalea*, i. e. *khala-a*, "waggishness."

He is amorous, of course, and full of *requiebros*, or passing jests, compliments, and repartees. He addresses his *querida* with Oriental devotion; she is *hija de mi alma*, *de mis ojos*, the precise *ya rohee*, *ya aynee ya habeeby* of Cairo. The putting on the *Majo* dress is hoisting the signal of fun and licence: an elegant well-turned out *Maja* animates the whole vicinity; all men give the wail to her, many uncloak themselves, while students cast their tattered *capas* on the

ground for the spangled feet to pass over. *A las plantitas de Vmd.*—"Benditas sean tus ligas"—*que compuesta estás—vaya una majita—mas vale que toda Sevilla. Que aire, que toná, que ojos matadores, ay de mi!* The individuals thus complimented, especially the male *majo*, ought never to omit having the last word. No tailor nor hand-book can, however, make a *majo*, nor let any stranger venture too soon to play these frisks and gambols. Those who can, and do it well, become the envy and admiration of the *Plaza, que saleroso, que gracioso, que travesura que trastienda! que caidas tiene, que occurencias, derrama sal y canela, y es la sal de las sales.* The *Majo* of the lower classes often degenerates into a *Bravo*, a bully, a fire-eater, and flashman, *muy guapo, y valiente.* He is the *Baratero*, who levies forfeit-money from all who will not fight him.

Such are the natives of Andalucia. The soil of their province is most fertile, and the climate delicious; the land overflows with oil and wine. The vines of Xerez, the olives of Seville, and the fruits of Malaga, are unequalled. The yellow plains, girdled by the green sea, bask in the sunshine, like a topaz set around with emeralds. Strabo (iii. 223) could find no better panegyric for the Elysian fields of Andalucia, than by quoting the charming description of the father of poetry ('Od.' Δ, 563): and here the classics, following his example, placed the Gardens of the Blessed, and these afterwards became the real paradise, the new and favoured world of the Oriental. Here the children of Damascus rioted in a European Arabia Felix. On the fame of the conquest reaching the East, many tribes abandoned Syria to settle in Andalucia, just as the Spaniards afterwards emigrated to the golden S. America. The new comers kept chiefly apart, isolated in clans, each tribe hating each other; hence a seed of weakness was sown in the very cradle of the Moorish dominion. Thus the Yemenite Arabs of the stock of Khátan lived in the plains, while the Syrians of the stock of Adhán lived in the cities, and thence were called "*Beladium*," to both of which the Berbers from the Atlas were opposed.

When these heterogeneous ingredients became more amalgamated, it was here, in a congenial soil, that the Oriental took the deepest root. Here he has left the noblest traces of power, taste, and intelligence—here he made his last desperate struggle. Six centuries after the chilly north had been abandoned to the Gotho-Spaniard, Granada still was held; and from this gradual recovery of Andalucia, the Oriental divisions into separate principalities are still retained, and it is still called *Los Cuatro Reinos*, the "Four Kingdoms," viz. Seville, Cordova, Jaen, and Granada.

These occupy the S. extremity of Spain, and are defended from the cold N. table-lands by the barrier-mountains of the Sierra *Morena*—a corruption of the Montes *Marianos* of the Romans, and not referring to the tawny-brown colour of its summer garb. Andalucia contains 2281 square l. It is a land of mountain and valley; the grand productive locality is the basin of the Guadalquivir, which flows under the range of the Sierra Morena. To the S.E. rise the mountains of Ronda and Granada, which sweep down to the sea. Their summits are covered with eternal snow, while the sugar-cane ripens at their bases. The botanical range is, therefore, inexhaustible. These sierras are absolutely marble and metal-pregnant. The cities are of the highest order in Spain, in respect to the fine arts and social life. Nowhere is *el trato* more amiable—nowhere is the Englishman better received, for Andalucia produces fruits and wines, and is an exporting province. Thus Malaga and Xerez are diametrically opposed to anti-British, manufacturing, monopolising Catalonia. Here, again, is a portion of England itself, Gibraltar; while Seville, Cordova, Ronda, and Granada, each in their peculiar line, have no rivals in Spain or in Europe.

However fertile the soil, and favourable the climate, no province in Spain, except Estremadura, has been turned to less account by the natives, who with strange apathy have allowed the two richest districts, and those the best cultivated under the Roman and Moor, to relapse into weed and underwood; everywhere the luxuriance of wild vegetation shows what crops might be raised with even common cultivation. Hence from the recesses of the barrier Sierra Morena down to the plains which fringe the Straits of Gibraltar, there is a wide and unexplored field for the botanist and sportsman. Nothing is more striking than the brilliant Flora of May and June: it is that of a hothouse growing wild; flowers of every colour, like perfumed cups of rubies, amethysts, and topazes filled with sunshine, tempt the stranger at every step. They bloom and blush unnoticed by the native. The nomenclature of the commonest plants is chiefly taken from the Arabic, which sufficiently denotes whence the Spaniard derived his limited knowledge.

These *dehesas y despoblados*, or depopulated wastes, are of vast extent. The country remains as it was left after the discomfiture of the Moor. The early chronicles of both Spaniard and Moslem teem with accounts of the annual forays inflicted on each other, and to which a frontier-district was always exposed. The object of these border *guerrilla*-warfares was extinction, *talar, guemar y robar*, to desolate, burn, and rob, to cut down fruit-trees, and exterminate the fowls of the air. The internecine struggle was that of rival nations and creeds. It was truly Oriental, and such as Ezekiel, who well knew the Phœnician, has described: "Go ye after him through the city and smite; let not your eye have pity, neither have ye pity; slay utterly old and young, both maids and little children and women." The religious duty of smiting the infidel precluded mercy on both sides alike, for the Christian foray and crusade was the exact counterpart of the Moslem *algara* and *alghad*; while, from military reasons, everything was turned into a desert, in order to create a frontier Edom of starvation, a defensive glacis, through which no invading army could pass and live; the "beasts of the field alone increased" (Deut. vii. 22). Nature, thus abandoned, resumed her rights, and has cast off every trace of former cultivation, and districts, the granaries of the Roman and the Moor, now offer the saddest contrasts to that former prosperity and industry. The physiognomy of the soil and climate in these wastes is now truly African. A few wild nomad peasants, half Berbers, tend herds of cattle, which wander over the lonely and unenclosed plains. The chief shrubs and evergreens which clothe these, and most of the wastes of the warm portions of the Peninsula, these *montes, cotos, matas y dehesas*, these preserves of the sportsman and botanist, are varieties of heaths, *helecho*; of brooms, *retama, inhiesta*; rosemary, *romero*; spurge, *torvisco*; lavender, *espliego, cantueso, alhuzema*; tamarisk, *tamariz*; thyme, *tomillo*; the citisus laurestinus phillarea, *sao*, and bay-tree laurel; the juniper, *enebro*; the arbutus, *madroño*; the alaternus and privet, *ladierna*; the mugwort, *artemisia*; liquorice, *oruzuz, regaliz*; the savine and passerina hirsuta; the oleander, *adelfa*; every kind of cistus, *jara*; the dwarf fan-palm, *palmita*, *Chamærops humilis*; the wild olive, *acebuche*; the ilex, *encina*; the kermes oak, *coscaya*; the dwarf scrub oak, *chaparro*; the myrtle, *arrayan*; the cork-tree, *alcornoque*; the rhododendrum, *qjaranzo*; the cistus halinifolius, *saquazo*; the hedysarum coronatum, *sulla*; the caper, *alcaparro*; the lentisk, *lentisco*; to say nothing of the aquatic plants of the marshes and swamps. The fences, where there are any, are composed of the prickly pear, *higo chumbo*, ficus Indica, cactus opuntia, and of the aloe, *pita* aloe, agava americana. Nothing can be more impenetrable; these palisades would defy a regiment of dragoons or fox-hunters. The natives call the pointed-aloe leaves the devil's toothpicks, *Mondadientes del diablo*.

The botany of Spain, like other branches of her natural history, has not been sufficiently described: what has been done has, as in the East, been very much the work of foreigners, and at their suggestion. It was Linnæus who first accused the Spaniards of a *barbaries botanica*, and he sent his pupil, Peter Læfing, to collect a *Flora Hispanica*. Richard Wall, an Irishman, and prime minister to Charles III., also employed his countryman, William Bowles, to investigate the natural history of Spain; and his work, '*Introduccion á la Historia Natural*,' although scarcely touching the alphabet of the question, is still one of the most quoted in the Peninsula. It has gone through many editions: the third, Mad. 1789, is the best. In our times Captain Widdrington has paid much attention to this subject, and has pointed out to future labourers the different branches which require investigation; indeed, the larger portion of the Peninsula is still almost a *terra incognita* to the naturalist.

Agriculture also is at a low ebb, and yet this is the real source of Spanish wealth, the inexhaustible mine which lies on the surface. The Carthaginian Magos and Columellas were the instructors of ancient Italy, as the Moors were of mediæval Europe. Their system of irrigation in Valencia and Murcia is unrivalled. The works of Abu Zúcaria Ebn al Awan obtained an European authority; and Gabriel Alonzo de Herrera, who borrowed from them, is the father of modern husbandry. But agriculture has declined with most things in Spain. The processes of oil and wine-making resemble those of the ancients. This is the country in which Adam Dickson's work on their '*Husbandry*,' 2 v. Edin. 1788, may be perfectly illustrated. Spain was once in the advance of Europe in many matters; but her sun has long stood still: moored by pride and prejudice, she has allowed the world to sail by and leave her far behind. Never have geology, zoology, ornithology, entomology, or any of the ologies, flourished here; the many prefer the *olla*, and have small love for nature, nor ever investigate her works. Yet the air teems with the vitality of the creation, and the earth is ever busy in providing flowers and fruits; how much is there yet to *observe* in these inquiries, of all others the most fascinating, as bringing the student in close contact with nature. At the same time this agreeable pursuit is not unattended with danger; agues are caught in the swamps by those who cull curious bulrushes; and the man of the Vasculum risks the being robbed by *raterillos*, worried by ignorant alcaldes, and suspected by the peasants of searching for hidden treasures; take, therefore, a guide with you, having first duly prepared the authorities by explaining to them your objects.

SKELETON TOURS IN ANDALUCIA.

The best towns for residence are Granada for the summer, and Seville for the winter; at Gibraltar (which is English, not Spanish), the creature comforts and good medical advice abound; but the rock is, after all, but a military prison. The spring and autumn are the best periods for a tour in Andalucia: the summers, except in the mountain districts, are intensely hot, and the winters very rainy.

The river Guadalquivir is well provided with steamers to Seville; but with the exception of the *Camino real* to Madrid, and that from Malaga to Granada, there are no public carriages, nay, scarcely roads, though they are talking much of *rails*. From Cadiz, therefore, to Xativa, near Valencia, the primitive Bedouin conveyance, the horse, prevails. There are indeed a few *galeras*, which drag their slow weight through miry ruts, deep as Spanish *routine* and prejudices, or over stony tracks made by wild goats, but into them no man who values time or his bones will venture. "*Que, Diable! allait-il faire à cette galère?*"

A THREE MONTHS' TOUR.

This may be effected by a combination of Steam, Riding, and Coaching.

April. Gibraltar, S.	April. Cordova, C.	May. Lanjaron, R.	June. Loja, C.
Tarifa, R.	Andujar, C.	Berja, R.	Antequera, R.
Cadiz, R.	Jaen, R., or	June. Motril, R.	Ronda, R.
Xerez, C.	May. Bailen, C.	Velez Malaga, R.	Gibraltar, R.
San Lúcar, C.	Jaen, C.	Alhama, R.	
Seville, S.	Granada, C.	Malaga, R.	

Those going to Madrid may ride from Ronda to Cordova, by Osuna.
Those going to Estremadura may ride from Ronda to Seville, by Moron.

MINERALOGICAL-GEOLOGICAL TOUR.

Seville	Cordova, R.	Cabo de Gata.....Marbles.
Villa Nueva del Rio, R., Coal	Bailen, C.	Adra, R.....Lead.
Rio Tinto, R.....Copper.	Linares, R.....Lead.	Berja, R.....Lead.
Almaden de la Plata, R. Silv..	Baeza, R.....Lead.	Granada, R.....Marbles.
Guadalcanal, R.....Silver.	Segura, R.....Forests.	Malaga, C.
Almaden, R.....Quicksilver.	Baza, R.	Marbella, R.....Iron.
Excursion to Logrosan, B.	Purchena, R.....Marbles.	Gibraltar, R.
Phosphate of Lime.	Macaël, R.....Marbles.	

SOCIAL LIFE AND MANNERS IN SOUTH OF SPAIN.

In dislocated, disunited Spain, where the differences of climate are so great, it is natural that houses and domestic habits should also be varied and modified, to suit peculiar circumstances; accordingly some insight into the leading peculiarities of social life in the S. of Spain will be useful to the traveller who aims at something more than a mere acquaintance with the external husk of the country, which his passport and letter of credit will procure. These can only open the gates of towns and inns, and secure the greedy pack who fawn for the sake of loaves and fishes, while a knowledge of, and conformance with, the former, unlocks the hearts and homes of those good people who do not take money at their doors for admission. The Oriental criterion, that *Manners make the man*, still forms a marked rule in the social code of Spain, where a breach of the conventional rules of fashion and good breeding entails more disgrace on the offender than does the breaking the laws of God. The former are self-imposed, and being things of mere opinion, exist only by the utter exclusion of those who disobey them. As in the East, "nothing in point of form, address, or manner, is indefinite, arbitrary, mutable, or left to the impulse of the moment, or to the taste of the individual: the unchangeable exigences of society are familiar to all: all, therefore, know how to act any new part with dignity, without embarrassment, awkwardness, or vulgarity." The Oriental, promoted to office from a previously low condition, at once assumes the correct manner and bearing of the pacha; Sancho Panza did the same in his government, so did the Regent Espartero, although also the son of a Manchegan peasant. This seems out of English nature, but it is what takes place every day in Spain, where in the absence of fixed institutions men rely on individuals, the happy accidents of the day; there the power still obtained by mere *personal* influence is scarcely inferior to that of the *chatir* among the Turks; a pleasing manner, breathing a courtesy from heaven, plucks allegiance from Spanish hearts. Care must, however, be taken (as Hamlet knew) that this "courtesy be of the right breed;" or, rather, what the natives consider to be the right, for every country has its own standard, to which the new comer must conform. The admitted and prescriptive manner to which Spaniards are accustomed, and the ceremonies of their

external life are so bound up with their feelings, that they with difficulty can separate things and ideas from their outward signs and representatives. National character never expresses itself more intelligibly than in these forms, to undervalue which argues no knowledge either of the world or of the heart of man. The Spaniards, both from geographical and idiosyncratical causes, have never mixed much with other nations: Strabo (iii. 200, 234) attributes the rudeness of the Iberians to their aversion to social intercourse with foreigners, their *το αμικτον και ανεπιπλεκτον*, and to their living out of the way, *το εκτοπισμον*. Like their ancestors, Spaniards, who have few opportunities of beholding other manners than their own, act and reason when they see a stranger, as we do when we meet a strange bull with whom we have not the pleasure of being acquainted: the first impression is rather to be on one's guard. They have good cause to adhere to the ancient interpretation of *hostis*, a stranger, and an enemy, for from the time of the Phœnicians downwards Spain owes little to foreigners but invasion and subjection. The essence of true *Españolismo* is an impatience of foreign dictation. Ferd. VII., who was a wag in his way, and a Spaniard to the backbone, used to wish to see his enemies the French *gavachos* hung (*con las entrañas*) of his friends the English *borrachos*, a royal and pleasing metaphor for a rope taken from the gentle pastime of bull-fighting, in which the gored horses drag their long protruding entrails over the arena. Whenever, as happily is often the case with John Bull, the first abstract feeling of distrust against a foreigner is somewhat neutralized, the Spaniard still eyes the stranger as one does a dog, who if he does not wag his tail, is expected to bite; and if we do not pick up a stone, we certainly consider him to be a surly ill-mannered cur, and at least never pat or patronize him. If the fatal verdict has once been pronounced, that the stranger *no tiene, no conoce el mundo*, or *no tiene educacion*, or *es sin educacion*—in other words, has not what they consider the manners of a gentleman—he is tabooed. Neither fortune nor bribery, neither the puffing of toadies, nor even a good cook will procure admission for the *Gallego Ingles* into good society. The *education* of a gentleman is rather understood by them to refer to manners and behaviour, than to reading, writing, and arithmetic: *uneducated* means with them not ill-read but ill-bred: and every particular society has a right to lay down its own conditions and qualifications to candidates, and to reject those who decline to conform to the majority, which must decide those questions. Thus Plutarch tells us that, when Agesilaus was received by Tachos, a magnificent dinner was given him after the most approved Egyptian style: the natives had the highest opinion of their guest until he *refused* the sweetmeats and perfumes, when they all immediately held him in profound contempt as a person unaccustomed to and unworthy of the manners of civilized life. Now, as the ancient and Oriental influences operate more powerfully in isolated Spain than in other countries of Europe, if we wish to be well received among Spaniards, we must show our readiness and disposition to meet them *more than half way, and in their way*. The Spaniard, like an Englishman, improves on better acquaintance; his first approach is somewhat distant and reserved. He does not anticipate the friendship of others, nor volunteer or make advances of his own; he is proud rather than vain, well-bred rather than affable; he does not prostitute his regards and admiration alike on every chance passer-by, and, by not being lavish of civilities, he makes them, when conferred, worthy of acceptance and a distinction.

———“He does not flatter and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy.”

He stands somewhat aloof, and on his guard; but when he sees that the stranger

is of his own order, and one that he can trust, and with whom he can live and deal, *con quien puede tratar*, he opens his heart widely and frankly, and, like the Arab, passing from one extreme to another, casts away reserve, and becomes free and intimate. He desires his friend to treat him *con toda franqueza Española*, and often, as he will add, *y Inglesa*. The value of an Englishman's good faith has sunk deeply into the national mind. This mutual sense of honour, *pundonor*, this personal respect, has long formed a quality of which they, as individuals, are and justly proud. The two nations are sympathetic, not antipathetic. Thus a Spaniard who would never dream of trusting one of his own countrymen, will advance money, or confide valuable effects to an Englishman, although a perfect stranger. He considers "*la fe de caballero Ingles*," the word of an English gentleman, to be, like the *kilmet el Ingleez* in the East, a sufficient security; and hitherto, from Spain never having been made a Boulogne or a Botany Bay, no self-expatriated swindler has tarnished the honourable reputation of his country.

The traveller in Spain cannot be too often counselled to lay aside his preconceived prejudices and foregone conclusions, the heaviest of all luggage. It will be time to form his opinion when he has seen the country, and studied the natives; many things there may appear, and possibly are, very absurd and old-fashioned to free, easy, and enlightened individuals from the Old and the New World; but will they ever argue a Spaniard out of his natural and national predilections? He will only smoke his cigar, and think the critics either envious, fools, or both; and after all, he must be a better judge of what suits himself and his climate than the mere stranger who is ignorant of the religious, political, and social influences of which manners are the exponent; *mas sabe el necio en su casa, que el cuerdo en la agena*. "The blockhead knows more of his own house than the wise man in that of another person." In Spain, *costumbres hacen leyes*; and to these laws of custom their most despotic rulers have submitted, and they have *practically* neutralized many an institution most atrocious in *theory*: with them, therefore, the wise man will endeavour to conform, and he who cannot, but prefers finding fault with what a whole nation approves of, must not be surprised or offended if the Spaniards should say, as they certainly will, *Vaya Fmd. con Dios!*—"God be with you! let us meet as little as we can, and be better strangers. There was no thought of pleasing you when we were christened."

It is incredible how popular an Englishman will become among Spaniards, if he will assimilate himself to their forms of society; a few bows are soon made, and the taking off one's hat, especially to ladies, and in a fine climate, is no great hardship. Our countrymen when at home are too busy, and are too much afraid of the catch-cold, to stand bandying compliments bare-headed in the open air and draft, besides the fear of being thought unmanly and affected. It is not the custom of the country, and therefore is and looks odd, which no man likes: this is all very well in Pall-Mall, but will not do on the Prado. The better rule is, on landing at Cadiz, to consider every stranger in a long-tailed coat to be a marquis, until you find him out to be a waiter, and even then no great harm is done, and you dine the quicker for the mistake. You are always on the safe side. When Spaniards see an Englishman behaving to them as they do to him and to other gentlemen, from not expecting it, a reaction takes place. *He tratado con el Ingles; es tan formal y cumplido como nosotros*. "I have met the Englishman; he is as perfect a gentleman as one of us." He stands in favourable contrast with those surly boors who confirm the continental caricature of our national morgue and gaucherie. Let not, however, the ill-mannered culprit think that he escapes unscathed; no nation has a truer sense of propriety or

quicker perception of the ridiculous than the Spaniard, and still more the Andalusian; the individual is toised at one glance from head to toe, every blot is hit, he is flayed alive, *le quitan el pellejo*, while a delicious nickname, *apodo*, follows him wherever he goes like his own shadow.

The best notion of life and manners in Andalucia will be conveyed by describing the houses of Seville, and a stranger's first visit. This town, like most of those of Moorish construction, is full of tortuous, narrow, winding lanes. It is very easy to lose one's way in this labyrinth: carriages can only pass through the widest of these *calles*, which were built before coaches were, when men walked or rode. In winter they resemble the bottoms of wells, but in summer they are cool and pleasant from being always in shade. The Moors knew what they were about: now, the enlightened corporations, urged on by royal academicians, are doing their utmost to widen them, thus letting in the fierce sun, and destroying their irregular picturesqueness. So Nero treated Rome, but those who follow such an example will find out the inconveniences which did not escape the philosophical Tacitus.—‘An. xv. 43;’ Suet. ‘Ner. 38.’

The houses are solid, and have a prison-like look from the iron gratings, the *rejas*, which barricade the windows: for *niñas y vinas son mal á guardar*. These *celocias* have survived, and are the relics of jealous husbands—a race now almost extinct, and which, like the Spanish *dueñas*, witches, dragons, and other mediæval sentinels over damsels of suspected virtue, are handed over to novelists, to point a moral or adorn a tale. Since the French revolution, to be jealous is not *bon ton*; it is considered to be a vulgar habit. Among the lower classes, however, the green-eyed passion still burns with the Othello-like revenge of the Moor: and whatever may or may not be predicated of the better classes, there are no *cortejos*, no *cavaliere serventes* among the humble many. The *cortejo*, however, is also a thing of the past; it was the name which the honest Southrons gave to what, in other countries, either had none or some other—“my cousin,” for instance, just as the Turks consider the English equivalent of visiting their harem to be “Going to my club.”

The deep embrasures of the windows of Spain are frequently converted into boudoirs, and shaded by awnings: in them the dark sex sit for air and exercise, singing like blackbirds in a cage, embroidering, or looking out and being looked at; and certainly these superior beings, when seen in their balconies from below, are, as Byron says, more interesting than the unreal heroines of Goldoni, or pictures by Giorgione. This habit is considered to be incurable, *muger ventanera tuercela el cuello se la quieres buena*. “The remedy for a woman who is always thrusting her head from the casement is to twist her neck.” These bars resemble the lattices of the harem, behind which the Oriental ladies are ensconced, and like them the *Andaluzas* do not repine at the *apparent* confinement. Tolerance is but indifference, and they are guarded like precious treasures. They are safe behind the bars from everything except glances, the flying artillery of Cupid, serenading and *requiebros*, or expressions of compliment and endearment, to which they have no objection. Shut up, they look so like nuns (which they are not) and captive princesses of romance, that all men who have tender hearts feel imperatively disposed to deliver them from apparent durance vile.

Accordingly at night-fall, the chosen one, enveloped in his cloak, leans against these *rejas*, “sole witnesses,” as Cervantes says, “of secret love,” and whispers soft nothings to their *queridas*, their sweethearts who cannot get out; hence this is called *comer hierro*, to eat iron, and is another form of expression for flirting—*pelar la pava*, “to pluck the hen-turkey.” This metallic diet makes the lovers as bold as fire-eating does elsewhere. They are the German *eisen fressern*, iron gorgers, who eat, digest, and defy everything. The point of honour is never to allow any

person to pass between themselves and the window, and thus take the wall or the space from them. These assignations were in former days absolutely necessary, although the parties might have seen each other all day; yet the real compliment was for the warm lover to remain outside half the night *al fresco*. The higher classes now find it answer quite as well to make love indoors, for either the ladies' hearts are less cold or the nights are more so. The lower orders continue the old caterwauling plan. Nothing formerly was or is still considered more degrading to the lover than being forced from his post; accordingly a Spaniard will say, jestingly, "Take care that I don't come and take your place, the change out of you, or the bread out of your mouth"—*cuidado que no vengo yo a cobrarle a V^{ma}. el piso*. The actual doing it is one of the fatal causes of the "treacherous night-stab of the sharp knife." The lower orders stand no nonsense when thus engaged: it is a word and a blow. This jealous occupation suits the narrowness of the streets, where there is no gas, and only here and there a flickering lamp before a Madonna image, just making darkness visible. It is acting the *Barbiere de Sevilla* in reality. This propinquity encourages love-proposals, which in villages is effected by the agency of a stick, which most Spaniards carry: one with a knob at an end, called a *porro*, is preferred as administering the most impressive whack; its legitimate use is to punish cattle, the amatory abuse is as follows: whenever an aimable rustic thinks that he has battered his true love's heart sufficiently, he pops the question after this wise. He puts his stick inside the bars, saying: "*porro dentro o porro fuera?*" stick in or stick out? If the kind maiden be nothing loth, the *porro* remains in. If she won't have him, by ejecting the envoy stick, she rejects its master, *de la calabazas*; whereupon he picks up his *porro*, is off, desiring her politely to remain with God, "*Pues, quede V^{ma}. con Dios.*" This phrase, "*Porro dentro o porro fuera,*" is often used as equivalent to "Yes," or "No," among Sevillian *Majos*.

Narrow, dark, cribbed, confined, and gloomy as are the streets, the interior of the houses is exactly the reverse. The exterior was always kept forbidding among the Moors, in order to disarm the dreaded evil eye of him who coveted his neighbour's house, not to say wife: thus wealth which tempted the spoiler was concealed, to say nothing of keeping out heat and keeping in women: an Andalusian, and especially a Sevillian house is the personification of coolness, the contrast of passing from the glaring furnace of the open plaza into this fresh demi-obscure is enchanting. Many houses have the coats of arms of the owner carved over the portal, or painted on porcelain *azulejos*: this denotes the *casa solar*, the family or manor mansion, and also is a protection against the law of *Mostrenco*, by which all properties whose title could not be proved passed to the crown. It was also usual to hang chains over the portals of any house into which the king had entered; the owners gloried in these fetters, which were not merely decorations of honour, but exempted the building from having soldiers billeted therein; it was the sign "which prevented the destroyer from coming in."

One word before knocking, or rather ringing at the door. The traveller having armed himself with his letter of introduction, the seeds of future friendship, should not send it, but deliver his credentials in person: he will do well, however, to manage that the family should have some previous hint of his intended visit and its object. *Paying* visits, as the verb indicates, is everywhere a serious affair, and nowhere more so than in Spain. Time is of no value there, and the loss of it a blessing; accordingly a visit is a godsend: Spaniards have no notion of its being *done* by merely leaving a card; it is no real visit: accordingly when people are not at home, the visitor writes *E.P.*, or *en persona*, at the corner of his card, just as a London hall-porter marks cards "sent," or "called."

Spanish visiting cards seldom have any address; as all live in a well-defined set, they are supposed to know, and do know, where all their friends live; the traveller, of course, must put his address, until he become *one of us, uno de nosotros*. The lines and demarcations of society are rigid: the Rubicon of caste is seldom passed; the blue blood, the ichor, *sangre azul, sangre su*, never mingles by intermarriage with the red or black puddle of the roturier; until lately the aristocratic division was seldom broken in by new-fangled upstarts; no sudden fortunes could be made out of the bankrupt stock of Spain, where an aristocracy of the bung, till, or spinning-jenny is unknown. If a few inefficient jobbing-ministers were occasionally pitchforked into *titulos de Castilla*, the real possessors of gentle blood, which no patent can confer, looked down with contempt on the intruder. This multiplicity of new titles rather degrades the old nobility than elevates the new. This limited number of the really ancient nobility accounts for the intimate and minute acquaintance which the members have of each other's connexions and alliances. High society remains in the same sort of state as it was in England under Queen Anne, when one drawing-room could receive the court and those entitled to go there. The upper classes often inscribe on their cards the chief titles of their own and their wives' families; *el Duque de San Lorenzo, de Val Hermoso—Conde de Benatua*; the latter being that of his wife. The title of *Duque* is the highest, and necessarily implies grandeeship. It however by no means follows that every grandee is a duke; many are only marquises and counts, such as *Alcañices, Puñonrostro* (fist in face), *Chinchon*; title is in fact of no importance. The real rank consists in being a grandee, in a perfect equality among each other, being *pares*, peers, which is neither affected by degree of rank nor by date of creation. The dignity is conferred by the King desiring them to be covered in his presence. Hence (for form will swallow up substance), just as the woosack means the lord chancellor, the crown the sovereign, so a *hat* means a grandee. The civility shown to a private gentleman's hat when paying a visit is very marked among the formal gentry of the provinces; he is not allowed to hold it in his hand, nor to put it on the ground; the punctilious master of the house rushes at this cardinal type of gentility, seizes it, and, in spite of gentle resistance, cushions it on a chair by itself, or on the sofa-seat of honour. The difference between Spaniards and Moors, in many more things than this, consists only in the one wearing a hat and the other a turban. Lane (i. 40) describes the similar attention paid to the turban; the chair on which it reposes is called *koo'rsee el'emámeh*. The ancients paid the same honour to the sword; Minerva, after taking Telemachus by the hand, takes next care of his *χαλκρον εγχος*. (Od. i. 121.) The traveller, if he wishes to be *muy cumplido y muy formal*, complete and formal, which latter has not the priggish signification of our term, must remember, whenever a Spaniard to whom he desires to show attention calls upon him, to take his hat *nolens volens*, and seat it like a Christian on a chair of its own. The grantees take a pride in uniting a number of hats in themselves,—*dos veces tres veces grande de primera clase*. It is a true, though a sorry jest, that they have many hats but no heads. Grantees treat each other as cousins, *primos*, and with the *tu*, the *thou* of familiar relationship; they are all entitled to the *Eccellenza*: this, the most coveted title in Spain, is pronounced in common parlance *vo essencia*. The inferior titular nobility, *titulos de Castilla*, are countless in number; they are held in small estimation by the real grantees, although, like our baronets in country towns, they have a sort of local rank in the distant provinces: they are addressed *su señoría*, your lordship, which is abbreviated into *usia*, the common term given by the lower classes in Spain to foreigners who in their eyes appear to have rank or money. *Vo essencia* and *usia* are terms seldom used in good society; the

common form of address to universal humanity is *usted*, the abbreviation of *vuestra merced*, your worship. The Sovereign addresses all grandees as *primos*, as his cousins,—“Our trusty and well-beloved cousin,” which they really were in the early times of intermarriage with royal infantas. To the rest of his subjects he applies the *vos*, *os*, or you; an exception is only made in favour of the clergy, who are addressed by him as *usted*. Nobility of blood does not depend in Spain on mere title, which descends with the *mayorazgo*, or entailed estate, to the eldest son. The younger branches, although simply *hidalgos*, *hijos de algo*, sons of somebody, are nevertheless considered as good gentlemen in blood as the possessor of the mere title. In Spain, where poverty is not a crime, *donde pobreza no es vileza*, a good name is a better passport than a spick and span new title, by which the gaping, gulping English or American, *qui stupet in titulis*, is captivated; the Spaniard is contented with the *Don*, the simple prefix of gentle birth. This word, corrupted from the Latin *Dominus*, is to be traced to the *Adhon Adonai*, the Lord of the Hebrews. The Carthaginian in the *Pœnulus* (Plaut. v. 2. 38) uses *donni* exactly in the present sense, gentlemen; the once honoured *don* was equivalent to our knightly *sir*, and both have alike degenerated in value. They are used in the same manner, and require the Christian name, *Don José*—*Don Juan*—Sir Joseph, Sir John; to say *Don Quesada* would be as ridiculous as to say Sir Peel; it must be *Don Vicente Quesada*. When the Christian name is unknown, the title of *señor* is prefixed, with the addition of *de*, which, although a Gallicism, has become nationalized, and the omission offensive. *Señor de Quesada* is the address of a gentleman, *Señor Quesada* of a nobody, who is nowhere less than nothing than in Spain. Spaniards show a great tact in the avoiding the omission of the *don*, a sound which is pleasing to all Spanish ears, whether long or short, rich or poor, high or low. Like the Orientals, they delight in personal distinctions and appellations; an operative is affronted if not called *Señor Maestro*, as if he were a master of his craft.* This, albeit a most gratuitous assumption, should not be forgotten by the traveller who is in a hurry to get a job done. A Spaniard commonly calls *his* wife *mi muger*, *ma femme*; but when speaking of his neighbour's wife, he either says *La señora*, or *La Esposa de V^{da}*. A foreigner may live years in a Spanish town, and know and be known to every person in it, without ten Spaniards knowing what his surname is, any more than people in England do that Tenorio was that of the *Don Juan*. Those Spaniards who are well born, but without titles, write their simple names on their cards, thus: “Rafael Perez de Guzman.” Such, indeed, is the usual and best form. If the name be a good one, “Carlos Stuart,” it requires no bush: if it be Thomsonic, no plating, no double gilding will convert Brummagem into bullion. If the *hidalgo* be married, sometimes “*y su señora*” is added. Ladies, however, generally use their own independent cards, in which their maiden family name is introduced, like the *geborne* of the Germans, e. g., *Maria Luisa de Pimentel de Giron*; *Ynes Arias de Saavedra, de Aragon*. Their daughters and sisters often lump themselves in a lot, *las de Olaeta*. Military men never omit their rank; widows prefix their widowhood and append their daughters, “*la viuda de Carrenoy sus hijas*.” The traveller must remember not to put his name Anglicè—“Mr. Smythe;” that confers very little identity: the correct form is “Plantagenet Smythe.” Surnames are little known or used in social parlance: every man, as in olden times, goes by his Christian name—*Don Juan, Don Francisco*. All this may seem trivial, but great offences are given by the neglect of little things; one spark explodes the mine:—

* Master, Magister, Maistry, Mastery, in the middle ages implied cunning and intelligence.

"Vilibus in Cartis ——— qualis.
Consistit sumptus neglectis dedecus ingens."

These trifles, light as air, give no trouble, while the omission is to jealous country-people proofs of bad breeding as strong as holy writ. They are necessary at *starting*, in order to make sure of a good first impression, which is not the worst of introductions. If a thing be worth doing at all, it ought to be done as well as possible: none but those who have lived long among punctilious, touchy Spaniards can form any idea of their sensitive disposition to take affront; their personal self-love will forgive injury rather than insult, and anything rather than *desden*, or *menos precio*; they may be tickled and guided with a feather, but not driven by a rod of iron; their good-will is ensured at a very small cost, and infinite misunderstanding and discredit avoided; and if once their *Pundonor* is satisfied, no nation knows better how to return the compliment. Of course, as intimacy increases, and the stranger has established his good character, a considerable relaxation may be allowed, *but the less even then the safer, especially in the external observances of the established rules of social intercourse*. Having provided his card, the traveller must next think of his *costume* and conveyance; no man carries his passport nor his name and rent-roll on his forehead; strangers can only form their estimation of new introductions by how they look and act: Polonius, although a fool and lord of the bed-chamber, was well selected by Shakspeare for the mouth-piece of some of the best precepts ever given to travellers. He knew that a life spent at court at least would teach the manners and bearings of high life. We scarcely need say that a gentleman will avoid that nondescript half-bandit masquerade, which occasionally is adopted by our countrymen on the continent. The only *fancy* dress allowable in Spain is that of the *majo*, which, from being a real national costume, ceases to be a fancy dress in the eyes of Spaniards. It however must never be worn except when travelling, or on those special occasions when etiquette is intended to be laid aside. It must never be put on for visits of any ceremony, for which black is the correct thing, of which more presently; nor should ladies or gentlemen ever then walk, and still less should return a first visit in their ordinary walking dress, or on foot, since Spaniards come in grand costume, *muy compuestas*, and in a carriage. Minerva (that is, tact, good sense, knowledge of the world) gave the same advice to Nausicaa some thousand years ago; get a *coche de colleras*, "Ἡμιονους και αμαζαν" (Od. z. 37). These were thought handsomer than going on foot, Καλλιον—more becoming to the lady, the daughter of the *Kalos και αγαθος*—the *hidalgo*. The first thing Sancho, on coming into office, writes to his wife, is recommending her keeping her coach, "which is the real thing, for all other going is cat-fashion:" *que es lo que hace al caso, porque todo otro andar, es andar de gatas*. A visit *en coche*, when the fair is drest in all her best, affords matter of talk and wondering to the whole *barrio*, or quarter, for a week; a *coche* is a luxury in the Moorish cities, where only a few streets are wide enough to allow them to pass. Few private carriages are now to be seen in Spain, except at the *Corte*. Poverty has put down coaches; and those who could afford to keep them are afraid to appear rich, which, as in the East, would expose them to contributions. A *coche* in one of the inland towns makes a sensation not much less than a balloon or baboon does in the west of England; accordingly *Venido en coche* is a mark of respect. The corporations, *Los ayuntamientos*, perform all their grand processions in a sort of stand of hackney-coaches set in motion. Cuesta, before the battle of Talavera, came to the Duke, whom he had kept waiting some most critical hours, in a coach and six. The Archduke Charles, in the war of succession, hesitated entering Madrid, because he had no state equipage. "Sir," said

Stanhope, "our William III. drove into London in a hackney-coach, with a cloak-bag behind it, and was made king."

Having arrived at a Sevillian house, the visitor, on passing the strong wooden outer door, an Oxford Oak, enters a porch, *el Zaguan*, the Moorish *sahan*; this again is secured by an open filigree-worked gate of iron, *La cancel*, (cancelli, bars,) through which the interior of the house is seen. On ringing a bell, a voice demands "*quien es?*" The countersign to this challenge is, "*gente de paz*," people of peace. This is a remnant of Oriental insecurity. It is the Salam Aleikoum—Aleikoum Salam. Such was the question and answer of the Greek priests, *Τις τῆδε?*—*Καλοὶ καὶ ἀγαθοὶ*, good men and true. Sometimes the stranger is inspected from a wicket, and when he has enquired "*Estan en casa los señores?*" if the family is at home, and he is approved of as clearly neither a dun nor a beggar, the welcome is given: "*Pase V^{ma}. adelante*," "walk in," and the door-latch is pulled up by a string, guided by an invisible hand. Spanish servants seldom open the door in person: like their masters they hate trouble and staircases. Formerly, on passing the threshold, all persons, and beggars do so still, used to ejaculate the watchword of Seville, *Ave Maria Purissima* (the ancient *Χαίρε Δημητῆρ* of Ceres). This talismanic "Open sesame" is an additional guarantee of respectability, as the Devil cannot pronounce these words. The inmates respond "*Sin peccado concebida*:" this refers to a touch-stone of Mariolatry, the immaculate conception of the Virgin, long the monomania of Spain, and of Seville particularly, where "great is the Diana of Ephesus."

The Andalucian houses are constructed on an Oriental plan, and not unlike those at Pompeii. The court-yard, *el Patio*, is an hypethral, *impluvium*, open to the sky: in summer it is covered with an awning, *el velo*, *toldo*, the Arabic *dholto*, which is withdrawn when the sun sets. The *patio* is nicely paved, *enlozado*, *embaldosado*, with marble or porcelain tiles, *azulejo*; in the corners are pots of flowers, *macetas*, and in the centre a bubbling fountain, *la fuente*; but hence results a sad plague of flies, *los mosquitos*, which breed in myriads. Providentially these tiny vampires are not so big as dragon-flies; but malignity makes up for size, and they are a gigantic nuisance: the heat imparts fire and venom to their bite, which produces fever, while the buzzing noise—the warwhoop of these cannibals—banishes sleep. These *guerrilleros* of the air, winged Sangrados, give notice of their visits, *y dan aviso con sus trompetas, se guarden de sus lancetas*; from this *music* they are also called *violeros*. The Moors imagine that the words of their song are *Habeeby, Habeeby*, oh my beloved! and certainly they eat up those whom they love. Although the pagans worshipped Baalzebub, or Hercules *Ἀπομμυος*, the driver away of flies, the Spaniards, with all their polytheism, have no saint, no *abogado especial*, no retained counsel *contra los mosquitos*; in fact they do not suffer so seriously as strangers, although they complain considerably, *Ay! como me pican*. The inflammation subsequent to the bite is trifling to what takes place when the victim is a ruddy roast-beef-fatted Briton, a *muy rubio*, for whom, like the beggars, these importunate blood-suckers have a singular predilection and perception; if the last of the mosquitos be in the province, he will hum fee foo fum, when he smells the blood of an Englishman; but the oil and garlic diet of the natives confers such a peculiar odour and flavour to their epidermis that no mosquito willingly returns to the banquet. Let no thin-skinned gentleman, no lady who values her complexion, allow one night or day pass without buying a *mosquetara* or gauze net; the best are made at Barcelona. Vermin, with and without wings, are the curse of Eastern travel: they are the unavoidable results of a fine warm climate. In summer, legions of fleas, *pulgas*, breed in

the *Esteras* or mattings; the leaf of the oleander, *adelfa*, is often strewed as a preventive. *Chinches*, bugs, or French ladybirds, make bad beds resemble busy ant-hills, and the walls of *ventas*, where they especially lodge, are often stained with the marks of nocturnal combat, evincing the internecine *guerrilla*, waged against enemies who, if not exterminated, murder innocent sleep; were the *chinches* and *pulgas* unanimous, they would eat up a Goliath, but fortunately, like true Iberians, they never pull together, and are conquered in detail. The number slain is so great, that the phrase *mueren como chinches* is applied to any unusual mortality among men. A still smaller and worse creeper, *el piojo*, non nominandum inter *caballeros*, colonizes the dark locks of the lower classes; in the poorer suburbs picturesque groups, clad in browns and yellows, and looking rather bilious, and perfect Murillos, bask in the sun, with their heads in each other's laps, carrying on a regular *chasse* against this *caza menor*, or "small-deer;" indeed, since Mendizabal has clipped the beards of the mendicant monks, formerly the grand preserves, the dispossessed tenants have migrated to the congener beggar, from a sort of free-masonry of bad taste which prefers the low company of dirt and poverty to that of the consumers of soap and clean linen. The traveller in out of the way provinces is sometimes exposed in poor *ventas* to an invasion of these brutes; but such evils may always be kept down by a vigilant preventive service, and by the avoidance of suspected localities, *quien duerme con perros, se levanta con pulgas*, those who sleep with dogs will awake with fleas.

From these evils, however, the best houses in Seville are comparatively free; on entering the principal door, the *Patio*, or central court is enclosed by open arcades, *corredores*, which run round, the upper of which are sometimes glazed in; they are supported by pillars of white *Macael* marble, and of which they say there are more than 60,000 in Seville: they are mostly Moorish; the house has two stories, and generally a flat roof, as in the East; to this *azotea* the inmates often resort to dry their linen and warm themselves (for the sun is the fire-place of Spain), and according to Solomon, for peace "it is better to dwell in the corner of a house-top than with a brawling woman in a wide house;" here the Spanish women keep their flowers and bird-cages.

The upper and under story, *la vivienda alta y baja*, exactly resemble each other; the former is the winter, the latter the summer residence. The family migrates up and down with the seasons, and thus have two houses under one roof; the doors, windows, and furniture are moved with them, and fit into corresponding positions above and below. The doors which open from one room to another are sometimes glazed, but whether thus transparent or solid, they never must be shut when a gentleman is calling on a lady: this is a remnant of ancient jealousy. It is safer to risk sitting in a draft, than to shut the door during the tête-à-tête, which would alarm and distress the whole house. Each quarter previously to being inhabited is whitewashed with the *cal de Moron*, and thus is rendered scrupulously clean and free from insects: the furniture is scanty, for much would harbour vermin and caloric; coolness and space are the things wanting; the chairs, tables, and everything are of the most ordinary kind; whatever once existed of value disappeared during the invasion, and the little that escaped has since been sold to foreigners by the impoverished proprietors, especially books, pictures, and plate; a few bits of china are occasionally placed in open cupboards, *chineros*, *alacenas*. There is, however, no want of rude engravings and images of saints and household gods, the Lares and Penates, after whose names the different inmates are called, for to say *christened* would be incorrect. Thus the Mahometans take their names from those of their Santons, or from those of the relatives of the prophet. These familiar

household gods are made of every material; and before these graven and painted relics, dolls, and baby toyshop idols, small lighted wicks, *mariposas*, ελυχνια, floating in a cup of thick green oil, are suspended. The ancient Egyptians lighted up their deities exactly in the same manner (Herod. ii. 62). The bedrooms are the chosen magazine for these *dii cubiculares*. They are supposed to allure Morpheus and banish Satan, and some husbands, in case of a fire, would carry *them* off, after the example of the pious Æneas, whatever they might do in regard to their wives. No Spanish Laban would trust his Rachel alone with his little Pantheon, particularly in the agricultural districts. Farmers are everywhere slow to learn anything, and the Peninsular *Pagani*, who meddle more with manure than philosophy, depend on the aid of these Penates whenever their carts stick in the mire; the making these useful little household gods gives much employment to silversmiths. See Santiago.

The defective portion of most Spanish houses is the "offices;" the kitchens and other necessities, are on the dirtiest and continental scale. Few chimneys, windpipes of hospitality, indicate the visible agency of the carbonic elements on undressed food, or, as far as the foreigner is concerned, the residence of a veritable Amphitryon: smoke issues more from labial than brick apertures, and denotes rather the consumption of cigars than fuel. According to Jovellanos, even at Madrid, the court, there were *mas aras que cocinas*, which a lively Frenchman has paraphrased, "des milliers de prêtres et pas un cuisinier:" but so it always was. When Lord Clarendon arrived at Madrid in 1649, he was lodged in the house of a Grandee in the C^a. de Alcalá, which had no other kitchen than a sort of a hearth in a garret, just big enough for a few pipkins; no wonder another altered house of English embassy was called *la casa de las siete chemineas*. A grate is a curiosity even in a Grandee's kitchen, and a roasting-jack a still greater one, but it never was the fashion in Spain to give dinners (Justin. xlv. 2). The nation at large is just as frugal and parsimonious as, according to Justin, were their ancestors. *Dura omnibus et adstricta est parcimonia*; their domestic gastronomy remains both in quantity and quality in unchanged primitive darkness, a small stove, nay, often a portable one, *un anafe*, serves for the daily *olla*; they do not live to eat, but eat to live, like the beasts that perish. These hungry doings gave great offence to ancient deipnosophists and men of letters who lined their bellies with good capons (Athe. ii. 6). They have recorded the solitary meals and dining off one dish, the *το μονοσιτειν* of these *μονοτροφουντες* (Strabo, iii. 232), nor have matters much changed. Ferdinand and Isabella lived on *puchero*, and the king once asked his uncle, the admiral of Castile, to dine with him *because* he had an additional chicken, the exact *algun palomino de añadidura* of Don Quixote's Sunday bill of fare. To give dinners is neither a Spanish nor Oriental habit. The fear of the Inquisition, which was all eyes and ears, shut up every family up like shell-fish in their own houses. They dreaded the self committal, the chance arrows shot from the secret quiver of their thoughts, when the glass applied to their lip brought up the secret of the heart, in the moments of unguarded conviviality—*in vino veritas*. But whenever Spaniards do venture to give a dinner, as in the East, it is an *Azooma*, a feast. Then there never can be enough; neither solids nor fluids are spared, to say nothing of oil and garlic. The unfortunate stranger is treated like Benjamin—served sevenfold, and expected to eat it all and three plates more; so let any of our readers thus invited avoid for that day luncheon, and keep all their stowage-room clear, for assuredly on them will be tried the perilous experiment of seeing how much the human stomach and skin can be made to contain without bursting. Occasionally, *comidas de fonda*, *convites de campo*, dinners at an inn, parties into the country, and *escotes*, the *nookoot* of Cairo, or pic-nics, are made up; and there,

as at balls, the female survivors are pressed to take home sweatmeats in their handkerchief, not to say napkins, according to Martial, xii. 29.

But the honest lower classes are the persons who best exercise the hospitality of the Bedouin, never failing when at their meals to offer them to the passing stranger, who is earnestly invited to partake. An excusable pride interferes with their betters, who hate to reveal their domestic arrangements, which they suspect are inferior to those of the foreigner; thus the door of dining, or undining, rooms are closed against the *impertinente curioso*, like the gates of their citadels, in which a *batterie* is the one thing needful; indeed, *de municion* is a Spanish term for anything "too bad," such as *pan*, the coarse, soldier, black bread; the paraphrase is framed on the usual condition of the *ammunition* in fortresses, larders, and arsenals: the *Pundonor*, however, of the Hidalgo extends even to *pucheros*, and the slightest *menosprecio* of his menu makes the pot of his wrath boil over, *oleum adde camino*. Thus Howell, writing from Madrid soon after our Charles's arrival, laments that some of his suite "*jeered at the Spanish fare, and used slighting speeches;*" and this was one cause why the match with the Infanta failed.

The natives of isolated Castile isolate themselves still more: they meet in church, on the Alameda, and at their tertulias, but not around the mahogany. Their hospitality does not consist in giving dinners to those who do not want them; it is exhibited in personal attentions. Thus, in old-fashioned-out of the way towns, the stranger who brings a letter of introduction is encumbered with help and company; as in the East, he is never left alone: to let a man amuse himself, or go his own way, is not their way.

To return to the first visit: as soon as the visitor is ushered in, he will be struck with the style of his reception. The Spaniard is an Oriental of high caste, and nothing can be easier or better than the manner in which all classes, and especially the women, do the honours of their house, be it ever so humble. Spanish women seldom rise from their seats to welcome any one; this is a remnant of their former Oriental habit of sitting on the ground. The visitor is usually conducted to the best, the withdrawing room, the *Sala de Estrado*, the *Cairo Sudhr*. He is placed on the r. hand of a sofa, the Oriental position of honour, great respect being shown to his hat, *quasi turban*. When he retires, he takes his leave thus, "*Señora, á los pies de Vmd.*," madam, at your feet; to which the lady replies, "*Caballero, beso á Vmd. la mano, que Vmd. lo pase bien,*" Sir, kiss your hand, and wish you well. In case of a lady visitor, the host conducts her to her carriage, holding her by the hand, but without pressure, for no shaking hands with ladies is permissible to gentlemen. A *requebro*, or compliment, on good looks and dress, is, however, never taken amiss. "*Montes allana lisonga,*" flattery levels mountains, and renders the steepest staircase of Dante pleasant.

At these first visits, on taking leave, the host usually offers his house to the stranger. *Esta casa está muy á la disposicion de Vmd.* If he does not do so, it is equivalent to saying, "I never wish to see you again," and almost is an affront. All this is very Carthaginian. Thus Dido made her offer to the pious Æneas:—"Urbem quam statuo, *vestra* est." The form is more than a form, for it is equivalent to making and retaining an acquaintance; it is never to be omitted. Thus, when a person marries or changes his house, he writes round to his friends to inform them, and to offer the new home. "*Don A. B. y Doña B. C. participan á Vmd. su efectuado enlace, y le ofrecen su casa, Calle Sn. Vicente, No. 26;*" or "*Ofrecen su nueva habitacion en calle Catalanes No. 19, para cuando guste favorcerla.*" Mr. and Mrs. so and so beg to inform you of their marriage, and offer you their house, whenever you choose to honour

it. These billets are sent open, and seldom sealed; the correct thing was to pay a visit *en persona* within twenty-four hours after the receipt; but the *progreso*, or march of intellect is gradually rubbing down the salient points of national peculiarities. Everything, as we have before said, is offered in Spain; from the ancient and Oriental dread of the *evil eye* (see p. 35), something also remains of the Eastern custom of making presents on all occasions, which is a mark of respect and attention independently of interested motives. They become so much a matter of course that while the gift is received without thanks, the failure to offer it is held as an affront; all inquirers have been struck with the apparent ingratitude with which Spaniards speak of the salvation of their country and independence by the exertions of England. "In the very varied intercourse" (says even their firm ally Capt. Widdrington, ii. 297) "I have had with every description of people during my travels in this extraordinary country, I never heard a hint, in a single instance, that to England they were under the slightest obligation." "Their natural unwillingness to allow any motives for gratitude" (Ditto, ii. 249) is partly a defect of race; thus the ancestors of the Visigoths "*gaudent muneribus, sed nec data imputant nec acceptis obligantur*" (Tacitus, G. 21).

The stranger, after this first introduction, when he next meets any mutual friends of the person at whose house he has just called, should announce his satisfaction at his reception in some phrase of this kind, *Don Fulano estuvo tan fino conmigo y me ofreció su casa*. Mr. so and so was very civil to me, and offered me his house. Let all travellers remember whenever a Spaniard calls upon him, or returns his visit, to offer him *his house*, without consulting the innkeeper, if he be at the *posada*; and, also, whenever out walking in company, and passing by it, to invite his friend to walk in and *untire* himself.

Whenever this mystical offering has been made, the stranger ceases to be one. It is an "Open sesame;" he may drop in whenever he will, without "hoping that he does not intrude." He is sure, except at Siesta time, of finding a kind and uniform welcome, and will sit at their right hand. Remember always, in walking with a Spaniard, that, as among the ancient Romans, it is a mark of civility to give him the right side—that is, to let him be inside and closest to the wall, "*tu comes exterior*." Well-bred men always make way for a lady, even if they do not know her. The narrowness of the streets, and their dirt, frequently render this more than a mere compliment. The refusal to do so has always led to fatal broils among Spaniards, touching in matters of etiquette and precedence, each thinking himself the first person in the world. If once the point of honour is conceded to them, no people are more anxious to give it up to one who has done them justice. The strict law for correct street-walkers is, that whoever has the wall on the right hand is entitled to keep it, in preference to all persons who have the wall to the left. The prudent man will generally give way to ladies of course, and to gentlemen, and he will be thought one himself; while it avoids all evil contact and communications with blackguards. *Al loco y toro da le corro*, make way for a bull and a madman.

The grand place to study Spanish walking, especially that of the ladies, which is inimitable, is on the *Alameda*. Every town and village has its public walk, the cheap pleasure of all classes. The term *alameda* is derived from *alamo*, the elm, with which the shady avenues are sometimes planted; the walk is often called *El Prado*, the meadow, and *El Salon*, the saloon; and it is indeed an *al fresco* rout, or an out-of-doors assembly or *ridotto*; *tomar el fresco*, to take the cool, is equivalent to our taking exercise, but no Spaniard, in ancient or modern history, ever took a regular walk on his own feet, that is a walk for the sake of mere health, exercise, or pleasure. When the old autochthonic Ibe-

rians saw some Roman centurions walking for walking's sake, they laid hold of them and carried them to their tents, thinking that they must be mad (Strabo, iii. 249). A modern Spaniard having stumbled over a stone, exclaimed on getting up, "*voto a Dios*—this comes of a *caballero's* ever walking!" A Spanish walk, "*un paseo, un paseito*," like the otiose saunter of an Oriental, means a creeping lounge on the "*alameda*," where, under the pretence of walking, the pedestrians can stop every two out of five minutes to recognise a friend, to sit down, "*no quiere Vmd. descansar un ratito*;" to discuss a truism, "*es verdad*;" for unexciting twaddle refresheth the respectable Spaniard and Oriental, as scandal doth the fair sex; or to lay hold of a friend's button, "*Pues Señor*," or to restore exhausted nature by an oblivious antidote—a cigar—"echaremos un cigarillo." Their walk is so called from their *not* walking, just as our workhouse is from people doing nothing in it.

But whether on the *alameda* or in-doors, there is no greater mistake than to suppose all the Spaniards to be a grave, serious, formal people: they—and particularly the Castilians—may be so at first, but among themselves and intimate friends, they are the gayest of the gay; nay, almost to the romping as children on a holiday, when present relaxation is increased by previous restraint. The song and dance is never ceasing, nor, as among the ancients, the practical joke; ceremony is dismissed, for good friends do not stand upon compliments; *entre amigos honrados, los cumplimientos van escusados*. In winter the *tertulia* assembles round their *brasero*, which with them is equivalent to our cosy fireside. This is the Oriental chafing-dish, the Arabic *mun'chud*, the *há-ach* or brazier of Jehoiakin. The flat metal pan is filled with fine charcoal, *cisco*, and is carefully ignited outside the room, and fanned with the *pulmita*, as among the old Egyptians. When quite lighted, and the noxious charcoal effluvium has evaporated, a few lavender seeds or strips of bitter orange-peel are then sprinkled on the white ash, and it is brought in. At best, it is a poor makeshift for the fire-place, is unwholesome, and gives little heat and much headache; yet the natives—such is habit—dote on this suffocation-pregnant pan, and consider the wholesome open fire-place, *la chimenea francesa*, to be highly prejudicial to health. The warmer seasons at Seville are the most enjoyable, for none can tell the misery of a fireless house during a southern winter.

When cold has fled, the *tertulia*, or "at home," is held in the *patio*, which is converted into a saloon. It is lighted up by lamps of fantastic forms made of tin, which glitter like frosted silver: the smaller are called *farolas*, the larger (of which there ought correctly only to be one) is termed *el farol*, the male, the sultan, as the *macho* is of a coach team. During the day every precaution is taken, by closing doors and windows, to keep out light and heat; at night-fall everything is reversed, and opened in order to let in the refreshing breeze. Nothing can be more Oriental or picturesque than these *tertulias* in a *patio*. By day and night the scene recalls the house of Alcinous in the 'Odyssey': the females, always busy with their needles, group around the fountain; they are working their *mantillas*, *zapatitos*, *medias caladas*, slippers, and embroidered stockings, *petacas*, cigar-holders, *bultitos*, paper-cases, and what not. Spanish women are very domestic, and even among the better classes, like the Greek *Taïai*, and, as in England a century ago, many are their own housekeepers. They "study household good;" the perfection of female excellence, according to Milton; and although foreigners think they make bad wives, which those who are married to them do not, many a hint might be taken from these observers of the great keep-in-doors maxim of Pericles, the *το ενδον μενειν*. They are *muy casaderas, labranderas y costureras*, very good stay-at-home work and

needle women. Their proceedings are quite *à l'antique*; tables are scarce; each has at her feet her *canastra* or basket; the *ταλαρος* of Penelope, the *qualus* of Neobule; such as Murillo often introduced in his domestic pictures of the Virgin.

It is the fashion of some foreigners to assert that these ladies, although quite as industrious, are not all quite so exemplary as Penelope or Lucretia, *Unas tienen la fama y otras cardan la lana*, many have the reputation, while others really card the wool; here and there a *relacioncita*, like any other accident, may happen in the best regulated *patio*, for where people live in sets and meet each other every day, the propinquity of fire and tow in an inflammable climate makes some insurances doubly hazardous; but *Ubi amor ibi fides* is nowhere truer than in Spain; the tenacity of female constancy, when reciprocated, is indubitable; a breach of *relacion* is termed *felonia*, a capital crime, a *pecado mortal*, for they are equal fanatics in love and religion. The consequences of *spretæ injuria formæ* are truly Didonian; at once all love is whistled to the winds, and welcome revenge. In what can self-love—the pivot of the Iberian—be more offended than by inconstancy? It is said that self-imposed bands link faster in Spain than those forged by Hymen—*Quos diabolus conjunxit, Deus non separabit*. These, however, are occasionally the pure calumnies of the envious, the ill-favoured and the rejected, and “the ostler’s” gossip to which the chivalrous Ariosto turned a deaf ear.

“Donne, e voi che le donne havete in pregio,
Per Dio non date a queste historie orecchia,
————— e sia l’usanza vecchia,
Che ’l volgare ignorante ognun riprenda
E parli piu de quel, che meno intenda !”

Blanco White has truly observed, “No other nation in the world can present more lively instances of a glowing and susceptible heart preserving unspotted purity, not from the dread of opinion but in spite of its very encouragement;” occasionally these dark-glancing daughters of bright skies and warm suns are too much perhaps “the woman,” the *feminine*, in the gender sense. To be admired and adored is their glory and object; the sincerity of their affections and the ardor of their temperament scarcely permit them to be coquettes. Their young thoughts are divided between devotion and love, and to these cognate influences they abandon their soul and body. In this land of the Moor a remnant of the Oriental system is still under-current. The mistress is contented with the worship of the body rather than of the mind; hence, when the fierce passion is spent in its own violence, the wife remains rather the nurse and housekeeper than the friend and best counsellor of her husband. Too many thus become the victims of the stronger sex from taking this low ground, and thus contribute to perpetuate the evil. Thus the lax and derogatory treatment of women is one main cause of the inaptness of eastern nations for liberty and true civilization.

Whatever be their faults—and man and the stars are certainly more to blame than they are—evil betide him who would point out moles in their bright eyes; and, at all events, few women talk better or more than the Andaluzas; practice makes perfect. The rabbins contend that ten cabs (a dry measure) of talk were assigned to the whole creation, of which the daughters of Palestine secured nine; and, doubtless, some parcels of this article were shipped to Tarshish by king Hiram. This dicacity is unrivalled; it is a curious felicity of tongue—*dolce parlar e dolcemente inteso*—and does speaker and listener equal good, which is not everywhere else the case. A hypercritic possibly might say that their

voices were somewhat loud and harsh, and their liberty of speech too great. Certainly their Spartan simplicity calls many things by their right names which in our more delicate phraseology could be wrapped up in the silver paper of a paraphrase; and the more so the better; since the homage of the male, sensitive and capricious, never should be slightly risked. The Spanish man is the real culprit; for did he not tolerate, nay encourage, what to us seems indelicate, no woman would originate the use: however, little of the kind is either meant or conveyed among the natives, and the stranger must never forget how much these things are of convention. At all events, in the words of Lord Carnarvon, although "with some exceptions, these women are not highly educated, and feel little interest in general subjects, and consequently have little general conversation, a stranger may at first draw an unfavourable inference as to their natural powers, because he has few subjects in common with them; but when once received into their circle, acquainted with their friends, and initiated in the little intrigues that are constantly playing along the surface of society, he becomes delighted with their liveliness and ready perception of character." Their manner is marked with a natural frankness and cordiality: their mother-wit and tact, choice blossoms of common-sense, has taught them how to pick up a floating capital of talk, which would last them nine lives, if they had as many. It supplies the want of book-learning—*à quoi bon tant lire?* They are to be the wives of husbands, of whom 99 in 100 would as soon think of keeping a pack of fox-hounds as having a library. Few people read much in Spain, except monks and clergymen, and they never marry.

The fair sex here are not more afraid of blue-beards, than the men are of blue-stockings: those ladies who have an azure tendency are called *Eruditas á la violeta*, *Marisabillas*; they are more wondered at than espoused. Martial (ii. 90), a true Spaniard, prayed that his wife should not be *doctissima*; learning is thought to unsex them. The moderns think these Epicenes never likely to come to a better end than to dress up images for the altar, the sole refuge of virgin devotees: *Mula que hace hin-hin, muger que sabe latin-tin, nunca hicieron buen fin*; mule that whinnies, women that know Latin, come to no good end. The men dislike to see them read, the ladies think the act prejudicial to the brilliancy of the eyes, and hold that happiness is centred in the heart, not the head; the fatal expression *sin educacion* has reference to manners, to a bad bringing out, rather than anything connected with Messrs. Bell and Lancaster (see p. 151). Let those who wish to be well with the ladies, who, as in the days of Strabo, govern society in Spain, avoid discussions on gases, æsthetics, metaphysics, political economy, quoting San Isidore like us, and so forth; for if once set down as a bore, or *Majadero*, all is over.

Spanish women seldom write, *carta canta*; and when they do, sometimes neither the spelling nor letters are faultless: they can just decipher a billet-doux and scrawl an answer. The merit of the import atones for all minor faults, which after all no one but a schoolmaster would notice. Spanish paper is excellent; it is made of linen, not cotton rags, and for this raw material the supply is inexhaustible. One word on the form of letter-writing in Spain, which is peculiar. The correct place of dating from should be *de esta su casa*, from this *your* house, wherever it is; you must not say from this *my* house, as you mean to place it at the disposition of your correspondent; the formal Sir is *Muy Señor mio*; My Dear Sir, is *Muy Señor mio y de todo mi aprecio*; My Dear Friend is *Mi apreciable amigo*: a step more in intimacy is *querido amigo* and *querido Don Juan*. All letters conclude after something in this fashion—*quedando en el interim S. S. S. [su seguro servidor] Q. S. M. B. [que su mano besa]*. This represents our "your most obedient and humble

servant;" the more friendly form is "*Mande V^{md}. con toda franqueza á ese S. S. S. y amigo aff^{mo}. Q. S. M. B.*" When a lady is in the case, P [*pies*] is substituted for M, as the gentleman kisses her feet. Ladies sign *su servidora y amiga*; clergymen, *su S. S. S. y capellan*. Letters are generally directed thus:—

Al Señor

Don Fulano Apodo

B. L. M.

S. S.

R. F.

Most Spaniards append to their signature a *Rubrica*, which is a sort of intricate flourish, like a Runic knot or an Oriental sign-manual. The sovereign often only rubricates; he makes his mark and does not sign his name. *No saber firmar*, not to be able to sign one's name, is, with being *cornudo y endeudado*, a cuckold and in debt, one of the qualifications of grandeeship, so say those who laugh at *Usias desaborios*, or insipid lordlings. Formerly all persons headed their letters with a cross, as the Seville physicians did their prescriptions, even when senna was an ingredient; the archbishop having conceded a certain exemption from purgatory for this meritorious act, which operated on the soul of the practitioner exactly as it did not on the body of the patient.

There are particular occasions on which all who frequent the *Tertulia*, or particular set of any house, are expected to make a visit of ceremony: one is on *El dia de su Santo*, the saint's day of the gentleman or ladies: this is equivalent to our birthday. All Spaniards are under the especial protection of some tutelar or guardian, whose name they bear—Francisco, Juan, &c. Almost every woman is *christened* Maria, and some men also, although anything but feminine, the bandit José Maria for instance: this is borrowed from the very general use among the ancient Egyptians of the name of Osiris. In order to distinguish these infinite Marias they are addressed by the attribute of the particular virgin after whom they have been *Marianised*. Thus a Maria de las *Angustias*, "*Sorrows*," or a Maria de los *Dolores*, "*Griefs*," is called *Dolores*, *Angustias*, names not less inapplicable to the lively damsels than unchristian.

On this *Dia de su Santo* everybody calls in full dress, the women wearing diamonds and feathers in day-time, the subject of homage alone being clad in ordinary attire: this is quite Roman. Persius (i. 14), speaking of this natalician splendour, mentions the outrageous extravagance of even a new capa *togâque recenti*. Presents are usually made now, as in those good old times, when the Spaniard Martial complained (viii. 64) that Doña Clyte had eight birthdays in one year.

New-year's day is another occasion when the visit never must be omitted, and the ancient custom of bringing some little offering continues. These *estreñas* are the unchanged strenæ, *σχενια*. January, from these presents, is called *el mes de aguinaldo*, and by the lower classes *el mes de los gatos*, the month of cats, who imitate on the roofs the caterwaulings and merry-makings of human life below.

Whenever a death occurs in a family, a visit to condole, *para dar el pesame*, is always expected. Nothing can exceed the observance of all filial and parental relations in Spain. Families to the fourth generation live together under the same roof, after the primitive patriarchal system. The greatest respect is shown to parents and grand-parents. As in the East, age ensures precedence and deference: few survivors speak of their deceased parents except as being in heaven—*Su merced*, his worship, as the lower classes call the defunct, *que en la gloria está*, who is in paradise. The simple Oriental form of address, "my

son, my daughter," *hijo mio, hija mia* (Arabic *ya bint*), are very common, and used when no such relationship exists. Of such class are the seemingly uncere-
monious "*Hombre*," man, "*Muger*," woman, which are proofs rather of intimacy
and good will than the contrary. The kind feeling between sisters and brothers
is perfect: indeed the whole family and domestic economy is union, and con-
trasts with the national *house divided against itself* out of doors. The isolated
families, like the tribes of the Bedouin, are each so many little republics, or
rather absolute monarchies, each revolving on its own axis, without loving or
thinking of its neighbour: nay, there is a jealousy in *Tertulias*, and this is a
stumbling-block to the stranger, to whom many more houses are often opened
than to the natives themselves. He generally ends in selecting that set which
he finds the most agreeable; and even then, when once a regular member, *de*
nosotros, de la familia, if he happen to miss coming for a few evenings, he is
received with a good-humoured reproof, such as "*Dichosos los ojos que ven a*
V^{md.}," happy the eyes which see you.

A volume might be written on the vestiges of ancient and Oriental manners
with which private life in Spain is strewn. These turn up every moment in
the inland towns, where the march of intellect and strangers seldom treads down
the relics. At Madrid there is an aping of French and English manners, and
at the seaports an Italian or lingua Franca admixture. The traveller will
seldom go amiss in adopting the old Spanish formulæ, at which, even when
the more reformed and enlightened of *los Nuevos Españoles* smile, they are
never offended. Thus when any one sneezes, the correct thing is to say *Jesus*,
pronounced *Heesus*. This is the antique *Ζευ σωσον*. Sternutation was a good
omen (2 Kings iv. 35). Cupid sneezed to the right, while the performance
of Telemachus shook the house, and drew a smile from the wan countenance
of Penelope. The modern Arabs congratulate a judicious sneezer with "Praise
be to Allah!"

One word on religion, which pervades every part and parcel of Spain and
the Spaniard, and is, as the word implies, a real *binding* power, and one of the
very few, in this land of non-amalgamation and disunion: here no rival creeds,
no dissents, weaken, as in England, the nation's common strength; his crowning
pride is that he is the original Christian of Christendom, and that his religion,
la fe, the faith, is the only pure and unadulterated one. He boasts to be "*El*
Christiano viejo rancio y sin mancha," the old genuine and untainted Christian,
not a newly converted Jew or Morisco: these he abhors, as the Moor did those
new Moslems, the Mosalimah, who deserted the Cross, whose children they
despised as *Muwallad*, or *Mulatt*, i. e. not of pure caste, but hybrid and mulish.
The word *Catolico* is often used as equivalent to *Spanish*, and as an epithet
bears the force of "excellent." In these respects Spain is more ultra-Roman
than Rome itself; she stands in relation to indifferent Italy, as the bigot Moor
did to the laxer Ottoman: it is a remnant of the crusade preached against the
invading infidel, when faith was synonymous with patriotism. There is no
tolerance, or in other words, indifference: intolerance is the only point on
which king and Cortes, liberal and servile, are agreed. Bigotry has long, in
the eyes of Spain, been her glory; in the eyes of Europe, her disgrace: here
every possible dissent prevails except the religious.

Foreign invasions and recent reforms have weakened, but not broken down,
this inveterate exclusiveness. It may appear to slumber in large towns, but
burns fiercely amid the peasantry, and everywhere needs but a trifle to be called
into action, as Borrow has truly and graphically shown. The traveller will fre-
quently be asked if he is a *Cristiano*, meaning thereby a Romanist; the safe answer
will be, *Catolico si, pero Catolico Romano no*, I am a Catholic, but not a Roman

Catholic. It will be better to avoid all religious discussions whatever, on which the natives are very sensitive. There is too wide a gulf between, ever to be passed. Spaniards, who, like the Moslem, allow themselves great latitude in laughing at monks, priests, and professors of religion, are very touchy as regards the articles of their creed : on these, therefore, beware of even sportive criticism ; *con el ojo y la fe, nunca me burlaré*. The whole nation, in religious matters, is divided only into two classes—bigoted Romanists or Infidels ; there is no *via media*. The very existence of the Bible is unknown to the vast majority, who, when convinced of the cheats put forth as religion, have nothing better to fall back on but infidelity. They have no means of knowing the truth ; and even the better classes have not the *moral courage* to seek it ; they are afraid to examine the subject, they anticipate an unsatisfactory result, and, therefore, leave it alone in dangerous indifference. And even with the most liberal, with those who believe everything except the Bible, the term *Hereje*, Heretic, still conveys an undefined feeling of horror and disgust, which we tolerant Protestants cannot understand. A *Lutheran* they scarcely believe to have a soul, and almost think has a tail. The universal high-bred manner of Spaniards induces them to pass over, *sub silentio*, whatever unfavourable suspicions they may entertain of a foreigner's belief ; they are even willing to commit a pious fraud, in considering him innocent and a Roman Catholic, until the contrary be proved. It, therefore, rests with the traveller to preserve his religious *incognito* ; and, unless he wishes to enjoy the sufferings of a martyr, he will not volunteer his notions on theology. One thing is quite clear, that, however serious and discouraging the blows recently dealt to the Pope, the cause of Infidelity, and not of Protestantism, has hitherto been the sole gainer.

Most Spaniards date in the primitive manner, and less by days in the month, than festivals and church ceremonies, of which we have a remnant in our Lady-day, Michaelmas, &c. The traveller should purchase a Spanish almanac, or he will never understand dates. Every day has its saint, some of which are very remarkable among them, none more so than the 2nd of November, which is sacred to *todos los difuntos*. This, our "All-Souls' day," is the precise Eed-es-segheer of the Moslem. In Spain the customs of the similar pagan Ferialia, *Νεμεσια*, are strictly observed ; the cemeteries are visited by the whole population. In the S. and W. provinces long processions of females, bearing chased lamps on staves, walk slowly round the burial-ground, chanting ; offerings are made at the tombs of the deceased of garlands of flowers, *manibus date lilia plenis*. The Greek *ερωτες* and lamps are suspended. These *funes accensi*, funeral lights, were in vain prohibited at the early Spanish council of Illiberis. The defunct, however, are always borne in mind by the survivors, and the artist will be struck with the infinite paintings, inside and outside churches, of naked men and women, half-length, who emerge from red flames, which look like bunches of radishes reversed ; they are only seen down to the navel, the other half being either consumed or doubled in like an opera-glass, although, in the fire, they do not apparently burn, or even seem uncomfortable ; for they represent *las animas benditas del purgatorio*, the blessed souls in purgatory, and relieved by the interference of the church. The belief in this intermediate state is, perhaps, the religious point the most believed in Spain. It was invented by the Amenti of Egypt. Virgil exactly describes the process ('Æn.' vi. 735) ; doomed, as Hamlet says, to fast in fires "Till the foul crimes done in the days of nature are burnt and purg'd away." Those pagans who had philosophised sincerely, according to Plato, were let off with only 3000 years. Now the Pope rules paramount in purgatory, of which he holds the keys, and to him it is indeed a subterraneous mine of gold ; Æneas bribed Charon with a branch of

that metal ; for Orpheus, who got out his wife's soul for an old song, failed in the end, from this want of a valuable consideration : a rich Spaniard can now get easily into heaven, by purchasing pontifical stock, the accumulated surplus of the supererogatory good works of the Vatican, which constitute no small item in the papal budget. This adaptation of man's idea of justice in this world to the Deity scheme of the next is a purely human invention, and derogatory to the one great atonement, and teaches that the wages of sin are not death, but merely transportation for a time to a penal settlement, with ready means of *buying* a release. The parish clergy set up biers in the streets, which are ornamented with real skulls. They never omit a large dish, into which the smallest contributions are received. The great attraction is the representation of the suffering souls, which appeal *ad misericordiam et charitatem* of all beholders. The hope of releasing a sufferer from the fire extracts the last mite even from Spanish poverty to pay for holy water. Many, however, who have the means make assurance doubly sure by a sort of mutual insurance. Numberless guilds (from *gelt*, contribution) or confraternities, *hermandades*, light up a *capilla muerta*, or *chappelle ardente*, for the benefit of deceased members' souls; the cost is defrayed by a small annual payment, called *la averiguacion*. This policy, though not exactly a fire insurance, partakes somewhat of a life one, since no benefit is derived from paying the premiums until the person has qualified by dying. Now at night-fall, at *las animas*, men enveloped in shroud-like cloaks come out like glow-worms, with a bell and a lantern, on which is painted a blessed couple in fire. The bearers call upon *los devotos de las animas*, the friends of the souls, to contribute towards the expense of masses for their relief. The traveller who will read the extraordinary number of days' redemption from purgatory which may be obtained in every chapel, in every church in Spain, for the performance of the most trumpery routine, can only wonder how any believer should ever be so absurd as not to have secured his delivery from this spiritual Botany Bay without even going there at all. Again, even those who have neglected to take these precautions have another chance. The devil cannot take away a soul who is provided with the rosary of Santo Domingo, or a body which was buried in his or the cowl of the order of San Francisco. The rochet of San Simon protects the wearer, like the badge of a fire-insurance office. All these and more are to be had of the priest for money. The formerly universal habit of burying the dead in Spain in monastic dresses led a lively French author to observe that none died in the Peninsula except monks and nuns.

The indifference which all Spaniards exhibit towards their own and their friends' bodies, when alive, is made up by the tender anxiety they evince for the souls of mere strangers if in purgatory ; as those which once get there are sure of eventually being saved, they are called *benditas*, blessed by anticipation. Thus El Griego painted Philip II., even when alive, as if in purgatory. The great object of survivors is to get their friends out of limbo as soon as possible. This can only be done by paying for masses and holy water, every drop of which sprinkled on the tomb puts out a certain quantity of the fire below. All small fractions of change or accounts used to be devoted to this pious purpose, just as Athenæus tells us the ancients reserved for their dead friends the fragments, *τα πιπτοντα*, which fell from their tables. Many people leave legacies for masses for themselves, with a proviso, that whatever remains unexpended after they have been rescued should go in ultimate remainders to the most unprayed-for soul in purgatory. The horrors of the *auto de fé*, and the readily-understood pains of burning, have created a sort of mendicinity societies, who perform the last rites for those who, for want of friend and assistance, may be lingering in the purifying

flames. There were formerly soul-bazars, fancy sales, to which the pious contributed various articles, which were sold at high prices, and the profits laid out in masses; and there used to be a lottery, in which humane gamblers might purchase tickets; opposite to each number, and there were no blanks, certain crimes were affixed, and what money penalty was to be paid. The winner, by taking this and the prescribed penances on himself, might thereby liberate any unknown soul who was suffering in purgatory for the actual commission of the crimes drawn. The comprehensive variety of offences specified and provided for could only have been prepared by the aid of the confessional, and profound study of the enormities prohibited in Spanish *promptuarios morales*, or explained by the school of Dr. Sanchez of Cordova. Blank bulls also were sold for sixpence, in which the name of the person wished to be liberated might be inserted, as in a species of *habeas animam* writ; and for fear the nominee might already have been delivered, the bull was endorsed with other names, and finally with an ultimate remainder to the *most worthy and most disconsolate* (see Blanco White, p. 173). Philip IV. left money for one hundred thousand masses to be said for his royal soul, and, in case all that number should not be requisite, he appointed as his residuary legatee *el alma mas sola*, the most solitary, most unthought-for soul. The foreigner will be struck with often seeing, on church-doors, a printed notice on a flat board, *Hoy se saca anima*, "This day you can get out a soul;" hence *tiene pecho como tabla de animas* is an irreverent metaphor applied to a woman who has a scraggy neck. Near these *tablas* are placed a box for receiving money, and a basin of holy water wherewith to put the fires out. These soul-delivering days are mentioned in the annual almanacs, and are distinguished from ordinary days by a cross being affixed to them. The doomed souls are generally left in their warm quarters during winter, and taken out in spring. No handbook can point out the exact days. The traveller who wishes to withdraw souls must make inquiries in the respective towns. The church will generally be known by the crowds of beggars who collect around the doors, and who seem to regret this outlay on future and distant objects, and suggest that a portion of the charity might be equally well dispensed in relief of the present and certain sufferings of their living bodies. The singing of psalms expressly for those in purgatory takes place at the end of October, and continues nine days. The term is called *el novenario de animas*. It offers a most singular spectacle to Protestants, especially the vigil of All Saints' day, Nov. 1, *Todos los Santos*, which is also the night of love-divination, when Spanish maidens sat at the windows to watch the raith of their future husbands pass by.

The hour of sunset, which at heretical Gibraltar is announced by gun-fire, is marked in orthodox Spain by a passing bell, which tolls the knell of parting day. It is the exact *Mughreb* of the Moors. It is the chosen moment to pray for the souls of the departed, and hence the time is called *á las animas*. The traveller will hear no other term but this, and *á las oraciones*, which is somewhat later, when the short twilight is over and darkness grows apace. This is the *Eschee* of the Moor. It is called *las oraciones* because the *Angelus*, the *Ave Maria* bell, is rung. This is supposed to be the exact hour when Gabriel bid the Virgin hail. The observance of the *Ave Maria* is very impressive; when the bell rings, the whole population stop, uncover, and cross themselves, and actors used to do so even on the stage; the jest and laugh on the public *Alameda* are instantly hushed, and the monotonous hum of some thousand voices uttering one common prayer is heard. This feeling is, however, but for the moment; it is a mere mechanical form, and devoid of inner spirituality. The next instant every one bows to his neighbour, wishes him a happy night, and returns to the suspended conversation, the interrupted *bon mot* is completed: even this, which

strikes the stranger as a solemn spectacle, has become a routine form of devotion to the callous performers, while the Englishman from the cold Protestant north exclaims with Byron—

“Ave-Maria! blessed be the hour!
 The time, the clime, the spot where I so oft
 Have felt that moment in its fullest power
 Sink o’er the earth so beautiful and soft,
 While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
 Or the faint dying day hymn stole aloft,
 And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
 And yet the forest leaves seem’d stirr’d with prayer!”

The beggars of Spain know well how to appeal to every softening and religious principle. They are now an increased and increasing nuisance. The mendicant plague rivals the mosquitos; they smell the blood of an Englishman: they swarm on every side; they interrupt privacy, worry the artist and antiquarian, disfigure the palace, disenchant the Alhambra, and dispel the dignity of the house of God, which they convert into a lazaret-house and den of mendacity and mendacity. They are more numerous than even in the Roman, Neapolitan, and Sicilian states. They form the train of superstition and misgovernment which defile the most beautiful, and impoverish the richest portions of the earth.

The Spanish beggars are dead to all shame; indeed, as Homer says, that feeling is of no use in their profession. They wear away the portals of the churches; they sit before the Beautiful gate, the old and established resort of cynics and mendicants (Juv. iii. 296). There they cluster, like barnacles, unchanged since the days of Martial (iv. 53), with their wallet, staff, dog, filthy tatters and hair, and barking importunity. Their conventional whine is of all times and countries; no man begs in his natural voice; *Quien llora, mama*,—the child that *cries* is suckled. Importunity, and coaxing appeals to our common nature and good nature, are their stock in trade, the wares by which they hope to barter their nothing for a something. Their tact and ingenuity are amazing; surer than any ecclesiastical almanac, they know every service which will be the best performed in any particular church; thither they migrate, always preferring that where the *jubileo*, the *cuarenta horas*, the “*hoy se saca animas*,” the saint, relic, show, firework, or whatever it may be, attracts the devout. In the provincial cities vast numbers, the women especially, make it a point never to miss hearing *the* mass of the day; they perform this daily routine from habit, to show their dresses, from having nothing else to do, and some few from religion. The beggars, while they lift up the heavy curtain which hangs before the church-door, always allude to the particular object of the day’s veneration as an additional inducement for a trifling donation, and the smallest are given and accepted. To bestow alms before prayer constitutes part of the religious exercise both of Moor and Spaniard. The mendicant of all countries endeavours to conciliate charity by appealing to the ruling passion of the people whom he addresses. In Spain there is none of our operative philoprogenitiveness—“Poor man out of work;” “widow with twins;” “fourteen small children;”—magnets which have been known to extract iron tears from an Overseer’s eyes, and even copper from an Assistant Poor Law Commissioner’s pockets. In Spain all pauper appeals are religious: “*Por el amor de Dios*,”—“For the love of God,” (hence they are also called *Pordioseros*)—“*por el amor de la Santissima*; *Señorito, me da Vmd. un octavito—Dios se lo pagará á Vmd.*,” “for the love of the most holy Virgin, dear sir, give me one little halfpenny—God will pay it you again.” These beggars, like members of *juntas*, trust the repayment of all principal and interest to Providence; yet they prefer the sound of

Loan to Gift; the mere shadow of an impossible repayment soothes their pride, which resents the suspicion of a donation, and the admission of obligation.

During the appropriation of church property by the government, while the Treasury exacted with infinite rigour the tithes and former sources of ecclesiastical income, it seldom paid the pitiful stipend which was pledged to be assigned to the clergy out of their own despoiled revenues. Thus, even canons and dignitaries were reduced to absolute distress, and not unfrequently solicited charity from the passing Englishman. The gold of the heretic, like the profits from the Roman sewers, has no objectionable smell or taint. There is, moreover, in Spain a licensed class of beggars, who are privileged by the *alcaldes* of their towns; they wear a badge, and are much affronted if on showing it they get nothing. This permission was given by Charles V. in 1525, just as in England it was granted by justices of the peace under their hand and seal (27 Henry VIII. c. 12). Philip II., in 1552, introduced the legionary decoration. The universal badge is, however, a display of rags and sores; where there are so many applicants, each tries to outdo his rival by presenting the most attractive exhibition of disgusting condition. No wounds are ever healed, no tatters are ever mended; that would be drying up the sources of their living; none, however, die either of their incurable wounds or destitution. In their latter good fortune they resembled their clever colleagues the mendicant Franciscans, who got rich by the profession of poverty. They are the pets of all artists, for the pauper groups seem as if they had stepped out from one of Murillo's pictures, and become living real beings.

The general poverty of Spain is very great, the natural consequence of foreign invasion and civil wars. It presses heavily on the middling and higher classes, the well-born and once affluent, who doubly writhe and suffer. To those who have known better things, misfortune undeserved and unexpected descends with corrosive and appalling intensity. None can tell how the iron eats into souls of thousands whose properties have been ravaged or confiscated, whose incomes were dependent on bankrupt government securities, on unpaid official salaries—those widowed homes, where even the paltry pensions on which the orphan family starved are withheld; nor can the full and real extent of suffering be easily ascertained. It is sedulously concealed, and to the honour of all ranks of Spaniards be it said, that in no country in the world are decayed circumstances endured with equal dignity, or such long-suffering patience and uncomplaining resignation.

Few Spaniards can afford to give much; the many pass on the other side. Familiarity has blunted their finer emotions of sympathy, and their charity *must* begin at home, and from seldom stirring out, is the coldest thing in this torrid climate; but the Spaniard never had much milk of human kindness. This insensibility is increased by the sang-froid with which he bears his own griefs, pains, misfortunes, and even death: if, like the Oriental, he endures them with patient apathy, he cannot be expected to show much more sensation for similar sufferings when the lot of others.

Now John Bull is held abroad to be a golden calf, and is worshipped and plundered; the Spaniard, from the minister of finance downwards, thinks him laden with ore like the asses of Arcadia, and that, in order to get on lighter, he is as ready as Lucullus to throw it away. The moment one comes in sight, the dumb will recover their speech and the lame their legs; he will be hunted by packs as a bag-fox, his pursuers are neither to be called nor whipped off. They persevere in the hopes that they may be paid a something as hush-money, in order to be got rid of; nor let any traveller ever open his mouth, which betrays that, however well put on his capa, the speaker is not a Spaniard, but a foreigner—

Quære peregrinum vicinia rauca reclamat. If the pilgrim does once in despair give, the fact of the happy arrival in town of a charitable man spreads like wild-fire; all follow him the next day, just as crows do a brother-bird in whose crop they have smelt carrion at the night's roost. None are ever content; the same beggar comes every day; his gratitude is the lively anticipation of future favours; he expects that you have granted him an annuity. But there is a remedy for everything. The *qualche cosa* of the Italian beggar is chilled by the cutting *cè niente*; the English vagrant by the hint of "policemen," or the gift, not of sixpence, but of a mendicity ticket. Lane (ii. 23) gives the exact forms, *Al'lah yer-zooek*, God will sustain, the *Al'lah yaatee k*, God give thee, with which alone the analogous Egyptian beggar will be satisfied. So, in Spain, the specific which operates like brimstone, the plea to which there is no demurrer, is this—and let the traveller character the form on the tablet of his memory—*Perdone V^{md.} por Dios, Hermano!* My brother, let your worship excuse me, for God's sake! The beggar bows—he knows that all further application is useless; the effect is certain if the words be quietly and gravely pronounced.

The Peninsular pauper has nothing left for him except to beg for his bread; there are no Unions or relieving-officers; and however magnificently endowed in former times were the hospitals and almshouses of Spain, the provision now made for poor and ailing humanity is miserably inadequate. The revenues were first embezzled by the managers, and since have almost been swept away. Trustees for pious and charitable uses are defenceless against armed avarice and appropriation in office: being *corporate* bodies, they want the sacredness of *private* interests, which every one is anxious to defend. Hence Godoy began the spoliation, by seizing the funds, and giving in lieu government securities, which turned out to be worthless. Then ensued the French invasion, and the wholesale confiscation of military despots. Civil war has done the rest; and now that the convents are suppressed, the deficiency is increasing, for in the remoter country districts the monks bestowed relief to the poor, and provided lodging and medicines. With few exceptions, the *Casas de Misericordia*, or houses for the destitute, are far from well conducted in Spain, while those destined for lunatics, *Casas de Locos*, and for exposed children, *Cunas*, *Casas de Espositos*, do little credit to science and humanity. See for specimens *La Cuna* of Seville, and *Los Locos* either of Granada or Toledo.

The hospitals for sick and wounded are but little better. The *sangrados* of Spain have long been the butts of novelists, who spoke many a true word in their jests. The common expression of the people, in regard to the busy mortality of their patients, is *mueren como chinches*. This recklessness of life, this inattention to human suffering, and backwardness in curative science, is very Oriental. However science may have set westward from the East, the arts of medicine and surgery have not. There, as in Spain, they have long been subordinate, and the professors held to be of a low caste—a fatal bar in the Peninsula, where even now a medical man is scarcely admissible into the best society. The surgeon of the Spanish Moors was frequently a despised and detested Jew, which would create a traditional loathing of the calling. The physician was of somewhat a higher caste, but he, like the botanist and chemist, was rather to be met with among the Moors. Thus Sancho *el Gordo* was obliged to go in person to Cordova in search of good advice.

The neglect of well supported, well regulated hospitals has recoiled on the Spaniards. The rising profession are deprived of the advantages of *walking* them, and thus beholding every nice difficulty solved by experienced masters. Recently some efforts have been made in large towns, especially on the coasts, to introduce reforms and foreign ameliorations; but official jobbing and

ignorant routine are still among the diseases that are *not* cured in Spain. In 1811, when the English army was at Cadiz, a physician, named Villarino, urged by some of our indignant surgeons, brought the disgraceful condition of Spanish hospitals before the Cortes. A commission was appointed, and Schepeler (iii. 5) gives their sad report, how the food, wine, &c., destined for the patients were consumed by the managers and *empleados*; quis custodes custodiat? The results were such as might be expected, the authorities held together, and persecuted Villarino as a *revolucionario*, or reformer, and succeeded in disgracing him. The superintendent was the notorious Lozano de Torres, who starved the English army after Talavera; for who and what this "thief and liar" was (see 'Disp.' Aug. 18, 1812.) The Regency, after this very exposure of his hospital, promoted him to the civil government of Old Castile; and Ferd. VII., in 1817, made him Minister of Justice. As buildings, the hospitals are generally very large; but the space is as thinly peopled as the wide *despoblados* of Spain. In England wards are wanting for patients—in Spain, patients for wards. The poor, in no country, have much predilection for a hospital; and in Spain, in addition to pride, a well-grounded fear deters the invalid—they prefer to die a *natural* death. If only half in the hospital die, it is thought great luck: the dead, however, tell no tales, and the living sing praises for their miraculous escape. *El medico lleva la plata, pero Dios es que sana!*—God works the cure, the doctor sacks the fee!

SPANISH MEDICAL MEN.

Unfortunate the wight who falls ill in Spain, as, whatever his original complaint, it is too often followed by secondary and worse symptoms, the native doctor. The faculty at Madrid are little in advance of their provincial colleagues, nay, often they are more destructive, since, being practitioners *en la Corte*, the heaven on earth, they are in proportion superior to the medical men of the rest of the world, of whom of course they can learn nothing. They are, however, at least a century behind the practitioners of England. Their notions and practice are classical, Oriental, and antiquated, and their acquaintance with modern works, inventions, and operations very limited. Their text-books and authorities are Galen, Celsus, Hippocrates, and Boerhaave; the names of Hunter, Harvey, and Astley Cooper are scarcely more known among their M.D.s than the last discoveries of Herschell; the light of such distant planets has not had time to arrive.

Meanwhile, as in courts of justice and other matters in Spain, all sounds admirably on *paper*—the forms, regulations, and system are perfect in theory. Colleges of physicians and surgeons superintend the science; the professors are members of learned societies; lectures are delivered, examinations are conducted, and certificates, duly signed and sealed, are given. The young *Galenista* is furnished with a licence to kill. What is wanting from beginning to end, to practitioner and patient, is *life*. The salaries of teachers are ill paid, and the pupils are tampered with and their studies thought dangerous, not to private but the public weal; thus Ferdinand VII., on the news of the three glorious days of Paris, shut up the medical schools, opening, it is true, by way of compensation, a university for killing bulls *secundum artem*. The medical men know, nevertheless, every aphorism of the ancients by rote, and *discourse* as eloquently and plausibly on any case as do their ministers in Cortes. Both write capital *documentos* (see p. 137), theories and opinions extemporaneously. Their splendid language supplies words which seem to have cost thought. What is wanting is *practice*, and that clinical and best of education where the case is brought before the student with the corollary of skilful treatment.

As in their modern art and literature, there is little originality in Spanish medicine. It is chiefly a veneering of other men's ideas, or an adaptation of ancient and Moorish science. Most of their technical terms, *jalea*, *elixir*, *jarave*, *rob*, *sorbete*, *julepe*, &c., are purely Arabic, and indicate the sources from whence the knowledge was obtained; and whenever they depart from the daring ways of their ancestors, it is to adopt a timid French system. The few additions to their medical libraries are translations from their neighbours, just as the scanty materia medica in their apothecaries' shops is rendered more ineffective by quack nostrums from Paris. In spite of these lamentable deficiencies, the self-esteem of the medical men exceeds, if possible, that of the military; both have killed their "ten thousands." They hold themselves to be the first *sabreurs*, physicians, and surgeons on earth, and best qualified to wield the shears of the *Parcæ*. It would be a waste of time to try to dispel this fatal delusion: the well-intentioned monitor would simply be set down as malevolent, envious, and an ass; for they think their ignorance the perfection of human skill. No foreigner can ever hope to succeed among them, nor can any native who may have studied abroad easily introduce a better system. All his brethren would make common cause against him as an innovator. He would be summoned to no consultations, the most lucrative branch of practice, while the confessors would poison the ears of the women (who govern the men), with cautions against the danger to their souls of having their bodies cured by a Jew, a heretic, or a foreigner, for the terms are almost convertible.

Dissection is even now repulsive to their Oriental prejudices; the pupils learn rather by plates, diagrams, models, preparations, and skeletons, than from anatomical experiments on a subject: their practice necessarily is limited. In difficult cases of compound fracture, gun-shot wounds, the doctors give the patient up almost at once, although they continue to meet and take fees until death relieves him of his complicated sufferings. In chronic cases and slighter fractures they are less dangerous; for as their pottering remedies do neither good nor harm, the struggle for life and death is left to nature, who sometimes works the cure. In acute diseases and inflammations they seldom succeed; for however fond of the lancet, they only nibble with the case, and are scared at the bold decided practice of Englishmen, whereat they shrug up shoulders, invoke saints, and descant learnedly on the impossibility of treating complaints under the bright sun and warm air of catholic Spain, after the formulæ of cold, damp, and foggy, heretical England.

Most Spaniards who can afford it, have their family doctor, or *Medico de Cabecera*, and their confessor. This pair take care of the bodies and souls of the whole house, bring them gossip, share their *puchero*, purse, and tobacco. They rule the husband through the women and the nursery; nor do they allow their exclusive privileges to be infringed on. Etiquette is the life of a Spaniard, and often his death. Every one knows that Philip III. was killed, rather than violate a form. He was seated too near the fire, and, although burning, of course as king of Spain the impropriety of moving himself never entered his head; and when he requested one of his attendants to do so, none, in the absence of the proper officer whose duty it was to superintend the royal chair, ventured to take that improper liberty. In case of sudden emergencies among her Catholic Majesty's subjects, unless the family doctor be present, any other one, even if called in, generally declines acting until the regular Esculapius arrives. An English medical friend of ours saved a Spaniard's life by chancing to arrive when the patient, in an apoplectic fit, was foaming at the mouth and wrestling with death; all this time a strange doctor was sitting quietly in the next room smoking his cigar at the *brasero* with the women of the family.

Our friend instantly took 30 ounces from the sufferer's arm, not one of the Spanish party even moving from their seats, hunc sic servavit Apollo!

The Spanish medical men pull together—a rare exception in Spain—and play into each other's hands. The family doctor, whenever appearances will in anywise justify him, becomes alarmed, and requires a consultation, a *Junta*. What any Spanish *Junta* is, need not be explained; and these are like the rest, they either do nothing, or what they do do, is done badly. At these meetings from three to seven *Medicos de apelacion*, consulting physicians, attend, or more, according to the patient's purse: each goes to the sick man, feels his pulse, asks him some questions, and then retires to the next room to consult, generally allowing the invalid the benefit of hearing what passes. The *Protomedico*, or senior, takes the chair; and while all are lighting their cigars, the family doctor opens the case, by stating the birth, parentage, and history of the patient, his constitution, the complaint, and the medicines hitherto prescribed. The senior next rises, and gives his opinion, often speaking for half an hour; the others follow in their rotation, and then the *Protomedico*, like a judge, sums up, going over each opinion with comments: the usual termination is either to confirm the previous treatment, or order some insignificant *tisana*: the only certain thing is to appoint another consultation for the next day, for which the fees are heavy, each taking from three to five dollars. The consultation often lasts many hours, and is a chronic complaint. It occurred to our same medical friend to accidentally call on a person who had an inflammation in the cornea of the eye: on questioning he found that many consultations had been previously held, at which no determination was come to until at the last, when sea-bathing was prescribed, with a course of asses' milk and Chiclana snake-broth; our heretical friend, who lacked the true *Fe*, just touched the diseased part with caustic. When this application was reported at the next *Junta*, the *Medicos* all crossed themselves with horror and amazement, which was increased when the patient recovered in a week.

The trade of a druggist is anything but free; none may open a *Botica* without a strict examination and licence: of course this is to be had for money. None may sell any potent medicine, except according to the prescription of some local medical man; everything is a monopoly. The commonest drugs are often either wanting or grossly adulterated, but, as in their arsenals and larders, no dispenser will admit such destitution; *hay de todo*, swears he, and gallantly makes up the prescription simply by substituting other ingredients; and as the correct ones nine times out of ten are harmless, no great injury is sustained; if, by chance, the patient dies, the doctor and the disease bear the blame. Perhaps the old Iberian custom was the safest; the sick were exposed outside their doors, and the advice of casual passengers was asked (Strabo, iii. 234), whose prescriptions were quite as likely to answer as images, relics, *bouillon aux vipres*, or milk of almonds or asses:—

“ And, doctor, do you really think,
That asses' milk I ought to drink?
It cured yourself, I grant is true,
But then 't was mother's milk to you.”

The poor and more numerous class, especially in the rural districts, seldom use physic—oh fortunati nimium! Like their mules they are rarely ill: they only take to their beds to die. If they do consult any one, it is the barber, the quack, or *curandero*; for there is generally in Spain some charlatan wherever sword, rosary, pen, or lancet is to be wielded. The nostrums, charms, relics, incantations, &c., to which recourse is had, when not mediæval, are pagan. For the spiritual pharmacopeia see S^a. Engracia's lamp-oil and our remarks

(Zaragoza). The patients cannot always be expected to recover even then, since "*Para todo hay remedio, sino para la muerte.*"—"There is a remedy for everything except death." The transition from surgeons to barbers is easy in Spain; nay, shaving in this land, where whiskers were the type of valour and knighthood, long took the precedence over surgery; and even now, the shops of the Figaros are far more interesting than the hospitals. Here most ludicrous experiments are tried on the teeth and veins of the brave vulgar. The *Tienda de Barbero* is distinguished by a Mambrino's helmet basin, by phlebotomical symbols, and generally a rude painting of bleeding at the foot; huge grinders are hung up, which in a church would be exhibited as relics of St. Christopher; inside is a guitar and prints of bull-fights, while Figaro, the centre of all, is the personification of bustle and gossip. Few Spaniards can shave themselves: it is too mechanical, even supposing their cutlers could make a razor. Like Orientals, they prefer a "razor that is hired" (Isaiah vii. 20). These Figaros shave well, but not silently, the request of the Andaluz Adrian: garrulous by nature and trade, they have their own way in talk; for when a man is in their operating chair, with his jaws lathered, his nose between a finger and thumb, and a sharp blade at his throat, there is not much conversational fair play or reciprocity.

THE BULL-FIGHT.

As Moorish Andalucia is the head-quarters of the Moorish bull-fight, and the alma mater of *Toreros* for all the Peninsula, no Handbook can be complete without some hints as to what to observe in this, the sight of Spain *par excellence*. The bull-fight, or, to speak correctly, the bull-feast, *Fiesta de Toros*, is decidedly of Moorish origin, and is never mentioned in any authors of antiquity. Bulls were killed in ancient amphitheatres, but the present *modus operandi* is modern. The principle of this spectacle is the exhibition of gallant horsemanship, personal courage, and dexterity with the lance, which constituted the favourite accomplishments of the children of the desert. The early bull-fight differed essentially from the modern: the bull was attacked by gentlemen armed only with the *Rejon*, a short projectile spear about four feet long. This, the *pilum* of the Romans, was taken from the original Iberian *spear*, the *Sparus* of Sil. Ital. (viii. 388), the *Lancea*, an Iberian weapon and word, the *ακοντιον* of Strabo (iii. 247). This spear is seen in the hands of the horsemen of the old Iberian-Romano coinage. To be a good rider and lancer was essential to the Spanish *Caballero*. This first class of bull-fight is now only given on grand occasions, and is called a royal Festival, or *Fiesta Real*. Philip IV. exhibited such a one on the *Plaza Mayor* of Madrid before our Charles I.; and Ferd. VII. another in 1833, at the ratification of the *Juramento*, the swearing allegiance to Isabel II. (See 'Quar. Rev.,' cxxiv. 395.)

These *Fiestas Reales* form the coronation ceremonial of Spain; the *Caballeros en Plaza* represent our champions. Bulls were killed, but no beef eaten; a banquet was never a thing of no-dinner-giving Iberia. "Nullus in festos dies epularum apparatus." (Justin, xlv. 2.)

The final conquest of the Moors, and the subsequent cessation of the border chivalrous habits of Spaniards, occasioned these dangerous exercises to fall into comparative disuse. The gentle Isabella was so shocked at a bull-fight which she saw at Medina del Campo, that she did her utmost to put them down. The accession of Philip V., which deluged the Peninsula with Frenchmen, proved fatal to this and to many other ancient usages of Spain. The puppies from Paris pronounced the Spanish bulls, and those who baited them, to be brutes

and barbarous. The spectacle, which had withstood the influence of Isabella, and beat the Pope's bulls, bowed before the despotism of fashion. The periwigged courtiers deserted the arena on which the royal eye of Philip V., who only wanted a wife and a mass-book, looked coldly : but the sturdy lower classes, foes to the foreigner and innovation, clung closer to the pastime of their forefathers ; by becoming, however, *their* game, instead of *that* of gentlemen, it was stripped of its chivalrous character, and degenerated into the vulgar butchery of low mercenary bull-fighters, as our rings and tournaments of chivalry did into those of ruffian pugilists.

The Spanish bulls have been immemorially famous. Hercules, that renowned cattle-lifter, was lured into Spain by the lowing of the herds of Geryon—*Giron*, —the ancestor (*se dice*) of the Duque de Osuna. The best bulls in Andalusia are bred by Cabrera at Utrera, in the identical pastures where Geryon's herds were pastured : they, according to Strabo (iii. 258), were obliged, after fifty days' feeding, to be driven off from fear of bursting from fat. The age of lean kine has succeeded. Notwithstanding that Spaniards assert that their bulls are braver than all other bulls, *because* Spaniards, who were destined to kill and eat them, are braver and hungrier than all other mortal men, they (the bulls) are far inferior in weight and power to those bred and fed by John Bull ; albeit, the latter are not so fierce and active, from not being raised in such wild and unenclosed countries. We are not going to describe a bull-fight ; the traveller will see it. Our task is to put him in possession of some of the technical rules and terms of art, which will enable him to pass his judgment on the scene as becomes a real amateur, *un aficionado*. This term *aficion* is the true origin of our "fancy."

It is a great mistake to suppose that bull-fights are universal in Spain. They are extremely expensive, costing from 300*l.* to 400*l.* a time ; and out of the chief capitals and of Andalusia, they are only got up now and then on great church festivals and holy days of saints and public rejoicings. Nor are all bulls fit for the *plaza* : only the noblest and bravest are selected. The first trial is the *Herradura*, "*Ferradura, à ferro*," from the branding with hot iron. The one-year-old calf bulls are charged by the *conocidor*, the herdsman, with his *garrocha*, the real Thessalian goad, *οπρηξ*. Those which flinch are thrown down and converted into oxen. The bulls which pass this "*little go*" are in due time again tested by being baited with tipped horns. As these *novillos*, *embolados* are only practised on, not killed, this sham fight is despised by the *torero* and *aficionado*, who aspire only to be in at the death, at *toros de muerte*. The sight of the bull-calf is amusing, from the struggle between him and his majesty the mob ; nor is there any of the blood and wounds by which strangers are offended at the full-grown fight. Bull-baiting in any shape is irresistible to the lower classes of Spaniards, who disregard injuries done to their bodies, and, what is far worse, to their cloaks. The hostility to the bull grows with the growth of a Spaniard : children play at *toro*, just as ours do at leap-frog ; one represents the bull, who is killed *secundum artem*. Few grown-up Spaniards, when on a journey, can pass a bull (or hardly even a cow) without bullying him, by waving their cloaks in the defiance of *el capeo*. As bull-fights cost so much, the smaller towns indulge only in mock-turtle, in the *novillos* and *embolados*. In the mountain towns few bulls, or even oxen, are brought in for slaughter without first being baited through the streets. They are held by a long rope, and are hence called *toros de cuerda*, *galumbo*. Ferd. VII., at the instigation of our friends the Conde de Estrella, and of Don José Manuel de Arjona, founded a tauromachian university, a *Bull-ford*, at Seville, near the *matadero*, or slaughter-house, which long had been known by the cant term of *el colegio*. The

inscription over the portal ran thus :—*Fernando VII., Pio, Feliz, Restaurador, para la enseñanza preservadora de la Escuela de Tauromachia* : Ferd. VII., the pious, fortunate, and restored, for the conservative teaching of the Tauromachian School. In fact, bread and bulls, *pan y toros*, the Spanish cry, is but the echo of the Roman *panem et Circenses*. The pupils were taught by retired bull-fighters, the counterpart of the *lanistæ* of antiquity. *Candido* and *Romero* were the first professors : these tauromachian heroes had each in their day killed their hecatombs, and, like the brother-lords Eldon and Stowell, may be said to have fixed the practice and equity of their arenas on principles which never will be upset.

The profits of the bull-fight are usually destined for the support of hospitals, and, certainly, the fever and the frays subsequent not unfrequently provide more patients than funds. The *Plaza* is usually under the superintendence of a society of noblemen and gentlemen,—arenæ perpetui comites. These corporations are called *Maestranzas*, and were instituted in 1562, by Philip II., in the vain hope of improving the breed of Spanish horses and men-at-arms. The king is always the *Hermano mayor*, or elder brother. They were confined to four cities, viz., Ronda, Seville, Granada, and Valencia, to which Zaragoza was added by Ferdinand VII., which was the only reward it ever obtained for its heroic defence against the French. The members, or *maestrantes*, of each city are distinguished by the colour of their uniforms : as they must all be *Hidalgos*, and are entitled to wear a smart costume, the honour is much sought for.

The day appointed for the bull-feast is announced by placards of all colours. We omit to notice their contents, as the traveller will see them on every wall. The first thing is to secure a good place beforehand, by sending for a *Boletin de Sombra*, a shade-ticket. The prices of the seats vary according to position. The great object is to avoid the sun : the best places are on the northern side, which are in the shade. The transit of the sun over the Plaza, the zodiacal progress into Taurus, is decidedly the best calculated astronomical observation in Spain : the line of shadow defined on the arena is marked by a gradation of prices. The names of the different seats and prices are everywhere detailed in the bills of the play, with the names of the combatants and the colours of the different breeds of bulls.

The day before the fight the bulls destined for the spectacle are driven towards the town. The amateurs never fail to ride out to see what the *ganado*, or cattle, is like. The *encierro*, the driving them to the arena, is a service of danger ; the bulls are enticed by tame oxen, *cabestros*, into a road which is barricadoed on each side, and then driven full speed by the mounted *conocidores* into the *Plaza*. It is an exciting, peculiar, and picturesque spectacle ; and the poor who cannot afford to go to the bull-fight risk their lives and cloaks in order to get the front places, and best chance of a stray poke *en passant*.

The next afternoon all the world crowds to the *Plaza de toros*. Nothing can exceed the gaiety and sparkle of a Spanish public going, eager and full-dressed, to the *fight*. They could not move faster were they running away from a real one. All the streets or open spaces near the outside of the arena are a spectacle. The merry mob is everything. Their excitement under a burning sun, and their thirst for the blood of bulls, is fearful. There is no sacrifice, no denial which they will not undergo to save money for the bull-fight. It is the birdlime with which the devil catches many a male and female soul. The men go in all their best costume and *majo*-finery : the distinguished ladies wear on these occasions white lace mantillas, and when heated, look, as Adrian said, like sausages wrapt up in white paper ; a fan, *abanico*, is quite necessary, as it was among the Romans (Mart. xiv. 28). They are sold outside for a trifle, are made of rude paper, and stuck into a handle of common

reed. Fine ladies and gentlemen go into the boxes, but the real sporting men, *los aficionados*, prefer the pit, the *tendido*, or *los andamios*, the lower range, in order, by being nearer, that they may not lose the nice traits of *tauromaquia*.

The *real thing* is to sit across the opening of the *toril*, which gives an occasion to show a good leg and embroidered gaiter. The *plaza* has a language to itself, a dialect peculiar to the *ring*. The president sits in a centre box. The *despejo*, or clearing out the populace, precedes his arrival. The proceedings open with the procession of the performers, the mounted spearmen, *picadores*, then the *chulos*, the attendants on foot, who wear their silk cloaks, *capas de durancillo*, in a peculiar manner, with the arms projecting in front; then follow the slayers, the *matadores*, and the mule team, *el tiro*, which is destined to carry off the slain. The profession of bull-fighter is very low caste in Spain, although its heroes, like our blackguard boxers, are much courted by some young nobles and all the lower classes. Those who chance to be killed on the spot are denied the burial rites of Christians, as dying without confession; but a clergyman is always in waiting with a consecrated host, *su magestad*, in case there may be time to administer the sacrament before death. As the *toreros* spring from the dregs of the people, they are eminently superstitious; they cover their breasts with relics, amulets, and papal charms. When the stated hour has arrived and the president has taken his seat, the games open: first, all the actors advance, arrayed in their gorgeous *majo* costume, and attended by *alguaciles* in the ancient dress. The sports being legally authorised, the trumpet now sounds; the president throws the key of the *toril*, the cell of the bull, to the *alguacil*, who ought to catch it in his hat. The door opens and the bull comes out; the three *picadores* are drawn up, one behind the other, to the right at the *tablas*, or the barrier between the arena and spectators. They wear the broad-brimmed Thessalian hat; their legs are cased with iron and leather; and the right one, which is presented to the bull, is the best protected. This grieve is *espinillera*—the fancy call it *la mona*—the scientific name is *Gregoriana*, from the inventor, Don Gregorio Gallo—just as we say a Spencer, from the noble Earl. The spear, *garrocha*, is defensive rather than offensive; the blade, *la pua*, ought not to exceed one inch; the sheathing is, however, pushed back when the *picador* anticipates a charging bull. They know them better than Lavater or Spurzheim. Such a bull is called butcherous, *carnicer*, from rushing home, and again one charge more; *siempre llegando y con recargo*. None but a brave bull will face this *garrocha*, which they remember from their youth. Those who shrink from the rod, *castigo*, are scientifically termed *blandos*, *parados*, *temerosos*, *recelosos*, *tardes á partir*, *huyendose de la suerte*, *tardes á las varas*. When the bull charges, the *picador*, holding the lance under his right arm, pushes to the right, and turns his horse to the left; the bull, if turned, passes on to the next *picador*. This is called *recibir*, to receive the point—*recibió dos puyazos, tomó tres varas*. If a bull is turned at the first charge, he seldom comes up well again—*teme el castigo*. A bold bull sometimes is cold and shy at first, but grows warmer by being punished—*poco prometia á su salida, bravo pero reparoncillo, salió frío, pero creció en las varas*; ducit opes animumque ferro. Those who are very active—*alegres*, *ligeros*, *con muchas piernas*: those who paw the ground—*que arañan*, *escarban la tierra*—are not much esteemed; they are hooted by the populace, and execrated as *blandos*, *cabras*, goats, *becerritos*, little calves, *vacas*, cows, which is no compliment to a bull; and, moreover, are soundly beaten as they pass near the *tablas*, by forests of sticks. The stick of the elegant *majo*, when going to the bull-fight, is *sui generis*. It is called *la chivata*; it is between four and five feet long, is taper, and terminates in a lump or knob, while the top is forked, into which the thumb is inserted. This *chivata* is peeled, like the rod of Laban, in alternate

rings, black and white or red. The lower classes content themselves with a common shillelah; one with a knob at the end is preferred, as administering a more impressive whack. Their stick is called *porro* (see p. 154), i. e. heavy, lumbering. While a slow bull is beaten and abused, nor is his mother's reputation spared, a murderous bull, *duro chocante carnicer y pegajoso*, who kills horses, upsets men, and clears the *plaza*, is deservedly a universal favourite; "*Viva toro! viva toro! bravo toro!*" resounds on all sides. The nomenclature of praise or blame is defined with the nicety of phrenology: the most delicate shades of character are distinguished; life, it is said, is too short to learn fox-hunting, let alone bull-fighting and its lingo. Suffice it to remark that *claro*, *bravo*, and *boyante* are highly complimentary. *Seco carnudo pegajoso* imply ugly customers: there are, however, always certain newspapers which give *fancy* reports of each feat. The language embodies the richest portions of Andalusian *salt*. The horses destined for the *plaza* are those which in England would be sent to the more merciful knacker: their being of no value renders the contractors, who have an eye only to what a thing is worth, indifferent to their sufferings. If you remark how cruel it is to let that poor horse struggle in death's agonies, they will say, "*Ah que! no vale nã,*" Oh! he's worth nothing. This is one *blot* of the bull-fight: no Englishman or lover of the noble horse can witness his tortures without disgust; their being worth nothing in a money point of view increases the danger of the rider; it renders them slow, difficult to manage, and very unlike those of the ancient combats, when the finest steeds were chosen, quick as lightning, turning at touch, and escaping the deadly rush: the eyes of these poor animals, who will not face the bull, are often bound with a handkerchief like criminals about to be executed; thus they await blindfold the fatal gore which is to end their life of misery. The *picadores* are subject to severe falls: few have a sound rib left. The bull often tosses horse and rider in one ruin; and when the victims fall on the ground, exhausts his rage on his prostrate enemies, till lured away by the glittering cloaks of the *chulos*, who come to the assistance of the fallen *picador*. These horsemen show marvellous skill in managing to get their horses between them and the bull. When these deadly struggles take place, when life hangs on a thread, the amphitheatre is peopled with heads. Every expression of anxiety, eagerness, fear, horror, and delight is stamped on their speaking countenances. These feelings are wrought up to a pitch when the horse, maddened with wounds and terror, plunging in the death-struggle, the crimson streams of blood streaking his foam and sweat-whitened body, flies from the infuriated bull, still pursuing, still goring; then is displayed the nerve, presence of mind, and horsemanship of the undismayed *picador*. It is, in truth, a piteous, nay, disgusting sight to see the poor dying horses treading out their entrails, yet, devoted to the death, saving their riders unhurt; the miserable horse, when dead, is dragged out, leaving a bloody furrow on the sand, as the river-beds of the arid plains of Barbary are marked by the crimson fringe of the flowering oleanders. A universal sympathy is shown for the horseman in these awful moments; the men shout, and the women scream—this soon subsides. The *picador*, if wounded, is carried out and forgotten—*los muertos y idos, no tienen amigos*, the dead and absent have no friends,—a new combatant fills the gap, the battle rages, he is not missed, fresh incidents arise, and no time is left for regret or reflection. We remember at Granada seeing a *matador* gored by a bull; he was carried away for dead, and his place immediately taken by his son, as coolly as if he were succeeding to his estate and title. The bull bears on his neck a ribbon, *la devisa*; this is the trophy which is most acceptable to the *querida* of a *buen torero*. The bull is the hero of the scene, yet, like Milton's Satan, he is fore-

doomed and without reprieve. Nothing can save him from a certain fate, which awaits all, whether brave or cowardly. The poor creatures sometimes endeavour in vain to escape. They have favourite retreats in the *plaza, su querencia*; or they leap over the barrier, *barrera*, into the *tendido* among the spectators. The bull which shows this craven turn—*un tunante cobarde picaro*—is not deemed worthy of the noble death of the sword. The cry of dogs, *perros, perros*, is raised. He is baited, pulled down, and stabbed in the spine. The spectacle is divided into three acts: the first is performed by the *picadores* on horseback; at the signal of the president, and sound of a trumpet, the second act commences with the *chulos*. This word signifies, in the Arabic, a lad, a merryman, as at Astley's. Their duty is to draw off the bull from the *picador* when endangered, which they do with their coloured cloaks; their address and agility are surprising, they skim over the sand like glittering humming-birds, scarcely touching the earth. They are dressed, *á lo majo*, in short breeches, and without gaiters, just as Figaro is in the opera of the '*Barbiere de Sevilla*.' Their hair is tied into a knot behind, *moño*, and enclosed in the once universal silk net, the *reticilla*—the identical *reticulum*—of which so many instances are seen on ancient Etruscan vases. No bull-fighter ever arrives at the top of his profession without first excelling as an apprentice, *chulo*; then they are taught how to entice the bull to them, *llamar al toro*, and learn his mode of attack, and how to parry it. The most dangerous moment is when these *chulos* venture out into the middle of the *plaza*, and are followed by the bull to the barrier. There is a small ledge, on which they place their foot and vault over; or a narrow slit in the boarding, through which they slip. Their escapes are marvellous; they seem really sometimes, so close is the run, to be helped over the fence by the bull's horns. The *chulos*, in the second act, are the sole performers; their part is to place small barbed darts, *banderillas*, which are ornamented with cut paper of different colours, on each side of the neck of the bull. The *banderilleros* go right up to him, holding the arrows at the shaft, and pointing the barbs at the bull; just when the animal stoops to toss them, they dart them into his neck and slip aside. The service appears to be more dangerous than it is; it requires a quick eye, a light hand and foot. The barbs should be placed exactly on each side—a pretty pair, a good match—*buenos pares*. Sometimes these arrows are provided with crackers, which, by means of a detonating powder, explode the moment they are affixed in the neck, *banderillas de fuego*. The fire, the smell of roasted flesh, mingled with blood, faintly recall to many a dark scowling priest the superior attractions of his former amphitheatre, the *auto de fe*. The last trumpet now sounds, the arena is cleared, the *matador*, the executioner, the man of death, stands before his victim alone; on entering, he addresses the president, and throws his *montera*, his cap, to the ground. In his right hand he holds a long straight Toledan blade, *la espada*; in his left he waves the *muleta*, the red flag, the *engaño*, the lure, which ought not (so Romero laid down in our hearing) to be so large as the standard of a religious brotherhood, or *cofradia*, nor so small as a lady's pocket-handkerchief, *pañuelito de señorita*; it should be about a yard square. The colour is red, because that best irritates the bull and conceals blood. There is always a spare *matador*, in case of accidents, which may happen in the best regulated bull-fights; he is called *media espada*, or *sobresaliente*. The *matador, el diestro* (in olden books), advances to the bull, in order to entice him towards him—*citarlo á la suerte, á la jurisdiccion del engaño*—to subpœna him, to get his head into chancery, as our ring would say; he next rapidly studies his character, plays with him a little, allows him to run once or twice on the *muleta*, and then prepares for the *coup de grâce*. There are several sorts of bulls: *levantados*, the

bold and rushing; *parados*, the slow and sly; *aplomados*, the heavy and cowardly. The bold are the easiest to kill; they rush, shutting their eyes, right on to the lure or flag. The worst of all are the sly bulls; when they are *marajós y de sentido*, cunning and not running straight, when they are *reveltosos*, *cundo ganan terreno y rematen en el bulto*, when they stop in their charge, and run at the man, instead of the flag, they are most dangerous. The *matador* who is long killing his bull, or shows a white feather, is insulted by the jeers of the impatient populace. There are many *suertes*, or ways of killing the bull; the principal is *la suerte de frente, o la veronica*—the *matador* receives the charge on his sword, *lo mató de un recibido*. The *volapie*, or half-volley, is beautiful, but dangerous; the *matador* takes him by advancing, *corriendoselo*. A firm hand, eye, and nerve, form the essence of the art; the sword enters just between the left shoulder and the blade—*buen estoque*. In nothing is the real fancy so fastidious as in the exact nicety of the placing this death-wound; when the thrust is true, death is instantaneous, and the bull, vomiting forth blood, drops at the feet of his conqueror. It is the triumph of knowledge over brute force; all that was fire, fury, passion, and life falls in an instant, still for ever. The gay team of mules now enter, glittering with flags, and tinkling with bells; the dead bull is carried off at a rapid gallop, which always delights the populace. The *matador* wipes his sword, and bows to the spectators, who throw their hats into the arena, a compliment which he returns by throwing them back again (they are generally “shocking bad” ones); when Spain was rich, a golden, or at least a silver, shower was rained down—those ages are past.

When a bull will not run at all at the *picador*, or at the *muleta*, he is called a *toro abanto*, and the *media luna*, the half-moon, is called for; this is the cruel ancient Oriental mode of houghing the cattle (Joshua xi. 6). The instrument is still the old Iberian bident, or a sharp steel crescent placed on a long pole. The cowardly blow is given from behind; and when the poor beast is crippled, an assistant, with the “*cachetero*,” “*puntilla*,” or pointed dagger, pierces the spinal marrow. This is the usual method of slaughtering cattle in Spain. To perform all these vile operations, *el desjarretar*, is considered beneath the dignity of the *matador*; some, however, will kill the bull by plunging the point of their sword in the vertebræ—the danger gives dignity to the difficult feat, which is termed *el descabellar*.

The Spaniards are very tender on the subject of the cruelty or barbarity of this Moorish spectacle, which foreigners, who abuse it the most, are always the most eager to attend. It will form such a topic of discussion, that the traveller may as well know something of the much that may be said on both sides of the question. Mankind has never been over-considerate in regarding the feelings or sufferings of animals, when influenced by the spirit of *sporting*. This rules in the arena. In England, no sympathy is shown for *game*—fish, flesh, or fowl. They are preserved to be destroyed, to afford *sport*, the end of which is death; the amusement is the *playing* the salmon, the *fine run*, as the prolongation of animal torture is termed in the tender vocabulary of the chase. At all events, in Spain horses and bulls are killed, and not left to die the lingering death of the poor wounded hare in countless *battues*. Mr. Windham protested “against looking too microscopically into bull-baits or ladies’ faces.” We must pause before we condemn the bull in Spain, and wink at the fox at Melton. As far as the loss of human life is concerned, more aldermen are killed indirectly by turtles, than Spaniards are directly by bulls. The bull-fighters deserve no pity; they are the heroes of low life, and are well paid—*volenti non fit injuria*. In order to judge of the moral effect of the bull-fight, we must remember that we come coldly and at once into the scene, without the preparatory freemasonry

of previous associations. We are horrified by details to which the Spaniards have become as familiar as hospital nurses, whose finer sympathetic emotions of pity are deadened by repetition.

A most difficult thing it is to change long-established usages, customs with which we are familiar from our early days, and which come down to us connected with many interesting associations and fond remembrances. We are slow to suspect any evil or harm in such practices; we dislike to look the evidence of facts in the face, and shrink from a conclusion which would require of us the abandonment of a recreation which we have long regarded as innocent, and in which we, as well as our parents before us, have not scrupled to indulge. Children, *L'age sans pitié*, do not speculate on cruelty, whether in birds'-nesting or bull-baiting. They connect with this sight their first notions of reward for good conduct, finery, and holidays, where amusements are few; they return to their homes unchanged, playful, timid, or serious, as before; their kindly social feelings are unimpaired. And where is the filial, parental, and fraternal tie more affectionately cherished than in Spain? The *Plaza* is patronized by royalty, and is sanctified and attended by the clergy; it is conducted with great show and ceremony, and never is disgraced by the blackguardism of our disreputable boxing-matches. The one is honoured by authority, the other is discountenanced. How many things are purely conventional; no words can describe the horror felt by Asiatics at our preserving the blood of slaughtered animals (Deut. xii. 16; Wilkinson, ii. 375). The sight of our bleeding shambles appears ten times more disgusting to them than the battle-wounds of the bull-fight. Foreigners have no right to argue that the effects produced on Spaniards are exactly those which are produced on themselves, or which they imagine would be produced on their readers. This is not either logical or true; and those who contend that the Spaniards are cruel because they are bull-fighters—*post hoc et propter hoc*—forget that, from the unvaried testimony of all ages, they have never valued their own or the lives of others. *Fair play*, which at least redeems our ring, is never seen in the bull-fight, nor in their other fights or friendships. True Orientals, the *Toreros* scout the very idea of throwing away a chance,—“*dolus an virtus quis in hoste requirat?*” The bull-fight is rather an effect than a cause. The Spanish have always been *guerrilleros*; and to such, a cruel mimic game of death and cunning must be extremely congenial. From long habit they either see not, or are not offended by those painful and bloody details, which the most distress the unaccustomed stranger, while, on the other hand, they perceive a thousand novelties in incidents which, to untutored eyes, appear the same thing over and over again, as Pliny complained (*Ep.* ix. 6); but the more the toresque intellect is cultivated the greater the capacity for tauro-machian enjoyment; then alone can all minute beauties, delicate shades, be appreciated in the character and conduct of the combatants, biped and quadruped. It is impossible to deny that the *coup d'œil* is magnificent of the gay costume and flashing eyes of the assembled thousands; and strange indeed is the charm of this novel out-of-door spectacle, *à l'antique*, under no canopy save the blue heavens; we turn away our eyes during moments of painful details, which are lost in the poetical ferocity of the whole. The interest of the awful tragedy is undeniable, irresistible, and all-absorbing. The display of manly courage, nerve, and agility, and all on the very verge of death, is most exciting. These are features in a bold bull and accomplished combatants which carry all before them; but for one good bull, how many are the bad. Those whose fate it has been, like ourselves, to see 99 bulls killed in one week, and as many more at different places and times, will have experienced in succession the feelings of admiration, pity, and bore. Spanish women, against whom every puny scribbler darts his petty

banderilla, are relieved from the latter infliction, by the never-flagging, ever-sustained interest, in being admired. They have no abstract nor Pasiphaic predilections, no *crudelis amor tauri*; they were taken to the bull-fight before they knew their alphabet, or what love was. Nor have we heard that it has ever rendered them particularly cruel, save and except some of the elderly ill-favoured and tougher lower-classed females. The younger and the more tender scream and are dreadfully affected in all real moments of danger, in spite of their long familiarity. Their grand object, after all, is not to see the bull, but to be seen themselves, and their dress. The better classes generally interpose their fans at the most painful incidents, and certainly show no want of sensibility. The women of the many, as a body, behave quite as respectably as those of other countries do at executions, or other dreadful scenes, where they crowd with their babies, yearning after strange excitement. The case with English ladies is far different. They have heard the bull-fight not praised, but condemned, from their childhood: they see it for the first time when grown up, when curiosity is their leading feeling, and an indistinct idea of a pleasure, not unmixed with pain, of the precise nature of which they are ignorant, from not liking to talk on the subject. The first sight delights them: as the bloody tragedy proceeds, they get frightened, disgusted, and disappointed. Few are able to sit out more than one course, *corrida*, and fewer ever re-enter the amphitheatre.

“ The heart that is soonest awake to the flower
Is always the first to be touched by the thorn.”

Probably a Spanish woman, if she could be placed in precisely the same condition, would not act very differently; test her, by way of trial, at an English boxing-match.

Thus much for *practical* *tauromachia*; those who wish to go deeper into its philosophy are referred to ‘*La Carta historica sobre el Origen y Progresos de las Fiestas de Toros*,’ Nicholas Fernandez de Moratin, Mad. 1777; ‘*Tauromaquia, o Arte de Torear; por un Aficionado*,’ Mad. 1804. This was written by an amateur named Gomez; but Jose Delgado (*Pepe Illo*) furnished the materials. It contains thirty engravings, which represent all the implements, costumes, and different operations; ‘*La Tauromaquia, o Arte de Torear*,’ Mad. 1827; ‘*Elogio de las Corridas de Toros*,’ Manuel Martinez Rueda, Mad. 1831; ‘*Pan y Toros*,’ Gaspar Mechior de Jovellanos, Mad. 1820; and the recent work by Montes, the *Pepe Illo* of his day—the joy, glory, and boast of Spain; and nothing since the recent *Ilustracion*, or march of intellect, and the civilization of constitutional changes, has *progressed* more than the bull-fight. Churches and convents have been demolished, but, by way of compensation, amphitheatres have been erected; but now the battlement comes down and the dung-heap rises up—*Bajan los adarves y alzan los muladares*. The antiquity of the bull-fight has been worked out in the ‘Quarterly Review,’ cxxiv. 4.

SPANISH THEATRE.

The theatre, dances, and songs of Spain form an important item in the means of a stranger passing his evenings. This stage was the model of that of Europe, which borrowed not only the plays, but the arrangement of the house, from the Peninsula; and Spain is still the land of the *Fandango*, the *Bolero*, and the guitar.

The Spanish drama rose under the patronage of the pleasure-loving Philip IV. It is now at a low ebb; few towns, except the largest, can afford the expense of maintaining a theatre; the times, moreover, have recently been too serious for men to seek for amusement in fictitious tragedy. In Spain actors long were

vagabonds by Act of Parliament, and not allowed to prefix even the title of *Don* before their names. This was a remnant of the opposition of the clergy to a profession which interfered with their monopoly of providing melo-dramas and spectacles to the public; the actor was excluded from decent society when alive, and refused Christian burial when dead. For Lope de Vega, and the origin and decline of the Spanish stage, consult 'Quart. Rev.,' cxvii. 4; '*Tratado del Histrionismo*,' Pellicer, Mad. 1804; '*Origen del Teatro Español*,' M. Garcia, Mad. 1802; and '*Origenes del Teatro Español*,' Moratin, Mad. 1830.

The standard plays of Lope de Vega and Calderon have given way to translations from the French; thus Spain, as in many other things, is now reduced to borrow from the very nation whose Corneilles she first instructed, those very articles which she once taught. The *Sainete* or Farce is admirably performed by the Spaniards, for few people have a deeper or more quiet relish for humour than all classes in the Peninsula, from the sober, sedate Castilian, to the gay, frivolous Andalusian. In acting these farces, the performers cease to be actors; it appears to be only a part and parcel of their daily life; they fail in tragedy, which is spouted in a sort of unnatural rant, something between German mouth-ing and French gesticulation. The Spanish theatres, those of Madrid not excepted, are small, badly lighted, and meagerly supplied with scenery and properties.

The first Spanish playhouses were merely open court-yards, *corrales*, after the classical fashion of Thespis. They were then covered with an awning, and the court was divided into different parts; the yard, the *patio*, became the *pit*, into which women were never admitted. The rich sat at the windows of the houses round the court, whence these boxes were called *ventanas*; and as almost all Spanish windows are defended by iron gratings, *rejas*, the French took their term *loge grillée* for a private box. In the centre of the house, above the pit, was a sort of large lower gallery, which is still called *la tertulia*, a name given in those times to the quarter chosen by the *los Tertulianos*, the erudite, among whom at that period it was the fashion to quote *Tertulian*. The women, excluded from the pit, have a place reserved for themselves, into which no males are allowed to enter; this is a peculiarity in Spanish theatres; this feminine preserve is termed *La Cazuela*—the pipkin or *olla*, from the hodgepotch or mixture therein congregated; it was also called "*la jaula de las mugeres*," the women's cage. They all go there, as to church, dressed in black, and with mantillas. This dark assemblage of sable tresses, raven hair, and blacker eyes, looks at the first glance like the gallery of a nunnery; that is, however, a simile of dissimilitude, for, let there be but a moment's pause in the business of the play, then arises such a cooing and cawing in this rookery of turtle-doves, such an ogling, such a flutter of mantillas, such a rustling of silks, such telegraphic working of fans, such an electrical communication with the pittites below, who look up with wistful, foxite glances, on the dark clustering vineyard so tantalizingly placed above their reach, as dispel all ideas of seclusion, sorrow, or mortification. The boxes, *palcos*, are, for the most part, let out by the season; however, one is generally to be obtained by sending in the morning. Good music, whether harmonious or scientific, vocal or instrumental, is seldom heard in Spain, notwithstanding the eternal strumming that is going on there. Even the masses, as performed in their cathedrals, from the introduction of the pianoforte and the violin, have very little impressive or devotional character; there is sometimes an attempt at an Italian opera in Madrid, which here and there is feebly imitated in Seville or the larger maritime cities. The Spaniards are musical enough, and have always been so in their own way, which is Oriental, and most unlike the melody of Italy or Germany. In the same manner, although they have danced to their rude songs from time immemorial, they are merely saltatory, and have no idea of the

grace and elegance of the French ballet; the moment they attempt it they become ridiculous, which they never are when natural, and take, in their jumpings and chirpings, after the grasshopper; they have a natural genius for the *bota* and *bolero*. The great charm of the Spanish theatres is their own national dance—matchless, unequalled, and inimitable, and only to be performed by Andalusians—the *bolero*. This is *la salsa de la comedia*, the essence, the cream, the *sauce piquante* of the night's entertainments; it is *attempted* to be described in every book of travels—for who can describe sound or motion?—it must be seen. However languid the house, laughable the tragedy, or serious the comedy, the sound of the castanet awakens the most listless; the sharp, spirit-stirring click is heard behind the scenes—the effect is instantaneous—it creates life under the ribs of death—it silences the tongues of countless women—on n'écoute que le ballet. The curtain draws up; the bounding pair dart forward from the opposite scenes, like two separated lovers, who, after long search, have found each other again. The glitter of the gossamer costume of the *Majo* and *Maja*, invented for the dance—the sparkle of gold lace and silver filigree adds to the lightness of their motions; the transparent, form-designing *saya* heightens the charms of a faultless symmetry which it fain would conceal; no cruel stays fetter a serpentine flexibility. They pause—bend forward an instant—prove their supple limbs and arms; the band strikes up, they turn fondly towards each other, and start into life. What exercise displays the ever-varying charms of female grace, and the contours of manly form, like this fascinating dance? The accompaniment of the castanet gives employment to their upraised arms. *C'est le pantomime d'amour*. The enamoured youth—the coy, coquettish maiden; who shall describe the advance—her timid retreat, his eager pursuit? Now they gaze on each other, now on the ground; now all is life, love, and action; now there is a pause—they stop motionless at a moment, and grow into the earth. It carries all before it. There is a truth which overpowers the fastidious judgment. Away, then, with the studied grace of the French danseuse, beautiful but artificial, cold and selfish as is the flicker of her love, compared to the real impassioned *abandon* of the daughters of the South. There is nothing indecent in this dance; no one is tired or the worse for it. “Un ballet ne saurait être trop long, pourvu que la morale soit bonne, et la métaphysique bien entendue,” says Molière. The jealous Toledan clergy once wished to put the *Bolero* down, on the pretence of immorality. The dancers were allowed in evidence to “give a view” to the court: when they began, the bench and bar showed symptoms of restlessness, and at last, casting aside gowns and briefs, joined, as if tarantula-bitten, in the irresistible capering.—Verdict, for the defendants with costs; *Solvuntur risu tabulæ*.

The *Bolero* is not of the remote antiquity which many, confounding it with the well-known and improper dances of the Gaditanas, have imagined. The dances of Spain have undergone many changes in style and name since the times of the Philips. Pellicer (*Don Quixote*, i. 156) enumerates the licentious *chacón*, *el quiriquirigay* and other varieties of the *zarabanda*—a term which, derived, it is said, from the name of a courtesan, became our saraband. The *bolero* is more modern; according to Blanco White, the name is derived from that of a Murcian Vestris who invented it, exactly as the Roman *Bolero*, the *Bathylus*, was so called from its inventor: some derive it from the flying step, *que bolava*; the sauces, however, of Soubise and Béchamel owe their names not to intrinsic flavour, but to the renowned maréchal and marquis who ate them, like our Sandwich, so the learned French Abbé de Bos thought that *saltatio* did not come from *saltare*, but from an Arcadian dancing-master named Salius, who gave lessons to the Romans; be this as it may, *fandango* is considered to be an Indian word.

Covarrubias, in his 'Tesoro,' pronounces the *zarabanda* to be the remnant of the ancient dances of Gades, which delighted the Romans, and scandalized the fathers of the church, who compared them, and perhaps justly, to the capering performed by the daughter of Herodias. They were prohibited by Theodosius, because, according to St. Chrysostom, at such balls the devil never wanted a partner. The well-known statue at Naples called the *Venere Callipige* is the undoubted representation of a Cadiz dancing-girl, probably of Telethusa herself (see Martial, vi. 71, and 'Ep. ad Priap.' 18; Pet. Arbiter, Var^m. Ed. 1669). In the Museo Borbonico (Stanza iii. 503) is an Etruscan vase representing a supper-scene, in which a female dances in this precise attitude. She also appears in the paintings in the tomb at Cumæ, where the persons applaud exactly as they do now, especially at the pause, the *bien parado*, which is the signal of clappings and cries—*mas puede! mas puede! dejala, que se canse*. The performers thus encouraged continue in violent action, until nature is all but exhausted: meanwhile the spectators beat time with their hands in measured cadence, almost making it an accompaniment to the dance: a most primitive Oriental custom (Wilk. ii. 329; Herod. ii. 60). Aniseed, brandy, &c., is then handed about, and the balls often end in broken heads, which are called *merienda de gitanos*, "gipsy's fare."

These most ancient dances, in spite of all prohibitions, have come down unchanged from the remotest antiquity; their character is completely Oriental, and analogous to the *ghowazee* of the Egyptians and the Hindoo *nautch*. They existed among the ancient Egyptians as they do still among the moderns. (Compare Wilkinson, ii. 330, with Lane, ii. 98.) They are entirely different from the *bolero* or *fandango*, and are never performed except by the lowest classes of gipsies; those curious to see an exhibition which delighted Martial, Petronius, Horace, and other ancients, may manage to have a *funcion* got up at Seville. This is the *romalis* in gipsy language, and the *ole* in Spanish; the *χειρονομια*, *brazeo*, or balancing action of the hands,—the *λακτισμα*, the *zapateado*, *los taconeos*, the beating with the feet,—the *crissatura*, *meneo*, the tambourines and castanets, *Batica*, *crusmata*, *crotola*,—the language and excitement of the spectators,—tally in the minutest points with the prurient descriptions of the ancients, which have been elucidated so learnedly by Scaliger, Burmann, the Canon Salazar ('*Grandezas de Cadiz*,' iv. 3), and the Deau Marti (Peyron, i. 246). These Gaditanian dances, which our good friend Huber pronounces "die Poesie der Wollust," are more marked by energy than by grace, and the legs have not more to do than the body, hips, and arms. (Mart. iii. 63. 6.) The sight of this unchanged pastime of antiquity, which excites the Spaniards to frenzy, will rather disgust an English spectator, possibly from some national mal-organization, for, as Molière says, "l'Angleterre a produit des grands hommes dans les sciences et les beaux arts, mais pas un grand danseur, allez lire l'histoire." However indecent these gipsy dances may be, yet the performers are inviolably chaste, and as far as the *Busné* guests are concerned, may be compared to iced punch at a rout; young girls go through them before the applauding eyes of their parents and brothers, who would resent to the death any attempt on their sister's virtue, and were she in any weak moment to give way to a *busné*, or one not a gipsy, and forfeit *lacha ye trupos*, or her unblemished corporeal chastity, the all and everything of their moral code, her own kindred would be the first to kill her without pity. Borrow, in his 7th chapter, enters into some curious and most accurate details, which confirm everything we heard in Spain.

The dances of other Spaniards in private life are much the same as in other parts of Europe, nor is either sex particularly distinguished by grace in this

exercise, to which, however, they are much attached. Little dances and *Rigodones* form a common conclusion to the *tertulia*, where no great attention is paid either to music or costume. The lower classes adhere, as in the East, to the clapping of hands to their primitive dances and primitive Oriental accompaniments—the “tabret and the harp;” the guitar and tambourine—toph, tabor, tympanum—and the castanet; *tympana vos buxusque vocat*. The essence of the instrument was to give a noise on being beaten: hence the derivation of the terms *Crotala*, *Crusmata Batica*, from *κροτέω*, *κρούω*, pulso. The term *crotalo* still survives in Seville, and means a tambourine. Simple as it may seem to play on these things, it is only attained by a quick ear and finger, and great practice; accordingly, as in the days of Petronius Arbiter, they are the *deliciæ populi*, and always in their hands (‘Ad Priap.’ xxvi.).

“Cymbala cum crotalis, pruriginis arma Priapi,
Crusmata et adducta tympana pulsa manu,”

nor do they ever fail, now as then, to attract a crowd of admiring spectators. No people play more or better on the *castanets* than the Andalusians. There are many names for them. *Castañuelas*, *palillos*, and sometimes in Castile *postizas*; the very urchins in the street begin to learn by snapping their fingers, or clicking together two shells or bits of slate, to which they dance; in truth, next to noise, some capering seems essential; these are the exponents of what Cervantes describes, as the “bounding of the soul, the bursting of laughter, the restlessness of the body, and the quicksilver of the five senses.” It is the rude sport of people who dance from the necessity of motion; and of the young, the healthy, and the joyous, to whom life is of itself a blessing, and who, like skipping kids, thus give vent to their superabundant lightness of heart and limb. Sancho, a true Manchegan, after beholding the saltatory exhibitions of his master, professes his ignorance of such elaborate dancing, but maintained that for a *zapateo*, a knocking of shoes, he was as good as a *gerifante*. Unchanged as are the instruments, so are their dancing propensities. All night long, says Strabo (iii. 249), did they dance and sing, or rather jump and yell, for *ululare* is the term correctly applied by Sil. Italicus (iii. 346) to these unchanged “howlings of Tarshish.” The same author goes on to say, that so far from their being a fatigue, they kept up the ball all night, by way of *resting*. *Hæc requies ludusque viris ea sacra voluptas*.

The Gallicians and Asturians retain many of their aboriginal dances and tunes; the latter have a wild Pyrrhica *saltatio*, which is performed with their shillelah, like the Gaelic Ghillee Callum. This is of most remote antiquity, and the precise Iberian *Tripudium*, or armed dance, which Hannibal had performed at the funeral of Gracchus (Liv. xxv. 17). These recreations prevail all over these N.W. districts and Old Castile. These quadrille figures are intricate and warlike, requiring, as Diod. Sic. (v. 311) said of the Iberian caperings, much leg-activity, *πολλήν ευτονίαν σκελων*, or *buenos jarretes*, for which the wiry sinewy active Spaniards are still remarkable. These are the *Morris* dances imported from Galicia by our John of Gaunt, who supposed they were *Moorish*. The peasants still dance them in their best costumes, to the antique castanet, pipe, and tambourine. They are usually directed by a parti-coloured fool, the old *Mopos*, unde Morio, or, what is equivalent, a master of the ceremonies, *el bastonero*.

The Iberian warriors danced armed; they beat time with their swords on their shields. When one of their champions wished to show his contempt for the Romans, he appeared before them dancing a derisive step (App. ‘Bell. Hisp.’ 480). But this *Pyrrhica saltatio* is of all ages and climes, and the *albanatico* of the

Grecian Archipelago is as little changed from what it was in Homer's time. This armed Salic dance, or mimic war, was, it is said, invented by Minerva, who capered for joy after the overthrow of the rebel angels, the giants, or Titans, a myth which shadowed out the victory of knowledge over brute force. Masdeu in the last century describes these unchanged dances as he saw them at Tarragona. Some of the performers got on each other's shoulders to represent the Titans. The Dance retained its Pagan name—*el Titans*, *Bailes de los Titanes*—but Spain is a land preserved for antiquarians. The different provinces of the Peninsula have their different national, or rather local dances, which, like their wines, fine arts, sausages, &c., can only be really relished on the spot. The chief dances are the *Jota* of Arragon, the *Rondalla* and *Fiera* of Valencia, the *Bolero*, *Fandango*, *Cachucha*, and *Sereni* of Andalusia, the *Zapateado* and *Seguidilla* of La Mancha, the *Habas verdes* of Leon and Old Castile, the *Muñeira* and *Danza prima* of the Asturias, and the *Zortico* of Biscay.

The *seguidilla*, the guitar, and dance, at this moment, form the joy of careless poverty, the repose of sunburnt labour. The poor forget their toils, *sans six sous et sans souci*, nay they forget even their meals, like Pliny's friend Claro, who lost his supper, *Bætican olives and gaspacho*, to run after a Gaditanian dancing-girl (Plin. 'Ep.' i. 15). In every *venta* and court-yard, in spite of a long day's work and scanty fare, at the sound of the guitar and click of the castanet a new life is breathed into their veins—*viresque acquirit eundo*: so far from feeling past fatigue, the very fatigue of the dance seems refreshing, and many a weary traveller will rue the midnight frolics of his noisy and saltatory fellow-lodgers. Supper is no sooner over than "*après la panse la danse*," then some black-whiskered performer, the very antithesis of Farinelli, "screechin' out his prosaic verse," screams forth his "*coplas de zarabanda, los caños*," either at the top of his voice, or draws out his ballad, "melancholy as the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe," and both alike to the imminent danger of his own trachea, and of all un-Spanish acoustic organs. So would he sing, says Lope de Vega, even in a prison, "*á costa de garganta cantareis, aunque en la prision estareis*." It reminds us of Gray's unhandsome critique on the Grand Opéra de Paris: "*des miaulemens et des hurlemens effroyables, mêlés avec un tintamare du diable*." As, however, in Paris, so in Spain, the audience are in raptures; "all men's ears grow to his tunes as if they had eaten ballads;" they take part with beatings of feet, "*taconeos*;" with clapping of hands, the *choros*, "*palmeado*," and joining in a chorus *Estrevillo* at the end of each verse. There is always in every company of Spaniards, whether soldiers, civilians, muleteers, or ministers, some one who can play the guitar, *poco mas o menos*. It is a passport into society, and an element of success amatory as well as political: thus Godoy, the Prince of the Peace, first captivated the royal Messalina by his talent of strumming on the guitar; so Gonzalez Bravo, first editor of the Madrid Punch, then Premier, conciliated the virtuous Christina, who, soothed by the seguidillas of this pepper-and-salted Amphion, forgot his libels on herself and Señor Muñoz.

It may be predicated of Spain that when this strumming is mute the game is up, and so Isaiah (xxiv.) wishing to give the truest image of the desolation of an Eastern city, conceives the "*ceasing of the mirth of the guitar and tambourine*," but those sad days are yet to come, and now the traveller will happily find in most villages some crack performer; generally the *barbero* is the Figaro, who seldom fails to stroll down to the *venta* unbidden and from pure love of harmony, gossip, and the *bota*, where his song secures him supper and welcome; a *funcion* is soon *armada*, or a party got up of all ages and sexes, who are attracted by the tinkling like swarming bees. The guitar is part and parcel of the Spaniard

and his ballads; he slings it across his shoulder with a ribbon, as was depicted on the tombs of Egypt 4000 years ago (Wilk. ii. vi.). It is the unchanged kinoor of the East, the *κιθάρα*, cithara, guitarra, githorne; the "guiterne Moresche" of the minstrellers (Ducange). The performers seldom are very scientific musicians; they content themselves with striking the cords, which is varied by sweeping the whole hand over the strings, *rasqueando*, or flourishing, *floreando*, and tapping the guitar-board with the thumb, *golpeando*, at which they are very expert. Occasionally in the towns there is a *zapatero* or a *maestro* of some kind, who has attained more power over this ungrateful instrument; but the attempt is a failure. The guitar responds coldly to Italian words and elaborate melody, which never come home to Spanish ears or hearts, for, like the guitar of Anacreon, love is its only theme, *ἔρωτα μόνον*. The multitude suit the guitar tune to the song, both of which are frequently extemporaneous. They lisp in numbers, not to say verse; but their splendid idiom lends itself to a prodigality of words, whether prose or poetry; nor are either very difficult, where common sense is no necessary ingredient in the composition; accordingly the language comes in aid to the fertile mother-wit of the natives; rhymes are dispensed with at pleasure, or mixed according to caprice with *assonants*, indeed more of the popular *refranes* are rounded off in assonants than in rhymes. The assonant consists of the mere recurrence of the same vowels, without reference to that of consonants. Thus *santos*, *llantos*, are rhymes; *amor* and *razon* are assonants; even these, which poorly fill a foreign ear, are not always observed; a change in intonation, or a few thumps more or less on the guitar-board, does the work, and supersedes all difficulties. These *moræ pronunciationis*, this *ictus metricus*, constitute a rude prosody, and lead to music just as gestures do to dancing and to ballads,—"*que se canta ballando*;" and which, when heard, reciprocally inspire a Saint Vitus's desire to snap fingers and kick heels, as all will admit in whose ears the *habas verdes* of Leon, or the *cachucha* of Cadiz, yet ring. The words destined to set all this capering in motion are not written for cold British critics. Like sermons, they are delivered orally, and are never subjected to the disenchanting ordeal of type; and even such as may be professedly serious and not saltatory are listened to by those who come attuned to the hearing vein—who anticipate and re-echo the subject—who are operated on by the contagious bias. Thus a fascinated audience of otherwise sensible Britons tolerates the positive presence of nonsense at an opera—

"Where rhyme with reason does dispense,
And sound has right to govern sense."

In order to feel the full power of the guitar and Spanish song, the performer should be a sprightly Andaluza, taught or untaught; she wields the instrument as her fan or *mantilla*; it seems to become part of herself, and alive; indeed the whole thing requires an *abandon*, a fire, a *gracia*, which could not be risked by ladies of more northern climates and more tightly-laced zones. No wonder one of the old fathers of the church said that he would sooner face a singing basilisk than one of these performers: she is good for nothing when pinned down to a piano, on which few Spanish women play even tolerably, and so with her singing, when she attempts 'Adelaide,' or anything in the sublime, beautiful, and serious, her failure is dead certain, while, taken in her own line, she is triumphant; the words of her song are often struck off, like Theodore Hook's, at the moment, and allude to incidents and persons present; sometimes those of *la gente ganza*, *las qui tienen zandunga*, are full of epigram and *double entendre*; they often sing what may not be spoken, and steal hearts through ears; at other times their song is little better than nonsense, with which the audience is just as well

satisfied. For, as Figaro says—"ce qui ne vaut pas la peine d'être dit, on le chante." A good voice, which Italians call *novanta-nove*, ninety-nine parts out of the hundred, is very rare; nothing strikes a traveller more unfavourably than the harsh voice of the women in general. The ballad songs of Spain from the most remote antiquity have formed the delight of the people, have tempered the despotism of their church and state, have sustained a nation's resistance against foreign aggression. The subject is full of interesting matter, and well worthy of the traveller's attention ('Edin. Rev.' cxlvi. 389).

There is very little music ever printed in Spain; the songs and airs are generally sold in MS. Sometimes, for the very illiterate, the notes are expressed in numeral figures, which correspond with the number of the strings. Andalusia is the chosen spot to form the best collection. Don N. Zamacola has published a small selection—'Collección de Seguidillas, Tiranas, y Polos,' Mad. 1799, under the name of Don Preciso. The *Seguidillas*, *Manchegas*, *Boleras*, are a sort of doggerel madrigal, and consist of 7 verses, 4 lines of song and 3 of chorus, *estrevillo*; the *Rondeñas* and *Malageñas* are couplets of 4 verses, and take their names from the towns where they are most in vogue; the *Araña* comes from the Havana.

The best guitars in the world were appropriately made in Cadiz by the Pajez family, father and son; of course an instrument in so much vogue was always an object of care and thought in fair Bætica; thus in the seventh century the Sevillian guitar was shaped like the human breast, because, as Sⁿ. Isidoro says ('Or.' iii. 21), the sounds came from it, the *chords* being the pulsations of the heart, *à corde*. The guitars of the Andalusian Moors were strung after these significant heartstrings; Zaryáb, a singer of the East, became the Pajez of Abdu-r-rahman in 821, and was favoured as Farinelli was by Ferd. VI. He remodelled the guitar or lute, adding a fifth string of bright red to represent blood, the treble or first being yellow to indicate bile; and to this hour, on the banks of the Guadalquivir, when dusky eve calls forth the cloaked serenader, the ruby drops of the heart female are more surely liquified, by a judicious manipulation of cat-gut than ever were those of San Januario by book or candle; nor, so it is said, when the tinkling is continuous are all marital livers unwrung; but see, for these musical mysteries, 'Moh. Dyn.' ii. 119.

Meanwhile the airs and tunes, as sung by the peasants and lower classes, are very Oriental; nor can we doubt their remote antiquity, or their forming a portion of the primitive airs, of which a want of the invention of musical notation has deprived us. Melody among the Egyptians, like sculpture, was never permitted to be changed, lest any new fascination might interfere with the severe influence of their mistress, religion. That both were invented for the service of the altar, is indicated in the myth of their divine origin. These tunes passed into other countries, so the plaintive *Manerōs* of the Nile, brought by the Phœnicians into Spain, became the *Linus* of Greece (Herod. ii. 79). The national tunes of the Fellah, the Moor, and the Spaniard, are cognate, slow, and monotonous, often in utter opposition with the sentiments of the words, which have varied, whilst the airs remain unchanged. They are diatonic rather than chromatic, abounding in suspended pauses, and unisonous, not like our glees, yet generally provided with a chorus in which the audience joins. They owe little to harmony, the end being rather to affect than to please. Certain sounds seem to have a mysterious aptitude to express certain moods of the mind in connexion with some unexplained sympathy between the sentient and intellectual organs: the simplest are by far the most ancient. Ornate melody is a modern invention from Italy; and although, in lands of greater intercourse and fastidiousness, the conventional has ejected the national, fashion has not shamed

nor silenced the old-ballad airs of Spain—those “howlings of Tarshish.” Indeed, national tunes, like the songs of birds, are not taught in orchestras, but by mothers to their infant progeny in the cradling nest. As the Spaniard is warlike without being military, saltatory without being graceful, so he is musical without being harmonious; he is just a *prima materia* made by nature, and treats himself as he does the raw products of his productive soil, leaving art and industrial development to the foreigner.

SPANISH CIGARS.

But whether at the bull-fight or theatre, lay or clerical, wet or dry, the Spaniard during the day, sleeping excepted, solaces himself when he can with a cigar; this is his *nepenthe*, his pleasure opiate, which, like Souchong, soothes but not inebriates; it is to him his *Te veniente die et te decedente*.

The manufacture of the cigar is the most active one carried on in the Peninsula. The buildings are palaces; witness those at Seville, Malaga, and Valencia. Since a cigar is a *sine quâ non* in a Spaniard's mouth, it must have its page in a Spanish *Handbook*, for as old Ponz remarked, “You will think me tiresome with my tobaccoconistical details, but the vast bulk of my readers will be more pleased with it than with an account of all the pictures in the world.” “The fact is, Squire,” says Sam Slick, “the moment a man takes to a pipe, he becomes a philosopher; it is the poor man's friend; it calms the mind, soothes the temper, and makes a man patient under trouble.” Can it be wondered at that the Oriental and Spanish population should cling to this relief from whips and scorns, and the oppressor's wrong, and steep in sweet oblivious stupefaction, the misery of being fretted and excited by empty larders, vicious political institutions, and a very hot climate? “Quoique l'on puisse dire,” said Molière, “Aristote et toute la philosophie, il n'y a rien d'égal au tabac.” The divine Isaac Barrow resorted to this *panpharmacon* whenever he wished to collect his thoughts; Sir Walter Raleigh, the patron of Virginia, smoked a pipe just before he lost his head, “at which some formal people were scandalized; but,” adds Aubrey, “I think it was properly done to settle his spirits.” The pedant James, who condemned both Raleigh and tobacco, said the bill of fare of the dinner which he should give his Satanic majesty, would be “a pig, a poll of ling, and mustard, with a pipe of tobacco for digestion.” What's one man's meat is another man's poison, but at all events, in hungry Spain it is meat and drink both, and the chief smoke connected with proceedings of the mouth issues from labial chimneys.

Tobacco, this *ψυχης ιατρεῖον*, this anodyne for the irritability of human reason, is, like spirituous liquors which make it drunk, a highly-taxed article in all civilized societies. In Spain, the Bourbon dynasty (as elsewhere) is the hereditary tobaccoconist-general; the privilege of sale is generally farmed out to some contractor: accordingly, such a trump as a really good home-made cigar is hardly to be had for love or money in the Peninsula. Diogenes would sooner expect to find an honest man in any of the government offices. There is no royal road to the science of cigar-making; the article is badly made, of bad materials, and, to add insult to injury, is charged at a most exorbitant price. In order to benefit the Havana, tobacco is not allowed to be grown in Spain, which it would do in perfection in the neighbourhood of Malaga; the experiment was made, and having turned out quite successfully, the cultivation was immediately prohibited. The badness and dearness of the royal tobacco makes the fortune of the well-meaning smuggler; this great corrector of blundering chancellors of exchequers provides a better and cheaper thing from Gibraltar.

The proof of the extent to which his dealings are carried was exemplified in 1828, when many thousand additional hands were obliged to be put on to the manufactories at Seville and Granada, to meet the increased demand occasioned by the impossibility of obtaining supplies from Gibraltar, in consequence of the yellow fever which was then raging there. No offence is more dreadfully punished in Spain than that of tobacco-smuggling, which robs the queen's pocket—all other robbery is as nothing, for her lieges only suffer.

The encouragement afforded to the manufacture and smuggling of cigars at Gibraltar is a never-failing source of ill blood and ill will between the Spanish and English governments. This most serious evil is contrary to all treaties, injurious to Spain and England alike, and is beneficial only to aliens of the worst character, who form the real plague and sore of Gibraltar. The American and every other nation import their own tobacco, good, bad, and indifferent, into the fortress free of duty, and without repurchasing British produce. It is made into cigars by Genoese, is smuggled into Spain by aliens, in boats under the British flag, which is disgraced by the traffic and exposed to insult from the revenue cutters, the *guarda costas* of Spain, which it cannot in justice expect to have redressed. The Spaniards would have winked at the introduction of English hardware and cottons—objects of necessity, which do not interfere with their chief manufacture, and one of the most productive of royal monopolies. There is a wide difference between encouraging real British commerce and this smuggling of foreign cigars. Spain never can be expected to observe treaties towards us while we infringe them so scandalously and unprofitably on our parts.

Many tobaccose epicures, who smoke their regular dozen, place the evil sufficient for the day between two fresh lettuce-leaves; this damps the article, and improves the narcotic effect. The inside, the trail, *las tripas*, as the Spaniards call it, should be quite dry. The disordered interior of the royal cigars is masked by a good outside wrapper leaf, just as Spanish rags are cloaked by a decent *capa*, but *l'habit ne fait pas le cigarre*. Few but the rich can afford to smoke good cigars. Ferdinand VII., unlike his ancestor Louis XIV., § “qui,” says La Beaumelle, “haïssoit le tabac singulièrement, quoiqu'un de ses meilleurs revenus,” was not only a great manufacturer but consumer thereof. He indulged in the royal extravagance of *Purones*, a very large thick cigar made in the Havana expressly for his gracious use, for he was too good a judge to smoke his own manufacture. Even of these he seldom smoked more than the half; the remainder was a grand perquisite, like our palace lights. The cigar was one of his pledges of love and hatred: he would give one to his favourites when in sweet temper; and often, when meditating a treacherous *coup*, would dismiss the unconscious victim with a royal *puron*: and when the happy individual got home to smoke it he was saluted by an Alguacil with an order to quit Madrid in twenty-four hours.

The bulk of the lieges cannot afford either the expense of tobacco, which is dear to them, or the *gain* of time, which is very cheap, by smoking a whole cigar right away. They make one afford occupation and recreation for half an hour. Though few Spaniards ruin themselves in libraries, none are without a little blank book of a particular paper, *papel de hilo*, which is made at Alcoy, in Valencia. At any pause all say at once—*pues señores! echaremos un cigarito*—well then, gentlemen, let us make a little cigar, and all set seriously to work; every man, besides this book, is armed with a small case of flint, steel, and a combustible tinder, “*yesca*.” To make a paper cigar, like putting on a cloak, is an operation of much more difficulty than it seems. Spaniards, who have done nothing so much from their childhood upwards, perform both with extreme facility and neatness. This is the mode:—the *petaca*, Arabic Buták,

a little case worked by a fair hand in coloured *pita*, the thread from the aloe, in which the store of cigars is kept, is taken out—a leaf is torn from the book, which is held between the lips, or downwards from the back of the hand, between the fore and middle finger of the left hand—a portion of the cigar, about a third, is cut off and rubbed slowly in the palms till reduced to a powder—it is then jerked into the paper-leaf, which is rolled up into a little squib, and the ends doubled down, one of which is bitten off and the other end is lighted. The cigarillo is smoked slowly, the last whiff being the *bonne bouche*, the *breast*, *la pechuga*. The little ends are thrown away (they are indeed little, for a Spanish fore-finger and thumb is quite fire-browned and fire-proof, although some polished exquisites use silver holders); these remnants are picked up by the beggar-boys, who make up into fresh cigars the leavings of a thousand mouths. On the *Prados* and *Alamedas*, Murillo-like urchins run about with a slowly burning rope for the benefit of the public. At many of the sheds where water and lemonade are sold, one of these ropes, twirled like a snake round a post, and ignited, is as ready for fire, as the match of a besieged artilleryman. In the houses of the affluent a small silver chafing-dish, *prunæ batillum*, with lighted charcoal, is usually on a table. Mr. Henningsen (chr. 10), relates that Zumalacarguy, when about to execute some *Cristinos* at Villa Franca, observed one (a schoolmaster) looking about, like Raleigh, for a light for his last dying puff in this life, upon which the general took his own cigar from his mouth, and handed it to him. The schoolmaster lighted his own, returned the other with a respectful bow, and went away smoking and reconciled to be shot. This necessity of a light levels all ranks, and it is allowable to stop any person for fire, “*fuego*,” “*candela*.” The cigar forms a bond of union, an isthmus of communication between most heterogeneous oppositions. It is the *habeas corpus* of Spanish liberties. The soldier takes fire from the canon’s lip, and the dark face of the humble labourer is whitened by the reflection of the cigar of the grandee and lounge, *ex fumo fulgorem*. The lowest orders have a coarse roll or rope of tobacco, *palanca para picar*, wherewith to solace their sorrows—this is their calumet of peace, and their *sosiega*. Some of the Spanish fair sex are said to indulge in a quiet hidden *cigarilla*, *una pajita*, *una reyna*, but it is not thought either a sign of a lady, or of rigid virtue, to have recourse to stolen and forbidden pleasures; for whoever makes one basket will make a hundred—*quien hace un cesto hara un ciento*.

Nothing exposes a traveller to more difficulty than carrying tobacco in his luggage; whenever he has more than a certain small quantity, let him never conceal it, but declare it at every gate, and be provided with a *guia*, or permit. Yet all will remember never to be without some cigars, and the better the better. It is a trifling outlay, for although any cigar is acceptable, yet a real good one is a gift from a king. The greater the enjoyment of the smoker, the greater his respect for the donor; a cigar may be given to everybody, whether high or low: thus the *petaca* is offered, as a Frenchman of *La vieille Cour* offered his snuff-box, by way of a prelude to conversation and intimacy. It is an act of civility, and implies no superiority, nor is there any humiliation in the acceptance; it is twice blessed, “It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.” It is the spell wherewith to charm the natives, who are its ready and obedient slaves, and, like a small kind word spoken in time, it works miracles. There is no country in the world where the stranger and traveller can purchase for half-a-crown half the love and good-will which its investment in tobacco will ensure, therefore the man who grudges or neglects it, is neither a philanthropist nor a philosopher.

Having said this much of the Spanish pseudo-cigar, some information regard-

ing the real article will provide the traveller with acceptable small talk, when prosing with his Spanish friend. The chief Havana manufacturers are Cabanas, Hernandez, Silva, and Rencareuil, besides many others of less note, who make from 10,000 to 100,000 a-day. The cigar is composed of two distinct parts, the inside and cover. For these two different kinds of leaves are used, of which the latter is generally finer in texture as well as more pliant. Those leaves which are to be made on a Tuesday are damped on Monday evening, and allowed to remain so all night; and when rolled they are placed on a large table, where they are divided into the various qualities of first, second, third, &c., and priced accordingly. Those which are most carefully and beautifully rolled are called *regalias*, and are sold at 22, 23, or 26 dollars for a thousand; while the second best, which are of the very same tobacco, and made by the same man (only with a little less attention to symmetry of form), are sold at 14, others as low as 6 dollars. Señor Hernandez employs about fifty men in his manufactory. Of the best common cigars a good workman can make a thousand in a day; of the *regalias*, 600; so that the daily issues from that immense *fabrica* are about 30,000 cigars, which, at 14 dollars per thousand, would give nearly 100*l.* a-day. They pay an export duty of half a dollar per thousand, and an import duty in England of 9*s.* Allowing for freight and insurance, for 20 per cent. profit to the importer, and 20 more to the retailer, the best Havana cigars should be sold in London at 5*l.* per thousand, which is 18*d.* per sixteen, or about 1½*d.* a-piece; instead of which they are generally charged 30*s.* to 40*s.*, and sometimes 60*s.* per pound, and from 3*d.* to 4*d.* a-piece. The very best in quality do not find their way to Europe, and for this simple reason—they are not fashionable, as they are generally dark-coloured, and a lighter-coloured and smoothly-rolled cigar is preferred to the strong and highly-flavoured rough-looking ones; these in general are the most perfect *vade mecum* imaginable for the contemplative philosopher. The best tobacco in Havana grows in the *Vuelta de Abajo*, or lower district.

SPANISH COSTUME.

The Spaniards, both of the upper and lower classes, have a national costume; and *we strongly recommend* our readers, ladies as well as gentlemen, to rig themselves out à l'*Espagnole* at the first great town at which they arrive, for unless they are dressed like the rest of the world, they will everywhere, as in the East, be stared at, and be pestered by beggars, who particularly attack strangers.

Black has always been the favourite, the national colour, *μελανειμονες ἅπαντες, το πλειον εν σαγοις* (Strabo, iii. 233). This male *sagum* is the type of the modern *saya*, Arabic *sayah*, a long outer garment, which is always black, and is put over the indoor dress on going out. This external petticoat is also called *Basquiña*, a word of unknown derivation. The Greeks translated the Tyrian phrase "*Bewitching of naughtiness*" by the term *βασκανια*. Be that as it may, black is its colour, and was that of the court of Philip II.; and it certainly became him, his priests and inquisitors, as well as physicians, undertakers, and other grave characters. It has continued to be the colour of ceremony, and was the only one in which women were allowed to enter churches. Being that of the learned professions, it makes Spaniards *seem* wiser, according to Charles V., than they really are; while, from being worn by sorrow, it disarms the evil eye which dogs prosperity, and inspires, in the place of associations of envy, those of pity and respect. It gives an air of decorum and modesty, and softens an indifferent skin. Every one in England has been struck with the air of respectability which mourning confers, even on ladies' maids. The prevalence of black veils and

dark cloaks on the Alameda and in the church, conveys to the newly-arrived stranger the idea of a population of nuns and clergymen. As far as woman is concerned, the dress is so becoming, that the difficulty is to look ugly in it; hence, in spite of the monotony, we are pleased with a uniformity which becomes all alike; those who cannot see its merits should lose no time in consulting their oculist.

The beauty of the Spanish women is much exaggerated, at least as far as features and complexion are concerned: more loveliness is to be seen in one fine day in Regent Street, than in a year in Spain. Their charm consists in symmetry of form, natural grace of manner and expression, and not a little, as in the case of a carp, or *Raie au beurre noir*, in the dressing; yet, such is the tyranny of fashion, that these women are willing to risk the substance for the shadow, and to strive, instead of remaining inimitable originals, to become second-rate copies. Faithless to true *Españolismo*, they sacrifice on the altar of foreign modes even attraction itself, for the *Cocos*, or cottons of Manchester, are superseding the *Alepines*, or bombazeens of Valencia, and the blinkers and bonnets of the Boulevards are eclipsing the *Mantillas*.

The Mantilla is the aboriginal female head-gear. Iberia, in the early coins, those picture-books of antiquity, is represented as a veiled woman; the *καλυπτρα μελαινη* was supported by a sort of cock's-comb, *κοραξ*. This was the prototype of the *Peineta*, the tortoise-shell comb, which in Valencia is made of silver gilt. The real combs used to be made very high, and being placed at the back of the head, formed an apex from which the veil floated gracefully away. The effect produced by low combs, or by their omission altogether (vile inventions of the foreigner), have been fatally injurious to the *Mantilla*.

The veil, which completely covered the back of the head, is thrown apart in front; but a partial concealment of the features is thought, in ancient days as now, to be an ornament (Strabo, iii. 249). It was adopted at Rome, and Poppæa, according to Tacitus (A. xiii. 45) thus managed her veil *quia sic decebat*. The *cara tupida* or *tapada*, or face thus enveloped, was always respected in Spain, and so Messalina shrouded under the mantle of modesty her imperial adulteries. This concealment evidently is of Oriental origin, as in the East a woman will show anything rather than her face, for points of honour are conventional; nor is the custom quite obsolete in Andalusia. It still obtains in *Marchena* and *Tarifa*, where the women continue to wear the Mantilla as the Arabs do the Boorko', and after the present Egyptian fashion of the *Tob* and *Hhabarah*, in which only one eye is discovered; that, however, is a piercer; it peeps out from the sable veil like a star, and beauty is concentrated into one focus of light and meaning. These *tapadas* are most effectually concealed, and, being all dressed alike, walk about as at a masquerade, insomuch that husbands have actually been detected making love to their own wives. These Parthian assassins have furnished jokes abundant to the wits of Spain. Quevedo compares these rifle-women to the *abadejo*, which means both a water-wagtail and the Spanish-fly; the simile thus combines the *meneo* and the stimulant. Such, doubtless, was the mode of wearing the mantilla among the Phœnician coquettes. "Woe," says Ezekiel (xiii. 18), who knew Tyre so well, "Woe to the women that make kerchiefs upon the head of every stature to hunt souls."

The Gothic *mantum* was so called, says S^a. Isidoro (Or. xix. 24), *quia manus tegat tantum*; it was made of a thickish cloth, as among the Carthaginians (see the Mantilia of Dido (Æn. i. 706), whence the Moorish name *Mantil*. The *mantilla* is the elegant diminutive of the *manto*, and is now made of silk or lace: formerly it was made of serge, and other thick ordinary materials; and such to this day are the *Cenereros* of the *Batuecas* and those districts. It is in some places

substituted by the coarse petticoat of the lower classes, who, like Sancho Panza's wife, turn them over their heads from pure motives of economy. In fact, as in the East, the head and face at least were never to be exposed, and, by a decree of Philip IV., a woman's *mantilla*, like a carpenter's box of tools, could not be seized for debt, not even in the case of the crown. From being the essential article of female gear, the *manto* has become a generic term, and has given its name to our milliners, who are called *mantua*-makers.

There are three kinds of *mantillas*, and no lady a few years ago could possibly do without a complete set: first is the white, which is used on grand occasions, birth-days, bull-fights, and Easter Mondays. This is composed of fine blonde or lace embroidery, but it is not becoming to Spanish women, whose sallow olive complexion cannot stand the contrast, and Adrian compared one thus dressed to a sausage wrapt up in white paper: The second is black, and is made of *raso* or *alepin*, satin or bombazeen, often edged with velvet, and finished off with deep lace fringe. The third is used for fancy or ordinary occasions, and is called *Mantilla de tiro*. It has no lace, but is made of black silk with a broad band of velvet. This is the veil of the *Maja*, the *Gitana*, and the *Cigarera* de Sevilla, and peculiarly becomes their eye of diamond and their locks of jet. This Mantilla, suspended on a high comb, is then crossed over the bosom, which is, moreover, concealed by a *pañuelo*, or handkerchief. These are the "hoods and ushers" of Hudibras, and without them, unless the house was on fire, no woman formerly would go out into the streets; when thus enveloped nothing can be more decent than the whole upper woman; *matronæ præter faciem nil cernere posses*. The smallest display of the neck, &c., or *patriotismo*, is thought over-liberal and improper; and one of the great secrets of a Spanish woman's attraction is, that most of her charms are hidden. The *saya* and *mantilla* are to the Spanish woman what good stock and chalots are to the French cook: let the material to be dressed be what it may, with this magical *sauce piquante*, a savory *entrée* is turned out in an instant: thus an *Andaluza*, who at home, where none sees her but her husband, is a Cinderella of dowdiness, just puts on her outer petticoat and veil and is fit even for church; nice little girls are got up with equal expedition, and are in fact nothing but amusing re-editions of their mothers, in a duodecimo form.

The *Mantilla* is kept in its proper place by the fan, *abanico*, which is part and parcel of every Spanish woman, whose nice conduct of it leaves nothing to be desired. No one understands the art and exercise of it like her. It is the index of her soul, the telegraph of her chameleon feelings, her countersign to the initiated, which they understand for good or evil as the wagging of a dog's tail. She can express with her dumb fan more than Paganini could with his fiddlestick. A handbook might be written to explain the code of signals. The ladies of antiquity had fans, but merely used them for base mechanical and refrigatory purposes (Mart. xiv. 28); they were utterly ignorant of the philosophy and electricity of this powerful instrument of coquetry. Remember not to purchase any of the old Rococo fans which will be offered for sale at Cadiz and Seville, as none are Spanish, but all made in France; the prices asked are exorbitant, for which foolish English collectors may thank themselves. There are more and better specimens of these fans to be had in Wardour-street than in all Andalusia, and for a quarter of the money.

The *Mantilla*, properly speaking, ought not to be worn with curls, *rizos*, which some Vandal French perruquiers have recently introduced; these are utterly unsuited to the melancholy pensive character of the Spanish female face when in repose, and particularly to her Moorish eyes, which never passed the Pyrenees; indeed, first-rate amateurs pronounce the real *ojos arabes*, like the palm-tree, to

be confined to certain localities. The finest are "raised" in Andalucia; they are very full, and repose on a liquid somewhat yellow bed, of an almond shape. They are compared to dormant lightnings, &c. &c.; but our business is to simply desire our readers to look at these eyes and leave them then to judge for themselves.

The hair is another glory of the Spanish sex; herein, like Samson's, is the secret of her strength, for, if Pope be infallible, "Her beauty draws us by a single hair"—Sancho Panza says more than a hundred oxen. It is very black, thick, and often coarser than a courser's tail. It is attended to with the greatest care, and is simply braided *à la Madonna* over a high forehead. The Iberian ladies, reports Strabo (iii. 249), were very proud of the size of this palace of thought, and carefully picked out the *προκομία* to increase its dimensions. The Andaluza places a real flower, generally a red pink, among her raven locks; the children continue to let long Carthaginian plaited *Trensa* hang down their backs. There are two particular curls which deserve serious attention: they are circular and flat, and are fastened with white of egg to the side of each cheek: they are called *Patillas*, or *Picardias*, Rogueries—*Caracoles de Amor*—they are *des accroches cœur*, "springs to catch woodcocks;" they are Oriental, not French, as some female mummies have been discovered with their *patillas* perfectly preserved and gummed on after 3000 years: the ruling passion strong in death (Wilk. iii. 370). The Spanish she-Goths were equally particular. S^r. Isidoro (Or. xix. 31) describes some curls, *anciæ*, which hung near the ears, with a tact which becomes rather the *Barbiere de Sevilla* than its archbishop.

Thus much for our fair readers; one word now on the chief item of male costume in Spain. The cloak, *capa*, is to the Spanish man what the *saya* is to the Spanish woman. The Spaniards represent the *gens togata* of antiquity, and the *capa* is the unchanged Pænula, *Τεβεννα*. Now in Madrid and the great cities, as the women have put on French bonnets, the men have taken to English pea-jackets, or rather Parisian *paletos*. Nationality in manners and costume, as far as the gentry are concerned, will soon be only to be stumbled upon in out-of-the-way inland towns, which have escaped the *nuevo progreso* and a diligence. Strangely enough the word *paledot* in Arabic signifies a "stupid fellow," "one who has made an ass of himself:" thus the most picturesque and classical of garments are exchanged for the very contrary, and Spain prefers being a poor copy of bad examples, than a racy original and sole depository of the almost inimitable! but there is nothing new in this; so the national *sagum* was exchanged for the foreign *toga*. This so-called emblem of civilization, but symbol of Roman influence, was introduced into Spain by Sertorius, who, by persuading the natives to adopt the dress, soon led them to become the admirers, then subjects, of Rome—*Cedant arma togæ*. The Andalucians (Strabo, iii. 254) were among the first to follow this foreign fashion. They gloried in their finery like our forefathers, not seeing in it, as Tacitus did (Agr. 21), a real badge of the loss of national independence—"Inde habitus nostri honor, et frequens toga, idque apud imperitos, *humanitas* vocabatur, cum pars servitutis esset;" but the humbler Spaniards have never left off their cloaks and jackets, and their jacket is the ancient *χιτῶν*, tunic, synthesis. It was worn by the Carthaginians (Plaut. 'Pæn.' v. 2, 15), just as it is now by the Moors. The Spaniards live in jackets, and are still the "*tunicatus popellus*" of Europe. Augustus Cæsar, who, according to Suetonius, was chilly, wore as many as Hamlet's gravedigger does waistcoats. Ferdinand VII., the week before his death, gave a farewell audience to a foreign minister in a jacket; he died in harness. and, like him and Cæsar, Spaniards, when in the bosom of their families, seldom wear any other dress. *O tunicata quies!* exclaims Martial (x. 51, 6); nor can anything ever exceed the comfort of a well-made Zamarra, a word derived from Simúr—*mustela*

Scythica. The merit and obvious origin of this sheep-skin costume account for its antiquity and unchanged usage. Sⁿ. Isidoro (Or. xix. 24) calls it *pallium*, *a pelle*. The *capa* is shaped in a peculiar manner, and is rounded at the bottom; the circumference of the real and correct thing is seven yards all but three inches and a half: "*bis ter uhnam toga*." As cloaks, like coats, are cut according to a man's cloth, a scanty *capa*, like the "*toga arcta*" of Horace, does not indicate affluence, or even respectability. Sⁿ. Isidoro did well to teach his Goths that their *toga* was a *tegendo*, because it concealed the whole man, as it does now, provided it be a good one, *una buena capa, todo tapa*. It covers a multitude of sins, and especially pride and poverty, twin sisters in Iberia. The ample folds and graceful drapery give breadth and throw an air of stately decency—nay, dignity—over the wearer; it not only conceals tatters and nakedness, but appears to us to invest the pauper with the abstract classicity of an ancient peripatetic philosopher, since we never see this costume of Solons and Cæsars, except in the British Museum and Chantrey's contracts. A genuine Spaniard would sooner part with his skin than his *capa*; so when Charles III. wanted to prohibit their use, the universal people rose in arms, and the Squillacci, or anti-cloak ministry, was turned out. The *capa* fits its wearer admirably; it favours habits of inactivity, prevents the over-zealous arms or elbows from doing anything, conceals a knife and rags, and, when muffled around, offers a disguise for intrigues and robbery; *capa y espada* accordingly became the generic term for the profligate comedy which portrayed the age of Philip IV.

The Spanish clergy never appear in public without this *capa*, which, as it has no cape, is in fact a long black gown; and the readers of the *Odyssey* need not be reminded of the shifts to which Ulysses was put "when he left his cloak behind." St. Paul was equally anxious about his, when he wrote his Second Epistle to Timothy; and Raphael has justly painted him in the cartoon, when preaching at Athens, wearing his cloak exactly as the Spanish people do at this moment. Nothing can appear more ludicrous to a Spanish eye than the scanty, narrow, capeless, scapegrace cloaks of English cut: the wearer of one will often see the lower classes grinning at him without knowing why, but it is at his cloak, its shape, and way of putting it on. When a stranger thinks that he is perfectly incognito, he is found out by the children, and is the observed of all observers. All this is easily prevented by attention to a few simple rules. No one can conceive the fret and petty continual worry to which a stranger is exposed both from beggars and the *impertinente curioso* tribe by being always found out: it embitters every step he takes, mars all privacy, and keeps up a continual petty fever and ill-humour.

A wise man will therefore get his cloak made in Spain and by a Spanish tailor. He will choose it of blue colour, and let the broad hem or stripe be lined with black velvet; red or fancy colours and silks are *muy charro*, gaudy and in bad taste; *he must never omit a cape*. A *capa* without a cape is like a cat without a tail. The clerical *capa* is always black, and is distinguished from the lay one by its *not* having a cape, a *dengue*, or *esclavina*, whence our old term *scaveyn*. If an Englishman sallies forth with a blue cloak without a cape, it appears quite as ludicrous to Spanish eyes as a gentleman in a sack or in a *red cassock*. It is applying a form of *cut* peculiar only to clergymen to *colours* which are only worn by laymen. Having got a correct cape, the next and not less important step is to know how to wear it; the antique is the true model; either the *capa* is allowed to hang simply down from the shoulders, or it is folded in the *embozo*, or *á lo majo*: the *embozar* consists in taking up the right front fold and throwing it over the left shoulder, thus muffling up the mouth, while the end of the fold hangs half way down the back behind: it is extremely difficult to do this neatly, although all Spaniards can; they have been practising

nothing else from the age of breeches, for they assume the toga almost when they leave off petticoats. No force is required; it is done by a knack, a sleight of hand: the cloak is jerked over the shoulder, which is gently raised to meet and catch it; this is the precise form of the ancients, the *αναβαλλεσθαι* of Athenæus (i. 18). The Goths wore it exactly in the same manner (Sn. Isid. 'Or.' xix. 24). When the *embozo* is arranged, two fingers of the right hand are sometimes brought up to the mouth and protrude beyond the fold: they serve either to hold a cigar, or to telegraph a passing friend. It must be remembered by foreigners, that, as among the ancient Romans (Suet. 'In Claud.' vi.), it is not considered respectful to remain muffled up, *embozado*, on ceremonious occasions, or in presence of the gods or emperor. Uncloaking is equivalent to taking off the hat; Spaniards always uncloak when *Su Majestad*, the host or the king, passes by; the lower orders uncloak when speaking to a superior: *whenever the traveller sees one not do that with him, let him be on his guard*. Spaniards, when attending a funeral service in a church, do not rend, but leave their cloaks behind them: the etiquette of mourning is to go without their *capa*. As this renders them more miserable than fish out of water, the manes of the deceased must necessarily be gratified by the sincerity of the sorrow of his surviving and shivering friend.

The *majo* fashion of the wearing the cloak is that which is adopted by the *chulos* when they walk in procession around the arena, before the bull-fight commences. It is managed thus: take the right front fold, and whip it rapidly under the left elbow, pressing down at the same time the left elbow to catch it; a sort of deep bosom, the ancient *umbo*, *sinus*, is thus formed, and the arms are left at liberty. The celebrated *Aristides* at Naples is cloaked somewhat in this fashion. *We strongly advise the newly arrived traveller* to get his tailor or some Spaniard just to give him a few lessons how to perform these various evolutions; without this he will never pass in a crowd. If he puts his cloak on awkwardly he will be thought a quiz, which is no element of success in society. Everybody knows that Cicero adopted the cause of Pompey in preference to that of Cæsar—because he concluded, from the unintellectual manner in which the future dictator wore his cloak, that he never could turn out to be a great man. Cæsar improved as he grew older; nothing fidgeted him more than any person's disturbing the peace of his *sinus* (Suet. 82, and see the note of Pitiscus); and, like the Egyptian ladies' curls, the ruling passion was strong in his death: he arranged his cloak as his last will and deed. Since even Cato and Virgil were laughed at for their awkward togas, no Englishman can pass for a great man in Spain unless his Spanish valet thinks so when he is cloaked, such is the prestige of broad cloth.

The better classes of Spaniards wear the better classes of cloth, while the lower continue to cover their aboriginal sheepskin with the aboriginal cloth. The fine wools of Spain (an ancient Merino sold in Strabo's time for a talent (iii. 213) produced a corresponding article of value, inasmuch that these *Hispanæ coccinæ* were the presents which the extravagant Chloe gave her lover (Mart. iv. 27). The poor were contented then, as now, with a thick double cloth, the "*duplex pannus*," the *pañño basto* of poverty and patience (Hor. 'Ep.' i. xvii. 25), and it was always made from the brown undyed wool. There are always several black sheep in every Spanish flock; not to say cortes and juntas. Their undyed wools formed the exact *Lacernæ Bætica* (Mart. xiv. 133), and the best are still made at Grazalema. The cloth, from the brown colour, is called "*pañño pardo*," and is still the precise mixed red rusty tint for which Spain was renowned—"ferrugine clarus Iberâ;" among the Goths the colour was simply called "Spanish;" our word drab, which is incorrectly used

as a colour, was originally taken from the French *drap*, cloth, which happened to be undyed. Drab is not more the colour of our footmen and Quakers, than "brown" is of Spain, whether man or mountain—*gente* or *Sierra Morena*. The Manchegans especially wear nothing but cloaks, jackets, and breeches of this stuff and colour, and well may their king call his royal seat "*el pardo*." Even their metaphors are tinged with it, and they call themselves the "browns," just as we call the Africans the blacks, or modern Minervas the blues: thus they will say of a shrewd peasant—Yorkshire—"Mas sabe con su grammatica *parda* que no el escribano;" he knows more with his *brown* grammar than the attorney. The phrase *gente morena* is often used as equivalent to the whole Spanish people, just as *black* is affixed to certain portions of our fellow-countrymen: it has, however, no moral secondary meaning, but is simply a fact, for here everything is adust and tawny, from man to his wife, his horse, his ox, or his ass. The *pañó pardo* is very thick, not only to last longer, but because the cloak is the shield and buckler of quarrelsome people, who wrap it round the left arm. The assassins of Cæsar did the same, when they rushed with their bloody daggers through frightened Rome (App. 'B. C.' ii. 818). The Spaniards in the streets, the moment the sharp click of the opened knife is heard, or their adversary stoops to pick up a stone, whisk their cloaks round their left arms with marvellous and most classical rapidity. Petronius Arbiter (c. 80) describes them to the life: "Intorto circum brachium pallio composui ad præliandum gradum." There is no end to Spanish proverbs on the cloak. They wear it in summer because it keeps out heat, in winter because it keeps out cold; *Por sol que haga, no dejes tu capa en casa*; the common trick upon a traveller is to steal his cloak. *Dal Andalus guarda tu capuz*. A cloak is equivalent to independence, *debajo mi manto, veo y canto*, I laugh in my sleeve; and, even if torn and tattered, it preserves virtue like that of San Martin: *debajo de una capa rota, hay buen bebidor*—there is many a good drinker under a bundle of rags.

The Spaniards as a people are remarkably well dressed; the lower orders retain their peculiar and picturesque costume; the better classes imitate the dress of an English gentleman, and come nearer to our ideas of that character than do most other foreigners. Their sedate lofty port gives that repose and quiet which is wanting to our mercurial neighbours. A genuine Spaniard is well dressed, and he knows it; but he is not always thinking about his coat, nor bewildered by his finery. The prevailing use of black and of cloaks is diametrically opposed to the rainbow tints of Parisian coxcombery. The Spaniard is proud of himself, not vain of his coat; he is cleanly in his person and consistent in his apparel; there is less of the "diamond pins in dirty shirts," as Walter Scott said of certain continental exquisites. Not that the genus dandy does not exist in Spain, but it is an exotic when in a coat. The real dandy is the "*majo*," in his half-Moorish jacket. The elegant, in a long-tailed "*franje*," is a bad copy of a bad imitation; he is a London cockney, filtered through a Boulevard badaud. These harmless animals, these exquisite vegetables, are called *lechuginos*, which signifies both a sucking-pig and a small lettuce. The Andalusian dandies were called *paquetes*, because they used to import the last and correct thing from England by the packet-boat. Such are the changes, the ups and downs, of coats and countries. Now the Spaniards look to us for models, while our ancestors thought nothing came up to

"The refined traveller from Spain,
A man in all the world's new fashions planted!"

The variety of costumes which appears on the Spanish public *alamedas* renders the scene far gayer than that of our dull uniform walks, but the loss of the parti-

coloured monks will be long felt to the artist. The gentlemen in their *capas* mingle with the ladies in their *mantillas*, the white-kilted Valencian contrasts with the velveteen glittering Andalusian; the sable-clad priest with the soldier; the peasant with the muleteer: all meet on perfect equality, as in church, and all conduct themselves with equal decorum, good breeding, and propriety. Few Spaniards ever walk arm in arm, and still less do a Spanish lady and gentleman—scarcely even those whom the holy church has made one. There is no denial to which all classes and sexes of Spaniards will not cheerfully submit in order to preserve a respectable external appearance. This formed one of the most marked characteristics of the Iberians, who, in order to display magnificence on their backs, pinched their bellies. The ancient Deipnosophists, who preferred lining their ribs with good capons, rather than their coats with ermine, could not comprehend this habit (Athen. ii. 6); and the shifts and starvation endured by poor gentlemen, in order to gratify their *boato*, or love for external personal ostentation, by strutting about in rich clothes, form one of the leading subjects of wit in all their picaresque novels, for “silks and satins put out the kitchen fire,” says Poor Richard. Spaniards, even the wealthy, only really dress when they go out; when they come home, they return to a *deshabillé* which amounts to dowdiness. Those who are less affluent carefully put by their out-of-door costume, which consequently, as in the East, lasts for many years, and forms one reason, among many others, why mere fashions change so little: another reason why all Spaniards in public are so well dressed is, that, unless they can appear as they think they ought, they do not go out at all. In the present universal and inconceivable wreck of private fortunes, many families remain at home during the whole day, thus retiring and presenting the smallest mark for evil fortune to peck at. They scarcely stir out for weeks and months; adversity produces a keener impatience of dishonour than was felt in better days, a more morbid susceptibility, an increased anxiety to withdraw from those places and that society where a former equality can no longer be maintained. The recluses steal out at early dawn to the *missa de Madrugada*, the daybreak mass, which is expressly celebrated for the consolation of all who must labour for their bread, all who get up early and lie down late, and that palest and leanest form of poverty, which is ready to work but findeth none to employ. When the sad congregation have offered up their petition for relief, they return to cheerless homes, to brood in concealment over their fallen fortunes. At dusky nightfall they again creep, bat-like, out to breathe the air of heaven, and to meditate on new schemes for hiding the morrow’s distress.

ROUTE I.—ENGLAND TO CADIZ AND
GIBRALTAR.

Those who wish to avoid passing through France may land at Vigo, and thence proceed to Madrid, through Galicia and Leon; or they may cross over to Havre and take the steamer to Bordeaux, and thence by the occasional coasting minor steamers to any of the Spanish ports in Biscay, the Asturias, or Galicia. La Coruña is a good and central point.

The better plan is to proceed direct

to Cadiz, where the change of climate, scenery, men, and manners effected by a six days’ voyage is indeed remarkable. Quitting the British Channel, we soon enter the “sleepless Bay of Biscay,” where the stormy petrel is at home, and where the gigantic swell of the Atlantic is first checked by Spain’s iron-bound coast, the mountain break-water of Europe. Here *The Ocean* will be seen in all its vast majesty and solitude: grand in the tempest-lashed storm, grand in the calm, when spread out as a mirror; and never more im-

pressive than at night, when the stars of heaven, free from earth-born mists, sparkle like diamonds over those "who go down to the sea in ships and behold the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep." The land has disappeared, and man feels alike his weakness and his strength; a thin plank separates him from another element and world; yet he has laid his hand upon the billow, and mastered the ocean; he has made it the highway of commerce, and the binding link of nations.

The first point made is Cape Finis-terre—*finis terræ*. (See Index.) Omitting Portugal as foreign to this book, the bluff cape of St. Vincent is usually the next land seen. The convent is perched on a beetling cliff. Behind, in the distance, rises the *Montchique* range.

El Cabo de San Vicente takes its name from one of the earliest Spanish saints; and as there is scarcely a city in the Peninsula without a church dedicated to him, in which he is carved and painted, he may be introduced at once to travellers. Vincentius, a native of Zaragoza, was put to death by Dacian, at Valencia, in 304. His body was cast on the sea-shore, to be consumed by wild beasts, when some crows descended from heaven and watched over it; thereupon Dacian ordered it to be sunk out at sea, but the corpse floated up, and was preserved by his disciples as a pearl of great price, inasmuch that when their descendants fled from the Moors in the eighth century, they carried the body with them to this cape, where it again was guarded by crows, and from this a portion of the cliff is still called "*El monte de los Cuervos*." About the year 1147, Alonzo I. removed it to Lisbon; two of the crows, one at the prow and the other at the stern, piloting the ship. Hence the arms of the city of Lisbon, this ship with San Vicente at the mast, and the two crows aforesaid. The body was re-discovered in 1614, when magnificent festivals took place. The breed of the crows continued in the cathedral,

and rents were assigned to the chapter for their support. Geddes saw many birds there, "descended from the original breed, living witnesses of the miracle, though no longer pilots" (Tracts, iii. 106). Pagan crows were also highly honoured: thus the soul of Aristæas went out in that shape, altars were erected, and the fact confirmed by the authority of the Delphic oracle (Herod. iv. 15). San Vicente, who worked infinite miracles, was a particular favourite among the Portuguese ladies, having given to an ill-favoured *beata* a cosmetic which converted her into a *hourî*. The fair sex naturally flocked to an altar, which rivalled the youth-conferring fountains and the cup of Circe of the Pagans, and the enchanter's wand of the Arabian tales. The French ladies contended that they had the *veritable* body at Castres, near Toulouse, whereat the writers of the Peninsula are most indignant. (Consult for authentic details Morales, '*Coronica Genl.*' x. 341; 'E. S.' viii. 179-231.) The legend is most ancient; indeed Prudentius, in the fourth century, put it into 576 verses. (Perist. v. 5.) This San Vicente must not be confounded with his namesake of Avila, nor with San Vicente Ferrer, of Valencia.

The headland which now bears his name has always been holy ground; the clever monks turned to account the superstitious associations; it was the *Koureon*, the *Cuneus* of the ancients. Here was a circular Druidical temple, in which the Iberians believed that the gods assembled at night (Strabo, iii. 202); hence the Romans, whose priests knew the value of a prescriptive *religio loci*, called it *Mons Sacer*, a name still preserved in that of the neighbouring hamlet *Sagres*, which was founded in 1416 by Prince Henry of Portugal, who retired here to pursue those studies which led to the circumnavigation of Africa. *Sagres* was long considered the most western point of Europe, and to which, as the first meridian, all longitudes were referred.

These waters have witnessed three

British victories. Here Rodney, Jan. 16th, 1780, attacked the Spanish fleet, under Langara: he captured five and destroyed two men-of-war. Had the action taken place in the day, or had the weather been even moderate, "none," as he said in his dispatch, "would have escaped." Here Jervis, Feb. 14th, 1797, with fifteen small ships, gave battle to twenty-seven huge Spaniards, one of which carried 130, and six 112 guns; six of the Spaniards fled before a shot was fired, the remainder followed, having lost four ships. "The English rattled through it as if it had been a sport." By this battle Lisbon was saved from Godoy, the tool of France. Jervis was made an Earl, with a prodigality of honour never shown to Nelson, the chief hero of this day. Here again, July 3rd, 1836, Sir Charles Napier, with six small ships, carrying only 176 guns, beat ten Portuguese men-of-war, mounting 372; he captured the largest, and thus placed Don Pedro on the throne of Lisbon.

Rounding Cape St. Vincent, and steering S.E., we enter the bay of Cadiz. The distant mountains of Ronda, land-marks to ships, are seen before the low maritime strip of Andalucia which extends between the Guadiana and the Guadalquivir. For all this coast of Spain, consult the excellent '*Derroteros*,' by Vicente Tofino, 2 vols. 4to., Mad. 1787-9.

CADIZ.

Cadiz is the best starting-point for a tour in the Peninsula: means of locomotion are abundant. English and Spanish steamers run up to the Bay of Biscay; French and Spanish to Marseilles; a small steamer occasionally communicates with Vigo, La Coruña, Bilbao, and San Sebastian. Spanish steamers ply regularly up the Guadalquivir to Seville. Diligences to Madrid run through Seville, and thence either by Estremadura or La Mancha. But first must be described Cadiz and the corner between Cadiz and Gibraltar.

On entering the Bay of Cadiz, the rock-built city, sparkling like a line of ivory palaces, rises on its headland from the dark blue sea. The landing when the sea is rough is inconvenient, and the sanitary precautions tedious. It is carrying a joke some lengths, when the yellow cadaverous Spanish *health* officers suspect and inspect the ruddy-faced Britons, who hang over the packet gangway, bursting from a plethora of beef and good condition: but fear of the plague is the bugbear of the South, and Spaniards are no more to be hurried than the Court of Chancery. The boatmen, who crowd to land passengers, rival in noise and rascality those of Naples. The common charge is a peseta per person; but they increase in their demands in proportion as the wind and waves arise: engage Medina, who is employed at the British consulate; this official connexion ensures attention.

The custom-house officers of Spain, *Los Aduaneros*, *Los Resguardos*, are a regular nuisance everywhere, both at seaports and inland towns; while they facilitate smuggling on a large scale, by acting as confederates with the *contrabandistas* who bribe them, they worry the honest traveller. Next to patience and good humour, the best security is the not bringing anything contraband, especially tobacco; a judicious admixture of courtesy with *pesetas* seldom however fails to quiet the itching palms of the Cerberi of the *Dogana*.

"Dumb dollars often in their silent kind,
More than quick words do win a searcher's
mind."

A Spanish *aduanero* as a genus may be defined to be a gentleman who pretends to examine baggage, in order to obtain money without the disgrace of begging, or the danger of robbing. They excuse themselves by necessity, which has no law; some allowance must be made for the rapacity of bribes which characterises too many Spanish *empleados*; their regular sala-

ries, always inadequate, are generally in arrear, and they are forced to pay themselves by conniving at defrauding the government; this few scruple to do, as they know it to be an unjust one, and say that it can afford it; indeed, as all are offenders alike, the guilt of the offence is scarcely admitted. Where robbing and jobbing are the universal order of the day, one rogue keeps another in countenance, as one goitre does another in Switzerland. A man who does not feather his nest is not thought honest, but a fool; *es preciso que cada uno coma de su oficio*. It is necessary, nay, a duty, as in the East, that all should live by their office; and as office is short and insecure, no time or means is neglected in making up a purse; thus poverty and their will alike and readily consent. The rich must not judge too hardly of the sad shifts, the strange bedfellows, with which want makes the less provided acquainted. *Donde no hay abundancia no hay observancia*. The empty sack cannot stand upright, nor was ever a sack made in Spain into which gain and honour could be stowed away together; *honra y provecho, no caben en un saco o techo*; and virtue itself succumbs in the increased and increasing poverty, induced by half a century of war and revolution.

The traveller, having cleared his luggage, passes under the dark *Puerta de la Mar* at once into the din and glare of a Spanish plaza. The best Inn is Wall's *Posada Inglesa*, C^e. Sⁿ. Servando; his usual charge is 35 reals per day. Ximenez is a good *laquais de place*, and one George Canston may be taken as a sort of courier or attendant in a tour through Spain. Wall has also a private house on the Alameda, which is delicious in summer but cold in winter. In the C^e. San Francisco is the *Pda. Francesa*, or *de Cuatro Naciones*, or *Riego*, for names are every day changing in Spanish streets and things. This French inn is cheaper than the English, but it is very dirty. The *table d'hôte*, as far as food

goes, is decent, but the company is often composed of French and German *commis voyageurs*, who do not travel in the truth or soap lines, and of others who are anything but the best society. Other inns are *Caballo Blanco*, No. 176, C^e. del Hondillo, and in the same street, No. 165, *La Corona*; *Los tres Reyes*, 183, C^e. Flamencos, and *Miramon*, C^e. de la Carne. The best of the private boarding-houses, *Casas de pupilos*, are P^a. Sⁿ. Agustin, No. 201, 2^{do}. Piso—at *Las Sras. Sanquirico*, C^e. del Vestuario—the C^e. del Conde M^auli, P^{la}. de Candelaria. None, however, going to make any lengthened stay should omit consulting Mr. Brackenbury, the consul, whose kindness and hospitality are hereditary and proverbial. His golden sherry deserves especial notice. The heavy consulate fees throughout Spain for signing passports, &c. are the fault of acts of Parliament, and in keeping with the passport exactions of the foreign-office in Downing Street, both of which are "too bad."

There are baths in the C^e. de la Cerreria del Morzal and a new establishment, No. 9, P^{la}. de Mina; for books go to *Miraleda*, late Hortal, 201, P^a. Sⁿ. Agustin. Ladies who want *Mantillas* may go either to *Villalba*, C^e. del Sacramento, or to *Luis de la Orden*, or á las Filipinas, C^e. Juan de Andas: the price varies from 3 to 300 dollars. For silver filigree, *Sibellos*, C^e. de Sⁿ. Fran^{co}, and C^e. Ancha. Tailor, *Jose de Arcos*, C^e. Ancha. Milliners, *La Urench*, S^a. de Ursula. For Spanish gloves, which are excellent, especially the white kid, at El Sol, and El Indio, C^e. Ancha. Ladies' shoes are very cheap and good, as the feet at Cadiz are not among the ugliest on earth: go to *Gomez*, P^a. de la Constitucion, or *El Madrileño*, C^e. Ancha. Gentlemen's shoemakers, *Bravo* and *Florez*, and *El Madrileño*. Cadiz is famous for sweetmeats, or *Dulces*, of which Spaniards, and especially the women, as in the East, eat vast quantities, to the detriment of their stomachs and complex-

ions, but the *Mazapanes* and *Turrones* are worth the running some risk.

Cadiz is celebrated for its guitars. Those made by Juan Pajez and his son Josef rank with the violins and tenors of Straduarus and Amati: the best have a backboard of dark wood, called *Palo Santo*: they are now scarce and dear. Cadiz is famous also for its *Esteras*, or mattings made of a flat reed, or *junco*, which grows near Lepe, which are used instead of carpets. They are very pretty, and worked in fanciful Oriental patterns: they are cheap, may be made to any design for six to eight reals the *vara*. The duty on entering England is trifling: they last long, and are very cool, clean, and pleasant, as a summer substitute for carpets. It is worth while to visit one of the manufactories and see the operatives squatted down, and working exactly as the Egyptians did 3000 years ago.

Cadiz, long called *Cales* by the English, although the oldest town in Europe, looks one of the newest and cleanest; the latter quality is the work of an Irishman, the Governor O'Reilly, who, about 1785, introduced an English system. It is well built, paved, and lighted. The Spaniards compare it to a *tazza de plata*, a silver dish. It rises on a rocky peninsula, (shaped like a ham,) some ten to fifty feet above the sea, which girds it around, a narrow isthmus alone connecting the main land. *Gaddir*, in Punic, meant an enclosed place (Fest. Av. Or. Mar. 273). It was founded by the Phœnicians 287 years before Carthage, 347 years before Rome, and 1100 B.C. (Arist. 'De Mir.' 134; Vel. Pat. i. 2. 6). *Gaddir* was corrupted by the Greeks, who caught at sound, not sense, into Γαδεῖρα, quasi γῆς δεῖρα, and by the Romans into Gades. The antiquities of Cadiz are collected in the '*Grandezas*,' by Jⁿ. B^a. Suarez de Salazar, 4to., Cadiz, 1610; and again in the '*Emporio de el Orbe*,' Geronimo de la Concepcion, folio, Amsterdam, 1690.

Gaddir was the end of the ancient world, the "ladder of the outer sea,"

the mart of the tin of England, and the amber of the Baltic. The Phœnicians, jealous of their monopoly, permitted no stranger to pass beyond it, and self has ever since been the policy of Cadiz. *Gaddir* proved false to the Phœnicians when Carthage became powerful; and, again, when Rome rose in the ascendant, deserted Carthage in her turn, some Gaditanian refugees volunteering the treachery. (Livy, xxviii. 23.) Cæsar, whose first office was a quæstorship in Spain, saw, like the Duke (Disp. Feb. 27, 1810), the importance of this key of Andalucia. (Bell. C., ii. 17.) He strengthened it with works, and when Dictator gave imperial names to the city, "Julia Augusta Gaditana," and a fondness for fine epithets is still a characteristic of its townsfolk. Gades become enormously rich, by engrossing the salt-fish monopoly of Rome: its merchants were princes. Balbus rebuilt it with marble, setting an example even to Augustus.

Gades was the great lie and lion of antiquity; nothing was too absurd for the classical handbooks. It was their Venice, or Paris; the centre of sensual civilization, the purveyor of gastronomy, &c. Italy imported from it those *improbæ Gaditanæ*, whose lascivious dances were of Oriental origin, and still exist in the *Romalis* of the Andalucian gipsies. The prosperity of Gades fell with that of Rome. The foundation of Constantinople dealt the first blow to both. Then came the Goths, who destroyed the city; and when *Alonzo el Sabio*—the learned, not wise—captured Kádis from the Moors, Sept. 14, 1262, its existence was almost doubted by the infallible Urban IV. As the discovery of the New World revived the prosperity of a place which alone can exist by commerce, so the loss of the Transatlantic colonies has been its ruin. Hence the constant struggle during the war, to expend on their recovery the means furnished by England for the defence of the Peninsula. Cadiz, in the war time, contained 100,000 souls; now the population is

under 56,000. It was made a free warehousing port in 1829; this was abolished in 1832, since which it is rapidly decaying. It cannot compete with Gibraltar and Malaga, while even the sherry trade is passing to the Puerto and San Lucar. For the ancient geography of Cadiz, and the temple of Hercules, the precise type of a Spanish convent, see 'Quar. Rev.' cxxvi. 1.

Cadiz has often been besieged. It was taken, in 1596, by Lord Essex, when Elizabeth repaid, with interest, the visit of the Spanish *invincible armada*. The expedition was so secretly planned, that none on board, save the chiefs, knew its destination. An officer, named Wm. Morgan, who having lived in Spain was aware of the *bisño* condition of all the fortresses, advised an immediate attack, and on the land side. The garrison was utterly unprepared, and "wanting in everything at the critical moment;" the English got in through an *unfinished* portion of the defences. Antonio de Zuniga, the corregidor, was the first to run and fall to his prayers, when every one else followed their leader's example, to "the perpetual shame and infamy of the bragging Spaniards," says Marbeck, an eye-witness. They were true forefathers of the modern junta of Cadiz in 1823, but unworthy leaders have always been the curse of the ill-fated Spanish people.

The booty of the conquerors was enormous. Thirteen ships of war, and forty huge S. American galleons, were destroyed. Seville was nearly ruined, and an almost universal bankruptcy ensued, the first blow to falling Spain, and from which she never recovered. Essex wished to keep the town for ever, as a rallying point for the discontented and ill-used Moriscos; but the fleet and army wanted to get home, and realize their spoil. Essex, an English gentleman, behaved with singular mercy to the Spanish priests, and gallantry to the females. (See Southey, 'Naval History, Cab. Cycl.' iv. 39.) It is strange that this accomplished

Spanish scholar omitted to consult the sixth book of the 'Emporio,' which gives the most minute *Spanish* account. See also the quaint cotemporary account of the 'Honorable Voyage to Cadiz,' in Hakluyt, i. 607.

Cadiz was again attacked by the English in 1628; the command was given to Lord Wimbleton, a grandson of the great Burleigh. This was a Walcheren expedition, ill-planned by the incompetent Buckingham, and mismanaged by the general, who, like the late Lord Chatham, proved that genius is not hereditary. The two services disagreed, and Lord Essex, who commanded the navy, contributed much to a failure in those very waters where his ancestor had achieved renown. Had the English landed at once, the city could not have resisted an hour. As the previous capture of Cadiz entailed the ruin of Philip II., now, this failure led to the fall of Buckingham and Charles I. The expense was enormous, and the public disgust unbounded. See the first sentence of Lord Clarendon's 'History of the Rebellion;' also consult 'Journal and Relation,' 4to., 1626, a curious tract put forth by Wimbleton himself.

Cadiz was long blockaded by Adm. Blake, who here, Sept. 19, 1656, captured two rich galleons and sunk eight others; their positions have recently been found out, and more money will soon be sunk, as at Vigo, in diving speculations. Blake's two prizes were worth 400,000*l.*; but, like Rooke, he died richer only by 500*l.*: honour, not base lucre, was our true sailor's motto. Another English expedition failed in 1702. This, says Burnet, "was ill-projected and worse executed." Then, again, the two services under the Duke of Ormond and Sir George Rooke differed. The attack was foolishly delayed, and the Spaniards had time to recover their alarm, and organize resistance: for when the English fleet arrived in the bay, Cadiz was garrisoned by only 300 men, and must have been taken.

Cadiz in the recent war narrowly escaped, and from similar reasons. When the rout of Ocaña gave Andalucia to Soult, he turned aside to Seville to play the "conquering hero," laying, as usual, the blame on poor Joseph, a mere puppet. Alburquerque, by taking a short cut by *Las Cabezas*, had time to reach the *Isla*, and make a show of defence, which scared Victor, a man of no talent, and even then, had he pushed on, the city must have fallen; for everything was out of order, the fortifications being almost dismantled, and the troops "wanting in everything at the critical moment."

The bold front of Alburquerque saved the town. He soon after died in England, broken-hearted at the injustice and ingratitude of the Cadiz Junta, who resented his calling public attention to the total destitution in which his poor soldiers were left; see his '*Manifesto*,' London, 1810. Previously to his timely arrival, the Junta, "reposing on its own greatness," had taken no precautions, nay, had resisted the English engineers in their proposed defences, and had insulted us by unworthy suspicions, refusing to admit a British garrison, thus marring the Duke's plan of defending Andalucia. They despised him when they were safe: "*Sed ubi periculum advenit invidia atque superbia post fuere*" (Salust, 'B. C.' 24). Thereupon, Feb. 11, 1809, Gen. Spencer arrived from Gibraltar with 2000 men, and Cadiz was saved; the Duke simply remarking on withdrawing our troops after they had done the work, "it may be depended upon, that if Cadiz should ever again be in danger, *our* aid will be called for" (Disp. Nov. 11, 1813).

The first step the grateful Cortes took was to meditate a law to prevent any *foreign* soldiers (meaning English) from ever being admitted into a Spanish fortress; and this after Cadiz, Cartagena, Tarifa, Alicante, Ceuta, &c. had been solely defended against the French by their assistance; and now Cadiz is the "Bastion where the finest troops in

the world were baffled by *Spanish* valour alone." Mellado does not even mention the English; so it has always been and will be: Spain, at the critical moment, loves to fold her arms and allow others to drag her wheels out of the mire; she accepts their aid uncourtously, and as if she was thereby doing her allies an honour; she borrows their gold and uses their iron: and when she is delivered "repudiates;" her only payment is ingratitude; she draws not even on the "exchequer of the poor" for thanks, nay, she filches from her benefactors their good name, decking herself in their plumes. The memory of French *injuries* is less hateful than that of English *benefits*, which wounds her pride, as evincing her comparative inferiority. (See also p. 162.)

Cadiz, being the "end of the world," has always been made the last asylum of gasconading governments; they can run no further, because stopped by the sea: hither, after prating about Numantia, the Junta fled from Soult, in 1810, setting the example to their imitators in 1823. The Cortes of Madrid continued to chatter, and write impertinent notes to the allied sovereigns, until Angoulême crossed the Bidasoa; then they all took to their heels, ran to Cadiz, and then surrendered.

Thus this city, in 1810, resisted the mighty emperor, because defended by England; but in 1823, when left to their single-handed valour, succumbed with such precipitation that the conquest became inglorious even to the puny Bourbon; and had Canning only marched three British regiments into Portugal, the French, in the admission of Chateaubriand, the author of the expedition, never could have got to Cadiz.

Cadiz is soon seen; it is purely a commercial town. Mammon is now its Hercules; it has little fine art: *les lettres de change y sont les belles lettres*. It has small attraction to the scholar or gentleman; it is scarcely even the *jocosa Gades* of the past; poverty has damped the gaiety, and the society, being mercantile, has always been held

low by the uncommercial aristocracy and good company of Spain; where men only think and talk of dollars, conversation smacks of the counting-house. Cadiz is now a shadow of the past; the lower orders have borrowed from foreigners many vices not common in the inland towns of temperate and decent Spain. Cadiz, as a residence, is dull: it is but a sea-prison; the water is bad, and the climate, during the *Solano* winds, detestable; this is their Scirocco; the mercury in the barometer rises six or seven degrees; the natives are driven almost mad, especially the women; the searching blast finds out everything that is wrong in the constitution. Cadiz also has been much visited by yellow fever—*el vomito negro*—imported from the Havana.

There are very few good pictures at Cadiz, the private collections described by Bory and Laborde, in the new edition of 1827, having been broken up before this last century; these compilers simply copied what Ponz observed fifty years ago. The best of Mr. Brackenbury's pictures have recently been sent to England. The new *Museo* contains some fifty or sixty second-rate paintings; among the best are, by Zurbarán, the Sⁿ. Bruno—Eight Monks, figures smaller than life, from the Xerez Cartuja; two Angels ditto, and six smaller; the Four Evangelists, Sⁿ. Lorenzo and the Baptist. After Murillo, there is a *Virgen de la Faja*, a copy, by Tobar; a Sⁿ. Agustín, by L. Giordano; a Sⁿ. Miguel and Evil Spirits, and the Guardian Angel. The pride of the Gaditanians is the Last Judgment, which, to use the criticism of Salvator Rosa on Michael Angelo, shows their lack of that article; it is a poor production, by some feeble imitator of Nicolas Poussin; during the war an amateur Lord, whose purse and brains were in an inverse ratio, offered a ridiculous sum for it, and hence the mercantile judges, thinking that it would always bring as much, estimate it outrageously.

Cadiz may be seen in a day; it is a

garrison town, the see of a bishop suffragan to Seville. It has a fine new *Pa. de Toros*, and two theatres; in the larger, *El Principal*, operas are sometimes performed; in the smaller, *el del Balon*, *Sainetes*, farces, and the national *Bailes* or dances, which never fail to rouse the most siestose audience. Ascend the *Torre de la Vigia*, below lies the smokeless whitened city, with its *miradores* and *azoteas*, its look-out towers and flat roofs, its flags, flowers, and kite-flyings. The two cathedrals are near each other, and both are quite second-rate. The old one, *La Vieja*, was built in 1597, to replace that injured during the siege. Its want of dignity induced the city, in 1720, to commence a new one, *La Nueva*; plans were given by Vicente Acero, and so bad, even for that *Churrigueresque* period, that no one, in spite of many attempts, has been able to correct them. The work was left unfinished in 1769, and the funds, derived from a duty on American produce, appropriated by the commissioners to themselves. The hull remained, like a stranded wreck on a quicksand, in which the merchants' property was engulfed, and in 1832 it was used as a rope-walk. It has been completed by the present worthy B^p, Domingo de Silos Moreno, chiefly at his own expense and to his immortal honour, during a time of civil war and almost sequestrations elsewhere. It is a heavy pile, with overcharged cornices and capitals, and bran-new bad pictures.

The sea-ramparts on this side are the most remarkable; here the rocks rise the highest, and the battering of the Atlantic is the greatest; the waters gain on the land; the maintenance of these protections is a constant source of expense and anxiety; here idlers, seated on the high wall, dispute with flocks of sea-birds for the *salmoneta*, the delicious red mullet. Their long angling-canes and patience are proverbial—*la paciencia de un pescador de caña*.

The suppressed convent of Sⁿ. Fran-

cisco, which was made into a school, contains its garden of palms, and in the chapel the last work of Murillo, who fell here from the scaffolding, and died in consequence at Seville. It is the marriage of St. Catherine: portions were finished from his drawings by his pupil Fr^o. Meneses Osorio, who did not venture to touch what his master had done in the first lay of colours, *de primera mano*. The smaller subjects are by Meneses, and the difference is evident. Here also is a Sⁿ. Francisco receiving the Stigmata, the finest picture in Cadiz, and in Murillo's best manner. These pictures were the gift of Juan Violeto, a Genoese, and a devotee to St. Catherine; but the chief benefactor of the convent was a French Jew, one Pierre Isaac, who, to conciliate the Inquisition, took the Virgin into partnership, and gave half his profits to her, or rather to the convent.

Following the sea-wall and turning to the right at the *Puerta de la Caleta*, in the distance the lighthouse of Sⁿ. Sebastian rises about 172 feet above the rocky ledge, the barrier which saved Cadiz from the sea at the Lisbon earthquake in 1755. Next observe the huge yellow pile, the *Casa de Misericordia*, built by Torquato Cayon. This, being one of the best conducted refuges of the poor in Spain, deserves a visit: sometimes it contains 1000 inmates, of which 300 to 400 are children. The great encourager was O'Reilly, who, in 1785, for a time suppressed mendicancy in Cadiz. He was turned out because he refused to job promotion for the *gardes de corps*; all his projects fell to the ground: a new Pacha ruled, *y nuevo rey, nueva ley*: but, as in the East, a worthy governor is, as Alexander of Russia said of himself to M^{de}. de Staël, "a happy accident;" and all his "good intentions" and projected ameliorations depend on the brief uncertain tenure of his office or life. The Doric order prevails in the edifice. The court-yards, the *patios* of the interior, are noble. Here, Jan. 4, 1813, a ball was given

by the *grandees* to "the Duke," fresh from his victory of Salamanca, by which alone the siege of Cadiz had been raised, and Andalucia saved.

Passing the artillery barracks and ill-supplied arsenal, we turn by the *bahuate de Candelaria* to the *Alameda*. This charming walk is provided with trees, benches, fountain, and a miserable statue of Hercules, the founder of Cadiz, and whose effigy, grappling with two lions, the city bears for arms, with the motto "*Gadis fundador dominatorque*." Every Spanish town has its public walk, the cheap pleasure of all classes (see p. 162). *Tomar el fresco*, to take the cool, is the joy of these southern latitudes. None but those who have lived in the tropics can estimate the delight of the sea-breeze which springs up after the scorching sun has sunk beneath the western wave. This sun and the tides were the marvels of Cadiz in olden times, and descanted on in the classical handbooks. Philosophers came here on purpose to feel the pulse of the mighty Atlantic, and their speculations are at least ingenious. Apollonius suspected that the waters were sucked in by submarine winds; Solinus by huge submarine animals. Artemidorus reported that the sun's disc increased a hundred fold, and that it set, like Falstaff in the Thames, with "an alacrity of sinking, hot in the surge, like a horseshoe," or *stridentem gurgite*, according to Juvenal. The Spanish Goths imagined that the sun returned to the east by unknown subterraneous passages (Sⁿ. Isid. 'Or.' iii. 51).

The prosaic march of intellect has settled the poetical and marvellous of ancient credulity and admiration; still, however, this is the spot for the modern philosopher to study the descendants of those "*Gaditanæ*," who turned more ancient heads than even the sun. The "ladies of Cadiz," the theme of our old ballads, have retained all their former celebrity; they have cared neither for time nor tide. Observe, particularly in this Alameda,

the Gaditanian walk, *El piafar*, about which every one has heard so much: it has been distinguished by Mrs. Romer, a competent judge, from the "affected wriggle of the French women and the grenadier stride of the English, as a graceful swimming gait." The charm is that it is *natural*; and in being the true unsophisticated daughters of Eve and nature, the Spanish women have few rivals. They walk with the confidence, the power of balance, and the instantaneous finding the centre of gravity, of the chamois. It is done without effort, and is the result of a perfect organization: one would swear that they could dance by instinct, and without being taught. The *Andaluza*, in her glance and step, learns, although she does not know it, from the gazelle, and her action shows how thorough-bred and high-caste she is. Her pace may be compared to the *Paso Castellano* of a Cordovese barb. According to Velazquez, the kings of Spain ought never to be painted, except winking the world with noble horsemanship, and, *certes*, their female subjects should never be seen except on foot, *Et vera incessu patuit dea*. As few people, except at Madrid, can afford to keep a carriage, all classes walk, and the air and soil are alike clean and dry. Practice makes perfect; hence the *élite* of the fair sex adorn the Alameda, while in London the aristocratic foot seldom honours the dirty earth. Some nice observers have ascribed the peculiar mincing step to the *Saya*, which being leaded at the bottom and cut *cater-wise and skimpy* prevented the Spanish woman from stepping out in long strides; if this notion be correct, the recent introduction of light wide dresses will rob fair Iberia of another charm.

The Gaditana has no idea of *not* being admired, so she goes out to see, and still more to be seen. Her costume is scrupulously clean and neat; she reserves all her untidyness for her husband and sweet domestic privacy. Her "*pace*" is her boast: not but

what first-rate judges consider her *gracia* to be *menos fina* than that of the more high-bred *Sevillana*. Her *meneo*, however, is considered by grave antiquarians to be the unchanged *cresatura* of Martial. By the way *aire* is the term to be used in polite parlance: the word *Meneo* is only permissible in the mouth of a *Majo*.

The Spanish foot, female, which most travellers describe at length, is short, and with a high instep; the *garganta* or bosom is plump, not to say pinched or contracted. An incarceration in over-small and pointed shoes, *il faut souffrir pour être belle*, occasionally renders the ankles puffy; but, as among the Chinese, the correct foot-measure is conventional; and those who investigate affairs with line and rule will probably discover that these *Gaditanas* will sooner find out the exact length of his foot, than he of theirs. The Spaniards abhor the French foot, which the rest of mankind admire—they term it "*un pie seco*," dry measure. They, like Ariosto, prefer "*il breve asciutto e ritondello pede*." Be that as it may, there can be no difference as to the stockings of open lace embroidery, *medias caladas*. They leave nothing to be desired, while the Spanish satin shoe, with ribbon sandals to match, and white kid glove deserve the most serious attention of all our lady-readers.

Formerly the Spanish foot female was sedulously concealed; the dresses were made very long, after the Oriental *ποδηνης*, *Talaris* fashion; the least exposure was a disgrace; compare Jer. xiii. 22; Ezek. xvi. 25. Among the Spanish Goths, the shortening a lady's *basquiña* was the deadliest affront; the catastrophe of the Infantes of Lara turns upon this curtailment of Doña Lambra's *saya*. And it was contrary to court etiquette to allude even to the possibility of the Queens of Spain having legs: they were a sort of royal *αποδα*, of the bird of Paradise species. The feet of the Virgin were never allowed to be painted

by the Spanish Inquisition : so the Athenians strictly concealed those of their Lucina (Paus. i. 18. 5).

Those good old days are passed ; and now the under-garments of the *maja* and *bailarina*, dancer, are very short, they substitute a make-believe transparent *flejo* or fringe, after the Oriental fashion (Numb. xv. 38). The Carthaginian Limbus was either made of gold (Ovid, 'Met.' v. 51) or painted (Æn. iv. 137). Those of the *maja* are enriched with *canutillo*, bugles or gold filigree. They are the precise *καλασιρις* of the Greek ladies, the *instita* of the Roman. This short garment is made to look ample, it is said, by sundry *zagalejos* or *intimos*, under-petticoats, and ingenious contrivances and *jupes bouffantes*, bustles, and so forth, for *no todo es oro que reluce*.

The foot, although it ought not to be shown, figures much in Spanish compliment. *A los pies de Vmd.* is a caballero's salute to a Señora. *Besó á Vmd. los pies* is extremely polite. If a gentleman wishes to be remembered to his friend's wife, he says, Lay me at her feet. All this kissing, &c., is of course purely metaphorical, nay, remember, in walking on this or any other alameda, never to offer a Spanish lady your arm, and beware, also, of giving the honest Englishman's shake to a Spanish lady's hand, *noli me tangere*. She only gives her hand with her heart, as here contact conveys an electrical spark, and is considered shocking. No wonder, with these combined attractions of person and costume, that the "Ladies of Cadiz" continue to be popular and to exercise that womanocracy, that *Γυναικοκρασία* which Strabo (iii. 251) was ungallant enough to condemn in their Iberian mothers. But Strabo was a bore, and these were the old complaints against the "mantles and whimples," i. e. the *mantos y mantillas* of the Tyrian women, who, as the scholar knows (Il. v. i. 289), embroidered the *mantilla* of Minerva's image. It is quite clear that Cadiz was the eldest daughter of Tyre, and her daughters

have inherited the Sidonian "stretching forth of necks, wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go" (Isa. iii. 16).

Barring these living objects of undeniable antiquarian and present interest, there is little else to be seen on this Alameda of Cadiz. The principal building, *La Carmen*, is of the worst *churriguerismo*: inside was buried Adm. Gravina, who commanded the Spanish fleet, and received his death-wound, at Trafalgar. Continuing to the east is the large *Aduana* or Custom-house, disproportioned indeed to the now failing commerce and scanty revenues: here Ferd. VII. was confined in 1823 by the constitutionalists. Thence pass to the *Puerta del Mar*, which for costume, colour, and grouping is the spot for an artist. Here will be seen every variety of *Gaditana*, from the mantiliad *Señora* to the brisk *Muchacha* in her gay *pañuelo*. The market is well supplied, and especially with fish. The ichthyophile should examine the curious varieties, which also struck the naturalists and gourmands of antiquity (Strabo, iii. 214). The fish of the storm-vexed Atlantic is superior to that of the languid Mediterranean. The best are the *San Pedro*, or John Dory, the Italian *Jani-tore*, so called because the fish which the *Porter of Heaven* is said to have caught with the tribute-money in its mouth; the sole, *Lenguado*; red mullet, *Salmoneta*; prawns, *Camarones*; grey mullet, *Baila*; the horse-mackerel, *Cavalla*; skait, *Raia*; scuttlefish, *Bonito*; whiting, *Pescadilla*; gurnet, *Rubro*; hake, *Pescada*, and others not to be found in English kitchens or dictionaries: e. g. the *Juvel*, the *Savalo*, and the *Mero*, which latter ranks among fish as the sheep among animals, *en la tierra el carnero, en la mar el mero*. But *El dorado*, the lunated gilt head, so called from its golden eyes and tints, if eaten with Tomato sauce, and lubricated with golden sherry, is a dish fit for a cardinal. The dog-fish, *pintarajo*, is a delicacy of the omnivorous lower

classes, who eat every thing except toads. Here, as at Gibraltar, the monsters of the deep, in form and colour, blubbers, scuttle-fishes, and marine reptiles, pass description; *cæs triplex* indeed must have been about the stomach of the man who first greatly dared to dine on them.

In the rest of Cadiz there is little to be seen. It will be as well *not* to ask where is the statue of George III., voted in 1810 by the Cadiz cortes, and cited by José Canga Arguelles, in his reply to Col. Napier (i. 17), as evidence of national gratitude. The handsome street, *la calle ancha*, and in truth the only *broad* street, is the lounge of the city; here are all the best shops; the *casas consistoriales* and the new prison may be looked at. The chief square, long dedicated to Sⁿ. Antonio, is the site where Campana and Freire fired, March 20, 1820, on the unarmed populace, which they had assembled to hear the constitution proclaimed; they afterwards shifted the crime on their miserable subalterns, Gabarri, Capacete, and Reyes. The Cadiz mob on their parts—spawn of governmental wrongs—are good murderers of governors: thus, in 1808, they watered the tree of Independence with the blood of the *Afrancesado* Solano, and again in 1831 with that of Oliver y Hierro. This is but reaction, thus even-handed justice returns the poisoned chalice.

The Cortes of Cadiz sat during the war of independence in Sⁿ. Felipe Neri. Their debates ended Sept. 14, 1813, and are printed in 16 vols. 4to. ‘*Diario de las Cortes*,’ Cadiz, 1811-12. This Spanish Hansard is rare, Ferd. VII. having ordered all the copies to be burnt by the hangman as a bonfire on the first birthday after his restoration, Oct. 14, 1814 (Mald. iii. 597). He had before, in his celebrated Valencian proclamation, simply referred to these volumes as sufficient evidence of misdemeanors on the part of the Cortes against the noble Spanish nation; and whoever will open only one, must admit that

the pages are the greatest satire which any set of misrulers ever published on themselves. The best speech ever made there was by the Duke, who (admitted Dec. 30, 1812) spoke after his usual energetic, straightforward fashion. The President, in reply, omitting all mention whatever of English soldiers, assured his Grace that “If the Spanish lions drove the French over the Pyrenees, it would not be the first time that they had trampled in the dirt the lilies of France on the banks of the Seine.” But this was the tone of every official *Empleado*. The curse of poor Spain are *Juntas*, gatherings, committees, that is, where things are either not done at all or done badly.

The members were perfectly insensible of the ludicrous disproportion of their inflated phraseology with facts; vast in promise, beggarly in performance, well might the performers be called *Vocales*, for theirs was vox et præterea nihil: an idiot’s tale, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing, but mere *Palabras*, palaver, or “words, words, words,” as Hamlet says; “a fine *volley* of words” instead of soldiers; “a fine *exchequer* of words” instead of cash.

Now hear the oracular Duke, who appears at once to have understood them, by the instinct of strong sense: “The leading people among them have *invariably deceived the lower orders*, and instead of making them acquainted with their real situation, and calling upon them to make the exertions and the sacrifices which were necessary *even for their defence*, they have amused them with idle *stories of imaginary successes*, with visionary plans of offensive operations, which those who offer them for consideration know they have no means of executing, and with the hopes of driving the French out of the Peninsula by some *unlooked-for good*” (Disp. May 11, 1810). “It is extraordinary that the revolution in Spain should *not have produced one man* with any knowledge of the real situation of his country; it really appears as if they

were all drunk, thinking and *talking* of any objects but Spain : how it is to end God knows!" (Disp. Nov. 1, 1812). This, however, has long been the hard lot of this ill-fated country. The ancients remarked the same. Spain, "in tantâ sæculorum serie," says Justin (xliv. 2), never produced one great general except Viriatus, and he was but a guerrillero, like the Cid, Mina, or Zumalacarreguy. The people, indeed, have honest hearts and vigorous arms, but, as in the Eastern fable, a *head* is wanting to the *body*. The many have been sacrificed to the few, and exposed to destitution in peace and to misfortune in war, because "left wanting in everything at the critical moment" by unworthy rulers, ever and only intent on their own selfish interests, to the injury of their fatherland and countrymen. Every day confirms the truth of the Duke's remark (Sept. 12, 1812): "I really believe that there is not a man in the country who is capable of comprehending, much less of conducting, any great concern."

THE BAY OF CADIZ.

An excursion should be made round the *Bahia*, with Medina, the boatman of the English consulate. This beautiful bay extends in circumference some ten leagues; and, in order to prevent repetition, the coast towns will now be described through which the diligences pass going to Seville.

The outer bay is rather exposed to the S.W., but the anchorage in the inner portion is excellent. Some dangerous rocks are scattered opposite the town, in the direction of Rota; these are called *Las Puercas*, the Sows—*χοιράδες*; for these porcine appellations are as common in Spanish nomenclature as among the ancients; and the hog-back is not a bad simile for many of such rocky formations. Rota lies on the opposite (west) side of the bay, and is distant about five miles across. Here the tent wine used for our sacraments is made: the Spanish name is *tintilla de Rota*, from *tinto*, red. Pass-

ing la Puntilla and the battery S^a. Catalina, is the rising town *El Puerto de Sa. Maria*, Port St. Mary, usually called *el Puerto*, the port (o-Porto): it is the Portus Menesthei (*Le Min Asta*, Portus Astæ), a Punic word, which the Greeks, who caught at sound, not sense, connected with the Athenian Menestheus. Here the Guadalete enters the bay. The bar is dangerous. There is a constant communication with Cadiz by small steamers and carriages which make the land circuit. The *Puerto* is pleasant and well built, with a good boat-bridge over the river. Population, 18,000. In the *Pa. de Toros* was given the grand bullfight to the Duke, and described by Byron. The soil of the environs is very rich, and the water excellent; Cadiz is supplied with it. The best inns are the *Pda. de Cruz de Malta*; *Las Rejas Verdes*; *La Paz*. Those going to Xerez will find good carriages at Narcisso Milanos. A *coche de colleras* is charged eight dollars a day; four dollars to Xerez, and six if there and back again; six dollars to S^a. Lucar, and ten if back again the same day. The price of a *calesa* varies from two, to two and a half dollars per day; to Xerez one dollar, and if back again thirty reals. A saddle-horse costs a dollar a day. *Borricos*, donkeys, are to be hired of Manuel Arriza. Juan Antonio Leyes is a good *calesero*. These sorts of prices may be taken approximatively as prevailing in Spain. They are mentioned at starting; the traveller will soon understand them.

The *Puerto* is one of the three great towns of wine export, and vies with Xerez and S^a. Lucar. The principal houses are French and English. The vicinity to Cadiz, the centre of exchange, is favourable to business. The road to Xerez is excellent for conveying down the wines, which are apt to be staved in the water-carriage of the Guadalete. Among the best houses may be named Duff Gordon, Mousley, Oldham, Burdon and Gray, Pico, Mora, Heald, Gorman and Co. Mr. Gorman is his own *capataz*, that is, taster and

manager; and we strongly recommend his London house, No. 16, Mark Lane. The *bodegas* or wine stores deserve a visit, but these cellars will be better described at Xerez (p. 233). The town is vinous and uninteresting: the houses resemble those of Cadiz: the best street is the *Ce. Larga*; the prettiest *alameda* is la Victoria. Here Ferd. VII. landed, Sept. 1, 1823, delivered from the Constitution-*alists* by the French. His first act was to violate every promise made alike to friend or foe. Such was the behaviour of Don Pedro towards our Black Prince after Navarete.

Here, July 30, 1843, the Regent Duke of *Victory* concluded his career by taking refuge on board the *Malabar*. His rise to eminence is indeed a satire on Spain, whose *moral* power seems to have become dwarfed by ages of misgovernment.

The bay now shelves in to *Cabezuola*, and narrows into the inner division; the mouth is defended by the cross-fires of the forts *Matagorda* and *Puntales*. At the latter Lord Essex landed in 1596 and did take Cadiz; from the former Victor bombarded the town, which he did *not* take. Now row up the *Trocadero*, which divides an islet from the main land. Here are the ruins of Fort S^t. Luis, once a flourishing place, but ruined by Victor, an enemy, in 1812, and annihilated by Angoulême, an ally, in 1823. Of this day of the *Trocadero*, the glory of the Restoration, even Bory and Laborde (i. 160) are ashamed. The French, led by the ardent and aquatic Gen. Goujon, passed through four and a half feet of water. "Les constitutionnels prirent alors la fuite." The assailants, "sans avoir perdu un seul homme," carried the strong fort, "sans effusion de sang." Those who fight and run away, may live to fight another day. Campbell when Bacchi plenus apostrophised these quick *as* dead:

"Brave men, who at the Trocadero fell
Beside your cannon, conquered not,
though slain."

Matagorda, the opposite point, *vate caret sacro*; and yet Mr. Campbell

might here have indulged in poetry devoid of fiction, and praised a brave woman. Here, April 21, 1810, the wife of Retson, a sergeant of the 94th regiment, during the gallant defence of Sir A. Macclaine, displayed a valour equal to that of the Maid of Zaragoza, who was covered with medals and pensions by the Junta, painted by Wilkie, and praised by Byron, as became a heroine of Spanish gallantry and romance. Mark the contrast. Mrs. Retson, equally courageous, supplied assistance to the dying and wounded, her young child in her arms, during the long day, amid the crash of bombs and death around. She was not even thanked; and when, in after years, a widow and poverty-stricken, she petitioned the War Office for a pittance, was rejected with a cold official negative, "want of funds." She took refuge in a Glasgow hospital, and gave (true to the last) her assistance to the sick and suffering. Matagorda was destroyed by Victor; a few fragments may be seen at very low water.

At the head of the Trocadero, and on an inner bay, is *Puerto Real*, founded in 1488 by Isabella. This was the headquarters of Victor, who afterwards here destroyed 900 houses, and left the place a ruin. Opposite is the river or canal *Santi* or *Sancti Petri*, which divides the Isla from the main land. On the land bank is *La Carraca*, one of the chief naval arsenals of Spain. This was the station of the *Carracas*, the carracks, galleons, or heavy ships of burden: a word derived from the low Latin *carri-care*, to load, *quasi* sea-carts. The Normans invaded these coasts of Spain in huge vessels called *karákir* (Moh. D. i. 382). This town, with the opposite one of S^a. Carlos, was founded by Charles III. Previously to the Bourbon accession, Spain obtained her navies, ready equipped, from Flanders. Urged by the family contract, she warred with England. *La Carraca*, like El Ferrol and Cartagena, tells the result of quarrelling with her natural friend: they are emblems of

Spain, fallen, alas! from her pride of place, through the folly of her misrulers. Every thing speaks of a past magnificence—*stat magni nominis umbra!* A present silence and abomination of desolation contrast with the former bustle of this once-crowded dockyard, where were floated those noble three-deckers, Nelson's "old acquaintances." The navy of Spain in 1789 consisted of seventy-six line-of-battle ships and fifty-two frigates; now it is reduced to some three of the former, two of which are unserviceable, and to a few frigates, most of which are disarmed. Perhaps they are here and there building a paltry corvette, on the Irish principle that "a new button gives new life to an old coat." A few miserable artisans, hungry ill-paid officials, gaunt miscreant galley-slaves, loiter in a stagnation of pay amid the empty, dilapidated buildings, hides for hawks and rabbits. Whatever escaped the French, was seized by the Constitutionalists, and sold to the Jews of Gibraltar. Non-commercial Spain—Catalonia excepted—never was really a naval power. The Arab and Berber repugnance to the sea and the confinement of the ship still marks the Spaniard; and now the loss of her colonies has rendered it impossible for Spain to have a navy, which even Charles III. in vain attempted to force.

In this part of the bay Mago moored his fleet, and Cæsar his long galleys; here lay the "twelve apostles," the treasure-ships taken by Essex; here Drake "singed," as he said, "the King of Spain's whiskers;" here Ponz saw forty sail of the line prepared to invade and conquer England—St. Vincent and Trafalgar settled that; here, in June, 1808, five French ships of the line, runaways from Trafalgar under Rosilly, surrendered nominally to the Spaniards, but Collingwood, by blockading Cadiz, had rendered escape impossible.

The Santi Petri river is very deep, and is defended at its mouth by a rock-built castle, the water key of La Isla. It is the site of the celebrated

temple of Hercules; and was called by the Moors "The district of idols." Those remains which the sea had spared were used up by the Spaniards as a quarry. Part of the foundations were seen in 1755, when the waters retired during the earthquake. For the curious rites of this pagan convent, see Quar. Rev. cxxvi. 283. The river is crossed by the *Puente de Zuazo*; so called from the alcaide Juan Sanchez de Zuazo, who restored it in the fifteenth century. It is of Roman foundation, and was constructed by Balbus as a bridge and an aqueduct. The water was brought to Cadiz from Tempul, near Xerez. Both were destroyed in 1262 by the Moors. The tower was built by Alonzo el Sabio. This bridge was the *pons asinorum* of the French, which the English never suffered them to cross. Here Victor set up his batteries, having invented a new mortar capable of throwing shells even into Cadiz, in order to frighten women, for, in a military point of view, the fire was a farce. Some of the bombs conveyed such billets-doux as this: "Dames de Cadix, atteignent-elles?" The women replied in doggerel *seguidillas*:

"*Vayanse los Franceses en hora mala
Que no son para ellos las Gaditanas;
De las bombas que tiran los Gavachones,
Se hacen las Gaditanas tirabusones!*"

The latter word means the thin strips of lead with which Spanish women paper up their curls: *gavachon* is the increased form of *gavacho*, a word commonly applied to Frenchmen, and any thing but a compliment. (See Index.)

The defeat of Marmont at Salamanca recoiled on Victor—*abüt, excessit, evasit, erupit*—but first, although the siege was virtually raised, he fired, by way of P. P. C. cards, a more than usual number of shells (Tor. xx.). Now the French failure is explained away by the old story, "inferior numbers." The allies, according to Belmas (i. 138), amounted to 30,000, of which 8000 were English "men in buckram," "Victor ayant à peine 20,000." This

Victus rather than Victor was the French war-minister when even Angoulême took Cadiz, which he could not.

The traveller may get out at the bridge and return by land through *La Isla de Leon*, so called because granted in 1459 to the Ponce de Leon family, but resumed again by the crown in 1484. This was the Erythræa, Aphrodisia, Cotinusa, Tartessus, of the uncertain geography of the ancients. Here Geryon fed those fat kine which Hercules stole; and the Giron is still the great Lord of Andalusia; but the breed of cattle is extinct, for Bætican beef, or rather *vaca* cow, is now of the leanest kine. Sⁿ. Fernando, the capital of the Isla, is a straggling decaying town, but gay-looking with its fantastic lattices and house-tops: the sun gilds the poverty of Spain; Popⁿ. 18,000. The C^{es}. Real and del Rosario are handsome. Here the junta first halted in their flight, and spouted (Sept. 24, 1810) against the French cannon. Salt is the staple; it is made in the *salinas* and the marshes below, where the conical piles glisten like the ghosts of British tents. The salt-pans have all religious names, like the wine-cellar of Xerez, or the mine-shafts of Almaden. This, which sounds irreverent to Protestant ears, gives no offence to Spaniards, for the most sacred names become desecrated by familiar use, by which even the Deity is dethroned. Witness among ourselves the *Corpus*, *Trinity*, *Jesus*, *Christ's Church* of our colleges, degraded into mere nomenclature, and on a par with *Brazenose*. Nor are those of the salt-pans less reverential, *e.g.* *El dulce nombre de Jesus*, &c. In these salt-marshes breed innumerable small crabs, *cangrejos*. The fore-claws are tit-bits for the Andalus ichtyophile, and are called *bocas de la Isla*. They are torn off from the living animal, who is then turned adrift, in order that the claws may grow again for a new operation. It was at No. 38, just below the Plaza, that Riego lodged. Here he proclaimed the "constitution" in 1820.

The secret of this patriotism was a dislike in the ill-supplied semi-Berber army to embark in the South American expedition to reinforce Morillo. Riego ended by being hanged: he was a *pobrecito*, who could raise not rule a storm; now he is a hero, and streets are called after his name.

Passing the Torregorda, the busy, dusty, crowded, narrow road *La Calzada* runs along the isthmus to Cadiz. It is still called *el camino de Ercoles*; it was the via Heraclea of the Romans, and led to his temple: nor is the present road more Spanish; it was planned in 1785 by O'Reilly, an Irishman, and executed by Du Bouriell, a Frenchman. They contemplated the restoration of the aqueduct, but O'Reilly's disgrace, for refusing to job the promotion of some gardes de corps, stopped all these schemes of amelioration, which, as in the East, too often perish with the hand which planned and fostered them.

A magnificent outwork, *La Cortadura*, cuts the isthmus. Now Cadiz is approached, amid heaps of filth, which replace the pleasant gardens demolished during the war; it is an Augean stable which no Spanish Hercules will cleanse. To the left of the land-gate, between the *Aguada* and *San Jose*, is the English burial-ground, acquired and planted by our good friend Mr. Brackenbury, father of the present consul, for the bodies of heretics, who formerly were buried in the sea-sands beyond high-water mark, for fear of corrupting the Cadiz Catholics. Now there is "snug lying" here, which is a comfort to all Protestants who contemplate dying at Cadiz. The city walls are very strong in themselves, but they may easily be scaled by brave men who land and attack them *at once*, as Essex did; for behind them nothing is ever in a state even of tolerable defence; so the easy victories gained by the French over the Spaniards were mainly owing to their dash-*ing en avant* charges. Cadiz is entered by the *Pa. de Tierra*.

CADIZ TO GIBRALTAR, BY LOS BARRIOS AND TARIFA.

	Miles.	
Chiclana	13	
V ^a . de Vejer	16	.. 29
V ^a . Taibilla	14	.. 43
V ^a . Ojen	11	.. 54
Los Barrios	9	.. 63
Gibraltar	12	.. 75

The safest and most expeditious mode is to go by steam, and the passage through the straits is splendid. The ride by land, for there is no carriage road the greater part of the way, has been accomplished by commercial messengers in 16 hours. The better plan is to leave Cadiz in the afternoon, sleep at Chiclana the first night, and the second at Tarifa. Those who divide the journey into two days, and halt first at Vejer, will only find there most wretched accommodations; from hence there are two routes, which we give approximately in miles—and such miles! The first route is the shortest. At the *Va. de Ojen* the road branches, and a track leads to Algeciras, 10 miles. The direct line, and that taken by expresses sent from Cadiz to Gibraltar, is a wild, dangerous ride, especially at the *Trocha* pass, which is infested with smugglers and charcoal-burners, who, on fit occasions, become *rateros* and robbers. The best route by far is—

	Miles.	
Chiclana	13	
V ^a . de Vejer	16	.. 29
V ^a . Taibilla	14	.. 43
Tarifa	16	.. 59
Algeciras	12	.. 71
Gibraltar	9	.. 80

Leaving Cadiz by the P^a. de Tierra, we ride along the causeway of Hercules, passing the Cortadura and Sⁿ. Fernando, and leave the Isla at the bridge of Zuazo, already described. Chiclana is the *landing*, not watering, place of the Cadiz merchants, who, weary of their sea-prison, come here to enjoy the terra firma: yet, with all its gardens, it is a nasty place and full of foul open drains. Nevertheless it is the Botany Bay to which the Andalusian

faculty transports those many patients whom they cannot cure: in compound fractures and chronic disorders, they prescribe bathing here, ass's milk, and a broth made of a long harmless snake, which abounds near Barrosa. We have forgotten the generic name of this valuable reptile of Esculapius. The naturalist should take one alive, and compare him with the vipers which make such splendid pork in Estremadura (see Montanches).

From the hill of *Sa. Ana* is a good panorama; 3 L. off, sparkling on a hill where it cannot be hid, is *Medina Sidonia*, the city of Sidon, thought by some to be the site of the Phœnician Asidon, which others place near *Alcalá de Gazules*: it is not worth visiting, being a whitened sepulchre full of decay: and this may be predicated of many of these hill-fort towns, which, glittering in the bright sun, and picturesque in form and situation, appear in the enchantment-lending distance to be fairy residences: all this illusion is dispelled on entering into these dens of dirt, ruin, and poverty: there reality, which like a shadow follows all too highly-excited expectations, darkens the bright dream of poetical fancy.

Nothing can be more different than the aspect of Spanish villages in fine or in bad weather; as in the East, during wintry rains they are the acmes of mud and misery: let but the sun shine out, and all is gilded. It is the smile which lights up the habitually sad expression of a Spanish woman's face. Fortunately, in the south of Spain, fine weather is the rule, and not, as among ourselves, the exception. The blessed sun cheers poverty itself, and by its stimulating, exhilarating action on the system of man, enables him to buffet against the moral evils to which countries the most favoured by climate seem, as if it were from compensation, to be more exposed than those where the skies are dull, and the winds bleak and cold.

Medina Sidonia, *Medinatu-Shidunah* of the Moors, the "City of Sidon," gives

the ducal title to the descendants of *Guzman el Bueno*, to whom all lands lying between the Guadalete and Guadairo were granted for his defence of Tarifa. The city was one of the strongholds of the family. Here the fascinating Leonora de Guzman, mistress of the chivalrous Alonzo XI., and mother of Henry of Trastamara, fled from the vengeance of Alonzo's widow and her cruel son Don Pedro. Here again Don Pedro, in 1361, imprisoned and put to death his ill-fated wife Blanche of Bourbon. She is the Mary Stuart of Spanish ballads—beautiful, and, like her, of suspected chastity: her cruel execution cost Pedro his life and crown, as it furnished to France an ostensible reason for invading Spain, and placing the anti-English Henry of Trastamara on the throne.

Leaving Chiclana, the track soon enters into wild aromatic pine-clad solitudes: to the r. rises the glorious knoll of Barrosa. When Soult, in 1811, left Seville to relieve Badajoz, an opportunity was offered, by attacking Victor in the flank, of raising the siege of Cadiz. Nothing could be worse executed: in February the expedition, consisting of 11,200 Spaniards, 4300 English and Portuguese, and 800 cavalry, were landed at the distant Tarifa. Don Manuel de la Peña, instead of resting at Conil, brought the English to the ground after 24 hours of intense toil and starvation. Graham, contrary to his orders, had, in an evil moment, ceded the command to this creature of intrigue, who had risen because favoured by the Duchess of Osuna, and was called even by the common people *Doña Manuela*; his brother was the Canon, employed by Joseph to tamper with the Cadiz Cortes. La Peña, a fool and a coward, on arriving near the enemy, skulked away towards the Santi Petri, only anxious to secure a retreat, and then, without assigning any reason, ordered Graham to descend from the *Sierra del Puerco*, the real key, to the *Torre de Bermeja*, distant nearly a league. The French, who

saw the fatal error, made a splendid rush for this important height: but the gallant old Graham, although left alone in the plain with his feeble, starving band, and scarcely having time to form his lines, the rear rank fighting in front, instantly defied the divisions of Ruffin and Laval, commanded by Victor in person.

The French advanced in their usual gallant manner of impetuous attack, which few nations have been able to stand; but they were quietly waited for by our lines, who riddled the head of the column with a deadly fire, and then charged with the bayonet in the "old style:" an hour and a half settled the affair by a "*sauve qui peut*." Such, however, has always been the character of the *furia Francesa*: "*prima eorum prælia plus quam virorum, postrema minus quam feminarum*" (Livy, x. 28). Meanwhile, "No stroke in aid of the British was struck by a Spanish sabre that day" (Nap. xii. 2); but assistance from Spain arrives either slowly or never. *Socorros de España tarde o nunca*. This is a very favourite Spanish proverb; for the shrewd people revenge themselves by a *refran* on the culpable want of means and forethought of their incompetent rulers: Gonzalo de Cordova used to compare them to Sⁿ. Telmo (see Tuy), who, like Castor and Pollux, never appears until the storm is over. Blessed is the man, said the Moorish general, who expects no aid, for then he will not be disappointed.

Graham remained master of the field. Victor, knowing that all was lost, fled, leaving two eagles behind him; he prepared to break up his lines and fall back on Seville. Thus, had La Peña, who had thousands of fresh troops, but moved one step, Barrosa would have been contemporaneous with Torres Vedras. Victor, when he saw that he was not followed, indicted a bulletin, "how he had beaten back 8000 Englishmen." The V. et C. (xx. 229) claim a more complete victory; Graham's triple line, "with 3000 men in each," was

culbuté by the French, who were “*un contre deux*,” and “the loss of the eagles was solely owing to the accidental death of the ensigns.”

Now as to the real truth of this engagement at Barrosa, what says the Duke (Disp., March 25, 1811), to whom Graham had thought it necessary to apologise for the rashness of attacking with his handful two entire French divisions: “I congratulate you and your brave troops on the signal victory which you gained on the 5th; I have no doubt whatever that their success would have had the effect of raising the siege of Cadiz, if the Spanish troops had made any effort to assist them. The conduct of the Spaniards throughout this expedition is precisely the same as I have ever observed it to be: they march the troops night and day without provisions or rest, and abusing everybody who proposes a moment’s delay to afford either to the fatigued or famished soldiers; they reach the enemy in such a state as to be unable to make any exertion or execute any plan, even if any plan had been formed; they are totally incapable of any movement, and they stand to see their allies destroyed, and afterwards abuse them because they do not continue, unsupported, exertions to which human nature is not equal.”

La Peña, safe in Cadiz, claimed the victory as his; and now the English are not even named by Minaño (iii. 89); while Maldonado (iii. 29) actually ascribes to *our* retreat the ultimate failure of the expedition. La Peña was decorated with the star of Carlos III.; and Ferd. VII., in 1815, created a new order for this brilliant Spanish victory, and *Delincuente honrado*.

The Cortes propounded to Graham a grandeeship, as a sop, which he scornfully refused. The title proposed was *Duque del Cierro del Puerco* (Duke of Pig’s-hill); more euphonious among bacon-loving Spaniards than ourselves. A Pope was the first to reject a porcine name: Boca Porco (Pig’s-mouth) was the patronymic of Sergius II., who, on

his election, A.D. 844, changed it, from feeling that the oracles of infallibility could not be decorously grunted.

The real truth could not be concealed from the military sagacity of Buonaparte, who attributed the *defeat* to Sebastiani (Belm. i. 518, 25), who, from a jealousy of Victor, failed to co-operate by attacking the allies in flank.

Barrosa was another of the many instances of the failures which the *disunion* of Buonaparte’s marshals entailed on their arms. These rivals never would act cordially together: as the Duke observed when enclosing an intercepted letter from Marmont to Foy, “This shows how these *gentry* are going on; in fact, each marshal is the *natural* enemy of the king (Joseph) and of his neighbouring marshal” (Disp., Nov. 13, 1811); and see Foy’s just remarks on their most unmilitary insubordination (i. 72).

The ride from Barrosa to Tarifa passes over uncultivated, unpeopled wastes. The country remains as it was left after the discomfiture of the Moor, or as if man had not yet been created. To the r. is Conil, 3 L. from Chiclana, and 2 L. from Cape Trafalgar. It was built by Guzman el Bueno, and was famous for its tunny fisheries: May and June are the months when the fish return into the Atlantic from the Mediterranean. The *almodraba*, or catching, used to be a season of festivity. Formerly 70,000 were taken, now scarcely 4000; the Lisbon earthquake of 1755 having thrown up sands on the coast, by which the fish are driven into deeper water. The “*atun escabechado*,” or pickled tunny, is the *ταρριχεῖαι*, the “*Salsamenta*,” with which and dancing girls Gades supplied the Roman epicures. Archestratus, who made a gastronomic tour, thought the under fillet, the *ὑπογαστρικόν*, to be the incarnation of the immortal gods. Near Conil much sulphur is found.

The long, low, sandy lines of Trafalgar (Promontorium Junonis, henceforward Nelsonis) now stretch towards

Tarifa; the name is Moorish—Taraf-al-ghâr, the promontory of the cave: this cape bore about 8 miles N.E. from those hallowed waters where Nelson sealed with his life-blood the empire of the sea. TRAFALGAR! "tanto nomini nullum par eulogium!" This is the spot on which to read Southey's masterpiece, the 'Life of Nelson.' Trafalgar, by leaving England no more hostile navies to conquer on the sea, forced her to turn to the land for an arena of victory. The spirit of the Black Prince and of Marlborough, of Wolfe and of Abercrombie, awoke, the sails were furled, and that infantry landed on the most western rocks of the Peninsula which marched in one triumphant course until it planted its red flag on the walls of Paris. Nelson, Oct. 21, 1805, commanded 27 small ships of the line and only four frigates; the latter, "his eyes," were wanting; he had prayed for them from our wretched Admiralty in vain, as the Duke did afterwards. The enemy had 33 sail of the line, many three-deckers, and seven frigates. Nelson, as soon as they ventured out of Cadiz, considered them "his property;" he "bargained for 20 at least." He never regarded disparity of numbers, nor counted an enemy's fleet except when prizes after the battle; *mientre mas Moros, mas ganancia*. His plan was to break the long line of the foe with a short double line. Collingwood led one line most nobly into battle, and was the first in the glorious race. Nelson, full of admiration, led the second one, and engaged single-handed with many of the largest enemy's ships; he was wounded at a quarter before one, and died 30 minutes past four. He lived long enough to know that his triumph was complete, and the last sweet sounds his dying ears caught were the guns fired at the flying enemy. He died on board his beloved "Victory," and in the arms of its presiding tutelar: he had done his duty, and no more enemy-fleets remained to be annihilated. He was only 47 years old, "yet," says Southey, "he cannot

be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done, nor ought he to be lamented who died so full of honours and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr, the most awful that of the martyred patriot, the most splendid that of the hero in the hour of victory; and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us not, indeed, his mantle of inspiration, but a name and example which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England, a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength. Thus it is that the spirits of the great and wise continue to live and to act after them."

Trafalgar "settled Boney" by sea, to use the Duke's phrase, when he afterwards did him that service by land; all his paper projects about "ships, colonies, and commerce," all his certainty of successfully invading England, all his fond dreams of making the Mediterranean a French lake (Foy, ii. 213), were blown to the winds; accordingly, he entirely omitted all allusion to Trafalgar in the French papers, as he afterwards did the Duke's victories in Spain. Thus Pompey never allowed his reverses in the Peninsula to be published (Hirt. 'B. H.' 18). Buonaparte received the news at Vienna which clouded *le soleil d'Austerlitz* with an English fog: his fury was unbounded. Five months afterwards he slightly alluded to this *accidental disaster*, ascribing it, as Philip II. falsely did the destruction of his *invincible* armada, not to English tars, but the elements; "*Les tempêtes nous ont fait perdre quelques vaisseaux, après un combat imprudemment engagé.*" But our sole unsubsidised allies, "les tempêtes," in real truth occasioned to us the loss of many captured ships; a storm arose after the victory, and the disabled conquerors and vanquished were buffeted on the merciless coast:

many of the prizes were destroyed. The dying orders of Nelson, "Anchor, Hardy! Anchor!" were disobeyed by Collingwood, whose first speech on assuming the command was, "Well! that is the *last* thing that I should have thought of."

The country now becomes most lonely, unpeopled, and uncultivated; the rich soil, under a vivifying sun, is given up to the wild plant and insect: earth and air teem with life. There is a melancholy grandeur in these solitudes, where nature is busy at her mighty work of creation, heedless of the absence or presence of the larger insect man. *Vejer*—Bekkeh—is a true specimen of a Moorish town, scrambling up a precipitous eminence. The miserable *venta* lies below, near the bridge over the *Barbate*. Here Quesada, in March, 1831, put down an abortive insurrection. Six hundred soldiers had been gained over at Cadiz by the emissaries of Torrijos. Both parties were *bisoños* in the full force of the term, and played the game after the fashion of two bunglers at chess, where both, equally ignorant, make no good moves, and the one who makes the fewest bad ones wins. The rebels, being the worst off for everything which constitutes an army, yielding the first. Quesada's bulletin was worthy of his namesake Don Quixote. The loss in the whole contest, on which for the moment the monarchy hung, was one killed, two wounded, and two bruised. A shower of crosses were bestowed on the conquering heroes. Such are the *guerrillas*, the truly "little wars" which Spaniards wage *inter se*; and they are the type of South American strategics, and resemble the wretched productions of some of the minor theatres, in which the vapouring of bad actors supplies the place of dramatic interest, and the plot is perpetually interrupted by scene-shifting, paltry *coups de théâtre*, and an occasional explosion of musketry and blue lights.

A mile inland is the *Laguna de Janda*. Near this lake, Taric, landing from Africa, April 30, 711, en-

countered Roderick, the last of the Goths. Here the battle commenced, July 19, which was decided July 26, on the Guadalete, near Xerez. Gayangos (Moh. D. i. 525) has cleared up these historical dates; while Paez (ii. 193), the teacher of Spanish youth, is uncertain whether the correct year be 811 or 814! This battle gave Spain to the Moslem; one secret of whose strength lay in the civil dissensions among the Goths, and the aid they obtained from the Jews, who were persecuted by the Gothic clergy. Taric and Musa, the two victorious generals, received from the caliph of Damascus that reward which since has become a standing example to jealous Spanish rulers; they were recalled, disgraced, and died in obscurity. Such was the fate of Columbus, Cortes, the Great Captain, Spinola, and others who have conquered kingdoms for Spain.

At the *Va. de Taibilla* the track branches; that to the l. leads to the *Trocha*; while a picturesque gorge to the r., studded with fragments of former Moorish bridges and causeways, leads to the sea-shore. At the tower *La Peña del Ciervo*, the Highar Eggêl of the Moors, the magnificent African coast opens. And here let the wearied traveller repose a moment and gaze on the magnificent panorama! Africa, no land of desert sand, rises abruptly out of the sea, in a tremendous jumble, and backed by the eternal snows of the lower Atlas range; two continents lie before us: we have reached the extremities of the ancient world; a narrow gulf divides the lands of knowledge, liberty, and civilization from the untrodden regions of barbarous ignorance, of slavery, danger, and mystery. Yon headland is Trafalgar. Tarifa juts out before us, and the plains of Salado, where the Cross triumphed over the Crescent. The white walls of Tangiers glitter on the opposite coast, resting, like a snow-wreath, on dark mountains: behind them lies the desert, the den of the wild beast and of wilder man. The separated continents stand

aloof; they frown sternly on each other with the cold injurious look of altered kindness. They were once united; "a dreary sea now flows between," and severs them for ever. A thousand ships hurry through, laden with the commerce of the world: every sail is strained to fly past those waters, deeper than ever plummet sounded, where neither sea nor land is friendly to the stranger. Beyond that point is the bay of Gibraltar, and on that grey rock, the object of a hundred fights, and bristling with twice ten hundred cannon, the red flag of England, on which the sun never sets, still braves the battle and the breeze. Far in the distance the blue Mediterranean stretches itself away like a sleeping lake. Europe and Africa recede gently from each other: coast, cape, and mountain, face, form, and nature, how alike; man, his laws, works, and creeds, how different and opposed!

It is geologically certain that the two continents were once united. Hercules (*i. e.* the Phœnicians) is said to have cut a canal between them, as is now contemplated at the isthmus of Panama. The Moors had a tradition that this was the work of Alexander the Great (Ishkhander), and that he built a bridge across the opening: it was then very narrow, and has gradually widened until all further increase is stopped by the high lands on each side.—On these matters consult Pliny, 'N. H.' iii. 3, and the authorities cited in Quar. Rev. cxxvi. 293.

The Moors called this *Estrecho*, Bahr-z-zohak—*i. e.* the narrow sea; the Mediterranean they termed Bahr-el-abiad, the white sea; the length of the straits from Cape Spartel to Ceuta in Africa, and from Trafalgar to Europa Point in Spain, is about 12 L. The W. entrance is about 8 L. across, the E. about 5 L.; the narrowest point is at Tarifa, being about 12 m. across. A constant current sets in from the Atlantic at the rate of $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour, and is perceptible 150 miles down to the Cabo de Gata. It is scarcely possible to beat

out in a N.W. wind. Some have supposed the existence of an under-current, to relieve the Mediterranean from this accession of water, in addition to all the rivers from the Ebro to the Nile. Dr. Halley, however, has calculated that the quantity evaporated and licked up by the sun, is greater than the supply, and certainly the Mediterranean has receded on the E. coast of the Peninsula.

This littoral portion of Andalucia was inhabited by the Turduli, and more to the E. by the Pœni Bastuli.

Between *La Peña del Ciervo* and Tarifa lies a plain watered by the brackish Salado. Here Walia, in 417, defeated the Vandali Silingi and drove them into Africa; here the chivalrous Alonzo XI. (Oct. 28, 1340) overthrew the united forces of Yusuf I., Abu-l-hajaj, King of Granada, and of Abul-hassan, King of Fez, who made a desperate and last attempt to re-invade or re-conquer Spain. This victory paved the way for the final triumph of the Cross, as the Moors never recovered the blow. The accounts of an eyewitness are worthy of Froissart (see Chron. de Alonzo XI., ch. 248, 254). Cannon, made at Damascus, were used in Europe for the first time here (Conde, iii. 133). According to Mariana (xvi. 7) 25,000 Spanish infantry and 14,000 horse defeated 400,000 Moors and 70,000 cavalry. The Christians only lost 20 men, the infidels 200,000: such bulletins, however, deserve no more credit than Livy's, or some "military romances" of our lively neighbours. These multitudes could never have been packed away in such a limited space, much less fed (compare Covadunga and Navas Tolosa). The Spaniards were unable to follow up the victory, being in want of every sinew of war.

TARIFA is the most Moorish town of Andalucia—that *Berberia Cristiana*. The *posada*, or poor café, is very indifferent. This ancient Punic city was called Josa, which Bochart (Can. i. 477) translates the "Passage;" an ap-

propriate name for this, the narrowest point: the Romans retained this signification in their *Julia Traducta*: the Moors called it after Tarif Ibn Malik, a Berber chief, who was the first to land in Spain, and quite a distinct person from Taric (Moh. D., i. 318). Tarifa bears for arms its castle on waves, with a key at the window; and the motto, "*Sed fuertes en la guerra*," be gallant in fight. Like Calais, it was once a frontier key of great importance. Sancho el Bravo took it in 1292. Alonzo Perez de Guzman, when all others declined, offered to hold this post of danger for a year. The Moors beleaguered it, aided by the Infante Juan, a traitor brother of Sanchos, to whom Alonzo's eldest son, aged 9, had been entrusted previously as a page. Juan now brought the boy under the walls, and threatened to kill him if his father would not surrender. Alonzo drew his dagger and threw it down, exclaiming, "I prefer honour without a son, to a son with dishonour." He retired, and the Prince caused the child to be put to death. A cry of horror ran through the Spanish battlements: Alonzo rushed forth, beheld his son's body, and returned to his childless mother, calmly observing, "I feared that the infidel had gained the city." The King likened him to Abraham, from this parental sacrifice, and honoured him with the "canting" name "*El Bueno*" The Good (*Guzman, Gutman, Good-man*). He became the founder of the princely Dukes of Medina Sidonia, now merged by marriage in the Villafrancas. Here read the ballads in Duran, v. 203.

Tarifa is nearly quadrangular; popn. about 12,000; the streets are narrow and tortuous; it is enclosed by its Moorish walls. The Alameda runs under the S. range between the town and the sea: the *Alcazar*, a genuine Moorish castle, lies to the E., just within the walls: it is now the abode of galley-slaves. The window from whence Guzman threw the dagger has been bricked up; it may be known by its border of *azulejos*; the site of

the child's murder is marked by a more modern tower—La Torre de Guzman. The "Lions" of Tarifa are the women; *las Tarifeñas* are proverbial for *gracia y meneo*; their Oriental and singular manner of wearing the *mantilla* has been before mentioned.

Next in danger to these *tapadas* were the bulls, which used to be let loose in the streets, to the delight of the people at the windows, and horror of those who met the uncivil quadruped in the narrow lanes.

The crumbling walls of Tarifa might be battered with its oranges, which, although the smallest, are beyond comparison the sweetest in Spain, but defended by brave men, they have defied the ball and bomb. Soult, taught by Barrosa the importance of this landing-place, was anxious to take it. Gen. Campbell, in defiance of higher authorities, wisely determined to garrison it, and sent 1000 men of the 47th and 87th under Col. Skerrett: 600 Spaniards under Copons were added. Skerrett despaired, but Captain Charles Felix Smith of the engineers was skilful, and Colonel Gough of the 87th a resolute soldier. Victor and Laval, Dec. 20, 1811, invested the place with 10,000 men; between the 27th and 30th a practicable breach was made near the Retiro gate; then the Spaniards, who were ordered to be there to defend it, were *not there* (Nap. xii. 6); but Gough in a good hour came up with the 87th, and now with 500 men beat back 1800 picked Frenchmen in a manner "surpassing all praise." Gough has lived to conquer China and Gwalior. Victor, *Victus* as usual, retreated silently in the night, leaving behind all his artillery and stores. This great glory and that astounding failure were such as even the Duke had not ventured to calculate on: he had disapproved of the defence, because, although "we have a right to expect that our officers and troops will perform their *duty* on every occasion, we had no right to expect that comparatively a small number

would be able to hold Tarifa, commanded as it is at short distances, and enfiladed in every direction, and unprovided with artillery, and the walls scarcely cannon-proof. The enemy, however, retired with disgrace, infinitely to the honour of the brave troops who defended Tarifa" (Disp., Feb. 1, 1812). The vicinity of Trafalgar, and the recollection of Nelson's blue jackets, urged every red coat to do that day more than his duty. Now-a-days the *Tarifeños* claim all the glory, nor do the Paez Mellados and Co. even mention the English: so Skerrett was praised by Lord Liverpool, and Campbell reprimanded; sic vos non vobis! The English, however, not only defended but repaired the breach. Their masonry is good, and their inscription, if not classical, at least tells the truth: "Hanc partem muri a Gallis obsidentibus dirutam, Britanni *defensores* construxerunt, 1812." In 1823, when no 87th was left to assist these *Tarifeños*, the French, under Angoulême, attacked and took the place instantly.

The real strength of Tarifa consists in the rocky island which projects into the sea, and on which a fortress is building. There is a good lighthouse, 135 ft. high, visible for 10 leagues, and a small sheltered bay. This castle commands the straits under some circumstances, when ships are obliged to pass within the range of the batteries, and vessels which do not hoist colours are at once fired into. This happens frequently with merchantmen, and especially those coming from Gibraltar. Tarifa, indeed, is destined by the Spaniards to counterbalance the loss of the *Rock*. They fire even into our men-of-war: thus, in Nov. 1830, the "Windsor Castle," a 74, taking home the 43rd, was hulled without any previous notice. The "Windsor Castle," like a lion yelped at by a cur, did not condescend to sweep the Tarifa castle from the face of the earth, yet such is the only means of obtaining redress, for England is nowhere dealt with more contumeliously than by

Spain and Portugal, although saved by her alone from being mere French provinces. The Duke, even while in the act of delivering them, was entirely without any influence (Disp., Sept. 5, 1813), and not "even treated as a gentleman."

This fortress is being built out of a tax levied on persons and things passing from Spain into Gibraltar: thus the English are made to pay for their own annoyance. Tarifa, in war-time, swarmed with gun-boats and privateers. "They," says Southey, "inflicted greater loss on the trade of Great Britain than all the fleets of the enemy: they cut off ships becalmed in these capricious waters. Sir Charles Penrose abated the nuisance by arming some gun-boats at Gibraltar; but Adm. Keats ordered them to Cadiz, where they were not wanted, and thousands of British property sacrificed." The works are unfinished, and the garrison is miserably supplied with real means of defence. The funds destined for the building and supplies have to pass through Algeciras; hence that command is the best thing in Spain. Here discontented generals and unpaid regiments are sent to "refresh" themselves. The governor receives the Tarifa fund, and a little will stick to his fingers; while all, from him down to his orderly, do a handsome business in facilitating the smuggling which they are ostensibly sent to prevent. Those who wish to examine Guzman Castle, or to draw it, are advised to visit the Governor first and obtain permission (see p. 9). Gibraltar, from having been made the hot-bed of revolutionists of all kinds, from Torrijos downwards, has rendered every Spanish garrison near it singularly sensitive: thus the Phœnicians welcomed every stranger who pried about the straits by throwing him into the sea.

The ride from Tarifa to Algeciras, over the mountain, is glorious: the views are splendid. The wild forest, through which the Guadalquivir boils and leaps, is worthy of Salvator Rosa.

Gibraltar, and its beautiful bay, is seen through the leafy vistas, and the bleeding branches of the stripped cork-trees, fringed with a most delicate fern: the grand Rock crouches like the British lion, the sentinel and master of the Mediterranean. *Algeciras* lies in a pleasant nook; this, the *portus albus* of the Romans, was the *green* island of the Moors, *Jeziratu-l-Khadrá*; an epithet still preserved in the name of the island opposite, *La Isla Verde*, called also *de las Palomas*. The king of Spain is also king of *Algeciras*; such was its former importance, being the Moors' key of Spain, as it now is that of the Spaniards to Ceuta. It was taken by the gallant Alonzo XI., March 24, 1344, after a siege of twenty months, at which Crusaders from all Christendom attended. It was *the* siege of the age, and forty years afterwards, Chaucer, describing a true knight, mentions his having been at "*Algecir*"—a Waterloo, a Trafalgar man. Our chivalrous Edward III. contemplated coming in person to assist Alonzo XI., a monarch after his own heart. The *Chronica de Alonzo XI.* gives the Froissart details, the gallant behaviour of the English under the Earls of Derby and Salisbury (Chr. 301), the selfish misconduct of the French under Gaston de Foix, at the critical moment (Chr. 311). The want of every thing in the Spanish camp was terrific. Alonzo destroyed the Moorish town and fortifications.

Modern *Algeciras* has risen like a Phoenix: it was rebuilt in 1760 by Charles III., to be a hornets'-nest against Gibraltar, and such it is, swarming with privateers in war-time, and with *guarda costas* or preventive-service cutters in peace. The town is well built; popⁿ. about 16,000. There are two decent *Posadas*; the *Union* is the best. The handsome plaza has a fountain erected by Castaños, who was governor here in 1808, when the war of independence broke out. He, as usual, was without arms or money, and utterly unable to move, until the English merchants of Gibraltar ad-

vanced the means; he then marched to Bailsen, where the incapacity of Dupont thrust greatness on him. *Algeciras* has a *plaza de toros* and an *Alameda*. The artist will sketch Gibraltar from near the aqueduct, and *Molino de San Bernardino*.

It was off *Algeciras*, June 9, 1801, that the gallant Saumarez attacked the combined French and Spanish fleets under Linois, who, in 1804, was beaten off with his line-of-battle ships by Dance, and the East Indian merchantmen; the enemy consisted of ten sail, the English of six. The "*Superb*," a 74, commanded by Capt. Richard Keats, out-sailed the squadron, and alone engaged the foe, taking the "*S^t. Antoine*," a French 74, and burning the "*Real Carlos*" and "*San Hermenegildo*," two Spanish three-deckers of 112 guns each. Keats had slipped between them, and then out again, leaving them in mistake from the darkness to fire at and destroy each other. There is very little intercommunication between *Algeciras* and Gibraltar; the former is the naval and military position from whence the latter is watched; and the *foreigner's* possession of Gibraltar rankles deeply, as well it may. Here are the head-quarters of Spanish preventive cutters, which prowl about the bay, and often cut out those smugglers who have *not* bribed them, even from under the guns of our batteries; some are now and then just sunk for the intrusion: but all this breeds bad blood, and mars, on the Spaniards' part, the *entente cordiale*. Those, however, about to linger in these localities, during summer, will find the cool stone houses of *Algeciras* infinitely better suited to the climate than the stuffy dwellings on the arid rock.

The distance between is merely a pleasant hour's ride or sail. The bay is about five miles across by sea, and about ten round by land. The coast road is intersected by the rivers Guadarranque and Palmones: on crossing the former is the eminence *El Rocadillo*, now a farm, and once *Carteia*—*seges ubi Troja*

fuit. This was the Phœnician *Melcarth*, King's-town, the city of Hercules, the type, symbol, and personification of the navigation, colonization, and civilization of Tyre. Humboldt, however, reads in the *Car* the Iberian prefix of height. This was afterwards one of the few Greek settlements tolerated in Spain by their deadly rivals of Tyre. The Phœnicians called it Tartessus Heracleon. Here the long-lived Arganthonius ruled. Carteia was sacked by Scipio Africanus, and given (171 B.C.) to the illegitimate children of Roman soldiers by Spanish mothers. Here the younger Pompey fled, wounded, after the defeat of Munda, when the Carteians, his former partisans, at once proposed giving him up to Cæsar: they have had their reward; and the fisherman spreads his nets, the punishment of Tyre, on her false, fleeting, and perjured daughter. The remains of an amphitheatre exist, and part of the city may yet be traced. The Moors and Spaniards destroyed the ruins, working them up as a quarry in building San Roque and Algeciras. The coins found here are very beautiful. Mr. Kent, of the port-office at Gibraltar, has formed quite a Carteian museum. Consult, for ancient authorities, Ukert (i. 2. 346), and '*A Discourse on Carteia*,' John Conduit, 4to., London, 1719, and the excellent '*Journey from Gibraltar to Malaga*,' Francis Carter, 2 vols., London, 1777.

From *El Rocadillo* to Gibraltar is about four miles. Strangers are obliged to pass through the Spanish lines; officers are allowed to go in and out along the sands. The whole ride from Tarifa took us about ten hours. For Gibraltar see R. xxi.

ROUTE II.—CADIZ TO SEVILLE, BY STEAM.

There are several ways of getting to Seville: *first*, and best, entirely by water, in the steamers up the Guadalquivir; *secondly*, entirely by land, by the diligence, through Xerez; and *thirdly*, by a combination of land and

water. Both the routes are uninteresting, Xerez being the only place deserving of a halt and notice. Route A. by water. All the steamers are regularly advertised in the Cadiz newspapers. Those which ply to and from Seville have an office at 168, Ce. del Molino. There is a constant communication also to the Puerto: five reals *en popa*, the poop or best cabin, three reals *en proa*. After crossing *La Bahía*, the Guadalquivir is entered, near Cipiona Point. Here was the great Phœnician light-house called *Cap Eon*, the "Rock of the Sun." This the Greeks, who never condescended to learn the language of other people, "barbarians," converted into the Tower of Cepio, *του Καπιωνος πύργος*, the "Cæpionis Turris" of the Romans.

Those who wish to avoid the rounding this point by sea may cross over to the *Puerto*, and take a *calesa* to *S^a. Lucar* for 30 reals, and there rejoin the steamer. As the country between is wild and dangerous, an *escorta*, or escort, does or did convoy the caravan of passengers. Their hour of starting should be learnt at the steamer office. The first step in Andalucia is a sample of the country. Recently some improvements have been made, but for years past the roads, *ventas*, dangers, and discomforts in this neighbourhood of rich towns were proverbial; and this in spite of the wine traffic, and the wants and wishes of the many foreign settlers and merchants. The native, like the Turk, despised them and their civilization alike.

The diligence reaches *S^a. Lucar*, having passed through the *Isla* and made the circuit of the bay, a route interesting only to crab-fanciers and salt-refiners. The country vegetation and climate are tropical. Between the Puerto and *S^a. Lucar* the traveller will remember the Oriental ploughings of Elijah, when he sees twenty and more yoke of oxen labouring in the same field (1 Kings xix. 19).

S^a. Lucar de Barrameda, *Luciferi Fanum*, rises amid a treeless, sandy,

undulating country, on the l. bank of the Guadalquivir. It was taken from the Moors in 1264, and granted by Sancho el Bravo to Guzman el Bueno (Tarifa, p. 225). The importance of the transatlantic trade induced Philip IV., in 1645, to resume the city, and make it the residence of the captain-general of Andalucia. Visit the English Hospital of St. George, which Godoy plundered. From Sⁿ. Lucar, Fernando Magallanes embarked, Aug. 10, 1519, on the first circumnavigation of the world: the Victoria was the only ship which returned, Sept. 8, 1522, Fernando having been killed, like Captain Cook, by some savages in the Philippine Islands. Now Sⁿ. Lucar is an ill-paved, dull, decaying place. Popⁿ. 16,000. The best inn is the *Fonda del Comercio*; the best café is *El de Oro*, on the Plazuela. The *majo* tailors are good; Juan Hoy, Pablo Mesa, and Vicente Tarnilla are the best. Sⁿ. Lucar exists by its wine trade, and is the mart of the inferior and adulterated vintages which are foisted off in England as sherries. The *mansanilla* wine is excellent and very cheap; the name describes its peculiar light *camomile* flavour, which is the true derivation, for it has nothing to do with the town Mansanilla on the opposite side of the river. It is of a delicate pale straw colour, and is extremely wholesome; it strengthens the stomach, without heating or inebriating like sherry. The Andalucians are passionately fond of it. The want of alcohol enables them to drink more of it than of the stronger sherries; while the dry quality acts as a tonic during the relaxing heats. It may be compared to the ancient Lesbian, which Horace quaffed in the cool shade:—

“Hic *innocentis* pocula Lesbii
Duces sub umbrâ.”

This mansanilla, mixed with iced water, and still better with *Agraz*, is an excellent companion to the cigar. The *Alpistera* biscuit is the real thing to eat with it. Make it thus: to one pound

of fine flour (mind that it is dry) add half a pound of double-refined, well-sifted, pounded white sugar, the yolks and whites of four very fresh eggs, well beaten together; work the mixture up into a paste; roll it out very thin; cut it into squares about half the size of this page; cut it into strips, so that the paste should look like a hand with fingers; then dislocate the strips, and dip them in hot melted fine lard, until crisp and of a delicate pale brown; the more the strips are curled up and twisted the better; the *alpistera* should look like bunches of ribbons; powder them over with fine white sugar. Excellent *mansanilla* is to be procured in London, at Messrs. Gorman and Co.'s, 16, Mark Lane. Drink it, ye dyspeptics!

The climate of Sⁿ. Lucar is extremely hot: here was established, in 1806, the botanical Garden de *Acclimatacion*, in order to acclimatize S. American and African animals and plants: it was arranged by Bontelou and Rojas Clemente, two able gardeners and naturalists, and was in high order in 1808, when the downfall of Godoy, the founder, entailed its destruction. The populace rushed in, killed the animals, tore up the plants, and pulled down the buildings, because the work of a hated pasha. The vengeance of the Spaniard is Oriental; it never forgives or forgets; it is blind even to its own interests, retaliating against persons and their works even when of public utility.

Sⁿ. Lucar is no longer the point of embarkation. It is now about a mile up the river at *Bonanza*, so called from a hermitage, *Luciferi fanum*, erected by the S. American Company at Seville to N^a. S^a. de Bonanza, or our Lady of fine weather, as the Pagans did to Venus—sic te Diva potens Cypri. Here is established a *Dogana*, where packs of hungry tide and bribe-waiters examine luggage and look out for *pesetas*. The district between Bonanza and Sⁿ. Lucar is called *Algaida*, an Arabic word meaning a deserted waste, and such truly it is:

the sandy hillocks are clothed with aromatic brushwood, dreary pines, and wild grapes. Here the botanist may fill his vasculum. The view over the flat *marisma*, with its swamps and shifting sands, *arenas voladeras*, is truly desert-like, and a fit home of birds and beasts of prey, hawks, stoats, robbers, and custom-house officers. M. Fénélon, in his 'Télémaque' (lib. viii.), describes these localities as the Elysian Fields, and peoples the happy valleys with patriarchs and respectable burgesses.

We now embark on the river for Seville, which is distant about 80 miles. The voyage is usually performed in six to eight hours, and in less when returning down stream :

La Puebla	14½ L.
Coria	2
Gelbes	½
San Juan de Alfarche	½

The smoke of the steamer and actual inspection of the localities discharges the poetry and illusion of the far-famed and much over-rated Bætis of classical and modern romance. This river is thus apostrophised by poets—

" Betis de olivas y flores coronado,
Que en amorosa y placida corriente
Tu liquido cristal al occidente
Llevas de hermosas ninfas rodeado."

"Thou Bætis, crowned with flowers and olives, and girdled by beauteous nymphs, waftest thy liquid crystal to the west, in a placid amorous current." Andalusians seldom spare fine words, when speaking of themselves or their country; but the Bætis, in sober reality and prose, is here dull and dirty as the Thames at Sheerness, and its Paradise as unpicturesque as "the Flats" or the "Isle of Dogs." The turbid stream slowly eats its way through an alluvial level, which is given up to herds of cattle and aquatic fowls: nothing can be more dreary: no white sails enliven the silent river, no villages cheer the desert steppes; here and there a *choza* or hut offers refuge from the noon-tide sun. This riverain tract is called *La Marisma*, and in its

swamps ague and fever are perpetual. These fertile plains, favourable to animal and vegetable life, are fatal to man: the miserable peasantry look like those on the Pontine marshes, yellow skeletons when compared to their fat kine. Here in the glare of summer the mirage of the desert are complete, and mock the thirsty sportsman. On the r. hand, in the distance, rise the mountains of Ronda. The Guadalquivir is the "great river," the *Wáda-l-Kebir* or *Wáda-l-'adhem* of the Moors, and traverses Andalusia from E. to W. The Iberian name was Certis (Livy xxviii. 16), which the Romans changed into Bætis, a word, according to S^a. Teresa, who understood unknown tongues (see Avila), derived from Bæth, "blessedness;" but she had revelations which were denied to ordinary mortals, geographers like Rennell, or philologists like Humboldt and Bochart, who suspects (Can. i. chap. 34) the origin to be *Lebitsin* ad Paludes, the number of swamps with which the Bætis terminates, *Libystino lacu* of Fest Avienus (Or. Mar. 289). The Zincali, or Spanish gipsies, call it *Len Baro*, the "great river." It rises in La Mancha, about 10 L. N. of Almaraz, and being joined by the Guadalimar, flows down to Ecija, where it receives the Genil and the waters of the basin of Granada: the affluents are numerous; they come down from the mountain-valleys on each side. Under the ancients and Moors it was navigable to Cordova, thus forming a portavena to that district, which overflows with oil, corn, and wine. Under the Spanish misgovernment, these advantages were lost, and now small craft alone with difficulty reach Seville. Soult proposed to re-open the navigation to Cordova; and in 1820 a Spanish company, following up the hint, was formed, which prepared admirable plans *on paper*, and a tax laid on tonnage of shipping to carry them out. The money is levied of course, and spent by the commissioners on their own benefit; however, recently some show

of moving has been made. The river below Seville has branched off, forming two unequal islands, *La Isla Mayor* and *Menor*. The former was the Kaptal of the Moors, and Captel of old Spanish books: this the company have cultivated, and have also cut a canal through the *Isla Menor*, called *La Cortadura*, by which 3 L. of winding river are saved. Foreign vessels are generally moored here, and their cargoes are conveyed up and down in barges, whereby smuggling is admirably facilitated by the custom-house officers. At *Coria* are made the enormous earthenware jars in which oil and olives are kept: these *tinajas* are the precise *amphoræ* of the ancients. The river now winds under the Moorish *Hisnu-l-faraj*, or the "Castle of the Cleft," now called *Sⁿ. Juan de Alfarrache*; and then turns to the r., and skirting the pleasant public walk stops near the *Torre del Oro*, gilded with the setting sun, and darkened by custom-house officers and receivers of the odious *derecho de puertas*.

ROUTE III.—CADIZ TO SEVILLE,
BY LAND.

S ⁿ . Fernando	2½	
Puerto real	2 ..	4½
Puerto de S ^a . Maria	2 ..	6½
Xerez	2 ..	8½
V ^a . del Cuervo	3½ ..	12
F ^a . de la Viscaina	1 ..	13
Torres de Alcaz	2½ ..	15½
Utrera	3½ ..	19
Alcalá de Guadaira	2 ..	21
Sevilla	2 ..	23

This is a portion of the high road from Cadiz to Madrid; the whole distance is 108½ L. The Carsi y Ferrer diligences are the best, as all expenses are included in the fare. N.B. Buy the 'Manual' by Antonio Gutierrez Gonzalez. There is some talk of a railroad, but *festina lente* is a Spanish state axiom. The journey is uninteresting, and often dangerous: leaving Xerez the lonely road across the plains skirts the spurs of the Ronda mountains, which always have been infested with *mala gente*, Moron being generally the head-

quarters of some *ladrones*. Here the renowned Jose Maria ruled absolutely nearly ten years (see Quar. Rev. cxxii. 378), in the same localities and after the same fashion as his prototype Omar Ibn Háfssun did under the Moors (see Moh. D., i. 186; ii. 130-401). Smuggling and the mountain country favour these wild weeds of the rank soil; as soon as one is put down, two spring up: primo avulso non deficit alter, *aureus: Un tal Navarro* now rules in Jose Maria's stead.

The best plan of route from Cadiz to Seville is to cross over to the Puerto by steam and take a *calesa* to Xerez, paying one dollar: the drive is pleasant, and the view from the intervening ridge, *La buena vista*, is worthy of its name; the panorama of the bay of Cadiz is a perfect *belvedere*. From Xerez drive in a *calesa* to Bonanza, about 3 L. of wearisome road, and there rejoin the steamer. The inns at Xerez are bad: that of *San Dionisio*, on the Plaza, is only tolerable. The *caleseros* and *arrieros* usually put up at *La Pda. de Consolacion*; but small comfort is there. The diligence *Parador* is better.

Xerez de la Frontera, or *Jerez*—for now it is the fashion to spell all those Moorish or German guttural words, where an X or G is prefixed to an open vowel, with a J: e. g., Jimenez, for Ximenez, Jorge for Gorge, &c.—is called of the frontier, to distinguish it from *Jerez de los Caballeros*, in Estremadura. It was called by the Moors *Sherish Filistin*, because allotted to a tribe of Philistines. The new settlers from the East preserved the names of their old homes, and their hatred of neighbours. It rises amid vine-clad slopes, with its white-washed Moorish towers, blue-domed *Colegiata*, and huge *Bodegas*, or wine-stores, looking like pent-houses for men-of-war at Chatham. It is supposed by some to have been the ancient *Asta regia Cæsariana*. Some mutilated sculpture exists in the *Ce. de Bizcocheros* and *Ce. de los Idolos*, for the Xeresanos

call the old graven images of the Pagans, *idols*, while they bow down to new *sagradas imagenes* in their own churches. Xerez is a straggling, ill-built, ill-drained, Moorish city, with a popⁿ. of 32,000. Part of the original walls and gates remain in the old town: the suburbs are more regular, and here the wealthy wine-merchants reside. Xerez was taken from the Moors, in 1264, by Alonzo the learned. The Alcazar, near the public walk, is very perfect. It belongs to the Duque de Sⁿ. Lorenzo, on the condition that he cedes it to the king whenever he is at Xerez. Observe the Berruguete façade of the *Casas de Cabildo*, erected in 1575, the façade of the churches of Santiago and Sⁿ. Miguel, especially the Ret^o., and Gothic details of the latter. The *Colegiata*, begun in 1695, is vile churrigueresque; the architect did not by accident stumble on one sound rule, or deviate into the commonest sense. The legends and antiquities of Xerez are described in '*Los Santos de Xerez*,' 4to., Seville, 1671. Xerez is renowned for its *Majos*; but they are considered of a low caste, *muy-cruos*, *crudos*, raw, when compared to the *Majo fino*, the *muy cocio-cocido*, the boiled, the well-done of Seville. These phrases are as old as Martial, "nunquam sic ego *crudus* ero" (iii. 13). A double-done attorney he calls "*scriba recoctus*." The *Majo Xerezano* is seen in all his flash glory at the fair times, May 1 and Aug. 15. He is a great bull-fighter, and a fine new Plaza has recently been built here. His *requiebros* are, however, over-flavoured with *sal Andaluca*, and his *jaleos* and jokes rather practical: *Burlas de manos*, *burlas de Xerezanos*. The quantity of wine is supposed to make these *valientes* more boisterous, and occasionally ferocious, than those of all other Andalusians: "for all this *valour*," as Falstaff says, "comes of sherris." They are great sportsmen, and the shooting in the *Marisma* is first-rate. Parties are made, who go for weeks to the *Coto de Da. Aña* and *del Rey* (see p. 106).

The growth of wine amounts to some 400,000 or 500,000 *arrobas* annually. The *arroba* is a Moorish name and measure: it is a quarter of a hundred: 30 *arrobas* go to a *bota*, or butt, of which from 8000 to 10,000 of really fine are annually exported. This wine was first known in England about the time of our Henry VII. It became popular under Elizabeth, when those who under Essex sacked Cadiz brought home the fashion of good "sherris sack." The wine is still called on the spot "*Seco*," whence some, who see Greek etymologies in Spanish names, derive Xerez from *Enpos*, dry. The word in old English authors was spelt "Seck," and in French "*Sec*," and was used in contradistinction to the *sweet malvoises* and *pajaretos* of Xerez. The Spaniards scarcely know sherry beyond its immediate vicinity. More is drunk at Gibraltar, as the red faces of the red coats evince, than in Madrid, Toledo, Salamanca, and Valladolid. Sherry is, in fact, a foreign wine, and made and drunk by foreigners; nor do the generality of Spaniards like its strength, and still less its high price. Thus, even at Granada, it is sold as a liqueur. At Seville, in the best houses, one glass only is handed round, just as only one glass of Greek wine was in the house of the father of even Lucullus (Plin., 'N. H.' xiv. 14). This is the *golpe medico*, the *chasse*. This wine is also called "*vino generoso*," like the "*generosum*" of Horace. The first class is the "*Vino seco, fino, oloroso y generoso*." It is very dear, and costs half a dollar a bottle on the spot. Pure genuine sherry, from ten to twelve years old, is worth from 50 to 80 guineas per butt, in the *bodega*, and when freight, insurance, duty, and charges are added, will stand the importer from 100 to 130 guineas in his cellar. A butt will run from 108 to 112 gallons, and the duty is 5s. 6d. per gallon. Such a butt will bottle about 52 dozen. The reader will now appreciate the bargains of those "pale" and "golden sherries" advertised at

"36s. the dozen, bottles included." They are *maris expers*, although much indebted to Thames water, Cape wine, French brandy, and Devonshire cider.

The excellence of sherry wines is owing to the extreme care and scientific methods introduced by foreigners, who are chiefly French and Scotch. The Spaniard also has been at last forced by competition to depart from the contented ignorance of his ancestors and the rude methods practised elsewhere. The great houses are Domecq, Haurie, Pemartin, Gordon, Garvey, Bermudez, Beigbeder. The house of Beigbeder belongs to Mr. John David Gordon, English Vice-Consul, a gentleman whose high character, hospitality, and wines, have long won him golden opinions. Of course the traveller will visit a *Bodega*: this, the Roman *horrea*, the wine-store or apotheca, is always above ground, unlike our cellars. The interior is deliciously cool and subdued, as the heat and glare outside are carefully excluded; here thousands of butts are piled up during the rearing and maturing processes. Sherry is a purely artificial wine, and when perfect is made up from many different butts: the "entire" is in truth the result of Xerez grapes, but of many sorts and varieties of flavour. Thus one barrel corrects another, by addition or subtraction, until the proposed standard aggregate is produced. All this is managed by the *Capataz* or head man, who is usually a *Montaños* from the Asturian mountains, and often becomes the real master of his nominal masters, whom he cheats, as well as the grower. Some make large fortunes: thus Juan Sanchez died recently worth 300,000*l*. The *Capataz* passes this life of probation in tasting: he goes round the butts, marking each according to its character, correcting and improving at every successive visit—"omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci." The whole system is cheerfully explained, as there is no mystery; nor, provided a satisfactory beverage be produced,

can it much signify whether the process be natural or artificial: all champagne, to a certain degree, is a manufacture.

The *callida junctura* ought to unite fulness of body, a nutty flavour and aroma, dryness, absence from acidity, strength, spirituousity, and durability. Very little brandy is necessary: the vivifying power of the unstinted sun of Andalucia imparts sufficient alcohol: this ranges from 20 to 23 per cent. in fine sherries, and only 12 in clarets and champagnes. In the case of sherry the explanatory lecture is long, and is illustrated by experiments. The professor is armed with a piece of hollow cane tied to the end of a stick, which he dips into each butt; he is followed by a sandalled Ganymede with glasses; every moment it is *echamos una cañita*; every cask is tasted, from the raw young wine to the mature golden fluid, from *vino de color*, *vino devuelto*, *oloroso fino*, *añejo solera*, *amontillado pasado*, up to *seco reañojo*. Those who are not stupified by drink come out much edified. The student should hold hard during the *first* samples, for the best wine is reserved for the last, the qualities ascending in a vinous climax; reverse therefore the order, and begin with the best while the palate is fresh and the judgment sober. The varieties of grape and soil are carefully described in the '*Ensayo sobre las variedades de la Vid en Andalucia*,' Simon Rojas Clemente, 4to., Mad., 1807, an excellent work; also in the '*Memorias sobre el Cultivo de la Vid*,' Esteban Boutelou, 4to., Mad., 1807: both these authors were employed in the garden of *aclimatacion* at San Lucar. Suffice it briefly to observe, that the best soil, the *albariza*, is composed of carbonate of lime, silex, clay, and magnesia. The vineyards, *cotos*, have a peculiar look: they are fenced in with canes, *cañas*, the *arundo donax*, or with the aloë: they are watched carefully when ripening, being liable to be eaten by men and dogs—*Niñas y viñas son mal a guardar*. The

primest vineyard of the Xerez district belongs chiefly to the Domecq firm, and is called the Machamudo; the Corrascal, Barliana alta y baja, Los Tercios, Cruz del Husillo, Añina, Sⁿ. Julian, Mochiele, and Carraola, are also deservedly celebrated, and their produce fetches high prices. There are nearly 100 varieties of grapes, of which the Listan or Palomina blanca is the best. The greatest care is used in the vintage: when the grapes are put into vats, layers of gypsum are introduced, an ancient African custom (Pliny, 'N. H.,' xiv. 19). "There's lime in this sack," says Falstaff. The fine produce is called *fino*, the coarser *basto*; this latter is sent to Hamburgh and America, or is used at San Lucar in manufacturing cheap sherries neat as imported. To give an idea of the extent of the growing traffic, in 1842 25,096 butts were exported from these districts, and 29,313 in 1843. Now as the vineyards remain precisely the same, probably some portion of these additional 4217 butts may not be quite the genuine produce of the Xerez grape: in truth the ruin of Sherry wines has commenced; numbers of second-rate houses have sprung up, which look to quantity, not quality. Many thousand butts of bad Niebla wine are thus palmed off on the enlightened British public after being well brandied and doctored; thus a conventional notion of sherry is formed, to the ruin of the real thing; for even respectable houses are forced to fabricate their wines so as to suit the depraved taste of their consumers, as is done with pure clarets at Bordeaux, which are charged with Hermitages and Benicarló. Thus delicate idiosyncratic flavour is lost, while headache and dyspepsia are imported; but there is a fashion in wines as in physicians. Formerly Madeira was the vinous panacea, until the increased demand induced disreputable traders to deteriorate the article, which in the reaction became dishonoured. Then sherry was resorted to as a more honest and wholesome beverage. Now its

period of decline is hastening from the same causes, and the average produce is becoming inferior, to end in disrepute. Fine, pure old sherry is of a rich brown colour. The new raw wines are paler; in order to flatter the tastes of some English, "pale old sherry" must be had, and the colour is chemically discharged at the expense of the delicate aroma. There are many varieties of wine: that which once was almost accidental, a *lusus Bacchi*, the *amontillado*, is so called from a peculiar, bitter-almond, dry flavour, somewhat like the wines of Montilla, near Cordova: it is much sought after, and is dear, as it is used in enriching poorer and sweetish wines. Formerly about 5 per cent. of fine wines might be calculated on as running *amontillado*, by the secret processes of nature unaided by and independent of art: now it is whispered that the same results can be produced by artificial means. Another artificial mixture, called *madre vino*, is made by reducing wines, by boiling, into a decoction; with this inspissated stuff younger wines are reared as by mother's milk: a butt of this, when very old, sometimes is worth 500*l.*, and it is almost as strong as brandy.

The sweet wines of the sherry grape are delicious. The best are the Moscadel, the Pedro Jimenez, so called from a German vine-grower, and the Pajarete; this term has nothing to do with the *pajaros*, or birds which pick the most luscious grapes, but simply is the name of the village, the *pago*, *pagareto*, where it was first made.

In order to dissipate the fumes of all these delectable drinks, the traveller may visit the *Cartuja* convent, about 2 miles to the E. This once magnificent pile is now desecrated. The finest of the Zurbaran pictures are now in the Louvre, having been bought by Louis Philippe; some few others, the refuse, are in the Museo at Cadiz. It was founded in 1477 by Alvaro Obertos de Valeto, whose bronze figure in armour was engraved before the high altar: Andres de Ribera, in

the time of Philip II., added the Doric *Herrera* portal: the more modern façade is very bad. This Cartuja was once very rich in excellent vineyards, and possessed the celebrated breeding-grounds of Andalusian horses. The decree of suppression, in 1836, destroyed, at one fell swoop, both monk and animal. The establishments have been broken up, and the system ruined. The loss of the horses will long be felt, when that of the friars is forgotten. Here, in the indiscriminate suppression, the good and bad have been scheduled away together.

Below the Cartuja rolls the Guadalete. A small hill, called *el real de Don Rodrigo*, marks the head-quarters of the last of the Goths: here the battle was terminated which put an end to his dynasty (see p. 223). Lower down is *el Portal*, the port of Xerez, whence the sherries are embarked for *el Puerto*.

The Guadalete, from the terminating syllables, has been connected, by those who prefer sound to sense, with the *Lethe* of the ancients. That, however, is the Limia, near Viana, in Portugal, and obtained its oblivious reputation because the Spanish army, their leader being killed, forgot on its banks the object of the campaign, and disbanded most orientally each man to "his own home."

The Limæa, or Limia, was the furthest point to which Brutus advanced: his troops trembled, fearing that they should forget their absent wives. Florus (ii. 17. 12) records this unmilitary fear. Strabo (iii. 229) observes that some called the Limia Βελιῶνα, which Casaubon happily amends οβλιονιῶνος, the Fluvius Oblivionis of Pliny, Mela, and Livy. The Roman name of the Guadalete was Chrysos, and golden is the grape which grows on its banks: it is that fluid, and not what flows between them, which erases from bad husbands' memories their absent dames. The name Chrysos is said to have been changed by the victorious Moors into *Wad-el-leded*, *El río de deleite*, the river of delight (E. S. ix. 53); but this is

a very doubtful etymology, and the Moorish name really was *Wada-lekah*. A wild bridle-road through Arcos communicates with Ronda (see R. xviii.).

The *Camino real*, on leaving Xerez, skirts along a dreary waste, *La Llanura de Caulina*; it is well provided with bridges, by which the many streams descending from the mountains to the r. are crossed.

Utrera, *Utrícula*, during the Moorish struggle, was the refuge of the agriculturists who fled from the Spanish *talas*, and border forays. It is inhabited by rich farmers, who rent the estate around: vast flocks are bred in these plains, and those fierce bulls are renowned in the Plaza. Popⁿ. 6500. The streets are kept clean by running streams; the *Posada* is decent. Utrera, in a military point, is of much importance. The high road from Madrid to Cadiz makes an angle to reach Seville: this can be avoided by marching from Ecija direct through Arahal. The *Parroquia* has a Berruguete portal. The saints of Utrera have long rivalled the bulls: the Virgen at the *Convento de Minimos*, outside the town, N.E., is the Palladium of the ploughmen. There is a short bridle-road to Seville, by which Alcalá is avoided and left to the r. Consult '*Epilogo de Utrera*,' Roman Melendez, 4to. Sevilla, 1730.

Alcalá de Guadaira, Alcalá, the "castle of the river Aira," was the Punic Hienippa, a "place of many springs." It is also called *de los Panaderos*, "of the bakers," for it has long been the oven of Seville: bread is the staff of its existence, and samples abound. *Roscas*, a circular-formed *rusk*, are hung up like garlands, and *hogazas*, loaves, placed on tables outside the houses. "Panis hic longè pulcherri-mus;" it is, indeed, as Spaniards say, *Pan de Dios*—the "angels' bread of Esdras." Spanish bread was esteemed by the Romans for its lightness (Plin. 'N.H.' xviii. 7). All classes here gain their bread by making it, and the water-mills and mule-mills, or *atahonas*, are

never still; women and children are busy picking out earthy particles from the grain which get mixed, from the common mode of threshing on a floor in the open air—the *era*, or Roman area. The corn is very carefully ground, and the flour passed through several hoppers in order to secure its fineness. Visit a large bakehouse, and observe the care with which the dough is kneaded. It is worked and re-worked, as is done by our biscuit-makers: hence the close-grained caky consistency of the crumb. The bread is taken into Seville early every morning. Alcalá is proverbial for salubrity: it always escapes the plagues which so often have desolated Seville; it is freshened by the pure Ronda breezes, and the air is rarefied by the many ovens. There is a tolerable *posada*. Of course, all travellers will make an excursion to this place from Seville, and spend a day. They will meet with every kindness from our valued friend Mr. Williams, the English vice-consul, who has here large olive-farms: for local information consult the '*Memorias Historicas de Alcalá*;' Leandro Jose de Flores, Du^o. Sevilla, 1833-4.

The castle is one of the finest Moorish specimens in Spain: it was the land-key of Seville. It surrendered Sept. 21, 1246, to St. Ferd., the garrison having "*fraternised*" with Ibn-l'Ahmar, the petty king of Jaen, who was aiding the Christians against the Sevillians, for internal divisions and local hatreds have always been the causes of weakness of unamalgamating Spain.

The Moorish city lay under the castle, and no longer exists. A small mosque, now dedicated to *Sⁿ. Miguel*, on whose day the place was taken, remains; this was made a barrack by the French. Observe the *tapia* walls, the subterranean corn granaries, *masmoras*, the cisterns, *algibes*, the inner keep, and the huge donjon tower, *la torre mocha*. The river below makes a pretty sweep round the rocky base; long lines of walls run down, following the slopes of the irregular ground.

In the town observe the pictures in *Sⁿ. Sebastian* by Fr^o. Pacheco, father-in-law to Velazquez, and also a "Purgatory" by him in the church of Santiago. In the convent *de las monjas* is a Retablo with six small bas-reliefs by Montañes. The "*S^a. Clara receiving the Sacrament*" is the best; his small works are rare and beautiful.

Alcalá, the "city of springs," supplies temperate Seville with bread and water, prison or Iberian fare. The alembic hill is perforated with tunnels; some are 2 L. in length: the line of these underground canals may be traced on the outsides of the hill by the *lumberas louveres*, or ventilators: visit the *Molino de la Mina*, whence Pedro de Ponce Leon, in 1681, took the title of marquis. The excavations in the bowels of the rock are most picturesque; and no crystal can be clearer than the streams; some of these works are supposed to be Roman, but the greater part are Moorish; the collected fluid is carried to Seville by an aqueduct, the first part in a brick *cañeria*. The Roman works were completely restored in 1172 by Jusuf Abu Jacob (Conde, ii. 380): all was permitted to go to decay under the Spaniards; the coping was broken in, and the water became turbid and unwholesome. Don Jose Manuel de Arjona, *Asistente* of Seville, and its great improver, in 1828 set apart about 40,000 dollars from a tax on meat, for the restoration of this supply of vital importance to an almost tropical city. The ready money was seized upon, in 1830, by the needy Madrid government, and spent in putting down Mina's rebellion after the three *glorious* days at Paris: thus a mere rebound sufficed to overturn the fragile fabric of good intentions and individual expedients. The aqueduct, on approaching Seville, is carried in on arches, called "*Caños de Carmona*," because running along the road leading to that city.

The valley of the *Guadaira* above Alcalá should be visited by the artist, to see the Moorish mills and towers

which Murillo and Iriarte sketched, and below by the sportsmen : the flats between Alcalá and Seville to the l. of the high-road are full of snipes and wild-fowl in winter.

Leaving Alcalá, the noble causeway winds gently round the hill, hanging over the river. In the plains below, amid orange and olive-groves, rise the sun-gilt towers of stately Seville. The Moorish Giralda is pre-eminently the emphatic point. To the r. of the road, about 2 miles from Seville, is the *Mesa del Rey*, a square stone table on which the bodies of criminals are quartered, "a pretty dish to set before a king;" this is an Arabic custom; such a table exists at Cairo (Lane, i. 332). Next, we reach *La Cruz del Campo*, in an open Moorish-looking temple, but erected in 1482. It is also called *el Humilladero*: here travellers used to kneel, and thank the Virgin and Santiago for safe arrival at their journey's end, having escaped the pains and perils of Spanish travel; now both these dangers and their piety are much decreased.

The bridle-road from Xerez to Seville is much shorter than the circuit made by the diligence; it crosses the plains, but is scarcely carriageable except in summer.

ROUTE IV.—XEREZ TO SEVILLE.

Lebrija	5
Cabezas de Sn. Juan	2 .. 7
A los Palacios	3 .. 10
Sevilla	4 .. 14

An uninteresting ride over the Marisma leads to Lebrija, placed on a slight eminence, with a decent *posada*. This is the ancient Nebrissa-Veneria, according to Pliny ('N. H.,' iii. 1); others read Venaria, and connect it with the huntings of the Nimrod Bacchus and his wines (Sil. Ital. iii. 393). Bochart derives the name from the Punic *Nae-Pritza*, a "land of overflowing," to which these riverain flats are subject. Here was born the great grammarian and restorer of letters in Spain, Antonio Cala Jarana del Ojo. Observe *La Mariquita del Marmolejo*,

a headless Roman statue, now the little marble Mary, and the *Reto.* of the Parroquia, with some of the earliest carvings of Alonzo Cano, 1630-36, especially the Virgin and Child, the St. Peter and St. Paul. Leaving Lebrija, the plains become more monotonous. Of *Cabezas de Sn. Juan*, a miserable hamlet, the proverb says, *No se hace nada en el consejo del rey sin Cabezas*. To judge the results of the councils and juntas of Madrid, the cabinet has too often been selected from this wrong-headed village. Cabezas was one of the first places which responded to the cry of Riego, for which he was hanged, and so many others lost their heads on the scaffold. Before arriving at *Los Palacios*, is a long-ruined Roman and Moorish causeway, *La alcanterilla*, raised on account of the inundations above the level of the Marisma, and now half dilapidated. *Los Palacios* are anything now but palaces, but pride and grandiloquence conceal absolute beggary under imposing names; so their exiled Spanish Jews in W. Barbary call their wretched hovels *Palacios*.

ROUTE V.—SAN LUCAR TO AYAMONTE.

Torre de Solavar	2
Torre de Carboneros	1 .. 3
De la Higuera	2 .. 5
Del Oro	3 .. 8
Moguer	3 .. 11
Huelva	1 .. 12
Alfaraque	1 .. 13
Cartaya	2 .. 15
Lepe	1 .. 16
Redondela	1 .. 17
Ayamonte	3 .. 20

It remains to describe, as shortly as possible, the dreary district which lies on the r. bank of the Gaudalquivir, and which extends to the Guadiana and the Portuguese frontier. This is called the *Marisma* or marsh district, and the *Condado*, or county of Niebla: let none go there except driven by dire necessity, or on a sporting excursion.

There is constant communication by water in picturesque *Misticos*; those who go by land must ride. The accommodations are everywhere wretched;

attend, therefore, to our preliminary remarks; nothing of comfort will be found but what the provident wayfarer brings with him. The wide plains are almost uninhabited and uncultivated. The inherent fertility of the soil is evidenced by the superb stone-pines and fig-trees. The coast-road is guarded by *Atalayas*, or "watch-towers," Arabicè *Taliah*, from *taláa*, to ascend: they are of remote antiquity. The coasts of Spain have always been exposed to piratical descents from Africa. The descendants of the Carthaginians never forgot their dispossession by the Romans. The Berber Moors recovered the country of their Oriental forefathers, and their descendants, dispossessed by the Spaniards, remember Spain, which they still consider their rightful property.

Hannibal built so many of these *atalayas* from Cadiz to Saguntum that they went by his name, "turres speculas Hannibalis" (Plin. 'N. H.' ii. 71); Cæsar followed his example (Hirt. 'B. H.' 7); from these, signals were made by fire at night, by smoke by day. These were the "sign of fire" (Jer. vi. 1), the *φρυκτοί* of Thucyd. (iii. 22), and see Polyb. (x. 43, 45), and the magnificent lines of Æschylus (Ag. 291). Pliny describes these "ignes prænunciativos" as used "propter piraticos terrores." Charles V. repaired these martello towers when threatened by the invasions of Barbarossa. Thus they have occupied the same sites, and testify the continuance of fears of unchanged Iberia, whether Carthaginian, Roman, Moorish, Gothic, or Spanish; many are very picturesque, perched on headlands and eminences; they stand forth on the blue sky, like lonely sentinels and monuments of the dangers of this ever-troubled land. They now form the lair of preventive service guards, who eke out their miserable and unpaid salary by worrying honest travellers until bribed, and by facilitating smugglers.

The *atalayas* are generally built in *tapia*, a sort of African or Phœnician

concrete, introduced with the system of the towers themselves, and like them continued unchanged in the cognate lands of Spain and Barbary. The component mixture, stones, mortar, and rubble, are placed moist in a moveable frame of wood held together by bolts; it is then rammed down, the bolts withdrawn, and moved onwards or upwards as the case requires; hence the Romans called them "*parietes formacei*" (Pliny, 'N. H.' xxxv. 14), walls made in frames; he particularly describes those of Spain, and notices their indestructibility; they in fact become solid masses, fossils. The Goths continued the practice, calling the method "*formatum*." The word *tapia* is Arabic; it is still called *tobi* in Egypt, and signifies an earthen wall, Devonice, *Cob*. These walls continue to be now built in Andalucia and Barbary after the same ancient method (see Quart. Rev. cxvi. 537, for the learning and practice).

Moquer—Lontigi Alontigi—stands on the Rio Tinto, and traffics in wine and fruit; the town and castle are much dilapidated; below it is the port, *Palos*, Palus Etreplaca. Visit the Franciscan convent *Sa. Maria Rábida*, a Moorish name so common in Spain, and signifying "frontier or exposed situations," *Rábbitah*, Rebath, which were defended by the *Rábitos*; these were the Marabitins, the Morabitos, the Almorabides of Conde, a sort of Ghilzee, a half fanatic soldier-monk, from whom the Spaniards borrowed their knights of Santiago.

This convent, now going to ruin, but which ought to have been preserved as a national memorial, has given shelter to those great men whom Spain could once produce. Here, in 1484, Columbus, craving charity, was received with his little boy by the Prior Juan Perez de Marchena. This monk, when the wisest kings and councils had rejected as visionary the scheme of the discovery of the New World, alone had the wit to see its probability, the courage to advocate the plan, and the

power to prepare the experiment. He must indeed share in the glory of the discovery of America, for to his influence alone with Isabella was his protégé Columbus enabled to sail on his expedition. The armament consisted of 2 caravels, or light vessels without decks, and a third of larger burden; 120 persons embarked and started "on the 3d of Aug. 1492, from this port of Palos, and bidding adieu to the Old World, launched forth on that unfathomed waste of waters, where no sail had ever been spread before" (Prescott, ii. 214). Columbus was accompanied by some adventurers of the name of Pinzon, a family not yet extinct in these localities; and to this very port, on March 15, 1493, seven months and eleven days afterwards, did he return, having realized his grand conception, conferred a new world on his sovereigns, and earned immortality for himself, services soon to be repaid by breach of faith and ingratitude. At Palos, again, Cortes landed in May, 1528, after the conquest of Mexico, and also found shelter in the same convent-walls, where Columbus had lodged on his return 35 years before, and like him to be also slighted and ill-repaid. By a strange coincidence, Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru, was also at Palos at this moment, commencing that career of conquest, bloodshed, and spoliation, which Cortes was about to close. Pizarro was assassinated: thus the Kalif of Damascus caused Abdul-a-ziz to be murdered, and then rewarded with disgrace Musa and Tarik, to whom he owed the conquest of Spain; all this is truly Oriental and Spanish, where men raised up by the sport of fortune, burst like rockets when at their highest elevation, and fall like Lucifer never to rise again. The Americans Prescott and Washington Irving have, with singular grace and propriety, illustrated the age of Ferdinand and Isabella, when their country was discovered. For the best works on its early history, consult catalogue published by Mr. Rich, in London, 1832;

or in the '*Bibliothèque Américaine*,' by M. Ternaux, Paris, 1837. The latter, like the Ternaux shawls, is an imitation of the real Cashmere of the former. Palos now is a poor fishing-port, a thing of decrepid Spain, and well has Mr. Barron Field, in his '*Spanish Sketches*,' which we trust will not always remain printed for private distribution, contrasted—

— "these anchored fish-boats with
the docks [marked
Of Liverpool—those moving groves, and
The difference between the sorrowing sower
And joyful reaper, how one nation strews,
Another gathers!"]

Huelva, Onuba, stands on the confluence of the Odiel and Tinto: it is a seaport, and the capital of its province; popⁿ. 7000: it is a busy tunny-fishing town, and in constant communication with Portugal, Cadiz, and Seville, sending much fruit to the latter places. Some antiquaries read in the word *Onuba*, "abundance of grape bunches." Astarloa prefers the Basque, and translates *Wuelba*, as a "hill placed under a height." The water is delicious. The vestiges of a Roman aqueduct are fast disappearing, having long served as a quarry to the boorish cultivators.

Huelva is 16 L. from Seville; the road is merely bridle. The chief traffic is carried on by passage-boats, which navigate the Guadalquivir. The land route is as follows:

San Juan del Puerto	. 2	
Niebla 2	.. 4
Villarasa 2	.. 6
La Palma 1	.. 7
Manzanilla 2	.. 9
San Lucar la Mayor	. 4	.. 13
Sevilla 3	.. 16

The country is uninteresting, although of extraordinary fertility in oil, wine, fruit, and grain. Niebla has been already described.

Continuing R. v., after leaving Huelva and crossing the Odiel is *Lepe*, Leppa, near the Rio de Piedra: it is a poor town in a rich district; the popⁿ., some 3000, are fishermen and smugglers. Lepe furnished the Lon-

doners in Chaucer's time with "rede and white wine," which, according to the Pardoner's tale, was sold in "Fish Street and Chepe," and "crept subtly" into the brains of the citizens. These drinks probably came from Redondella, where the wines are excellent, and the fruit delicious, especially the figs, and of them the *Lozio* and *Pezo mudo*. Here grows the reed, *junco*, of which the fine Andalusian *esteras*, floor-matting, are made. *Ayamonte*, Sonoba, Ostium Anæ, was the city whence the Roman military road to Merida commenced. An island on the Guadiana is still called Tyro, and vestiges of ruins may be traced. Popⁿ. nearly 5000. It is a frontier *Plaza de armas*, and in a sad state of neglect. There are two *parroquias* and a ruined castle. It is the key and port of the Guadiana; the neighbouring pine-forests provide timber for building *misticos* and coasting craft: it is a poor fishing-place.

In the ninth century the Normans or Northmen made piratical excursions on the W. coast of Spain. They passed, in 843, from Lisbon down to the straits, and everywhere, as in France, overcame the unprepared natives, plundering, burning, and destroying. They captured even Seville itself, Sept. 30, 844, but were met by the Cordovese Kalif, beaten and expelled. They were called by the Moors *Majus*, *Madjous*, *Magioges* (Conde, i. 282), and by the early Spanish annalists *Almajuzes*. The root has been erroneously derived from *Mayos*, *Magus*, magicians or supernatural beings, as they were almost held to be. The term *Madjous* was, strictly speaking, applied by the Moors to those Berbers and Africans who were Pagans or Muwallads, i. e. not believers in the Koran. The true etymology is that of the Gog and Magog so frequently mentioned by Ezekiel (xxxviii. and xxxix.) and in the Revelations (xx. 8) as ravagers of the earth and nations, May-Gogg, "he that dissolveth,"—the fierce Normans appeared, coming no one knew from whence, just when

the minds of men were trembling at the approach of the millennium, and thus were held to be the forerunners of the destroyers of the world. This name of indefinite gigantic power survived in the *Mogigangas*, or terrific images, which the Spaniards used to parade in their religious festivals, like the Gogs and Magogs of our civic wise men of the East. Thus Andalusia being the half-way point between the N. and S.E., became the meeting-place of the two great ravaging swarms which have desolated Europe: here the stalwart children of frozen Norway, the worshippers of Odin, clashed against the Saracens from torrid Arabia, the followers of Mahomet. Nor can a greater proof be adduced of the power and relative superiority of the Cordovese Moors over the other nations of Europe, than this, their successful resistance to those fierce invaders, who overran without difficulty the coasts of England, France, Apulia, and Sicily: conquerors everywhere else, here they were driven back in disgrace. Hence the bitter hatred of the Normans against the Spanish Moors, hence their alliances with the Catalans, where a Norman impression yet remains in architecture; but, as in Sicily, these barbarians, unrecruited from the North, soon died away, or were assimilated as usual with the more polished people, whom they had subdued by mere superiority of brute force.

ROUTE VI.—SAN LUCAR TO PORTUGAL.

Palacio de Doña Ana	4	
Al Rocío	3	.. 7
Almonte	3	.. 10
Rociana	2	.. 12
Niebla	2	.. 14
Trigueros	2	.. 16
Gibraleon	2	.. 18
San Bartolomé	3	.. 21
A los Castillejos	3	.. 24
San Lucar de Guadiana	3	.. 27

The first portion is some of the finest shooting country in Spain. *Marismillas* is an excellent preserve. The palace of *Doña Ana*, a corruption of *Oñana*, was the celebrated seat of the

Duque de Medina Sidonia, where he received Philip IV. in 1624. To the N. lies the *Coto del Rey*, or *Lomo del Grullo*, a royal preserve. The Palacio or shooting-box was built last century by Francisco Bruna, the alcaide of the alcazar of Seville, under whose jurisdiction these woods and forests are or were. Parties who come with a permission from the *Alcaide* can be lodged in this Palacio; and let none be deceived by fine names and *palabras*. This Spanish palace, as often elsewhere, means, in plain English, *cuatro paredes*, four bare walls; just as *hay de todo*, at a *venta*, signifies all that you bring with you. A prudent man will always send on a galera laden with everything from a cook to a mattress: take especially good wine, for fuel and game alone are to be had. This coto is distant 8 L. from Seville, and the route runs through

Bolullos	3	
Aznalcazar	2	.. 5
Villa Manrique	1	.. 6
El Coto	2	.. 8

The ride is wild; the first 5 L. run through the *Ajarafe*, Arabicè Sharaf, the hilly country. This fertile district was called the garden of Hercules, and was reserved by St. Ferd. as the lion's share at the capture of Seville. It produced the finest Bætican olives of antiquity: under the Moors it was a paradise, but now all is ruin and desolation. The Spaniards in their *talas* ravaged everything, and broken roads and bridges mark their former warfare. The ruins have remained unremoved, unrepaired, after six centuries of usual neglect and apathy; meanwhile there is not only excellent lodging for owls in ruined buildings, but first-rate cover for game of every kind, which thrive in these wastes, where nature and her *feræ* are left in undisputed possession. No man who is fond of shooting will fail spending a week either at the *Coto del Rey*, or that of *Doña Ana*. (See p. 106.)

Leaving the last place, and passing the sanctuary of our Lady of Dew, we

reach *Almonte*, in the "*Condado*," "the county," of Niebla, a small principality under the Moor, and the province of the ancient Turdetani: here is produced the poor wine which, at Sⁿ. Lucar, is doctored up into cheap and pure sherry. *Niebla*, Ilipa, is a decayed and decaying place on the river Tinto; popⁿ. about 800. It has a most ancient bridge, with a ruined castle and donjon of great former importance. This was the key of the petty kingdom, and was granted to the brave Guzman *el bueno*.

Trigueros was Cunistorgis, the port whence the ancients shipped the ores of the Sierra Morena, the Montes Marianos. Sⁿ. *Lucar de Guadiana* is the frontier town, on its river, which divides Spain from Portugal, and is navigable to the picturesque rock-built Mertola, 5 L. *Ayamonte* lies below Sⁿ. Lucar, distant about 6 L. by water: we again repeat, let none visit this r. bank of the Guadalquivir, except to shoot.

SEVILLE.

"*Quien no ha visto a Sevilla,
No ha visto a maravilla.*"

"He who has not at Seville been,
Has not, I trow, a wonder seen."

Seville, the marvel of Andalucia, can be seen in a week; the artist and antiquarian may employ some months with pleasure and profit. The best inns are Naish's boarding-house, *Plaza de la contratación*, opposite *la carcel militar*: it is very comfortable, and has fire-places; the charge there is 35 reals to 2½ dollars per diem for everything. *La Reyna* is an ancient and tolerable Spanish *fonda*. The *Fonda de Europa*, C^o. Gallegos, is new, and well spoken of. Those who prefer economy to the comfort of Naish's, may be lodged at a *casa de pupilos* in the Calle Gallegos, for 25 reals a day; or at *Bustamente*, No. 10, Calle de la Sierpe, which is a good and clean house, for 1½ dollar per diem. There are many other *casas de pupilos*, which may be known by a paper ticket affixed to the balconies; their charges

vary from 15 to 25 reals a-day; lodgings also may be had, and dinner sent from *El Suizzo*, C^o. de la Sierpe, or from *Florencio—Fleury Dreosi*, No. 59, C^o. de Genoa: or the traveller may dine at either, for both are restaurateurs and live in the most frequented part of the city. The C^o. Francos and C^o. de la Sierpe are the fashionable shopping streets for ladies' wants. The traveller should lodge near the P^a. Sⁿ. Francisco, and if he intends to reside here a winter, in the C^o. de las Armas, or generally in the parish Sⁿ. Vicente, which is the aristocratic quarter; very few large houses are to be let furnished: the rent for those unfurnished is very moderate—from 30*l*. to 50*l*. a-year: a palace, as far as size goes, may be had for 100*l*. a-year; a Spanish house, at best, is poorly furnished, according to our wants and notions, but carpets are a nuisance, and almost as unknown as arm-chairs; the lounging, Ottoman habits of the Moors never were adopted by the uncomfortable Spaniards, whose inquisitors did not resort to the "rack of a too-easy chair."

Those about to furnish will soon find their few wants supplied at the broker's shops, which form a street of themselves, running out of the *Pa. de la Encarnacion*: and these *chalanés* will, when the stranger leaves, take everything off his hands; let no new comer buy or sell with these unconscionable people, but commission some respectable native; thus a house may be furnished in a day or two. The different trades dwell, as anciently in the East (Jer. xxxvii. 21), in streets appropriated to themselves; booksellers congregate in the C^o. de Genoa—their Paternoster-row; the *silversmiths* live under the arcades of the Plaza and in the adjoining C^o. *Chicarrerros*; *les quincalliers* live opposite the cathedral; saddlers and makers of the gaiter, the embroidered national *botín*, in the C^o. de la Mar: Bernardo Delgado is the best *botinero*; Penda, C^o. de la *Borcueneria*, is the crack *majo* tailor: Martinez, C^o. de Genoa, is a good com-

mon tailor. The names of many of the streets—C^o. *Franco Genoa*, *Alemanes*, *Placentines*, &c., are the surest evidence that traffic was chiefly managed by foreigners, and this, even in Seville—the heart of the vaunted silk and other manufactures of Spain.

Seville lies on the l. bank of the Guadalquivir, which flows along the arc of its irregular, almost circular shape; the circumference is about five miles: it is enclosed in Moorish walls of *tapia*, which, towards the Puerta de Cordova, are the most perfect in Spain; the gates and towers are very numerous: it is the capital of Andalucia; the see of an archbishop, having for suffragans—Cadiz, Malaga, Ceuta, the Canary Islands and Teneriffe. It was once one of the most levitical cities of Spain, and contained 140 wealthy convents and churches. The popⁿ. ranges between 90,000 and 100,000. It is the residence of a captain-general, of an *audiencia*, whose chief judge is called *el Regente*; it contains 28 parishes and 10 suburbs or *arrabales*, of which Triana, on the opposite bank, is like the *Trastevere* of Rome, and the abode of gipsies and smugglers. Seville has the usual provincial civil and military establishments of all kinds, a Royal Alcazar, a Plaza de Toros, a theatre, liceo, public library and museum, a university, hospitals, and beautiful walks; it glories in the titular epithets of *muy leal y noble*, to which Ferd. VII. added *muy heroica*, and Señor Lopez, in 1843, "*invicta*," after the repulse of Espartero.

The first thing to do is to ascend the Giralda, and the next to ride round the exterior of the walls. Seville, being much more visited than other Spanish towns, owing to the vicinity of Gibraltar, is not without its ciceroni: Pickler, a German, is a good guide, and Ant^o. Baillie may be taken as a courier on excursions; but all travellers should consult Don Julian Williams, our consul, whose artistical information can only be exceeded by his kindness, hospitality, and obliging

conduct to his countrymen: his sons inherit the paternal qualities. The best time to visit Seville is in the spring, before the great heats commence, or in autumn, before the November rains set in. The winter is very wet; ice and snow, however, are almost unknown, except when brought as luxuries from the mountains of the Sierra Morena: the lower part of the town, near the *Alameda Vieja*, is often flooded by the river inundations, but the streets are provided with *malecones* or a sort of hatches, which are then shut down and keep out the water. The summer is so very hot, that it is almost impossible to face the sun, and the inhabitants keep still in their cool houses until the evening: this confinement is against the curious sight-seeing stranger. Seville is one of the most agreeable towns in Spain for a lengthened residence. It is near Cadiz, and Gibraltar is of easy access to the Englishman. The shooting in the neighbourhood is first-rate; the theatre is tolerable; the masquerading at carnival time entertaining; the dances, both those of the stage and the gipsies, are truly national and Oriental. The fairs of Mairena and Italica exhibit the *Majo* and *Maja* glittering in their native sun in all their glory. Seville is the alma mater of the bull-fight, and the best animals and masters of the art are furnished from Bætica. The religious functions are unrivalled, especially in the Holy Week—Corpus—St. John's Day—and the winter Rosarios. The ceremonial of the *Semana Santa* is second in interest to that of Rome alone, and is in many respects quite peculiar, such as the *Pasos*, or pageants of images (see p. 110), and the *Monumento*, or lighted sepulchre in the cathedral. These form a large item of the scanty and moderate amusements of the bulk of Sevillians. Their life is very Oriental; they delight in cool repose and the cigar. They hate bustle, exertion, or being put out of their way; but from not being over-drugged with amusements—all tasted, nought enjoyed—they are not

liable to bore, which haunts the most mis-named, most ennuyéd people on earth, *our* gay world: pleasure to them is an exception, and is enjoyed with the rapture of children; then they plunge at one bound from habitual gravity into boisterous joy—*du sublime au ridicule*. This alternation of sloth and violent exercise—*inedia et labor* (Just. xlv. 2)—was one of the marked features of the Iberian character, as it also is of Asiatic nations. To be driven about and abroad, in a thirst for public amusements, is the desperate resource of the higher states of wealth, luxury, and civilisation.

Few cities in Spain have had more chroniclers than Seville. The best works now before us are '*Historia de Sevilla*,' Alonzo Morgado, fol., Sev. 1587; '*Historia de Sevilla*,' Pablo de Espinosa, fol. 2 parts, Sev. 1627-30; '*Antigüedades de Sevilla*,' Rodrigo Caro, fol., Sev. 1634; '*Anales Ecclesiasticos*,' Diego Ortiz de Zuniga, fol. Sev. 1677: this excellent work was continued down to 1700 in the 2nd ed. by Espinosa y Carcel, 5 v. 4to., Mad. 1795-96. '*Anales Ecclesiasticos y Seglares*,' from 1671 to 1746, by Lorenzo Baut^a. Zuniga, fol. Sev. 1748; also '*Compendio Historico*,' Sev. 1766; and the new ed. under the name of Varflora: this author also published the worthies of Seville, '*Hijos de Sevilla*,' 1796. Of modern guides there is the '*Guia*,' by Herrera Davila, Sev. 1832: '*Seville and its Vicinity*,' by F. H. Standish, Lond., 1840, is a dull, inaccurate compilation.

The capture of Seville from the Moors by St. Ferdinand was a campaign of romance. It has been illustrated by the ballads and fine arts of Seville. The reader will consult the Froissart-like '*Chronica del Sancto Rey*,' by Don Lucas, Bishop of Tuy, an eye-witness, fol., Valladolid, 1555; the '*Memorial*,' Juan Pineda, fol., Sev. 1627; '*Acta S. Ferdinandi*,' Daniel Paperbroch, fol., Antwerp, 1688; the '*Fiestas de la Santa Iglesia*

de Sevilla.' Fernando de la Torre Farfan, fol., Sev. 1672-3: this is one of the few really artistical books of Spain, and is illustrated with etchings by Sevillian painters. For the fine arts there are the excellent '*Descripción Artística de la Catedral de Sevilla*,' Cean Bermudez, 8vo., Sev. 1804, and his little volume on the '*Pintura de la Escuela Sevillana*,' Cadiz, 1806, and the recent work '*Sevilla Artística*,' J. Colon y Colon, Sev. 1841; for 'Ecclesiastical Antiquities' consult of course Florez, 'E. S.' ix., and Ponz, '*Viaje*,' ix.

The foundation of Seville is lost in the obscurity of remote history, as is pretty clear, when men go to Hispan and Hercules, who probably never existed. The old name *Hispal* sounds very Punic, and is derived by Arias Montano from *Sephela* or *Spela*, a plain, which is much more likely than a *palis*, the piles on which it is *not* built, a mere coincidence of sound, not sense, which misled San Isidoro (Or. xv. 1), who, being its archbishop and an encyclopedist, ought to have known better. *Hispal* was a Phœnician settlement connecting Gaddir with Cordova: the Greeks changed the name into *Ισπολα*, and the Romans into *Hispalis*, of which the Moors made *Ish-biliah*, whence *Sibilia*, Sevilla.

Of its ante-Roman history nothing is known. It was soon eclipsed by Italica, a military town, and by Gades, a sea-port, and by Cordova, the residence of patrician settlers. Julius Cæsar at first patronised Seville, because Cordova had espoused the side of Pompey. He became its second founder. The epitome of its history is inscribed on the *Puerta de la Carne*.

"Condidit Alcides—renovavit Julius urbem,
Restituit Christo Fernandus tertius heros."

This is thus paraphrased over the Pa. de Xerez:—

"Hercules me edificó,
Julio Cesar me cercó
De muros y torres altas;
(Un Rey Gotho me perdió),—omitted.

*El Rey Santo me ganó,
Con Garci Perez de Vargas."*

"Hercules built me; Julius Cæsar surrounded me with walls and lofty towers; a Gothic king lost me; a saint-like king recovered me, assisted by Garci Perez de Vargas."

Cæsar, who captured it Aug. 9, 45 A.C., made it his capital, a *conventus juridicus*, or town of assize, and gave it the title *Romula*, the little Rome; and even then it was more a Punic than Roman city, and by no means splendid, according to Italian notions (Strabo, iii. 208); it was, however, walled round (Hirt. 'B. H.' 35).

Seville was the capital of the Goths until the sixth century, when Leovigild removed to Toledo, as being more central; a Gothic notion followed out by the Gotho-Spaniards in the absurd selection of Madrid. Hermenigildus, his son and heir, remained as viceroy: he relinquished the Arian faith, declared against his father, and was put to death as a rebel; but when the Athanasian Creed was finally introduced, he was canonized as a martyr. These religious wars were headed by the brothers San Laureano and San Isidoro, successively Archbishops of Seville, and now its sainted tutelars. The former is called the "Apostle of the Goths," the latter "the Egregious Doctor of Spain," for whom see p. 31, and Leon.

Seville surrendered to the Moors at once, after the defeat of Don Roderick on the Guadalete: there was treason and dissension within its walls, for the dethroned monarch's widow, Egilona, soon married Abdu-l-aziz, the son of the conqueror Musa-Ibn-Nosseir. Seville continued its allegiance to the Kalif of Damascus until the year 756, when 'Abdu-r-rahmán established at Cordova the western Kalifate of the Beni Umeyyah family, to which Seville remained subject until 1031, when that dynasty was overturned, and with it the real dominion of the Moor. The ill-connected fabric then split into fragments; over each province and city

separate adventurers became kings, *quot urbes, tot reges*, and rivals and enemies to each other. The house divided against itself could not stand, and still less at a moment when the kingdoms of Leon and Castile were consolidated under St. Ferdinand, one of their best of kings, and bravest of soldiers.

He advanced into Andalucia, taking city after city, the petty rulers being unable to resist single-handed; nay, partly from tribe hatred and partly from selfish policy, they assisted as allies of the Christians, each bidding against each other; thus Ibn-l-ahmar, the upstart Sheikh of Jaen, followed in the wake of St. Ferdinand, and mainly contributed to the capture of Seville. The city was besieged from the S.E. side, at Tablada, Aug. 20, 1247: the details are a romance, especially the vision of the Virgin, the breaking of the bridge of boats, and the prowess of Diego, *El Machuca*, the brother of Garci Perez de Vargas. These are the heroes of ballads, and of the poem of the Conde de la Roca, '*El Fernando o Sevilla Restaurada*,' Milan, 1632, who modestly likened himself to Tasso, and took San Isidoro for his Apollo. Seville surrendered Nov. 23, 1248, on *El día de San Clemente*. The citizens had previously been subject to the Emperor of Morocco, but at the death of Arrashid, their African liege lord, in 1242, they had chosen a king of their own, whom they soon displaced, establishing a sort of republican Junta, headed by Sakkáf, the Axataf of Spanish annals. After the capture St. Ferdinand divided the houses and lands among his soldiers, and this curious '*Repartimiento*,' or Doomsday Book of Seville, exists, printed in the 2nd vol. of Espinosa, and many families can trace their actual houses and possessions up to this original partition.

St. Ferdinand granted to the city for arms, himself seated on his throne, with San Laureano and San Isidoro for his supporters. He died here, worn out by the hardships of the siege, May

30, 1252, and was canonized in 1668 by Clement IX.; his body was removed to its present shrine, in 1729, by Philip V. All these persons and events form subjects for the authors and artists of Seville, and are therefore briefly stated.

Seville, in the unnatural civil wars after the conqueror's death, was the only city which remained faithful to his son and successor, Alonzo el Sabio, *the learned*, but not wise. He was like our pedant James I., so well described by Gondomar, as "The most learned fool in Christendom;" both would have made better professors than kings—*capaces imperii, nisi imperassent*. Alonzo gave Seville the badge, which is to be seen carved and painted everywhere. It is called *El Nudo*, and is thus represented No 8 Do; the hieroglyphic signifies *No-mi-ha dexa-Do*, "It has not deserted me." *Madexa* in old Spanish meant a knot; it is the Gothic *Mataxa* (San Isid. 'Or.' xix. 29). Thus was reproduced unintentionally the old Phœnician merchant mark, the *Nodus Herculis*—the knot which guaranteed the genuineness of the contents of every bale: hence the *Mark* of these founders of commerce became the symbol of peace, trade, and of the god of thieves, and was perpetuated by the Greeks in the twisted ornaments of the herald *Caduceus* of Mercury.

Seville continued to be the capital of Spain, and especially of Don Pedro, who was more than half a Moor, until Charles V. removed the court to Valladolid; yet it remained faithful—true to the sun, although not shone upon—during the outbreak of the *comuneros*, and was rewarded with its motto "*Ab Hercule et Cæsare nobilitas, a se ipsâ fidelitas*." The discovery of the New World raised Seville to a more than former splendour; it became the mart of the golden colonies, and the residence of princely foreign merchants. The French invasion and the subsequent loss of the transatlantic possessions, have cast her down from her

palmy pride of place. The junta risked the battle of Ocaña in despite of the Cassandra warnings of the Duke, and were defeated; the conquerors then overran Andalucia, and in a few days the *heroic* city surrendered (Feb. 2, 1810), without even a show of fight. Soult then became its petty king, for he set Joseph at defiance. Here he ruled despotically: "Mercy," says Schepeler, "was erased from his orders of the day." Toreno (xx.) estimates the French plunder at six millions sterling, and Schepeler (iii. 129) gives the details. As Moore at Sahagun had once before saved the Andalucians, now the Duke at Salamanca delivered them again, and Soult quitted Seville Aug. 27, 1813, closely followed by Col. Skerrett. Sir John Downie led the attack, and charged the bridge three times: it was a second Lodi; he was wounded and taken prisoner; yet he had the gallantry to throw back to his followers his sword, that its honour might remain unsullied; it was that of Pizarro, and had been given to Downie in reward of previous valour; he was afterwards made *Alcaide* of the Alcazar, and not *Alcalde*, as Col. Greenwood, *not* the accurate Duke, notes (Disp. June 11, 1809). The office of *Alcaide*, is one of high honour; it is the Moorish *Kaid*, Dux Arcis, the other a petty village magistrate: it is almost the difference between the Constable of the Tower, and a Tower constable. The English entered Seville amid the rapturous acclamations of the inhabitants, thus unexpectedly delivered from the yoke of French terrorism, bloodshed, and confiscation.

Seville, in 1823, was made the asylum of the bragging Cortes, who here halted in their first flight from Madrid, and who again fled at the first approach of Angoulême; but this capital of the imbelles Turdetani never held out against any one except Espartero in July, 1843. That siege lasted about nine days, and during six only, were any bombs fired, and those were from the ineffective sort of artillery which

Spanish armies generally have; accordingly, only 100 Sevillians were wounded, of whom only 20 died: of the assailants only 29 were killed. Such was the efficacy of the attack and defence on a city containing nearly 100,000 souls. Now it boasts to be a Numantia, a Zaragoza; Van Halen, had he possessed an infinitesimal knowledge of the art of war, ought to have taken the unprepared city at once, which, had he marched on, would have instantly surrendered; but he halted eleven days at Alcalá de Guadaira, as if on purpose to give the citizens time to prepare a defence.

Modern Seville is a purely Moorish city. The Moslem, during a possession of five centuries, entirely rebuilt the town, using the Roman buildings as materials. The climate is so dry and conservative, that the best houses are still those built by the Moors or on their models. Of Roman remains there are, consequently, scarcely any. The Sevillians pretend that the walls and the *Torre del Oro* were built by Julius Cæsar, which is nonsense; they are incontestably Moorish, both in form and construction. The Roman city was very small: it extended from the Puerta de Carne, through the Plaza S^{na}. Nicolas and S^{na}. Salvador, to the Puerta de Triana.

There are two plans of Seville, one very large and accurate, by Vargas y Machuca, 1788, the other more convenient for the pocket, by Herrera y Davila, 1832. The streetology is difficult, the town is a labyrinth of lanes, each of which resembles the other. In the *Ce. de los Murmole*s exists the portico of a Roman temple; three pillars remain, built into the Moorish houses, with their shafts deeply buried by the accumulated rubbish. In the *Alameda Vieja* are two Roman pillars, moved there in 1574 by the Conde de Barajas, who was the Arjona, or repairing and building *asistente* or governor, of his day. In the *Ce. Abades*, No. 22, are some well preserved Roman *subgrundaria* or tombs; they were dis-

covered in 1298, and thought to be the schools where the Moors taught magic; they can be descended into, and are curious. In the *C^a. de la Cuna*, No. 8, was accidentally discovered a subterraneous Roman aqueduct, which still flows full of fresh water; nevertheless, it is absolutely unknown to the majority of Sevillians, and no steps have ever been taken to trace or recover this precious supply. In the *Casa de Pilatus* are some mutilated antiques, of the usual second-rate merit, of such sculpture as is found in Spain (see p. 107); they are much neglected. In the Museo are heaped up, as in a stonemason's yard, some antiquities of a low art, found in some road making and accidental excavation at Italica; for here people seldom dig for "old stones," however they may hunt for lost treasures. Don Juan Wetherell, P^{la}. Sⁿ. Bartolomé, No. 16, has a collection of Roman and Mexican antiquities: the latter were formed in S. America by a judge named Gonzales Carvajal. A catalogue, with lithographic prints, was published by Mr. W. at Seville in 1842.

Seville is, however, a museum of Moorish antiquities: observe the Arabic ceilings and marqueterie woodwork, *artesonados y ataraceas*; the stucco panelling, Arabic^h Tarkish, the *lienços de Almizates*, *Almocarbes*, *Ajaracas*; the elegant window divided by a marble shaft, *Ajimes*, an Arabic term, meaning an opening which lets in the sunbeam: beautiful specimens exist in the Alcazar, Calle Pajaritos, No. 15, Casa Prieto, C^a. Naranjos, and Casa Montijo, behind the Parroquia of Omnium Sanctorum. The *Azulejos*, or varnished porcelain tiles, still exist, quite perfect after a lapse of eight centuries.

More than half Seville is Moorish. We shall only select the cream; and first, visit the cathedral tower, the GIRALDA, so called from the vane, *que gira*, which turns round. Of this belfry, unique in Europe, much error has been disseminated. It was built in 1196 by Abu Jusuf Yacub, who added it to the mosque which his illus-

trious father, of the same name, had erected. According to Zuniga (i. 3), the foundations were composed of destroyed Roman statuary: the Moors attached such veneration to this *Mueddin* tower, that before the capitulation they wished to destroy it, but were prevented by the threat of Alonzo el Sabio of sacking the city if they did.

"Abu Jusuf Yacub was the great builder of his age (see also Conde, ch. 49); he caused a bridge of boats to be thrown across the Guadalquivir, at the very spot where stands the present modern bridge, and built towers to defend it, the whole being completed and opened, as recorded, on the 11th of October, A.D. 1171. He built also a portion of the exterior walls, and erected wharfs along the banks of the river, for the convenience of unloading the numerous vessels which at that time brought to Seville the produce of Europe, Asia, and Africa. He repaired the Roman aqueduct now known as the *Caños de Carmona*, and supplied with excellent water every corner of his temporary capital. But the principal building erected by this enlightened monarch was the great Mosque of Seville, which, if we are to judge from the portion of its exterior walls still remaining between the tower and the new sacristy, must have been similar in design and execution to the celebrated *Mezquita* at Cordova. The foundations were laid in the month of October, A.D. 1171; it was completed by his son and successor, Abú Yúsuf Yakúb, who, in the year of the Hejra 593 (A.D. 1196), caused a lofty tower to be attached to the building. This he intrusted to his chief architect Jáber, whom the Spanish authors call *Gever*, and who, from the coincidence of his name, has been reputed, though most erroneously, to have been the inventor of algebra.* This tower, like the *kootsabea* of Morocco and that of Rabát, also the works

* Algebra is simply a contraction of the Arabic phrase *Al-jebre*, restoration, in contradistinction to *Al Mok'abalah*, reduction.

of the same architect, was, probably, erected for the double purpose of calling the faithful to prayer, and for astronomical observations. On the summit were placed four brazen balls (*Manzanas*, apples), so large, we are informed, that, in order to get them into the building, it was necessary to remove the key-stone of a door, called 'The Gate of the Muezzins,' leading from the mosque to the interior of the tower: that the iron bar which supported them weighed about ten cwt., and that the whole was cast by a celebrated alchemist, a native of Sicily, named Abú Leyth, at the cost of 50,000*l.* sterling. And it is a curious fact, showing the minute accuracy of the writer from whom we quote these particulars, that when, during the earthquake in 1395, 157 years after the overthrow of the Moorish power, these balls, together with the iron support, were thrown down, the latter was weighed, and the weight, as given by one of the historians of Seville, is exactly the same as that stated by the Mohammedan writer." Thus much our accurate friend Gayangos, who here, and for the first time, has cleared away the slough of errors in which many have been engulfed, and threatens all those who copy what they find written in bad Spanish and worse foreign guides.

To build towers was the fashion of the period. Thus the Asinelli tower of Bologna, 371 feet high, was raised in 1109, and that of St. Mark, at Venice, 350 feet high, in 1148. The original Moorish tower was only 250 feet high; the additional 100, being the rich filigree belfry, was added, in 1568, by Fernando Ruiz, and is elegant beyond description. It is girdled with a motto from the Proverbs (xviii. 10): *Nomen Domini fortissima turris*. On grand festivals it is lighted up at night, and then seems to hang like a brilliant chandelier from the dark vault of heaven.

It is a square of 50 ft. The Moorish *ajaracas*, or sunk patterns, differ on

each side. Observe the elegant intersecting arches, so common in the Norman-Saracenic of Apulia. The upper niches were painted in fresco by Luis de Vargas, 1538-58: they are almost obliterated; while those lower down have been repainted and spoilt. The ascent is by easy ramps. The panorama is superb, but the clock, made by a Franciscan monk, one Jose Cordero, 1764, is here considered the grand marvel: the pinnacle is crowned with *El Girandillo*, a female figure in bronze of *La Fe*, the faith; a somewhat strange choice of sex and character for what should never vary or be fickle. The figure is truly Italian, and was cast in 1568 by Bartolomé Morel. It holds the *Labaro*, or banner of Constantine. The figure is 14 ft. high, weighs 2800 pounds, and yet veers with the slightest breeze. This belfry is the home of a colony of the twittering, careering hawk, the *Falco tinnunculoides*. The first Christian knight who ascended the Giralda after the conquest was Lorenzo Poro (Lawrence Poore), a Scotchman. His descendant, the M^{te} de Motilla, still owns the ancestral house in the C^o. de la Cuna. The Scotch herald will look at the coats of arms in the Patio.

The Giralda was the great tower from whence the mueddin summoned the faithful to prayers; and here still are his substitutes, the bells, for they are almost treated as persons; they are baptized before duly suspended with a peculiar oil, which is consecrated expressly during the holy week, and they are christened after saints. Great Tom of Christ Church, however harsh, jangled, and out of tune the name to orthodox ears, doubtless was formerly St. Thomas. When Spanish bells are rung, it is called a *repique*. This is totally unlike our sweet village bells, or impressive cathedral peal. The dissolution of convents, and the conversion of their bells into cannon and copper coins, will benefit the acoustic organs both of profane and devout. In no country was the original intention of bells, *per cac-*

ciare il diavolo to scare away the devil, more piously fulfilled than in the Peninsula: all are doleful, from the dull tink e of the muleteer's *cencerro* to the passing toll of the steeple. There is no attempt at melody in their *repique*, no chime, no triple bob majors. The *campanas* are headed with cross beams of wood, almost of the same weight as the bell itself, and are pulled at until they keep turning round and round, except when they are very large; then the clapper is agitated by a rope, *à golpe de badajo*. Any orchestral discipline and regularity is not a thing of Oriental Spain; the bells are all pulled their own way, like a company of guerilleros.

The Giralda is under the especial patronage of the two *divæ*, S^a. Justina y S^a. Rufina, who are much revered and painted at Seville, and nowhere else. In a thunderstorm, 1504, they scared the devil, who unloosed the winds to fight against this church; this, their standing miracle, is the one so often carved and painted by Murillo and others: and, due proportions considered, these young ladies must have been at least 500 ft. high, and a tolerable match for the father of all lies. The Royal Academy of Seville, however, published in 1795 a learned dissertation to prove the authenticity of this miracle. No wonder that, in July 1843, when Espartero bombarded Seville, the people believed that the Giralda was encompassed by invisible angels, headed by these tutelars, who turned aside every bomb. According to the authority of the church, they were the daughters of a potter in Triana, a low suburb, in which coarse earthenware is still made. Morales has written their biography in 8vo., Perpiñan, 1598; and Florez, 'E. S.' ix. 108. 375, gives the whole legend. In the year 287 these gentlewomen insulted the *paso* of Venus Salambo, and were put to death. Now the *Virgen de los Dolores* (Ceres Αχθεια, of grief, as lamenting the loss of her child Proserpine) has superseded that

idol; and assuredly, were any of the modern potteresses of Triana to insult the *Sagrada Imagen*, they would be torn to pieces by the mariolatrous mob, and not made saintesses.

Of the other Moorish minaret or *mueddin* towers, observe those of Sⁿ. Marcos, S^{ta}. Marina, S^{ta}. Catalina, and Omnium Sanctorum. That of Sⁿ. Pedro has been modernised.

Below the Giralda is the Moorish *Patio de los Naranjos*, the court of orange trees, with the original fountain, at which the Moslem once performed his ablutions. Only two sides of this *repesos* or "grove" remain. Enter it at the N. by the rich *Puerta del Perdon*, which was modernised in 1519 by Bartolomé Lopez. Observe the Moorish arch and original bronze doors, but the belfry is modern. The *terra cotta* statues are by Miguel Florentin, 1519-22. The "Saviour with his Cross" was by Luis de Vargas, for it is ruined by repainting. This subject is commonly called in Spain *la calle de amargura*, the street of bitterness, from the agony endured by the Redeemer. This door suffered much, Aug. 7, 1839. Entering to the r. is the *sagrario*, or parish church, and in front the Gothic pile, and the Giralda rising like a mast of the nave. To the l. is a stone pulpit, where Sⁿ. Vicente Ferrer, and other instigators of *auto de fes*, have preached (see the inscription). In the l. corner a staircase leads to the chapter library, *La Columbina*, so called because left to the canons and book-worms by Fernando, the son of Columbus. About 60 years ago the *tineæ et blattæ* were dusted out, and what they had not destroyed rearranged. It contains about 18,000 volumes. The works of Handel were given by Lord Wellesley, whose recreation (worthy son of Lord Mornington, a musical sire) was listening to the high mass in the cathedral. Above the book-shelves are hung portraits of archbishops, and the pictures themselves mark the rise and decline of church power. The older, the Tello, Alborno, Luna, Toledo, Fonseca, and Mendoza,

are men of master mind; the latter, in their blue and white ribands and periwigs, are mere stall-fed courtiers. The Bourbon Card^l Luis is the climax of the imbecile. Thus the church has degenerated with the state and country. Observe also a portrait of Fr^o. Bonifaz, a physician, by Al^o. Cano; and a San Fernando by Murillo, not very fine. Inquire for the sword of the great Count Fernando Gonzalez, and used by the hero of Seville's conquest, Garci Perez de Vargas, in cutting Moorish throats, as some verses detail. The reader of Spanish ballads will remember *Don Diego el Machuca*, the *pounder*, so called from hammering down the Moors; this, the Oriental title of Judas Macabæus, was also given to Charles *Martel*; they were types of the chivalrous and of individual personal prowess so dear to Spaniards and Asiatics.

On the staircase observe the tomb of Inigo Mendoza, 1497; and in the *Cuarto de los Subsidios*, a *Pietá* by Juan Nuñez, one of the earliest of Seville painters: opposite the Pa^a. del Perdon, in the *Sala de la Hermandad del Santissimo*, is a "Dispute of the Sacrament," by Herrera el Mozo; it is affected and indistinct. The others are by Arteaga: observe a small infant Saviour, by Montañes.

A dark gate, where a horseshoe of the old mosque remains, leads into the interior; here hangs what was the crocodile or *Lagarto*, sent to Alonzo el Sabio, in 1260, from the Soltan of Egypt, who requested the hand of his daughter: the Infanta declined a suitor whose first present scarcely indicated the affectionate. Here are buried some of *los conquistadores*, the conquerors of Seville, *e. g.*, Pedro del Acero, 1265.

Before entering the cathedral, walk round the outside, which, with the adjoining buildings, offers an epitome of the rise, progress, and decline of Spanish architecture: here are specimens of every style, from the Moorish down to the modern and academical; commence at the N. side: observe the solid *tapia*, Moorish walls, the square

buttresses, the bearded or flame-fringed battlements. The elevated steps are called *Las Gradass*, the old English "grees," degrees. The truncated pillars belonged to the mosque, and, previously, to the Roman temple. This terrace was long the exchange of Seville; here, according to Navagiero (*Viaggio* 13), the merchants lounged, *tutto il giorno*, on this *il più bel ridotto de Seviglia*: so the idlers and money-changers, from resorting to the Cathedral of old London, were called "St. Paul's Walkers."

Those who wish to see the inside of the cathedral before the outside, will pass on now to page 252, continuing the exterior; and turning to the E. is the *Archbishop's Palace*, a Churrigueresque pile built in 1697. The staircase is handsome; otherwise it contains little worth seeing inside, being meagrely furnished. Here Soult resided, when the walls were adorned with his precious collection of Spanish pictures. It was on the plaza opposite that the cloaked Spaniards watched those of their *Afrancesado* countrymen who frequented the general's councils and feasts, and destined them to the knife-stab. Some French officers one day were admiring the Giralda, when a *majo* replied, "*y con todo eso, no se hizo en Paris*," and yet it was not made at Paris.

Passing onward to the l. rise the Moorish walls of the Alcazar, while to the r. is the semicircular exterior of the chapel of Saⁿ. Fernando, adorned in the heraldic Berruguete style of Charles V.; next comes the pilastered *Contaduria*, or chapter counting-house, in the plateresque balustraded taste, above which soars the sombre Gothic. The S. entrance of the transept is unfinished; in front is the noble *Lonja*, *casa longa*, the exchange, the long room. This, although somewhat low, is a fine specimen of the skill of Herrera, by whom it was designed. Formerly, the money-changers and gossipers desecrated the cathedral, until the Archbishop, Christobal de Rojas, in 1572,

the year after Gresham had opened the Royal Exchange of London, petitioned Philip II. to follow this example and erect a suitable *casa de contratacion*, or house of contracts, for the growing commerce of Seville. After infinite difficulties Juan de Herrera concluded the edifice in 13 years, which was opened for business Aug. 14, 1598. Juan de Minjares was employed in the construction. It is an isolated quadrangle, each side being 200 ft. wide by 63 ft. high to the *ante pecho*. The stone came from the quarries of Martellila, near Xerez. The pilasters and windows are not pleasing, but the Doric and Ionic *Patio* is magnificent: ascending a marble staircase with modern jasper ornaments and an *altarito* of bad taste, to the upper floor, is *el Archivo de las Indias*, the archives of S. America, which were arranged here by Charles IV. in 1784; the necessary alterations have ruined the proportions of the design of Herrera. The papers were brought together from the scattered archives of Spain; they are stowed away in handsome mahogany Doric book-cases, in docketed bundles, which have never been fully investigated. Observe the marble pavement; the inner corridor is modern and paltry: the portrait of Columbus is quite as apocryphal, and by no means so fine, as that by Parmigianino at Naples. The lower story is appropriated to *el consulado*, the tribunal of commerce. The *Lonja* was scarcely begun before real commerce departed; now it is a palace of an absentee *Cosa de España*.

The W. or grand façade of the *Cathedral* remained incomplete until 1827, when the modern and inferior work was commenced: observe over the side doors the quaint figures in terra cotta, by Lope Marin, 1548, and the contrast of expression in the severe faces of the males, and the smirking females.

The enormous over-ornate pile to the l. is the *Sagrario*, or parish-church annexed to the cathedral. This was erected in 1618, when architecture was in the decline, by Miguel de Zumar-

raga, but not finished until 1662. The interior consists of a single nave, the size of which has often rendered doubtful the security of the building. The roof, by Borja, is in bad taste, as are some jasper altars by the notorious Churrigueresque Barbas. The *Retablo* raised by him was so absurd that the chapter took it down; it is replaced by a grand *Reredos*, which came from the Franciscan convent; and is known in books of art as that of the *Capilla de los Viscainos*. The sculptured S^a. Veronica and Sⁿ. Clemente are by Cornejo; the Virgin with Christ, St. John, and the Magdalen, are by Pedro Roldan, and very fine; by him, also, is the basso relievo of the entrance into Jerusalem. The door leading into the cathedral and adorned with statues and Corinthians pillars is by Josef de Arce, 1657.

The *Cathedral* itself is the largest and finest in Spain: its characteristic is the grandiose and solemn. "*Grandeza*" is its distinctive quality, as elegance is of Leon, strength of Santiago, and wealth was of Toledo. The site is that of the successive temples of Astarte, Salambo, and Mahomet. The original mosque, on whose exact quadrilateral form, 398 ft. E. to W., by 291 N. to S., it is built, was erected by Abu Yusuf Jacob-Al-Mansúr, 1163-1178, and remained uninjured until 1401, when it was pulled down, and this cathedral commenced, which was opened for divine service in 1519. The chapter in their first conference determined to "construct a church such and so good that it never should have its equal. Let posterity, when it admires it complete, say that those who dared to devise such a work must have been mad." There was method in such madness. The gigantic expense of these colossal cathedrals, raised in days of poverty, contrasts with the paltry pew-pens contracted for in this age of capital; and how different are the benefactions! Now, the gift of half an acre from one who owns half a county, is trumpeted forth as magni-

ficient, and 207. is a donation from a sovereign. The old Spaniards trod in the steps of the early Romans, and reserved their splendour for the house of God. "In supplicis Deorum magnifici, domi parci" (Sall. 'B. C.' ix.).

The name of the architect of the cathedral of Seville is not known. It is inside and outside a museum of fine art, in spite of hostile and recent church spoliations. It preserves the Basilica form of the original mosque, being an oblong square; it has seven aisles, the two lateral are railed off into chapels; the centre nave is magnificent, the height amazing; it is 145 ft. at the *cimborio* or transept dome; the offices connected with the cathedral and chapter are built outside to the S.; the pavement is superb in black and white chequered marble. It was finished in 1793, and cost the here enormous sum of 155,304 dollars.

On entering the cathedral, at the west end of the centre aisle, lies buried Fernando, son of Columbus, or *Colon*, as Spaniards call him. Observe the quaint *caravels*, or ships of the navigator, and the motto; it is short, but the greatness of the deed suffices: *A Castilla ya Leon, nuevo mundo dió Colon*; read also the touching epitaph of his son. Many travellers describe this as the tomb of Columbus himself, who died at Valladolid, and whose bones at last rest in the Havana. Thus M. Châteaubriand observes, "Christophe Colomb, après avoir découvert un monde, dort en paix à Seville, dans la chapelle des rois" (Congr. de Ver. 45).

Over this grave-stone, during the holy week, is erected the *monumento*, an enormous wooden temple, in which the host is deposited. It was designed and executed in 1544, by Antonio Florentin. It originally consisted only of three stories, terminated by a cross, but subsequent additions were made in 1624 and 1688, which have injured the effect, and rendered the whole out of proportion for the cathedral. However, when lighted up during the night of Good Friday, when the host is enclosed

in the silver *custodia*, the effect is most marvellous. There is nothing like it in Spain or Italy.

In the cathedral there are 93 windows: the painted ones are among the finest in Spain: the earliest are by Micer Christobal Aleman, 1504. Observe the "Ascensions," the "Magdalen," a "Lazarus," and an "Entry into Jerusalem," by Arnao de Flandres and his brother, 1525: and the "Resurrection," in the *Ca*. de los Doncelles, by Carlos de Bruges, 1558. These artists were foreigners and Flemings, as their names denote. Advancing up the aisle, the grandeur of which is, as usual, broken up by the *coro*, observe its *trascoro*, a rich frontage of Doric work, with precious marbles. The picture over the altar is extremely ancient. The "Sⁿ Fernando" is by Pacheco, 1633. Two doors on each side lead into the *coro*; the four bas-reliefs were made at Genoa. Above rise the enormous organs; the ornaments are churrigueresque and inappropriate: as instruments the deep-swellings tones are magnificent: that to the l., *al lado de la Epistola*, was made by Jorge Bosch in 1792: it is said to have 5300 pipes and 110 stops more than that of Haerlem; but we never counted either.

Before entering the *Coro* observe its *Respaldos* and the cinque cento capilla de Sⁿ. Agustin, and the exquisite Virgin carved by Juan Martinez Montañes, the Phidias of Seville (ob. 1640). This was the favourite model of his great pupil Al^o. Cano. The chapter have disfigured her gentle serious dignity with vile gewgaws, repugnant alike to good taste as the lowly character of the Lord's handmaid.

The *coro* is open to the high altar, and is railed off by a fine *reja*, the work of Sancho Muñoz, 1519. The *Silla. del Coro* was carved by Nufro Sanchez 1475, Dancart 1479, and Guillen 1548. Of the 117 stalls observe the archiepiscopal throne in the centre: the elegant *facistol* is by Bar-

tolomé Morel, 1570. The choral books are superb; they are kept in a room near the Mayordomia. In the *entre los coros* is put up during Easter week the exquisite bronze candlestick, 25 feet high, called *El Tenebrario*, and wrought, in 1562, by the same Morel: this should always be inquired for: when not mounted it is lumbered away with disgraceful neglect.

Before ascending the steps to the high altar observe the two pulpits and the *reja principal*, made in 1518, by the lay Dominican Fr^o. de Salamanca: those at the sides are by Sancho Muñoz, 1518: they are first-rate specimens. The Gothic *Retablo* of the high altar, divided into 44 compartments, is unequalled; designed in 1482 by Dancart, it was finished in 1550: it is said to be made of *alerce*, the thuja articulata (see Index), with which the plain of Tablada, near Seville, was covered in the time of the Goths (Morgado, 96). The carvings represent sacred subjects from the New and Old Testament and the life of the Virgin. The Alfonsine tables, which are usually placed on the altar, contain the relics collected by Alonso el Sabio. The silver work and frontage of the altar, as also the *atriles*, are the work of Fr^o. Alfaro. The *Respaldo del altar* of richest Gothic is by Gonzalo de Rojas, 1522; the terra-cotta figures are by Miguel Florentin, 1523. Here in a small room are some curious pictures by Alejo Fernandez, in the half-gilded Byzantine style. Here hung the two superb Murillos—the “Birth of the Virgin” and the “Repose in Egypt,” which, on M. Soult’s arrival, were concealed by the chapter; a traitor informed him, and he sent to *beg* them as a present, hinting that if refused he would take them by force (Toreno, xx.). The Marshal one day showing Col. G. his gallery at Paris, stopped opposite a Murillo, and said, “I very much value *that*, as it saved the lives of two estimable persons;” an aide-de-camp whispered, “He threatened to have both shot on the spot unless they *gave up* the picture.”

Walking round the lateral chapels, and beginning at the door of the Sagrario, is that of *de los Jacomes*. Observe a retouched Roelas. In the next chapel, *la de la Visitacion*, is a *Reto.* painted by Pedro Marmolejo de Villegas, born at Seville, 1520-1617, and an imitator of the Florentine school. Observe the portrait of Diego de Rollan, who gave this *Retablo*. In the C^a. de N.S. del Consuelo is a “Holy Family,” the masterpiece of Alonso Miguel de Tobar, the best of Murillo’s pupils, 1678-1758. Then, passing the grand door, is the precious “Angel de la Guarda,” an angel holding a sweet child, by Murillo: next, a fine “Nativity,” by Luis de Vargas, the Pierino del Vago of Seville, 1502-1569. In C^a. de San Laureano, observe the tutelard saint walking without his head: in these miracles, which abound in papal hagiography, *c’est le premier pas qui coûte*. Many Spanish female saints spoke after decapitation: the ruling passion strong after death. All this is borrowed: so Philomela’s tongue vibrated after it was cut off (Met. vi. 556). So says Lane (‘Mod. Egypt.’ i. 300), a Moslem santón spoke without any head at all. In Dante’s ‘*Inferno*,’ xxviii. 121, a gentleman converses holding his own head in his hand like a lantern. Ariosto’s Orrilo looks after his own head when cut off, and very sensibly puts it on again as if it had been his hat; and Isabella, of the same romancer, murmurs out after death the name of her loved Zurbino.

In the next chapel of S^a. Ana is a *Reto.* of the date 1504, with very curious costumes, and a “Marriage of the Virgin,” painted with all the defects of Juan Valdes Leal, 1630-1691, the rival and foe of Murillo. A door now leads to the archives, which are very perfect: the chapter sent them to Cadiz, and they thus escaped being made into cartridges by the invaders. Adjoining is the Mayordomia. Returning to the cathedral in the C^a. S^a. Josef, observe a “Nativity,” by Fr^o. Antolinez, ob. 1676; and in the next,

a statue of San Hermenegildo, by Montañes; and the magnificent tomb of the Archb. Juan de Cervantes, ob. 1453, the work of Lorenzo de Mercadante. In the *Sacristia de la Antigua* are a few paintings by Antolinez, el Griego, Zurbaran, Morales, and flower-pieces, by Arellano, 1614-1776. The chapel is one of the Sancta Sanctorum. Observe the marble *Reto.*; the silver railing, with the words "Ave Maria;" and the Bysantine picture, which remained even in the Moorish mosque, and which miraculously introduced San Ferd. into Seville. A 4to. volume was written on this Palladium of the city by Antonio de Solis, Vallestilla Sevilla, 1739. Observe the fine *plateresque* tomb of "the great" Cardinal Mendoza, erected in 1509 by Miguel Florentin; and, opposite, that of Archb. Luis de Salcedo, a feeble imitation, in 1741. The frescoes were painted by Domingo Martinez.

Now advance into the transept, and observe the Gothic balconies of the galleries. The mahogany clock is in the worst modern taste. To the r. of the *Puerta de la Lonja* is "La Generacion" of Luis de Vargas. The breast of Eve was covered by the prudish chapter. This truly Italian picture, and his masterpiece, is called "*La Gamba*," from the leg of Adam, which Mateo Perez de Alesio is said to have said was worth more than all his colossal "Saint Christopher," which he painted opposite in fresco in 1584: it is 32 ft. high. San Cristobal—for thus he is half Christianised and Punicised—was a Saracen ferryman—*portitor ipse Charon*. He is painted at the entrance of Spanish cathedrals, of colossal size, in order that all may see him, because all who look on him cannot come on that day to an evil death. He carries the infant Saviour, who holds the globe in his hand, over a river. This Baal is the precise Cœlifer Atlas, *Christoferos*, and his legend is one of the richest in Roman hagiography. In the *Ca. de la Sa. Cruz* is a "Descent," by Pedro Fernandez de Guadalupe, 1527. Next

enter the elegant *Sacristia de los Calices*, designed in 1530 by Diego de Riaño. Observe the Tintoret-like portrait of Contreras, painted in 1541 by L. de Vargas; and the nun Dorothea, by Murillo, in 1674; a "Saviour," by Roelas; and a fine "St. Peter," by Herrera el viejo. The patronesses, *santas* Rufina and Justina, were painted in 1817 by Goya: the fit models for this David-like abomination were two notorious frail ladies of Madrid named Ramona and Sabina. Thus the mistresses of painters and great men were the models of the pagan pictures of Venus; particularly Flora, the chère amie of Pompey, and Phryne and Campaspe, the beloved of Alexander. Arellius (Plin. 'N. H.' xxxv. 10) was remarkable, like Goya, for painting goddesses from improper models.

The architecture of this *Sacristia* is in the transition style, when the Gothic was giving place to the Græco-Romano and plateresque. Here lie some of the *Conquistadores de Sevilla*. Observe the marble tables and pavement. In the next chapel are four tombs of armed knights and ladies. Enter the *ante-sala* of the *Sacristia mayor*; observe the trunk-like roof and the cardinal virtues in niches. In the *Sacristia*, observe the plateresque carved door, and the *armarios*, or plate-chests, by Pedro Duque Cornejo, 1677-1757, pupil of Roldan. The fine *Sacristia*, the triumph of the rich plateresque, is by Diego de Riaño, 1530. The dresses of the clergy are kept in new presses made by order of a barbarian Canon named Santos in 1819, who destroyed the glorious old ones of Guillen, 1548, a few of whose Michael Angelesque pannells are let into the modern wood-work.

Observe the Custodia, made by Juan D'Arfe in 1580, the Cellini of Spain (see Valladolid). This masterpiece was unfortunately "beautified and repaired" in 1668, by Juan de Segura, during the Immaculate Conception mania, who placed that mystery in the position of the original figure of Faith.

Observe the two full-length Murillos, painted in a bold style in 1655; that representing San Leandro was the portrait of Alonzo de Herrera, *Apuntador del Coro*, and that of San Isidoro, of Juan Lopez Talavan. The "Descent" from the cross, over the altar, is by Pedro Campana, who, born at Brussels in 1503, was one of the first to introduce the Italian style; and this, considered his finest work, became the marvel and model of Seville. It is hard and stiff; yet before it Murillo used to stand, watching, as he said, "until the Saviour should be taken down," and before it he desired to be buried: it then decorated the altar of his parish church, *La Sa. Cruz*, which the French pulled down, and scattered the artist's dust to the winds. The soldiery then broke the picture into five pieces, which were carried to the Alcazar and exposed to the sun, that warped the boards and blistered all the colours. The chapter employed Joaquin Cortes for three months in the restoration.

Underneath it are kept the usual assortment of bones and relics: observe the identical keys presented to St. Ferdinand when Seville surrendered: that given by the Jews is iron gilt, and the wards represent the words "Melech hammelakim giphthohh Melek kol-haaretz gabo;"—the King of kings will open, the king of all the earth will enter: the other, of silver-gilt, has the words *Dios abra la Rey entrara*: these, indeed, are real relics.

In a court to the r. is, or rather was, the church treasury, for Soult and appropriation have emptied the chests; a few of the *Virils* and candlesticks, especially *las Alphonsinas*, have escaped the invaders' melting-pot: observe a cross made in 1580 by Merino. The *Reto*. of the C^a. del Marischal contains some of the latest and finest works of Campana, and shows how much he improved after seeing the elegant Pierino outlines and style of L. de Vargas. In the *Ante-Cabildo* are some marble pilasters, statues, and medallions made at Genoa, with inscriptions by Fr^o. Pacheco: in a little court-yard is an

inscribed Gothic stone relating to Bishop Honoratus, successor to San Isidoro, A.D. 641.

The *Sala Capitular*, or chapter-house, is another of Riaño's exquisite plateresque saloons; it was built in 1530, is elliptical, 50 ft. long by 34 ft.: observe the marble pavement, worked to correspond with the elaborate ceiling. The beautiful "*Concepcion*" is by Murillo; "St. Ferdinand" is by Pacheco; and the "Four Virtues, with Shields and Children," by Pablo de Cespedes, the painter-poet of "Cordoba," 1538, 1608. The 16 marble medallions were made at Genoa; the eight ovals between the windows are by Murillo, but neither the sculpture nor the paintings are of a high class. In the *Sala Capitular de Abajo* are full-length royal portraits from Alonzo III. down to Charles V.; observe the cinque-cento cornice, the medallions, and the No Do pavement (see p. 245). Returning through the C^a. del Marischal, to the *Contaduria Mayor*, is a "St. Ferdinand," by Murillo, a "Sacrifice of Abraham," and a "Rufina and Justina," by P^o. de Cespedes; here are kept the chapter accounts.

The first chapel on the E. end, that de la "*Concepcion*," is in degenerate cinque-cento: here lies buried Gonzalo Nuñez de Sepulveda, who, in 1654, endowed the September "Octave" in honour of the Immaculate "Concepcion." Observe the pictures treating of that mystery; the large crucifix has been attributed to Alonzo Cano. At this Octave and at Corpus, the Quiresters or *Seises* (formerly they were six in number) dance before the high altar with castanets and with plumed hats on their heads. *Instaurantque choros, mixtique altaria circum*. They are dressed as pages of the time of Philip III. They wear blue and white for the Virgin, red and white for Corpus. These dances were the ancient *Εμμελεια*, the grave-measured minuet; thus David praised the Lord with a song and the dance. These must not be confounded with the *Korδαξ*, the jig, and those *motus*

Ionicos of the daughter of Herodias ; but nothing has suffered more degradation than the dance.

The *Capilla Real* is almost a church by itself, with its regular staff of clergy. Blanco White was one of the chaplains. It was built in 1541 by Martin de Gainza ; it is inferior to the saloons of Riaño, for the plateresque was then going out of fashion ; it is 81 ft. long, 59 wide, and 130 high. It is entered under a lofty arch. The statues of the apostles and evangelists were sculptured by Lorenzo del Vao and Campos in 1553, from designs by Campana. The *Reja* is abominable and of the bad period of Carlos III. ; here are the tombs of Alonzo el Sabio and Queen Beatrix, and medallions of Garci Perez and Diego Perez de Vargas. The *Retº*, by Luis Ortiz, 1647, is in vile taste ; over the altar is placed the *Virgen de los Reyes*, a miraculous palladium given to St. Ferdinand by his cousin St. Louis of France : observe the ridiculous tinsel petticoat ; indeed, it is difficult not to smile, as the honest pagan who laughed outright at the strange images of his goddesses (Athen. xiv. 1). St. Ferd. lies before his tutelar image stretched out in a silver and glazed *Urna*, made in 1729 ; the body is nearly perfect and is displayed, on May 30, Aug. 22, Nov. 23, and none should fail to attend the military mass, when troops are marched in and the colours lowered to the conqueror of Seville : observe the original sepulchre of the king, on which the *Urna* is placed, with the Spanish, Hebrew, Latin, and Arabic epitaphs composed by his son, Alonzo el Sabio. They are deciphered and given by Ponz (ix. 31), and more fully in the 4to. vol. of the Seville Academy, 1773, p. 93. The sword of St. Ferd. is kept in this chapel, and used to be taken out on all grand expeditions ; and on his saint's day a sermon, *el de la espada*, is preached, in which its virtues are expounded. In this chapel also is buried Maria de Padilla, mistress of Pedro el Cruel.

The *Retablo* in the *Ca. de San Pedro*

is in the Herrera style : it contains pictures by Frº Zurbaran, 1598-1662, called the Spanish Caravaggio, but a far greater and more Titianesque painter. He was as unrivalled in painting the Spanish Carthusian, as Murillo was for Mendicant Monks, and Roelas for Jesuits : observe the "*Cerrojo de la Reja*," made by Cordero. This corner of the cathedral is too dark to see anything well ; in the north transept is a charming "*Nª. Sa. de Belem*," or a delicious "*Virgin and Child*," by Alonzo Cano. In the *Ca. de San Francisco* is the "*Assumption of the Tutelar*," one of the best works of the presumptuous Herrera *el Mozo*, called the younger to distinguish him from Herrera *el viejo* ; this is travestied by Mr. Inglis (i. 223) into *Hermoso* the beautiful : a very pretty mistake as it stands.

The window, painted in 1556, is remarkable. In the *Ca. de Santiago* is the "*Tutelar riding over Moors*," by Juan de las Roelas, generally called el Clerigo Roelas ; he was one of the great masters of Seville, although scarcely known by name out of it (1558-1625). This is not one of his best works. The painted window, the "*Conversion of St. Paul*," 1560, is full of the richest reds and blues ; the "*San Lorenzo*" is by Valdes. Observe the tomb of Archbishop Vargas, ob. 1362, era 1400 ; and in the next chapel, that of Baltazar del Rio, Bishop of Scalas, 1518. The arch is Italian work ; this prelate was much employed by Leo X. The last chapel contains the font : the Giralda figures on the windows, which were painted in 1685. Here is the large and much-admired "*San Antonio*" of Murillo : the infant Saviour attended by cherubs visits the kneeling monk ; unfortunately it was in 1833 cruelly retouched, and *bañado*, or daubed over, by Gutierrez. This once noble work was painted in 1656 in Murillo's best period. The stupid verger tells an idle tale that "*Our Duke*" offered to cover this gigantic picture with ounces of gold, but that the chapter declined. But it is quite common in Spain, when the value of

anything is wished to be enhanced, to say, "an Englishman bid so and so for it." This at least is a compliment to our honesty; *we* do not *rob*, but are willing to *pay* for what we have the taste to admire.

Such is a mere outline of this cathedral: the student will of course get the Guides of Cean Bermudez and Colon (p. 244), and will visit the edifice at different times of the day and evening, in order to fully estimate the artistical changes and effects of light and shade. The interior is somewhat dark, but it is a gorgeous gloom, inspiring a religious sentiment, chastening, not chilling, solemn, not sad.

The sun, about two o'clock, falls on the Holy Rood over the *Retablo*, and produces a splendid effect. The cathedral is always much thronged by idlers, and those classes who

"to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there,"

and for even worse motives: hence the sexes are not allowed to walk about or talk together; *celadores* and *pertigueros*, beards and vergers, keep guard, and papal excommunications are suspended *in terrorem*; nor are women allowed to enter after *oraciones*, when darkness comes on. But female worship and superstition had long before led to the same deplorable results. Ovid (Art. Am. i. 8. 74, and iii. 638) teaches women to make the pretence of going to the mass of Isis an excuse to meet their lovers. It was not prudent even to ask what took place before her *Retablo* (Am. ii. 2. 25); and Juvenal (ii. 6. 487) uses the strong expression, *Isiaca Sacraia Læna*: so the cathedral of Seville is a chosen spot of rendezvous, and the irreverent lovers care little for the presence of the *Imágenes Sagradas*—they are, say they, *Santos muy callados*, and never tell tales.

These evils are, however, easily avoided. Not so another nuisance, common to this and most churches in Spain, the beggar tribe, who particularly haunt the altars of the Virgin, as

their pagan brethren did those of Pallas (Mart. iv. 53). This vermin, like mosquitos, smell the blood of an Englishman. Refer, however, to our remarks, p. 171, and when pestered by impostors and unworthy objects, remember the specific phrase *Perdone V^{md.} por Dios Hermano!* My brother, will your worship excuse me, for God's sake! The beggar bows—he knows that all further application is useless; the effect is certain if the words be quietly and gravely pronounced.

Now visit the Alcazar; but first observe a singular Moorish skew-arch, in a narrow street leading to the Puerta de Xerez: it proves that the Moors practised this now assumed modern invention at least eight centuries ago. The *Alcazar* is entered by two gates, either by that *de las Banderas*, where the colours are hoisted when the king is residing, or by that *de la Montería*, from whence he sallied forth to the chace. The grand portal is quite Moorish, yet it was built in 1364 by Don Pedro, the great restorer of this palace. At this period the elaborate Oriental decorations of the Alhambra were just completed by Yusuf I.; and Pedro, who was frequently on the best terms with the Moors of Granada, desirous of adopting that style, employed Moorish workmen, just as the Christian Norman kings in Sicily did Saracenic ones, from want of sufficient taste and talent among their own ruder subjects. Observe the delicate arabesques, the pillar-divided windows, *ajimezes*, and the carved soffit. The quaint Gothic inscription almost looks like Cufic; it runs thus: "El muy alto, y muy noble, y muy poderoso, y conquistador Don Pedro, por la gracia de Dios, Rey de Castilla y de Leon, mandó facer estos alcazares y estas facadas que fue hecho en la era mil quatro cientos y dos;" that is, A.D. 1364.

The term *Alcazar* signifies a royal palace. The word is Moorish, or rather Roman, for *Al-Kasr*, *Al-Cacar*, is simply Cæsar, whose name was synonymous with majesty. This residence

is built on the site of that of the palace of the Roman prætor. Palaces, like temples, obtain a prescriptive reverence; and when one dynasty or creed is expelled, their successors naturally step into the conveniences of their predecessors. This residence was built in the tenth and eleventh centuries, by Jalubi, a Toledan architect, for Abdu-r-rahman An-na'ssir Lidin-Allah, [the defender of the religion of God].

It has been much altered by Ferd. and Isab., and Charles V., and Frenchified by Philip V., who subdivided the noble saloons with paltry lath and plaster *tapique*. The oldest portion fronts the garden. Don Pedro repaired the opposite side, and his painted ceilings still remain, as the *Banda* (see p. 130) evinces. Isabella erected the pretty chapel up-stairs. Charles V. was here married to Isabella of Portugal, and being of chilly habits, put up the fireplaces in the second floor to the E. He also repaired the stucco *hienzos* of the grand *patio*. Philip II. introduced the portraits into the hall of ambassadors; Philip III., in 1610, built the armoury; Philip V., in 1733, the pillared *Apeadero*: here he resided in morbid seclusion for two years, amusing himself with religious penances and fishing in his pond. The *ofcinas* over the baths of Padilla were erected by Ferd. VI. This Alcazar was barbarously whitewashed in 1813, when much of the delicate painting and gilding was obliterated, as at the Alhambra in 1832. The *asistente* Arjona commenced some partial restoration of portions to their primitive brilliancy, which civil wars and poverty have frequently interrupted.

On entering, the columns in the vestibule are Roman, with Gothic capitals: these belonged to the original palace. Don Pedro brought from Valencia many other pillars out of the royal Aragonese residence, which he destroyed. The grand *Patio* is superb, 70 ft. by 54. It was modernised in 1569. The stucco-work is by Fr^{co} Mar-

tinez. Many of the doors, ceilings, and *Azulejos* are genuine Moorish. Visit the pretty *puppet Patio de las Muñecas*, and the adjoining saloons restored by Arjona. The hall of ambassadors has a glorious *Media naranja* roof: but the Spanish balconies and royal portraits mar the Moorish character: the baboon Bourbon heads are both an insult and injury. Here the Seville junta sat until the defeat of Ocaña. In the next room it is said that Don Pedro caused his brother, *El Maestre de Santiago*, whom he had invited as a guest, to be murdered. Another anecdote of this Richard III. of Spain deserves mention. Abu Said, who had usurped the throne of Ismael II. of Granada, fled to Seville from the rightful heir, under promise of safe conduct from Pedro, who received, feasted, and then put his guest to death, under circumstances of inhospitable and mocking cruelty, in order to seize his treasure in jewels. Gayangos found, in an Arabic MS. in the British Museum, a contemporary account of the event. Among the gems is specified "a huge ruby:" this Don Pedro gave to the Black Prince after the victory at Navarete. This is the "fair ruby, great like a racket-ball," which Queen Elizabeth showed to Mary of Scots' ambassador, Melville, and which the canny chiel wanted her to give to his mistress; it is the identical gem which now adorns the royal crown of England in the Tower.

From this hall pass through the truly Arabian suite of rooms fronting the garden, and then ascend to the second story, modernised by Charles V.: walk out on the terrace over the garden: visit Isabella's chapel, which lies to the N.W.; it is very small, 15 ft. by 12. This cinque-cento *Azulejo* is quite Peruginesque, and perhaps is the finest Christian specimen in Spain.

Seville is very rich in this Moorish decoration; *Azul* and *Azulejo*, although both derived from Arabic words, do not come from the same root. The former is *Lazurad*, the Lapis Lazuli;

the latter, *Zulaj*, *Zuleich*, a varnished tile. Lazurad was borrowed from the Persian; the Arabic word blue being *zaraco*, whence the Spanish *zarco*, which is only applied to blue eyes. Most names of colours in the Spanish are derived from Arabic words, such as *Albavalde*, *Carmesi*, *Gualdo*, *Azul-turqui*, *Ruano*, *Alazan*. The Moor was the chemist and decorator, from whom the rude Gotho-Spaniard learned his arts and the words to express them. The use of the *Azulejo* is very ancient and Oriental. The sapphire and blue were always the favourite tints (Exod. xxiv. 10; Isa. liv. 11). The substance is composed of a red clay, the surface of which is highly glazed in enamelled colours. The material is cool, clean, and no vermin can lodge in it. The Moors formed with it most ingenious harlequinades, combining colour and pattern.

The best *Azulejo* specimens in Seville are the *Dados* in the *Patio* of this Alcazar. Some are Moorish, others of the time of Don Pedro; then comes this chapel (1504), and then the most curious portal of *Las Monjas de Sa. Paula*; then the *Dados* in the *Casa Pilatus*; then the summer-house in the Alcazar garden, 1546; of the same period are the Berruguette *Dados* in the Alcazar library. Those at *San Agustin* were designed in 1611, when yellows were all the fashion. Then the custom of representing monks and sacred subjects became very prevalent. See the façade of the church to the r. outside the *Pu. del Popolo*, and those in blue at the *Caridad* after designs of Murillo.

The *Cuarto del Principe*, a truly Alhambra room, is placed over the vestibule. In a long saloon downstairs were kept, or rather were neglected, in heaps on the floors, those antiquities which chance discovered while a road was making at Italica, and which were not reburied from the accident of the *Alcaide Fro. de Bruna* being a man of taste. The Alcazar was made by Soult a receiving-house general. When he evacuated Seville,

after Marmont's defeat at Salamanca, more than 1500 pictures were left behind, such was his hurry. The truly cinque-cento gardens were laid out by Charles, and are perhaps the most curious in Europe. Observe the tank where Philip V. fished, and the vaulted *Baños* where Maria de Padilla, mistress of Pedro el Cruel, bathed, which probably were originally prisons. The gardens are those of a Hesperus, "not fabulous;" their levels vary, and the plots are divided by orange-clad walls; the balmy air is perfumed by the blossom and golden fruit. The compartments are arranged in quaint patterns, such as the eagles and coats of arms of Charles V. Beware of certain hidden fountains in the walks—the Roman *Fistula*,—with which the unwary traveller will be sprinkled. Visit the semi-Moorish Kiosk in the under garden; ascend the rustic terrace to the N., it is an exact Roman *Ambulatio*.

Among the most remarkable houses in Seville visit the *Casa O' Lea*, 14, *Ce. Botica del Agua*. It is a perfect Moorish specimen; the whitewash was picked off the stucco by an artist named Bejarano, long notorious for repainting and ruining old pictures. After that this house fell into the hands of a Frenchman, one Mons.^r Dominie, who destroyed the rich *Artesonado* ceiling, and put up a modern flat one. In the adjoining *Ce. de los Abades*, No. 27, is a singular vaulted Moorish saloon. In the same street, *Casa Carasa*, No. 9, is a superb specimen of the Arragonese plateresque, erected in 1526 by a canon named Pinero. The medallions are quite Raphaelesque. But whitewashing, the fatal *Cal de Moron*, the bane of Seville, has much obliterated the delicate outlines of this once fairy *Patio*. Visit in the *Ce. de las Duenas* a most Moorish palace of the D. of Alba, and now, alas! fast going to ruin; here Lord Holland lived. It consisted once of eleven *Patios*, with nine fountains and more than 100 marble pillars. Visit its gardens and the *forest* orange-trees and

myrtles. On the *Plaza del Duque* is the palace of the Guzman family, now cut up and divided into many mansions. In the *Casa Cantillana*, *Puerta de Xerez*, Lord Wellesley resided; it was afterwards made a diligence-inn, and then a winestore.

The mansion of the *Taberas*, which all who read the charming drama of Sancho Ortiz de Roelas will visit, is in the *Ce. de la Inquisicion Vieja*, and belongs to the Moscoso family. Here is still shown the garden-door by which Sancho el Bravo intended to carry off the beautiful *Estrella de Sevilla*. This house, in 1833, was tenanted by a Frenchman, who converted it into a dyeing-factory; and when we were there last, he was meditating trimming up the gardens *à la mode de Paris*; next visit the *Casa de Pilatus*, so called because said to be built in imitation of that of Pilate. This is the spot from whence *Las Estaciones*, the stations to the *Cruz del Campo*, begin. Few Spanish cities are without these stations, which generally lead to the *Calvario*, a Golgotha, or hill with crosses on it, and erected in memorial of the crucifixion. During Passion Week, these stations are visited; at each of them a prayer is said allusive to the separate sufferings of the Saviour, which are carved, painted, or indicated at each. This palace was built in 1533, by the great nobleman of the day, Fadrique Enriquez de Ribera, in commemoration of his having performed the pilgrimage to Jerusalem in 1519. He was accompanied by the poet Juan de Encina, who published their tour (*Tribagia*, Roma, 1521). The architecture proves how closely the Spaniards of the fifteenth century imitated the Saracenic forms: all is now in a scandalous state of neglect. The saloons of state are whitewashed, and turned to base purposes; the gardens are running wild; the sculpture is tossed about as in a stonemason's yard. Observe the Gothic balustrade over the entrance, the grand *Patio*, with

its fountains and injured statues of Pallas, Ceres, and others. The chapel is in the most gorgeous Saracenic-Gothic style. Ascend the magnificent staircase to the chief suite of rooms. Everything that stucco, carving, *Azu-lejo*, and gilding could do, was done. In the pleasant garden, visit the grotto of Susanna, and observe the neglected marbles and sculpture. These were given to Perafan de Ribera by Pius V.: a selection was removed to Madrid by a Duque de Medina Celi, to whom the place now belongs.

The lovers of Prout-like bits will visit the Jews' quarters. Before their expulsion from Seville they lived in a separate "Jewry," or Ghetto, *La Juderia*, which was like *La Moreria*, where the Moriscoes dwelt, and is a perfect labyrinth of lanes. In the *Juderia* is the house of Murillo: it is close to the city wall, the last to the r. in a small *plaza* at the end of the *Callejuela del Agua*. The parish church, *La Santa Cruz*, in which he was buried, was pulled down by the French, who scattered his bones. Murillo was baptized Jan. 1, 1618, in the *Magdalena*—that church also Soult destroyed. His tomb consisted of a plain slab, placed before the Descent from the Cross of Campana (see p. 255) with a skeleton engraved on it, and the motto, "Vive moriturus." His painting-room, nay, living-room, for he lived to paint, was in the upper floor, and is as cheerful as his works. In the garden observe the fountain, and Italian frescoes, compositions of fauns, mermaids, and women with musical instruments. They have been attributed to Luis de Vargas. This house was lately inhabited by Canon Cepero, who did so much to rescue art at Seville, during the recent constitutional outbreaks. He was a man of taste, and had a collection of many and *bad* pictures. This quality was no fault of his, for where good ones are not to be procured, bad become the best.

Visit also *El Corral del Conde*, *Ce. Santiago*, No. 14: it is a barrack of

washerwomen:—what a scene for the artist! What costume, balconies, draperies, colour, attitude, grouping! what a carrying of vases after the antique! what a clatter of female tongues, a barking of dogs, a squalling of children—all Murillos!—will assail the *impertinente curioso*!

For *plateresque* architecture, the best specimen is *La Casa del Ayuntamiento*, the corporation-house on the great plaza. This highly ornate edifice was built in 1545-64. The exterior is a silversmith chasing in stone-work: observe the staircase, the carved doors, and *sala grande baja*, with the Spanish kings, arranged in thirty-five squares, or *Lacunares*, on the ceiling. Admirable also is the inscription on Spanish *Justicia*;—*Cosas de España*. The very sound of *Justicia*, so perfect in theory, practically infects every Spaniard with delirium tremens; it implies delay, injustice, ruin, and death. The *Audiencia*, or high court of Seville, sits in the opposite corner of the Plaza, and is presided over by a *Regente*: the official statistics for 1844 gave in a jurisdiction over 1,140,935 souls, 4094 trials, or about one in 279.

The different quarters into which Seville is divided are well expressed in these verses:—

“*Desde la Catedral, a la Magdalena,
Se almuerza, se come, y se cena;
Desde la Magdalena, a San Vicente,
Se come solamente;
Desde San Vicente, a la Macarena,
Ni se almuerza, ni se come, ni se cena.*”

The once wealthy clergy gathered like young pelicans under the wing of the mother church. The best houses were near the cathedral, in the *Ce. de los Abades*. This Abbot's street was the close: here “their bellies with good capons lined,” the dignitaries *break-fasted, dined, and supped*; recently they were half starving. In the *Sⁿ Vicente* lived the knights and nobles, and the *Ce. de Armas* was the aristocratic street of arms. Here the *hidalgos*, with their

wives and daughters, ate less and dressed more: they *only dined*; they pinched their stomachs to deck their backs: but the most ancient unchanged Iberian characteristic, from Athenæus to Lazarillo de Tormes, has been external show and internal want. The Macarena now, as it always was, is the abode of ragged poverty, which never could or can for a certainty reckon on one or any meal a day.

The *Ce. de los Abades* should be visited, although no longer so redolent of rich *ollas*. The cathedral staff consisted of an archbishop, an auxiliary bishop, 11 dignitaries, 40 canons, 20 prebendaries, 20 minor canons, 20 *veinteneros*, and 20 chaplains of the quire. Their emoluments were very great: nearly 900 houses in Seville belonged to the chapter, besides vast estates, tithes, and corn-rents. Mendizabal, in 1836, pounced on all this, and appropriated it to the State; since then the number of canons has been reduced and their incomes still more, and even those were not paid: formerly this street was a rookery, nor were the nests without progeny. The Pope might deny his clergy wives and children, but the devil provided them with housekeepers, *amas* (? ab amare), and nephews. In the mediæval period the concubines of the celibate clergy, were almost licensed, as among the Moors. The mistress was called *barragana*, from the Arabic words *barra*, strange, and *gana ganidir*, a connexion: hence, in old Spanish, natural children are called *hijos de ganancia*, which has nothing to do with gain; analogous is the “strange woman” in Judges xi. 2; others and probably more correctly have derived the word from the Arabic *Barragan*, single, unmarried; which was essential to secure to the parties thus cohabiting without marriage the sort of morganatic status allowed by the law; many are the jests as regards the children born in this street:

“*En la calle de los Abades,
Todos han Tíos, y ningunos Padres.*”

They called their father their *uncle*, and he called his children *nephews*.

“*Los Canonigos Madre, no tienen hijos ;
Los que tienen en casa, son sobrinosicos.*”

But Virgil (*Æn.* vi. 661) placed the *casti sacerdotes* at once in Heaven, and not in the intermediate purgatory.

The wealth and comparative luxury of the Spanish clergy exposed them to popular envy and plunder; pious innovators were urged by the *auri sacra* fames; and certainly the church had feathered its nest, until death met with no ruder welcome than when he tapped at a good dignitary's door, who was contented with his sublunary lot, his house, *housekeeper*, cook, income, and pair of sleek mules; the canon, or *Regla de Santiago*, was thus laid down:—

El primero—es amar á Don Dinero.

El segundo—es amolar á todo el mundo.

El tercero—buen vaca y carnero.

El cuarto—ayunar despues de harto.

El quinto—buen blanco y tinto.

Y estos cinco, se encierran en dos,

Todo para mi, y nada para vos.

The first is—to love the Lord Money.

The second is—to grind all the world.

The third is—good beef and mutton.

The fourth is—to fast when one can eat no more.

The fifth is—good wine, white and red.

And these five rules may be summed up in two—

Everything for me, and nothing for you.

The great square of Seville was long called *de San Francisco*, from the neighbouring and now destroyed convent. It was for its cloisters that Murillo painted, in 1645, that series of eleven superb pictures which first made his talents known in Seville, after his return from Madrid. All these were removed *vi et armis* by Soult, save one, which he left behind in the Alcazar, and which is now *penes nos*, purchased and paid for.

The *Plaza* is the heart of the city—the forum, the place of gossip and of executions. It is very Moorish and picturesque, with its arcades and balconies; under the former are the jewellers' shops. But Spain's golden, nay silver ages are past. Formerly the curious might pick up here some old

plate, especially Damascene filigree and cinque-cento jewellery, called *joyas*, from the Arabic *jauhar*, brilliant. Pearls and emeralds were the most usually selected, the settings are very beautiful; but poverty has sent and is sending them to the melting-pot. Vast quantities, even in the time of Ferd. VII., were privately conveyed to the public mint by families of rank, who were ashamed to sell them openly; and even objects like these, if met with in some of the out-of-the-way cities, were they the works of Juan d'Arphe, the Spanish Cellini, would be broken by the barbarous battering-hammer of the English custom-house.

To the l. of the *Casa del Ayuntamiento* is the *Calle de la Sierpe*, which, with the parallel *Ce. Francos*, are the Bond and Regent streets of Seville. To the r. is the *Calle de Genoa*, the Paternoster-row: for Spanish book-sellers see p. 138.

The finest pictures in Seville are in the Cathedral, *La Caridad*, the *Museo*, and the University. *La Caridad* lies outside the walls and is an hospital dedicated to St. George, and rebuilt by Miguel Mañara, a friend of Murillo's, whose splendid portrait of him is now at Bowood. The founder is buried in the *capilla mayor*. Observe the colonnaded *Patio*. On entering the church, the Descent from the Cross over the high altar is the masterpiece of Pedro Roldan; the almost startling reality of the sculpture is marred by tinsel dresses and architectural fitter. Observe under the *coro* a “Dead Prelate” and the “Triumph of Time,” by Juan Valdes Leal, a disgusting picture, which Murillo said he could not look at without holding his nose. He painted here his grand pictures in 1660-74. Soult carried off four, viz., “the Angels and Abraham,” “the Prodigal Son,”—these two he sold to the Duke of Sutherland—“the Angel and St. Peter,” and “the Healing the Cripple,” which are still at Paris. The Spaniards have never filled up the blank spaces, the gaps

yawn like graves; this *hiatus maxime deflendus* remains as an evidence of M. Soult's love for the fine arts and the eighth commandment. His *Caridad*, like the charity of Belisarius, consisted in taking, not giving.

The Murillos now in the *Caridad* are an "Infant Saviour" on pannel, and injured; a "St. John," rich and brown; a "San Juan de Dios," equal to Rembrandt; the *Pan y Peces*, or Loaves and Fishes; but the figure of Christ feeding the 5000, which ought to be the principal, is here subordinate: the "Moses striking the Rock" is much finer; this indeed is a picture of the Hagar-like thirst of the desert, and is justly called *La Sed*: both are colossal, and painted in a sketchy manner, calculated for the height and distance of their position from the spectator; and here they still hang like rich oranges on the bough, where they originally budded.

The private galleries are few, and every day becoming less. Many were broken up in the universal ruin entailed by the invasion and subsequent troubled times; when neither person nor property was safe, when the sources of income failed, and everything which could be converted into money was sold. The richest are those of our most valued friend "Don Julian," the English V.-Consul, who beyond all doubt is the first judge in Europe of Spanish art; his gallery is, however, a shadow of the past, as the finest specimens are in England, France, and Russia, and especially in Paris, since Mr. Standish, who purchased largely, bequeathed his collection to Louis-Philippe. It is true that the pictures look gloomy and dark in the Louvre; that is the fault of the Spanish School, as we have before explained (p. 138).

The amateur will visit also the gallery of Maestre, in the *Pajería* of the Canons Cepero, Pereira, and of an ignorant cloth-dealer, named Bravo. As all these collections are daily changing, the contents cannot be described. That of the Conde de Mejorada, No. 17, *Ce. Real de Sⁿ. Marcos*,

is entailed or *vinculado*. He has three good Murillos, a Sⁿ. Antonio, a Crucifixion, and a small Holy Family, which is a charming gem.

Since the dissolution of the convents, many pictures, and some neglected antiquities, have been collected in the *Merced*, which is now the national Museum. This noble edifice was founded in 1249 by St. Ferd. The *Patio* and *Azulejos* are of the time of Charles V. Before the invasion it was full of fine paintings, but a French agent had previously, in the guise of a traveller, noted the contents, and the same individual, so the prior informed us, reappeared with the army, and laughed at the deceived monk, when he demanded them by his list. That respectable character Nero was the first who devised sending commissioners to pillage art, altars, &c. (Tac. 'An.' xv. 45.)

At Seville Murillo is to be seen in all his glory. Here, like Antæus, he is a giant on his native soil. His finest pictures, painted for the Capuchinos, were sent off, in 1810, to Cadiz, and thus escaped from the Commissioner. Murillo, born and baptized at Seville, Jan. 1, 1618, where he died, April 3, 1682, was the painter of female and infantine grace, as Velazquez was of more masculine and intellectual subjects. Both were true alike in form and colour to Spanish nature—both were genuine, national, and idiosyncratic. Murillo had three styles: the *Frio*, his earliest, being based on Ribera and Caravaggio, was dark, with a decided outline. Of these were the pictures in San Francisco. His second manner was his *Calido*, or warm, when his colouring was improved, while his drawing was still well defined and marked. His third style was the *Vaporoso*, or misty, vaporous, and blending. This he adopted partly because Herrera el Mozo had made it the fashion, and partly because, being stinted for time from the increased number of commissions, he could not finish so highly. Thus, in order to get over his work, he sacrificed a somewhat of his previous conscientious drawing.

The *Museo* in the *Merced* is now the

only place in the world fully to understand the great school of Seville. At the entrance is the elaborate iron Cruz, which stood formerly in the *Cerrageria*; the work of Sebastian Conde, 1692. The antique sculpture is second-rate. Among the finest pictures observe the "Sto. Tomas," of Zurbaran, his masterpiece: this was removed from the Colegio by the French to Paris, and was recovered by Waterloo: it was painted in 1625. The Head of Sto. Domingo is the portrait of Don Agustín de Escobar. Among the other Zurbarans observe "Sn. Henrique de Sufon" and "Sn. Luis Bertran," and the "Padre Eterno;" also the three first-rate pictures from the Cartuja—"Sn. Bruno before Urban II.," "the Virgin protecting the Monks," and "Sn. Hugo in the Refectory"—although unfortunately injured by over cleaning, they are magnificent. No one ever painted the Carthusian like Zurbaran; the studier of style will notice the peculiar pinky tone of this master, especially in female cheeks: the prevalent use of rouge at that time influenced his eye, as it did that of Velazquez.

Of Juan de Castillo, Murillo's master, observe those from the Monte Sion, especially the "Annunciation," "Visitation," "Nativity and Adoration." In the "Sn. Andres" of Roelas, a child is equal to Correggio, as a warrior is to Titian. Of *Herrera el Viejo*, the bold dashing master of Velazquez, observe the *Sn. Hermenegildo*, to which the artist owed his safe deliverance; guilty of a forgery, he had fled to an asylum, where he painted this picture. Philip IV., who saw it in 1624, inquired for the author, and pardoned him, observing that such talents ought never to be abused. His *Sn. Basilio* is bold and Ribera-like: observe the kneeling bishop and the handling of the drapery: here is the germ of Velazquez. The pictures of Frutet, from Las Bupas, and those of Valdes, from Sn. Geronimo, are second-rate. At one end of the transept is the *terra cotta*, "St. Jerome" of Torrigiano, which was long in the Buena

Vista convent. This Italian came to Granada in the hopes of executing the Sepulchre of Ferd. and Isab.; rejected because a foreigner, he turned to England, and wrought that of Henry VII. in Westminster Abbey. Torrigiano returned to Spain, where he modelled a Virgin, of which the exquisite *La mano a la teta*, in the Seville plaster-shops, is a cast. He died—oh! blot to Seville,—tortured in the vaults of the Inquisition, nominally because of suspected faith, but really a victim of artistical jealousy and *Españolismo*.

Near this "St. Jerome" is a *Sto. Domingo*, from *Portaceli*, by Montañes. The anatomical and fair Italian nudity contrasts with the brown draped work of the Spaniard. Observe also a crucifix by the same sculptor.

The Murillos are placed in the *Sala de Murillo*. The finest came from the Capuchin convent, for which they were painted at his best period. Although the light is better than that of their original positions, yet they lose something by the change: Murillo, in designing them, calculated exactly for each locality, and painted up to the actual light and point of view; and we miss the *Capuchino* ciceroni, who seemed to have stepped out of one of the pictures to tell us where Murillo went for a model, and how true his portrait; the *Sto. Tomas de Villa nueva* was called by the painter *his own picture*. The beggars are beyond price: none could represent them and Franciscans like Murillo, and simply because he painted them the most, and only painted what he saw actually in the *Macarena* and at every convent-gate, as all who remember them will admit. His was a faithful transcript of Spanish mendicant and monastic nature, neither more nor less (see p. 117). The *Sn. Felix de Cantalicio* is the perfection of the *vaporoso*: the delicate young flesh of the child contrasts with the greys of the saint. This, say the Spaniards, is painted *con leche y sangre*, or with milk and blood. The *Sa. Justa y Rufina* is in his *calido* style, forcible, and yet tender. "The

Nativity;" "The Adoration of Shepherds;" *Sn. Leandro and Sn. Buena-ventura*—observe the peeping Corregiesque boy; *Sn. José*; *Sn. Juan con el cordero*; "The Virgin and Child," called *La Servilleta*, because said to have been painted on a dinner-napkin; the child almost struggles out of its mother's arms, and out the picture-frame. "St. Francis embracing the Crucified Saviour:" here is seen Murillo's great power of drawing. "The Virgin and Angels with the Dead Christ;" "The Annunciation." The *Sn. Antonio* is a finer picture than that in the cathedral; observe the monk's expression looking on the child that is seated on his book: *Sn. Felix*, half-length. All these came from the Capuchinos. There is also an early Murillo, a "Virgin and Child," from *Sn. Jose*. The rest of the collection, some 200 pictures, are by different artists, and of different degrees of merit. The above selected are the pearls of greatest price. And last, not least, observe *La Concepcion* by Murillo, once a gem of the Capuchin convent.

The crowning and protecting mystery of Spain, is the dogma that the Virgin was born free from all taint of original sin. This is so peculiar and national, occurs so frequently in church, chapel, and gallery, and has occupied so many pens, pencils, and chisels, that some explanation is absolutely necessary in any 'Handbook for Spain.' The dispute of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin originated in the thirteenth century, but the Roman clergy took little interest in a mere question of casuistry. Not so the Spaniard, whose worship of an Astarte is almost sexual: accordingly, when it was revived in 1613, a Dominican monk having contended that the Deipara was liable to the pains and penalties of original sin, their rival mendicants the Franciscans affirmed that she was exempt. Those of Seville took the lead so violently that, before the Dominicans were silenced by the Pope, the whole population assembled in

churches, and sallying forth with an emblematical picture of the *sinless* Mary, set upon a sort of standard surmounted by a cross, paraded the city in different directions, singing praises to the *Immaculate Conception*, and repeating aloud the hymns of the rosary. These processions long constituted one of the peculiar usages of Seville; and, although confined to the lower classes, assumed that characteristic importance and overbearing spirit which is attached to religious associations in Spain, as among the Moslems. Wherever one of these processions presents itself to the public, it takes up the street from side to side, stopping the passengers, and expecting them to stand uncovered in all kinds of weather, till the standard is gone by. These banners are called *Sin Pecados*, that is, "sinless," from the theological opinion in support of which they were raised.

They take place during the holy week and the winter season, and are very picturesque. At nightfall the long lines of men, women, and children, two and two, are seen twinkling through the narrow streets, which are illuminated from the balconies of the houses. Their hymns are precisely the old, nocturnis, Hecate, trivius ululata per urbes. There is something very striking in the melody of the chaunt of distant voices heard as it approaches; the procession is headed by devotees, who carry richly chased lamps, *farolas*, on staves. The parish priest follows, bearing the glittering banner of gold and velvet, the *Sin Pecado*, on which the Virgin is embroidered; as soon as the cortége passes by, the candles in the balconies are put out: thus, while all before is one glare of light, all behind is dark, and it seems as if the banner of the Virgin cast glory and effulgence before her, like the fire-pillar which preceded the Israelites in the desert. How closely all this is Pagan may be seen in the accounts of the "Omnipotentis Dææ fecundum simulacrum;" the lamps, songs, *antecanta-*

menta, and processions of the *Pompa* of Isis described by Apuleius, 'Met.' xi. 243, et seq. The air of the music varies in different parishes: the words are *Dios te salve Maria, llena eres de gracia, el Señor es contigo, bendita tu eres entre todas las mugeres, y bendito es el fruto de tu vientre; Jesús! Sta. Maria, Madre de Dios, ruega Señora por nosotros pecadores ahora y en la hora de nuestra muerte.*

The Spanish government, under Charles III., showed the greatest eagerness to have the *sinless purity* of the Virgin Mary added by the Pope to the articles of the Roman Catholic faith. The court of Rome, however, with the cautious spirit which has at all times guided its spiritual politics, endeavoured to keep clear from a stretch of authority, which even some of its own divines would be ready to question; but splitting, as it were, the difference with theological precision, the censures of the church were levelled against such as should have the boldness to assert that the Virgin Mary had derived any taint from her ancestress Eve; and having personified the *Immaculate Conception*, it was declared that the Spanish dominions in Europe and America were under the protecting influence of that mysterious event: the declaration, on the 22nd October, 1617, diffused joy over all Spain. Seville went religiously mad. Zuniga and Valderama enter into all the details of the bull-fights which were celebrated on the occasion. Charles III. afterwards instituted an order, to which he gave his name, "*Carlos Tercero*," under the emblem of the *Immaculate Conception*—a woman dressed in white and blue; and a law was enacted requiring a declaration upon oath of a firm belief in the *Immaculate Conception* from every individual previous to his taking any degree at the universities, or being admitted into any of the corporations, civil and religious, which abound in Spain. This oath is administered even to mechanics upon their being made free of a guild. At Se-

ville a college, *Las Becas*, was founded solely to instruct youth in the defence of this mystery. All the facts and opinions, both *pro* and *con*, are collected by the Franciscan Pedro Alva y Astorga, under the title, "*Funiculi nodi indissolubiles de conceptu mentis et ventris*:" Brussels, 1661. The author left 18 more volumes on this subject, which still remain unpublished (see Antonio, 'Bib. Nov.' ii. 168). The arguments may be summed up in three words, *decurit, potuit, fecit*. The miracle was becoming the occasion, it was in the power of the Almighty to work it, and he did.

Seville having taken the lead in the dispute, it is natural that some of the most perfect conceptions of Murillo and Alonzo Cano should have been devoted to the embodying this incorporeal mystery; and never has dignified composure and innocence of mind, unruffled by human guilt or passion, pure unsexual unconsciousness of sin or shame, heavenly beatitude past utterance, or the unconquerable majesty and "hidden strength of chastity," been more exquisitely portrayed. The retiring virgin loveliness of the blessed Mary seems to have stolen so gently, so silently on her, that she is unaware of her own power and fascination. It may be as well to mention the proper manner in which this mystery should be painted. Pacheco (p. 481) requires that the Virgin should be about fifteen years old, very beautiful, with those regular features which the Greek artists selected to express the perfect passionless serenity of the immortal gods, devoid of human frailties, "the unpolluted temple of the mind;" that her attitude should be—

"Her graceful arms, in meekness bending
Across her gently budding breast"—

that she should be clad in a spotless robe of blue and white—the colours also of Juno, *Regina cæli*—because she appeared in them to Beatriz de Silva, a Portuguese nun. She should bruise with *her* heel the serpent's head; thus trampling on the author of original

sin. She should stand on the moon in a crescent shape: thus combining at once the symbol of Pagan and Moslem, the crescent of Isis, of Diana, and of the Turk. The horns should be placed downwards, because in fact the moon is always solid, although it appears to us, from the sun getting between it and the earth, to be occasionally a crescent. The moon is introduced because the Virgin is held to be the "woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars" (Rev. xii. 1). These stars should never be omitted. The body of the Virgin should float in an atmosphere of light, derived from herself. The cordon of San Francisco, sacred as the *Zennaar* cord of the Brahmans, should encircle the whole, because it is the badge of that order which defended her immaculate conception. The subject is often surrounded with smaller pictures, which represent those different attributes, and manifold perfections of the Virgin, which are celebrated in her Hymn and Litany: Murillo often painted the Virgin in a state of extatic beatitude, and borne aloft in a golden æther to heaven, to which her beauteous eyes were turned, by a group of angels, which none could colour like him. His unapproachable pre-eminence in representing this charming subject procured for him the name of *el pintor de la Concepcion*. It should be remembered that the draperies of the Virgin must be very long, and her feet never shown (see p. 212).

The mystery of the incarnation is shadowed out in the armorial bearings of the Virgin, the *vase with lily branches*, *jarro con açucenas*, which is to be seen sculptured in Spanish cathedrals, most of which are dedicated to *her*, and not to the Father or Son. In the middle ages an idea was prevalent that any female who ate the lily would become pregnant: *Lucina sine concubitu*. See 'Q. Rev.' cxxiii. 130.

The University contains fine pictures and sculpture. It was formerly a Jesuits' convent, and was built in

1565-79, in their peculiar worldly pomp, which contrasted with the gloomy piles of the more ascetic orders. When Charles III., in 1767, expelled the disciples of Loyola, it was assigned to the University. The magnificent church has been attributed to Herrera. The arrangement of the subsequent frieze, cornice, and architraves is objectionable, when compared to his simple fluted Doric pillars. Recently many churrigueresque altars and absurd ornaments have been removed. The founder of this museum, for such it is, was the Canon Manuel Lopez Cepero, who, in 1836, at a moment of revolutionary vandalism, suggested (like M. Le Noir, at Paris), the placing many monuments of art and piety, as it were, in a *national collection* or *Panteon Sevillano*.

The position of the *Coro Alto* of the chapel spoils the general effect; but this is a common defect in the elevation of Herrera. The raised *altar mayor* is noble. The superb Corinthian *Retablo*, designed by Alonzo Matias, contains three grand paintings by Roelas—a Holy Family, with Jesuits; a Nativity, and an Adoration. No one ever painted the sleek grimalkin Jesuit like Roelas. Observe an Annunciation by Pacheco; a St. John the Evangelist and a St. John the Baptist, by Alonzo Cano. The statues of St. Peter and St. Paul are by Montañes. The tabernacle on the altar was wrought, in 1606, by Matias. Observe the small picture by Roelas, and particularly the Infant Saviour. *Al lado del Evangelio* are the bronze monuments of Fr^{co}. Duarte and his wife Catalina, ob. 1554; both were brought in 1840 from the C^a. de la Victoria de Triana.

The *Retablos* of the chapels of *Concepcion* and *Las Reliquias* deserve notice: in the latter are pictures in the manner of Pacheco. Observe the two images made to be dressed, *imágenes de vestir*, of Fr^{co}. de Borja and Sⁿ. Ignacio, wrought in 1610 by Montañes; also his crucifix, and some pictures by Cano, of the lives of Sⁿ. Cosmé, Sⁿ. Da-

mian, a Saviour, and a Holy Father. Among the monumental curiosities are the tombs removed from Santiago de Espada, a church which Soult turned into a stable: first, the founder's tomb, Lorenzo Suarez de Figueroa, ob. 1409; his favourite dog Amadis lies at his feet: and next the sepulchre of the learned Benito Arias Montano, ob. 1598.

On the suppression of the *Cartuja* convent, the burial place of the Ribera family, Canon Cepero induced their representative, the Duke of Medina Celi, to remove the fine sepulchres of his ancestors: that of Pedro Enriquez, ob. 1492, was sculptured at Genoa by Charona in 1606. The Virgin and Child is much admired, also the weeping genius, called *La Tea*, from the reversed torch; its companion was taken to Madrid. The armed effigy is somewhat heavy. Observe the statues of Diego Gomez de Ribera, ob. 1434, and his wife Beatriz Puerto-Carrero, ob. 1458. Among others of this warlike family, most of whom died combating the Moor, are Perafan de Ribera, ob. 1455, and another of the same name, ob. 1423, aged 105; perhaps the finest, is that of Doña Catalina, ob. 1505, which was made for her son Fadrique, in Genoa, 1519, by Pace Gazini. The splendid bronze of this Fadrique was destroyed, when Soult converted the Cartuja into a barrack: one monumental engraved brass only escaped—the effigy of his nephew Fadrique, ob. 1571, viceroy of Naples, where it is conjectured that it was executed.

Seville, before the French invasion, was a truly Levitical city, and contained 140 churches; as these were well endowed, they afforded a festival and spectacle of some kind or other for almost every day in the year, and, in fact, monopolized the time and relaxation of the people. Strictly speaking, there are three kinds of religious days or festivals: the first are called *Fiestas de precepto*, on which no sort of work may be done; the second are *Fiestas de concejo*, which might and ought to be held

sacred also; the third are *Fiestas de medio trabajo*, half holidays, when work is permitted on condition of first having heard a mass. Compare the pagan distinctions, the *Dies Festi* and *profesti*: see Macrobius, 'Sat.' i. 16, and Virgil, 'G.' i. 268. The invasion of the French arrested this prodigious idling; first, by sapping the religious principle of the national belief, and secondly, by destroying convents and churches, and seizing the funds by which the holiday-show expenses were defrayed. During Soult's short rule in Seville *Sⁿ. Francisco* was burnt, the *Magdalena*, *S^a. Cruz*, and *Encarnacion* were pulled down; while the *Sⁿ. Lucas*, *Sⁿ. Andres*, *Santiago*, *Sⁿ. Alberto*, *Sⁿ. Jose*, *S^a. Isabel*, and *Merced*, were converted into magazines.

Among the most interesting which survive, the ecclesiologist may still visit *Sⁿ. Lorenzo*: here is a "Concepcion" by F. Pacheco, 1624; an "Annunciation" by Pedro de Villegas Marmolejo, who lies buried here; his epitaph was written by Arias Montano. Here also is buried the priest Juan Bustamante, ob. 1678, ætat. 105; this true *Padre* was father of 42 legitimate and 9 natural children. In the *Retablo* are four medallions and a *Sⁿ. Lorenzo* by Montañes, by whom also is *No. Sr. de gran Poder*, a superb graven image.

In the *Colegio Maese Rodrigo*, so called from the founder Rodrigo Fernandez de Santaella, 1505, were some injured pictures by Zurbaran. The portrait of the founder was entirely repainted by Bejarano.

Sⁿ. Clemente contains a splendid *alerce* roof, and a plateresque high altar by Montañes, and a portrait of St. Ferd. by Valdes, and two pictures of him by Pacheco: the *Azulejos* are curious, and of the date 1588. Observe the St. John the Baptist, carved by Jaspas Nuñez Delgado.

Sⁿ. Miguel is very ancient; observe the pillars and capitals, and the Christ, by Montañes. The pictures called "Raphael and Vandyke" are bad copies.

The magnificent church of the convent of *St. Pablo* has been recently

appropriated to the parish: it contains paintings by Arteaga and frescos by Lucas Valdes.

In *Sⁿ. Andres* is a "Concepcion" by Montañes, with many small pictures by Villegas.

In *Sⁿ. Alberto* is a good Pacheco: the glorious *Ret^o*, by Roldan, was pulled down by the French and sold as wood for firing, when Soult turned the church into a cartridge-manufactory.

The tower of *Sⁿ. Pedro* is Moorish; observe the *artesonado* roof and the *Ret^o*: the pictures by Campana have been repainted. The "Delivery of St. Peter" is by Roelas.

Sⁿ. Juan de la Palma was a Moorish mosque dedicated to the Baptist; the Arabic inscription at the entrance records that "this great temple was rebuilt in 1080 by Axataf." The cross occupies the site of the palm, under which the dead were buried. A corpse, in 1537, hearing a rich Jew say that the mother of God was not a Virgin, rose from his grave and denounced him to the Inquisition, who burnt the sceptic and confiscated his property. Inside is a "Crucifixion" by Campana; early and hard, by whom, also, is a "Christ at the Pillar."

In *Sⁿ. Isidoro* is the masterpiece of Roelas, "*El Transito*," or the death of the titular saint. None should fail to look carefully at this superb specimen of a very great master, although much less known and appreciated than he deserves: observe the grey heads, the Correggiesque flesh tints, so much studied by Murillo, and the admirable composition. Here also is a "St. Anthony" and "St. Paul" by Campana, both repainted, and some pictures by Valdes: the "*Paso*" of El Cireneo is carved by Bernardo Gijon.

In *S^a. Maria la Blanca* are some granite columns, thought to be Roman: this was a synagogue down to 1391. Here were the fine Murillos now in the Madrid academy; the others were carried off by the French. There only remains a "Last Supper," in his *frio* style. Here is a "Dead Christ" by

L. de Vargas; very fine and Florentine, but cruelly injured and neglected.

Sⁿ. Salvador is a collegiate church. It continued in its original mosque form down to 1669, when it was rebuilt in the worst Churriguerismo: the image of *Sⁿ. Cristobal* is by Montañes. The *Patio* was the original Moorish court; here is a miraculous crucifix, *El Cristo de los Desamparados*, where countless pictures and "votive tablets" are hung up, as in the days of Horace. The sick come here for cure, and suspend legs, arms, and models of the parts benefited, made of wax, which become the fee of the priest, and from the number it is evident that he has more practice, and effects more cures, than the regular Sangrados.

Sⁿ. Vicente was founded in 300. Here, in 421, Gunderic, entering to plunder, was repulsed by fiends. Here *Sⁿ. Isidoro* died, A.D. 636: read the affecting account of his truly Christian end, by Redempto, an eye-witness; 'E. S.' ix. 402. Outside is painted the tutelary with his familiar crow holding a pitchfork in his mouth; a rudder would have been more appropriate (see p. 204). These attendant birds are an old story—Juno had a cuckoo on her sceptre (Paus. ii. 17. 4), Esculapius a cock. Inside is a painting of Christ by Morales, and some large pictures by F^o. de Varela.

In *Sⁿ. Julian* is a fresco of St. Christopher by Juan Sanctis de Castro, 1484; it was barbarously repainted in 1828. Under some shutters to the left is a "Holy Family" by him, which has escaped, and is one of the oldest paintings in Seville: the kneeling figure is one of the Tous Monsalvez family, who were buried here, and to one of whom the Virgin appeared on a broom bush, hence she is called *de la Iniesta*. Observe the *Rejas*, made of votive chains of captives delivered by her interference—a Pagan custom—"Catenam ex voto Laribus." The "Concepcion" at the altar is—some say—by Cano. The plateresque *Ret^o* has a fine painting of *S^a. Lucia*, the papal patroness of eyes (*lux*, light).

In *Sⁿ. Martin* is a "Descent from the Cross," ascribed to Cano, but it is a Roman painting, and inscribed "J^o. Guy. Rom^o. f. año 1608:" observe the chapel of Juan Sanchez Gallego, built in 1500 and repaired in 1614. In the *Ret^o* are some early paintings by *Her^{re}ra el Viejo*.

The admirers of Roelas should visit La Academia, where is a "Concepcion" by him equal to Guido.

N.B. Several pictures by Roelas exist at *Olivares*, four L. N.W. of Seville, and a pleasant ride. He was canon of that church. There he painted, in 1624, a "Birth of Christ," now much injured; an "Adoration;" an "Annunciation;" a "Marriage of the Virgin;" the "Death of St. Joseph:" but although his last they are not his best works. Here he died April 23, 1625.

The *Calle de la Sierpe*, the Bondstreet of Seville, leads to the *Plaza del Duque*, where the great Dukes of Medina Sidonia had their palace. This central square is planted, and forms the fashionable nocturnal promenade during the summer months: it is a miniature Vauxhall, the lamps being omitted, as the dusk is better for those who, like glow-worms, need no other light than their own bright eyes; and the moon, which cannot ripen grapes, certainly here ripens love. But in these torrid climes the rays of the cold chaste orb of Dian are considered more dangerous than the *tabardillo* or *coup de soleil*: "*mas quema la Luna, que el Sol*," the moon burns more than the sun; and it must be remembered that the Spanish man is peculiarly combustible; being *fire* according to the proverb, and the woman being *tow*, the smallest puff of the evil one creates an awful conflagration.

"*El hombre es fuego, la muger estopa,
Viene el diablo y sopla.*"

Continuing from this plaza, walk by the church of *Sⁿ. Vicente* to the *Alameda Vieja*, the ancient but now deserted walk of Seville. The water of the fountain here, *del Arzobispo*, is excellent. Look at the Roman pillars and

statues (see p. 246). Here reside the horse-dealers and jockeys, and cattle-dealing continually goes on.

June is the great month for *Veladas*, vigils, and wakes: these nocturnal observances are kept on the eve preceding the holy day: the chief is that on the 24th, *El día de San Juan*, and is celebrated on this old Alameda, which then presents a singularly Pagan scene. This St. John's, our midsummer eve, is devoutly dedicated to flirtation by both sexes. In some places the parties go out at daybreak to gather vervain, *coger la verbena*, which represents in Spain the magical fern-seed of our forefathers. Bonfires are lighted, in sign of rejoicings—like the *bon-feu* of our Guy Fauxes—over and through which the lower classes leap; all this is the exact manner by which the ancients celebrated the entrance of the sun into the summer solstice. The fires of Cybele were kindled at midnight. The jumping over them was not merely a feat of activity, but of meritorious devotion (Ovid. 'Fast.' iv. 727):

"*Certe ego transilii positas ter ordine
flammas.*"

This pagan custom of passing through the fire of Baal or Moloch was expressly forbidden in the year 680, at the 5th council of Constantinople, to which the younger classes of Sevillians are as scandalously inattentive as the Irish at their similar Baal-tinné.

To the left of the fountain is a barrack of tattered invalids; it once was a convent of Jesuits, and when that order was suppressed was given up to the Inquisition. The edifice is rather cheerful than forbidding; it partakes more of the attraction of its first proprietors than of the horror of its second. It was entirely dismantled by the populace, and contains no record of its dungeons and torture rooms: now it is fast hastening to ruin, and is, in all respects, a fit abode for its inmates.

Turning to the r. is *La Feria*, where a fair is held every Thursday, which all should visit; it is the precise Soock e

juma of Cairo; the street leads to the *Pa. de la Encarnacion*—now the market-place, to construct which the French pulled down a convent dedicated to the Incarnation. Here the naturalist will study the fish, flesh, fruits, and fowls; the fish and game are excellent, as is also the pork, when fattened by the autumnal acorn, the *bellota*. Instinct teaches these *feræ nature* to fatten themselves on the good things which a bountiful nature provides. The meats which require artificial care, and the attention of man, are of the worst description; the beef would be burnt at Leadenhall market, as unfit for human food; however, not much of it is eaten. Observe the purchases made, the two-ounce “joints” of meat or carrion, for the poverty-stricken *olla, parsimonious* as in the time of Justin (xliv. 2). It must be remembered, that in this burning clime less animal food is necessary than in the cold north. The caloric thereby generated is exactly what is most to be avoided; the daily rations of fourteen pounds of rein-deer per man of our Hudson Bay Company arctic explorers, would feed half a regiment of Andalusian *Bisónos*. “Dis-moi ce que tu manges, et je te dirai ce que tu es,” says Brillat Savarin; and what is sold in shops and markets is a sure test of the wants, habits, wealth, and civilization of a country. Everything, however, is relative; for the Spanish proverb considers the man who dines in Seville as especially favoured by heaven, “*a quien Dios quiere bien, en Sevilla le da a comer*,” but not one of our readers will think so.

In the *Ce. del Candillejo* is a bust of Don Pedro, placed, it is said, in memorial of his having here stabbed a man. The *Rey Justiciero* quartered himself in effigy only. His and Lord Byron’s “friend,” Don Juan was a Sevillian *majo*, and a true *hidalgo*. The family name was Tenorio; he lived in a house now belonging to the nuns of *San Leandro*, in which there is some good carving. (For his real pedigree, see ‘*Quar. Rev.*’ cxvii. 82.)

Look also at the extraordinary *Azulejo* portal of *Sa. Paula* of the time of the Catholic kings; the carvings in the chapel are by Cano. The French carried off all the pictures. Here are sepulchres of Juan, constable of Portugal, and Isabel his wife, the founders.

Those who wish to sup on horrors may visit the foundling hospital, or *La Cuna*, as it is called in Spain, as if it were the cradle, not the coffin, of miserable infants. Most large cities in Spain have one of these receptacles; the principal being in the Levitical towns, and the natural fruit of a rich celibate clergy, both regular and secular. *La cuna*, or *casa de espositos*, may be defined as a place where innocents are massacred, and natural children, deserted by their unnatural parents, are provided for by being slowly starved. These hospitals were first founded at Milan in 787, by a priest named Dathæus. This Seville one was established in 1558 by the clergy of the Cathedral, and is managed by twelve directors, six lay and six canons; few ever attend or contribute, save in subjects. The hospital is situate in the *Calle de la Cuna*; a marble tablet is thus inscribed, near an aperture left for charitable donations:—“*Quoniam pater meus et mater mea deliquerunt me Dominus autem assumpsit*” (Ps. xxvii. 10).

A wicket door, *el torno*, is pierced in the wall, which opens on being tapped to receive the sinless children of sin; and a nurse sits up at night to take in those exposed by parents, who hide their guilt in darkness.

“*Toi que l’amour fit par un crime,
Et que l’amour défait par un crime à son tour,
Funeste ouvrage de l’amour,
De l’amour funeste victime.*”

Some of the babies are already dying, and are put in here in order to avoid the expense of funeral; others are almost naked, while a few are well supplied with linen and necessaries. These latter are the offspring of the better classes, by whom a temporary concealment is de-

sired. With such the most affecting letters are left, praying the nurses to take more than usual care of a child which will surely be one day reclaimed; a mark or ornament is generally fastened to the infant, in order that it may be identified hereafter, if claimed. Such was the custom in antiquity. Thus Sostrata mentions a *ring* being left as a mark with an exposed girl (Terence, *Heau*. iv. i. 36). These *cunas* are the *βρεφοτροφεία* of the ancients, and these distinguishing marks are the *γνωρίσματα* or crepundia. Every particular regarding every exposed babe is registered in a book—a sad record of human crime and remorse.

Those children which are afterwards reclaimed pay two reals for every day during which the hospital has maintained them; but no attention is paid to the appeals for particular care, or the promise of redemption, for Spaniards seldom trust each other. Unless some name is sent with it, the child is baptized with one given by the matron, and it usually is that of the saint of the day of its admission. The number is very great, and is rapidly increasing with increasing poverty, while the funds destined to support the charges decrease from the same cause. There is a certain and great influx nine months after the Holy week and Christmas, when the whole city, male and female, pass the night in kneeling to relics and images, &c.: accordingly, in January and November, the daily numbers often exceed the usual average by fifteen to twenty.

There is always a supply of wet nurses at the *Cuna*, but they are generally such as cannot obtain situations in private families; the usual allotment is three children to one nurse. Sometimes, when a woman is looking out for a place as wet-nurse, and is anxious not to lose her breast of milk, she goes, in the meanwhile, to the *Cuna*, when the poor child who draws it off plumps up a little, and then, when the supply is withdrawn, withers and dies. The appointed nurses

dole out their milk, not according to the wants of the infants, but their number. Some few are farmed out to poor mothers who have lost their own babe; they receive about eight shillings a month, and these are the children which have the best chance of surviving, for no woman who has been a mother, and has given suck, when left alone, will willingly let an attaching infant die. The nurses of the *Cuna* are familiar with starvation, and even if their milk of human kindness were not soured, they have not the means of satisfying their hungry number. The proportion who die is frightful; it is, indeed, an organized system of infanticide. Death is a mercy to the child, and a saving to the establishment; a man's life never was worth much in Spain, much less that of a deserted baby. The exposure at the Cynosarges of the Athenians, the caves of Taygetus of the Spartans, the Columna Lactaria of the Romans, were, if possible, less cruel than the protracted dying in these Spanish charnel-houses. This *Cuna*, when last we visited it, was managed by an inferior priest, who, a true Spanish *administrador*, misapplied the funds. He became rich, like Gil Blas' overseer at Valladolid, by taking care of the property of the poor and fatherless; his well-garnished quarters and portly self were in strange contrast with the condition of his wasted charges. Of these, the sick and dying are separated from the healthy; the former are placed in a large room, once the saloon of state, whose gilded roof and fair proportions mock the present misery. The infants are laid on dirty mattresses placed on the floor, and are left unheeded and unattended. Their large heads, shrivelled necks, hollow eyes, and wan wax fingers, are shadowed with coming death. Called into existence by no wish or fault of their own, their brief span is run out ere begun, while their mother is far away exclaiming, "Quand j'aurai assez pleuré sa naissance, je pleurerai sa mort."

Those who are more healthy lie

paired in cradles arranged along a vast room, but famine is in their cheeks, need starveth in their eyes, and their shrill cry pains the ear on passing the threshold: from their being underfed, they are restless and ever moaning. Some, the newly exposed, just parted from their mother's breast, having sucked their last farewell, look plump and rosy, they sleep soundly, blind to the future, and happily unconscious of their fate.

About one in twelve survives to idle about the hospital, ill clad, ill fed, and worse taught. The boys are destined for the army, the girls for domestic service. They grow up to be selfish and unaffectionate; they have never known what kindness was; their young hearts are closed ere they open; "the world is not their friend, nor the world's law." It is on their heads that the barber learns to shave, and on them are visited the sins of their parents; having had none to care for them, none to love, they revenge themselves by hating mankind. Their occupation consists in speculating on who their parents may be, and whether they will some day be reclaimed and become rich. A few occasionally are adopted by benevolent and childless people, who, visiting the *Cuna*, take a fancy to an interesting infant; but the child is liable ever after to be given up to its parents, should they reclaim it. Townshend (i. 134) mentions an Oriental custom at Barcelona, where the girls when marriageable were paraded in procession through the streets, and any desirous of taking a wife, was at liberty to select his object by "throwing his handkerchief." This Spanish custom still prevails at Naples.

Seville is surrounded with suburbs; the circuit round the walls contains many objects of first-rate interest. We shall commence going out from the *Calle de las Armas*, by the *Puerta Real*, the Royal Gate, through which St. Ferdinand entered in triumph. It was called by the Moors *Goles*, which the Sevillians, who run wild about

Hercules, consider to be a corruption from that name; it is simply the gate of *Gules*, a Moorish suburb (Conde, iii. 35). Emerging from a dip to the r. is the *Colegio de Merced*, or *S^a Laureano*, which was desecrated by the French, and made a prison for galley-slaves by the Spaniards; behind it are the ruins of the house of Fernando Columbus. The suburb is called *Los Humeros*. Here were the *tunnels*, and Moorish dock-yard. It is supposed to have been the site of the Roman naval arsenal. It is now tenanted by gipsies, the *Zincali*; Seville in their Romany is called *Ulilla* and *Safacoro*, and the Guadalquivir, *Len Baro*, or the Great River. Here always resides some old hag who will get up a *funcion*, or gipsy dance (see p. 188). Here will be seen the dark-eyed *caltees*, and their lovers armed with shears, *para monrabar*. Here lives the true blood, the *errate*, who abhor the rest of mankind, the *busné*. Our good *pal* Borrow's accurate vocabulary is the key to the gitanesque heart, for according to him they have hearts and souls. As the existence of this extraordinary work of the Gil Blas of gipsies is unknown to them, they will be disarmed when they find the stranger speaking their own tongue; thus those who have a wish to see the fancy and *majo* life at Seville, which is much the fashion among many of the young nobles, will possess *la clé du caveau*, and singular advantages.

Turning to the r., between the river banks and the walls, is the *Patin de las Damas*, a raised rampart and planted walk, made in 1773. The city on this side is much exposed to inundations. Opposite in its orange groves was what once was the *Cartuja* convent; beyond rise the towers of Italica, and the purple hills of the *Sierra Morena*.

Passing the gate of *S^a Juan* is *La Barqueta*, or the ferry boat. In the *Chozas* opposite true ichthyophiles go to eat the shad, *Savalo*, the Moorish Shebbel. *Los Huevos* and *Savalo asado* are the correct thing. This rich fish is unwholesome in summer. Here also *El Sollo*,

the sturgeon, is caught, *one* of which the chapter used to send to the royal table, reserving the many others for their own. The walls now turn to the r. Half a mile outside is the once noble convent of St. Jerome, called, from its pleasant views, *La buena vista*. The *Patio*, in Doric and Ionic worthy of Herrera, was designed by two monks Bart^o. de Calzadilla and Felipe de Moron, in 1603. It is now a glass manufactory. Here Axataf took his last farewell of Seville, when St. Ferd. entered. Returning by gardens hedged with aloes and tall whispering canes, is Sⁿ. Lazaro, the *Leper Hospital*, founded in 1284: the term *gafo*, leper, the Hebrew chaphaph, was one of the 5 actionable defamatory words of Spanish law. Observe the terra cotta ornaments on the Doric façade. The interior is miserable, as the funds of this true Lazar house are converted by the trustees chiefly to their own use. Here will be seen cases of elephantiasis, the hideous swelled leg, a disease common in Barbary, and not rare in Andalucia, and which is extended by the charity-imploring patient in the way of the passenger, whose eye is startled and pained by what at first seems a huge cankered boa-constrictor. These hospitals were always placed outside the cities; so, among the Jews, "lepers were put out of the camp" (Numb. v. 2). The plague-stricken were compelled to dwell alone (Lev. xiii. 46).

A Moorish causeway, raised in order to be a dam against inundations, leads to *La Macarena*, the huge *La Sangre Hospital* rising to the r.; this is the suburb of the poor and agricultural labourers. The tattered and party-coloured denizens of all ages and sexes, the children often stark naked, *vêtus du climat*, as in Barbary, and like bronze cupids, cluster outside their hovels in the sun. Their carts, implements, and animals are all pictures; everything seems naturally to fall into a painter's group, which so seldom is the case with the lower classes in England. It is a *tableau vivant*,

and particularly as regards certain "small deer," *caza menor*, for which a regular battue is always going on in the thick preserves of the women's hair. The occupation possibly may neither be cleanly or genteel, but as a ragged Spanish *resguardo* is worth half a dozen French marshals for a foreground in a sketch, so these ladies and their pursuits do better on canvas than would all the patronesses of Almack's. Here it was that Murillo came for subject and colour, here are the rich yellows and browns in which he revelled, here are beggars, imps, and urchins, who with their parents, when simply transcribed by his faithful hand, make such exquisite pictures, for their life and reality carries every spectator away.

Continuing the walk, turn l. to the *Hospital de la Sangre*; it is also called *de las cinco Llagas*, the 5 bleeding wounds of our Saviour, which are sculptured like bunches of grapes. Blood is an ominous name for this house and home of *Sangrado*, where the lancet, like the Spanish knife, gives no quarter. This hospital was erected in 1546 for Catalina de Ribera, by Martin de Gainza and Hernan Ruiz. The intention of the foundress was perfect, the performance of her successors incomplete; after her death the funds were misapplied, and the building now remains, and will remain, unfinished.

The grand court-yard is very classical, and the portal is one of the good architectural bits in Seville; observe the medallions of Faith, Hope, and Charity, sculptured on the front of the chapel by Pedro Machuca; the chapel is a Greek cross, with Ionic pillars; the *Ret^o*. of the high altar was designed by Maeda in 1600, and gilt by Alonzo Vasquez, whose pictures in it have suffered from neglect and repainting. Observe the "Crucifixion," with the "Magdalen," and some females by Zurbaran, of no great merit.

La Sangre, as far as medical purposes go, does small credit to science and humanity. Wanting in almost everything at the critical moment, it is a fair

specimen of the provincial hospitals of Spain, with a few exceptions.

Returning to the city walls, observe *la Barbacena*, the Barbican; the circumvallation all the way to the gate of *Osoño* is admirably preserved: it is built of *tapia*, with square towers and battlements, or *almenas*, which girdle Seville with a lace-like fringe. Opposite the hermitage of *Sⁿ. Hermenegildo*, where *Herrera el Viejo* was imprisoned, is the *Capuchinos*, long adorned by the *Murillos*, now in the *Museo*; near the *Puerta del Sol*, the most E. gate, are *Los Trinitarios Descalzos*, the site of the palace of *Diogenianus*, where *Justina* and *Rufina* were put to death (see p. 249): this fine convent was desecrated by the French. Passing the long fantastic *salitres*, the saltpetre manufactory at the gate of *Carmona*, the scene becomes more lively. To the l. is *Sⁿ. Agustin*, once full of *Murillos*; the French having carried off the best, gutted the convent, and destroyed the magnificent sepulchres of the *Ponce de Leon* family, and rifled the graves: the tombs were restored in 1818 by the Countess Duchess of *Osuna*, and an indignant record placed of these outrages. Now this convent has been made a den of thieves, a prison for galley-slaves. This side of Seville suffered somewhat from the bombardment in July, 1843.

The long lines of the aqueduct, *Los Caños de Carmona*, now run picturesquely up to the *Humilladero* or *Cruz del Campo* (see p. 237). The next gate is *la Carne*, which once led into the Jews' quarter. To the l. is the suburb *Sⁿ. Bernardo*, which must be visited; the mounds of earth are composed of the collected heaps of Seville dust-holes; a planted walk leads to the *Fundicion*, the artillery foundry erected by *Charles III.*, and then one of the finest in Europe; now it is one of the worst, for Spain has stood still, and let other nations pass her by: here the power of motion is obtained by *maquinas de sangre*, engines of blood, not steam, and murderous is the waste of animal labour. *Soult* reorganized this

establishment. Here were cast those mortars with which *Victor* did *not* take *Cádiz*, while one of them *does* ornament *St. James's Park*, relic *à non bene parmulâ*. *Soult*, before he fled, ordered the foundry to be blown up, but the mine accidentally failed. The furnaces were then filled with iron, and with those cannon which he could not remove; but the amalgamated masses were subsequently got out by the *Spaniards*, and remain as evidence of his cuisine Française. The relic is called *la tortu Francesa*, or French omelette. A darker crime was planned and perpetrated; a flint was placed in the wheel of a powder-mill, which, when set in motion, struck against a steel; and thus, by this cowardly contrivance, *Col. Duncan* and other men were blown to atoms. (*Conder's 'Spain,'* ii. 14.) The *Junta*, on *Soult's* departure, sent an order to destroy the foundry, fearing the French might return: this was disobeyed by the officer, *Fro. de la Reyna*, who was rewarded by being made a *canon* of the *Seville Cathedral*; a very usual mode of pensioning officers, and a church militant system decreed by the *Cortes*. This *Reyna* lived afterwards in *Murillo's* house, and was fonder of gunpowder than incense, of cannons than canons. "I knew him well, *Horatio*! a fellow of infinite jest." The splendid *cinque cento* artillery, cast in Italy at a time when form and grace were breathed even over instruments of death, were carried off by *Angoulême* in 1823. The *Bourbon* was the ally of *Ferd. VII.*; *Soult* was, at least, his enemy.

In this suburb was the celebrated *Porta Celi* (*Cœli*), founded in 1450; here were printed, under extraordinary precautions, for in fact they were bank notes, the papal bulls, by which indulgence was given to eat meat in Lent, and on certain fast days. This *Bula de Cruzada* was so called because granted by *Innocent III.*, to keep the Spanish crusaders in fighting condition, by letting them eat meat rations when they could get them. This, the bull,

la Bula, is announced with grand ceremony every January, when the civic authorities go *en coche* to the cathedral : a new one is taken out every year, like a game certificate, by all who wish to sport with a safe conscience with flesh and fowl ; and by the paternal kindness of the Pope, instead of paying 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*, for the small sum of *dos reales*, 6*d.*, a man, woman, or child may obtain this benefit of clergy and cookery : but woe awaits the uncertificated poacher — treadmills for life are a farce — perdition catches his soul, the last sacraments are denied to him on his death-bed ; the first question asked by the priest is not if he repents of his sins, but whether he has his *bula* : and in all notices of indulgences, &c., *Se ha de tener la bula*, is appended. The bull acts on all fleshly, but sinful comforts, like soda on indigestion ; it neutralizes everything except heresy. The sale of these bulls produces about 200,000*l.* ; for in a religion of forms, as in the *Ramadan* of the East, the breaking one fast during Lent inspires more horror than breaking any two commandments ; and few genuine Spaniards can, in spite of their high breeding, disguise the disgust with which they see English eating meat breakfasts during Lent. It sometimes disarms them by saying “*tengo mi bula para todo.*” The French burnt the printing presses, and converted everything into a ruin.

The *Parroquia de Sⁿ. Bernardo* contains a superb “*Last Judgment*,” by the dashing *Herrera el Viejo* : a “*Last Supper*,” by *Varela*, 1622 ; and a statue of the “*Tutelar*,” by *Montañes*. Here also is the *matadero*, the slaughter-house, and close by *Ferd. VII.* founded his tauromachian university (see p. 178). These localities are frequented by the *Seville* fancy, the *majos crudos*, and *toreros* : here the favourite and classical dishes of a sort of tripe, *callos y menudos*, are still eaten in perfection. See *Pliny*, ‘*N. H.*’ viii. 51, as to the merits of the *Callum*. *N. B.* Drink manzanilla wine with these peppery condiments ; they are highly provocative, and,

like hunger, *la Salsa de San Bernardo*, are appropriately cooked in the parish of this tutelary of appetite, *buen provecho le haga a Vmd.*

The sunny flats under the old Moorish walls, which extend between the gates of *Carmona* and *La Carne*, are the haunts of idlers and gamblers. The lower classes of Spaniards are constantly gambling at cards : groups are to be seen playing all day long for wine, love, or coppers, in the sun, or under their vine-trellises. There is generally some well-known cock of the walk, a bully, or *guapo*, who will come up and lay his hand on the cards, and say, “*No one shall play here but with mine*”—*aquí no se juega sino con mis barajas*. If the gamblers are cowed, they give him *dos cuartos*, a halfpenny each. If, however, one of the challenged be a spirited fellow, he defies him. *Aquí no se cobra el barato sino con un puñal de Albacete*—“*You get no change here except out of an Albacete knife.*” If the defiance be accepted, *vamos alla* is the answer—“*Let’s go to it.*” There’s an end then of the cards, all flock to the more interesting *écarté* ; instances have occurred, where Greek meets Greek, of their tying the two advanced feet together, and yet remaining fencing with knife and cloak for a quarter of an hour before the blow be dealt. The knife is held firmly, the thumb is pressed straight on the blade, and calculated either for the cut or thrust, to chip bread and kill men.

The term *Barato* strictly means the present which is given to waiters who bring a new pack of cards. The origin is Arabic, *Baara*, “*a voluntary gift* ;” in the corruption of the *Baratero*, it has become an involuntary one : now the term resembles the Greek *βαπαλπος*, homo perditus, whence the Roman *Balatrones*, the ruiners of markets, *Barathrumque Macelli* ; our legal term *Barratry* is derived from the medieval *Barrateria*, which *Ducange* very properly interprets as “*cheating, foul play.*” *Sancho’s* sham government was of *Barateria* ; *Baratar*, in old Spanish,

meant to exchange unfairly, to thimble-rig, to sell anything under its real value, whence the epithet *barato*, cheap. The *Baratero* is quite a thing of Spain, where personal prowess is cherished. There is a *Baratero* in every regiment, ship, prison, and even among galley-slaves. For the Spanish knife, its use and abuse, see *Albacete*.

The space near the *P^a. de la Carne* on *Sabato Santo*, which is equivalent to our Easter Monday, offers a singular and picturesque scene. In the afternoon the traveller should not fail to go outside the city walls, where, under the crumbling Moorish battlements and long arches of the aqueduct, the Paschal lambs are sold, or *corderos de Pascua*, as Easter is termed in Spanish. The bleating animals are confined in pens of netted rope-work; on every side the work of slaughter is going on; gipsies erect temporary shambles on this occasion; groups of children are everywhere leading away pet lambs, which are decorated with ribbons and flowers. The amateur will see in them and in their attitudes the living originals from which Murillo faithfully copied his St. Johns and the infant Saviour, *el divino Pastor*. Peasants mingle among them, carrying lambs on their shoulders, holding the four legs together on their necks, making with the animal a tippet exactly in the form so frequently seen in antique bassi reliefs and in Spanish paintings of the adoration of the shepherds. This buying and selling continues from the Saturday until the end of Monday.

The huge mounds of rubbish opposite are composed of the accumulated dung-holes of Seville, and under them are buried those who die of plagues, which these Rome-like *Immondezaios* are enough to render endemic.

Returning to the walls are the cavalry barracks, in which horses and saddles are occasionally wanting. Now the Alcazar towers above the battle-mented girdle of walls. The classical gate, *Sⁿ. Fernando*, was built in 1760: here it was that the Virgin miraculously

introduced St. Ferdinand into Seville during the siege.

The large building to the l. is the *Fabrica de Tabacos*, where tobacco is made into snuff and cigars. The edifice, in size at least, is a tobacco Escorial: it has 28 interior *patios*. The enormous space covers a quadrangle of 662 feet by 524. It was built in vile taste in 1757 by one Vandembeer, a fantastic Dutchman. It is guarded by a moat, not destined to prevent men getting in, but cigars being smuggled out. In the under-floor a fine rappee snuff is made, called *tobaco de fraile*: it is coloured with red *almagra*, an earth brought from Cartagena. You come out powdered as with rhu-barb, and sneezing lustily. The use of tobacco, now so universal among all classes in Spain, was formerly confined to this snuff, the sole solace of a celibate clergy. The Duc de St. Simon (xix. 125) mentions, in 1721, that the Conde de Lemos passed his time in *smoking* to dissipate his grief for having joined the party of the Archduke Charles—"chose fort extraordinaire *en Espagne*, où on ne prend du tabac que par le nez."

The cigar manufactories of Spain are in fact the only ones in really full work (see p. 193). The many thousand pairs of hands employed at Seville are principally female: a good workwoman can make in a day from ten to twelve bundles, *atados*, each of which contains fifty cigars; but their tongues are busier than their fingers, and more mischief is made than cigars. Walk over the establishment. Very few of them are good-looking, yet these *cigareras* are among the lions of Seville, and, like the grisettes of Paris, form a class of themselves. They are reputed to be more impertinent than chaste; they wear a particular *mantilla de tiro* (see p. 198), which is always crossed over the face and bosom, allowing the upper part only of most roguish-looking features to peep out. These ladies undergo an ingeniously-minute search on leaving

their work, for they sometimes carry off the filthy weed in a manner her most Catholic majesty never dreamt of.

On the flat plain outside the walls, called *El Prado de Sn. Sebastian*, was the *Quemadero*, or the burning-place of the Inquisition: here the last act of the tragedy of the *auto de fe* was performed by the civil power, on whom the odium was cast, while the populace, in the words of Cæsar, "sceleris obliti de pœnâ disserebant." The spot of fire is marked by the foundations of a square platform on which the faggots were piled. Here, in 1780, a *beata*, or female saint, was burnt, for taking upon herself the heretical office of hatching eggs. Townshend, however (ii. 342), says that she was very bewitching, and had a successful monomania for seducing clergymen.

The Spaniards are still very shy of talking about the *Quemadero*; sons of burnt fathers they dread the fire. *Con el Rey y la Inquisicion, chiton! chiton! Hush! hush!* say they, with finger on lip, like the image of silence, with King and Inquisition. As the swell of the Atlantic remains after the hurricane is past, so distrust and scared apprehension form part of the uncommunicative Spaniard in dealing with Spaniard. "How silent you are," said the Queen of Prussia to Euler. "Madam," replied he, "I have lived in a country where men who speak are hanged." The burnings of torrid Spain would have better suited the temperature of Russia. The effects are, however, the same; an engine of mystery hung over the nation, like the sword of Damocles; invisible spies, more terrible than armed men, omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent, aimed at every attribute of the Almighty, save his justice and mercy. The dread of the Inquisition, from whence no secrets were hid, locked up the Spanish heart, soured the sweet charities of life, prevented frank and social communication, which relieves and improves. Hospitality became dangerous, when confidence might open the mind, and wine give utterance to

long-hidden thought. Such was the fear-engendered silence under Roman tyranny, as described by Tacitus (Agr. 2): "Adempto per *inquisitiones* et loquendi et audiendi commercio, memoriam quoque ipsam cum voce perdidissemus, si tam in nostrâ potestate esset oblivisci quam tacere."

It is as well, therefore, here as elsewhere, to avoid jesting or criticism on this matter; *Con el ojo y la fe, nunca me burlaré*. Spaniards, who, like Moslems, allow themselves a wide latitude in laughing at their priests, are very touchy on every subject connected with their creed: it is a remnant of the loathing of heresy and their dread of a tribunal which they think sleepeth, but is not dead, scotched rather than killed. In the changes and chances of Spain it may be re-established, and as it never forgets or forgives, it will surely revenge. No king, cortes, or constitution, ever permits in Spain any approach to any religious toleration; the spirit of the Inquisition is alive; all abhor and brand with eternal infamy the descendants of those convicted by this tribunal; the stain is indelible, and the stigma, if once affixed on any unfortunate family, is known in every town, by the very children in the street.

The Inquisition, a tribunal of bad faith, bigotry, confiscation, blood, and fire, was derived from France. It was imitated by St. Domenick, who learnt his trade under Simon de Montfort, the exterminator of the Protestant Albigenses. It was remodelled on Moorish principles, the *garrote* and furnace being the bowstring and fire of the Moslem, who burnt the bodies of the infidel to prevent the ashes from becoming relics (Reinaud., 'Inv. des Sarasins,' 145).

Spanish cities have contended for the honour of which was the first seat of this *holy* tribunal, once the great glory and boast of Spain, and elsewhere her foul disgrace. This, says Mariana (xxv. 1), was the secret of her invincible greatness, since "the instant the holy office acquired its due power and

authority, a *new light* shone over the land, and, by divine favour, the forces of Spain became sufficient to eradicate and beat down the Moor."

Seville was head-quarters of these bright fires. The great claim put forth in 1627 for the beatification of St. Ferdinand was, that he had carried faggots himself to burn heretics. But the spirit of the age was then fanatically ferocious. Philip le Bel, his cousin, and son of Saint Louis, tortured and burnt the templars by a slow fire near his royal garden. The *holy* tribunal—for *el delincuente honrado* runs through Spanish nomenclature—was first fixedly established at Seville, in 1481, by Sixtus IV., at the petition of Ferdinand, who used it as an engine of finance, police, and revenge. He assigned to it the citadel of Triana (see p. 282). Tomas de Torquemada was the first high-priest. Thus were revived in his own town the fire and blood of the sacrifice of Moloch (Meleck, the Phœnician *king*, Hercules). Torquemada was the willing instrument of the fanatic Ximenez. The statistics of the Inquisition, or the results, to use Bossuet's mild phrase, of "the holy severity of the church of Rome, which will not tolerate error," according to Moreau de Jonnes, are as follows:—

Epochs.	Burnt Alive.	Burnt in effigy.	Prison and Galleys
From 1481 to 1498	10,200	6,840	97,370
" 1498 „ 1517	2,592	829	32,952
" 1517 „ 1519	3,561	2,232	48,059
" 1519 „ 1521	1,620	560	21,855
" 1521 „ 1523	324	112	4,448
" 1523 „ 1538	2,250	1,125	11,250
" 1538 „ 1545	840	420	6,520
" 1545 „ 1556	1,300	660	6,600
" 1556 „ 1597	3,990	1,845	18,450
" 1597 „ 1621	1,840	690	10,716
" 1621 „ 1661	2,852	1,428	14,080
" 1661 „ 1700	1,632	540	6,502
" 1700 „ 1746	1,600	760	9,120
" 1746 „ 1759	10	5	170
" 1759 „ 1788	—	—	55
" 1788 „ 1808	—	—	42
	34,611	18,048	288,109

By it too were lost to poor, uncommercial, indolent Spain, her wealthy Jews, and her most industrious agriculturists, the Moors. The dangerous engine, when the supply of victims was exhausted, recoiled on the nation, and fitted it for that yoke heavy and grievous under which for three centuries it has done penance; the works of Llorente have fully revealed the secrets of the tribunal's prison-house. The best account of an *Auto de Fe* is the official report of José del Olmo, 4to. published at Madrid in 1680.

Near the *Quemadero* is Sⁿ. Diego, a suppressed Jesuit convent, and given in 1784 to Mr. Wetherell, who was tempted by Spanish promises to exchange the climate of Snow Hill, Holborn, for torrid Andalucia. Townshend (ii. 325) gives the details. This intelligent gentleman, having established a tannery, and introduced steam machinery and workmen into Spain, was ruined by the bad faith of the government, which failed in both payments and promises. The property has now passed by a Spanish trick into other hands, who bribed the court of appeal to allow a false deed or *Escritura*. Mr. Wetherell lies buried in his garden, surrounded by those of his countrymen who have died in Seville: *requiescant in pace!*

On the other side of the plain is the great city cemetery of Sⁿ. *Sebastian*. Into this Romanist Necropolis no heretic is allowed to enter, if dead. The catacomb system is here adopted: a niche is granted for six or seven years, and the term can be renewed *prorogado* by a new payment. A large grave or ditch is opened every day, into which the bodies of the poor are cast like dogs, after being often first stripped by the sextons even of their rags.

This cemetery should be visited on the last night of October, or All Hallowe'en, and the vigil of All Saints' day; and again on Nov. 2, the day of All Souls. The scene is most curious and pagan (see p. 168). It is rather a fashionable promenade than a re-

ligious performance. The spot is crowded with beggars, who appeal to the tender recollections of one's deceased relations and friends. Outside a busy sale of nuts, sweetmeats, and cakes take place, and a crowd of horses, carriages, and noisy children, all vitality and mirth, which must vex the repose of the blessed souls in purgatory.

Returning from *Sn. Sebastian* to Seville, the change from death at the *Puerta de Xerez* is striking: here all is life and flower. The new walk was laid out by Arjona, in honour of Christina, then the young bride of Ferd. VII. *El Salon* is a raised central saloon, with stone seats around it *para descansar un ratito*. Nothing can be more national and picturesque than this promenade of an afternoon, when all the "rank and fashion" assemble, to say nothing of the lower classes in their Andalusian fancy-ball costume. Beyond, on the bank of the river, are *Las Delicias*, a charming ride and walk. Here is the botanical garden. This was suggested by the M^{te}. de las Amarillas (Gen^l. Giron); but, although approved of by the government, for four years nothing was done. Four days after Amarillas became Capⁿ. General, the same Arjona, who had hitherto thwarted it, because not his own scheme, now was the first to lay it out. But, as in the East, a dog is obeyed in office.

Next observe the ridiculous churrigueresque nautical college of San Telmo. It was founded by Fernando, son of Columbus. The present edifice was built in 1682 by Ant^o. Rodriguez. Here the middies were taught navigation in a room, from a small model of a three-decker; thus they are not exposed to sea-sickness. The Infant Antonio, appointed by Ferd. VII. Lord High Admiral of Spain, was walking in the Retiro gardens near the pond, when it was proposed to cross in a boat; he declined, saying, "Since I sailed from Naples to Spain I have never ventured on water" (Schep. i. 56). The Spanish

Lords of the Admiralty rely much on San Telmo (see Tuy), who unites in himself the attributes of Castor and Pollux; he appears in storms at the mast-head, with a light, or the lucida sidera of Horace. Hence, whenever it comes on to blow, the pious crew fall on their knees, depending on this marine Hercules. Our tars, who love the sea, *propter se*, for better for worse, having no San Telmo to help them in foul weather (although the somewhat irreverent gunner of the Victory did call him of Trafalgar Saint Nelson), go to work and perform the miracle themselves—*aide toi, et le ciel t'aidera*; but things are managed differently on the Thames and the Bætis. Thus, near Greenwich Hospital, a floating frigate, large as life, is the school of young chips, who every day behold in the veterans of Cape St. Vincent and Trafalgar living examples of having "done their duty." The evidence of former victories thus becomes a guarantee for the realisation of their young hopes, and the future is assured by the past.

The *Puerta de Xerez*, said to be built by Hercules (*Hercules me edificó*, p. 244), was at all events rebuilt in 1561. The Moorish walls hang over the reedy Tagarete, and once were painted in fresco. Up to 1821 they connected the Alcazar with the out-post tower, *La torre del Oro*, "of gold;" *La torre de Plata*, that "of silver," lies nearer the mint. These fine names are scarcely sterling, both the towers being built of Moorish *tapia*. The former tower is of course ascribed to Julius Cæsar, just as the old Babylonians attributed all ancient buildings to Semiramis. It was used by Don Pedro el Cruel as a prison for his enemies and his mistresses. The Spaniards have built a trumpery sentry-box on the top of this Moorish tower, where their red and yellow flag occasionally is hoisted.

Passing on is the *Aduana* or Custom-house, a hotbed of queer dealings, which lies between the *Postigos de*

Carbon and *del Aceite*: inside are some pretty old houses for the artist; on the river shore is a solitary crane, *el ingenio*, which now suffices to unload the scanty commerce of a city thus described four centuries ago by our pilgrim (Purchas, ii. 1232):—

—“Civyle! graund! that is so fre,
A paradise it is to behold,
The frutez vines and spicery thee I have told
Upon the haven all manner of merchandise,
And karekes and schippes of all device.”

Here the hungry tide-waiters look out for bribes, and an official post-captain pompously announces the arrival of a stray smack.

Close by are the *Atarazanas*, the *Dar-san'ah*, or house of construction of the Moors, whence the Genoa term *darsena*, and our word arsenal. The present establishment was founded by Alonzo el Sabio, and his Gotho-Latin inscription still remains imbedded in the wall near the *Caridad*. Observe the blue *azulejos*, said to be from designs by Murillo, who painted the glorious pictures for the interior (see p. 263).

Near this is the modern arsenal, which is not better provided with instruments for inflicting death, than the wards of La Sangre are with those for preserving life. Misgoverned, ill-fated Spain, which, in her salitrose tablelands, has “villainous saltpetre” enough to blow up the world, and copper enough at Rio Tinto, and at Berja, to sheathe the Pyrenees, is of all countries the worst provided in ammunition and artillery, whether it be a *batterie de cuisine* or *de citadel*.

Adjoining the arsenal is the quarter of the dealers of *bacalao* or salted cod-fish. “You may nose them in the lobby.” This article, furnished by heretics to the most Catholic Spaniards, forms a most important item in national food. The numerous religious corporations, and fast days, necessarily required this, for fresh-water fish is rare, and sea fish almost unknown in the great central *parameras* of the Peninsula. It is true, that by buying a *Bula de Cruzada*, a licence to eat

meat was cheaply obtained; but where butchers' meat is scarce, and money scarcer, this was a mere mockery to the hungry masses. The shrivelled dried-up cod-fish is easily conveyed on muleback into uncarriageable recesses. It is much consumed all along the *tierra caliente*, or warm zone of Spain, Alicante being the port for the S.E. as Seville is for the S. portions: exposed to the scorching sun, this salt-fish is anything but sweet, and according to our notions not less rancid than the oils and butters of Spain: but to the native this gives a *haut goût*, as putrefaction does to the aldermanic haunch. The Spaniard would hold our Ash-Wednesday fish as tasteless and insipid, and a little tendency to bad smell is as easily masked by garlic, as pungency is by hot peppers. Our readers when on a journey are cautioned not to eat this *Bacalao*: it only creates an insatiable thirst, to say nothing of the unavailing remorse of a non-digesting stomach. Leave it therefore to the *dura ilia* and potent solvents of muleteer gastric juices. In order to make it tolerable it ought to be put many hours *al remojo*, to soak in water, which takes out the salt and softens it: the Carthaginians and ancients knew this so well that the first praise of a good cook was *Scit muriatica ut maceret* (Plaut. ‘*Pœn.*’ i. 2. 39).

In this piscatose corner of Seville poverty delights to feed on the Oriental cold fried fish, and especially slices of large flounders and whiting, called familiarly *Soldaos de Pavia*, possibly in remembrance of the deficient commissariat of the victors of that day. The lower classes are great fish eaters: to this the fasts of their church and their poverty conduce. They seldom boil it, except in oil. Their principle is, when the fish has once left its native element, it ought never to touch it again. Here, as in the East, cold *broiled fish* is almost equivalent to *meat* (St. Luke, xxiv. 42). Observe the heraldic gate, *del Arsenal*, of the Strand, and a sort of Temple Bar; the open

space in front is called *la Carreteria*, because here carts and carters resort; and also *el Baratillo*, the "little chepe," from being a rag fair, and place for the sale of marine stores or stolen goods. Near this is the *Plaza de Toros*, which is a fine amphitheatre, although still unfinished, especially on the cathedral side, which at least lets in the Giralda and completes the picture, when the setting sunrays gild the Moorish tower as the last bull dies, and the populace—*fex nondum lassata*—unwillingly retire. This Plaza is under the superintendence of the *Maestranza* of Seville, whose uniform is scarlet. For tauromachian details see p. 177.

Remember the day before the fight to ride out to *Tablada* to see the *ganado*, or what cattle the bulls are, and go early the next day to witness the *encierro*; be sure also at the show to secure a *boletin de sombra* in a *balcon de piedra*, i. e. a good seat in the shade.

Leaving the *Plaza* we now approach *el Rio*, the River Strand, where a petty traffic is carried on of fruit, *Esteras*, and goods brought up in barges; a rude boat-bridge stems the Guadalquivir, which is at once inconvenient in passage and expensive in repair: formerly it was a ferry, until Yusuf abu Yakub first threw across some barges in Oct. 11, 1171, and they now remain, no doubt, exactly the same in form and purpose; over them are brought in the supplies from the fertile *Ajarafe*. It was the cutting which off, by breaking this bridge, that led to the capture of Seville by St. Ferd. The "Bridge Estate Commissioners" are jobbers of the first magnitude: in 1784 an additional tax was levied on all wines consumed in Seville for the repairs: this the trustees, of course, pocketed themselves. Arjona at last destined the funds to city improvements. This Balbus of Seville was about to erect an iron suspension bridge to be made in England, when the civil wars led to his downfall, and with him, as in the East, to his plan of amelioration.

Next observe *el Triunfo*. This sort of religious monument is common in Spanish towns, and is usually dedicated to the tutelar patron saint, or local miracle, and is the triumph of bad taste, not to say priestcraft. The Doric gate is called *la Pa. de Triana*, because facing that suburb; it was erected in 1588, and is attributed to Herrera. The upper story was used as a state prison—a Newgate: here the Conde de Aguilar, the Mæcenas of Seville, was murdered by the patriots, urged on by the Catiline Tilli (see Schep. i. 269, and Doblado's Letters, p. 439). The plain beyond was formerly *el Perneo*, or the pig-market; during the cholera, in 1833, the unclean animals were removed to the meadows of the virgin patronesses Justa and Rufina, behind *Sⁿ. Agustin*, and the space made into an esplanade by Amarillas: and re-entering by the *Puerta Real* the circuit is concluded.

Of course the traveller will ride out some day to *Alcalá de Guadaira* (see p. 235).

A smaller and home circuit should also be made on the r. bank of the Guadalquivir, crossing over the boat-bridge to the suburb *Triana*, the Moorish Tarayanah, a name supposed to be a corruption from *Trajana*, Trajan having been born near it, at Italica. To the r., on crossing the bridge, are some remains of the once formidable Moorish castle, which, with its gloomy square towers, is shown in ancient prints and views of Seville. This was made the first residence of the Inquisition, the cradle of that fourth Fury. The Guadalquivir, which blushed at the fires and curdled with the bloodshed, almost swept away this edifice in 1626, as if indignant at the crimes committed on its bank. The tribunal was then moved to the *calle Sⁿ. Marcos*, and afterwards to the *Alameda Vieja*. The ruined castle was afterwards taken down, and the site converted into the present market.

The parish church, *Sa. Ana*, was built by Alouzo el Sabio, in 1276: the

image of the "Mother of the Virgin," in the high altar, is a *Virgen aparecida*, or a divinely revealed palladium (comp. the Pagan worship of Anna, Ovid, 'F.' iii. 523); it is brought out in public calamities, but as a matter of etiquette it never crosses the bridge, which would be going out of its parochial jurisdiction: in the *Trascoro* is a curious virgin, painted by Alejo Fernandez; in the plateresque *Reto.* are many fine Campanas, especially a "St. George," which is quite a Giorione. The statues and bas-reliefs are by Pedro Delgado. Visit the church *Na. Sa. del O*; many females are here christened with this vowel; had she been born in Triana, the unfortunate Oh! Miss Bailey would have been called Miss Oh Bailey. Great quantities of coarse *azulego* and *loza*, earthenware, are still made here as in the days of *Sas.* Justa and Rufina. The *naranjales*, or orange gardens, are worth notice. The principal street is called *de Castilla*: here the soap-makers lived, whence our term Castile soap. There is a local history, '*Aparato de Triana*,' Justino Matute, Sevilla, 1818.

To the r., a short walk outside Triana, and on the bank of the river, is the *Cartuja* Convent, dedicated to *Na. Señora de las Cuevas*, begun in 1400 by Arch. B. Mena: the funds left by him were seized by the government, always needy and always unprincipled. It was finished by Pier Afan de Ribera; it was a museum of piety, painting, sculpture, and architecture, until, according to Laborde, iii. 263, "Le M^l. Soult en fit une excellente citadelle, dont l'Eglise devint le Magasin; la Bibliothèque ne valoit rien; elle a servi pour faire des gougousses" (cartridges): sequestered latterly, and sold, it has been turned into a pottery by Mr. Pickman, an Englishman, who, not making the chapel his magazine, has preserved it for holy purposes. Observe the fine rose window in the façade, and the stones recording the heights of inundations;

inquire in the garden for the old burial ground, and the Gothic inscription of the age of Hermenegildo. The oranges are delicious.

Following the banks of a stream we reach the miserable village of *Santi Ponce*, the once ancient Italica, the birthplace of the Emperors Trajan, Adrian, and Theodosius; it was founded u.c. 547, on the site of the Iberian town Sancios, by Scipio Africanus, and destined as a home for his veterans (App. 'B. H.' 463). Adrian adorned his native place with sumptuous edifices; the citizens petitioned to become a *Colonia*, that is, subject to Rome, instead of remaining a free *Municipium*: even Adrian was surprised at this Andalusian servility (Aul. Gell. xvi. 13). Many Spaniards assert that the poet Silius *Italicus* was born here; but then the epithet would have been *Italicensis*: his birth-place is unknown; probably he was an Italian, for Martial, his friend, never alludes to his being a *paisano*, or fellow-countryman. From his admiration and imitation of Virgil he was called his ape. To the Spanish antiquarian he is valuable from having introduced so many curious notices in his *Punica*. Pliny Jr. (Ep. iii. 7) thus justly describes his style: Silius scribebat carmina majore curâ quam ingenio.

Italica was preserved by the Goths, and made the see of a bishop: Leovigild, in 584, repaired the walls when he besieged Seville, then the stronghold of his rebel son Hermenegildo. Italica was corrupted by the Moors into Talikah, Talca; and in old deeds the fields are termed *los campos de Talca*, and the town *Sevilla la vieja*. The ruin of Italica dates from the river having changed its bed, a common trick in wayward Spanish and Oriental streams. Thus Gour, once on the Ganges, is now deserted: the Moors soon abandoned a town and "a land which the rivers had spoiled," and left Italica for Seville; and ever since the remains have been used as a quarry. Santi Ponce is a corruption of San Geronico, its Gothic bishop. Consult '*Bosquejo de*

Italica, Justino Matute, Seville, 1827; and for the medals, Florez, 'M.,' ii. 477. Of these many are constantly found by the poor natives, and offered for sale to foreigners, for few *Sevillanos* care for old coins, while all prefer mint new dollars. The peasants, with a view of recommending their wares, polish them bright, and rub off the precious bloom, the patina and ærugo, the sacred rust of twice ten hundred years. They do their best to deprive antiquity of its charming old coat.

On Dec. 12, 1799, a fine mosaic pavement was discovered. This a poor monk, named Jose Moscoso, to his honour, enclosed with a wall, in order to save it from the fate usual in Spain. Didot, in 1802, published for Laborde a splendid folio, with engravings and description. The traveller will find a copy in the cathedral library in the *Patio de los Naranjos*, at Seville. Now this work is all that remains, for the soldiers of M. Soult converted the enclosure into a goat-pen. Thus, at Valmuza, near Salamanca, they also turned a previously well-preserved mosaic into a stable (C. Berm. 'S.' 424). Laborde, in his 'Voyage Pittoresque,' has preserved, in engraving, many ancient and sacred buildings, which his countrymen came and destroyed.

The far-famed and much overrated amphitheatre lies outside the old town, *seges ubi Troja fuit*. On the way the ruins of *Italica* peep out amid the weeds and olive groves, like the grey bones of dead giants. The amphitheatre, in 1774, was used by the corporation of Seville for river dikes, and for making the road to Badajoz. But Spanish mayors and aldermen are not absolute wisdom. (See the details, by an eye-witness, '*Viaje desde Granada a Lisboa*,' duo. 1774, p. 70.) The form is, however, yet to be traced, and the broken tiers of seats: the destruction has been wantonly barbarous. The scene is sad and lonely: a few gipsies usually lurk among the vaults. The visitors scramble over the broken

seats of once easy access, frightening the glittering lizards or *Lagartos*, which hurry into the rustling brambles. Behind, in a small valley, a limpid stream still trickles from a font and tempts the thirsty traveller, as it once did the mob of *Italica* when heated with games of blood.

The rest of *Italica* either sleeps buried under the earth, or has been carried away by builders. To the west are some vaulted brick tanks, called *La Casa de los Baños*. They were the reservoirs of the aqueduct brought by Adrian from *Tejada*, 7 L. distant. Occasionally partial excavations are made, but all is done by fits and starts and on no regular plan: the thing is taken up and let down by accident and caprice. The antiques found are usually of a low art. The site was purchased, in 1301, by Guzman *el Bueno*, who founded the castellated convent *San Isidoro* as the burial place of his family. It was entirely gutted by Soult on his evacuation of Andalucia, and next was made a prison for galley-slaves. The chapel is, however, preserved for the village church. Observe the statues of Sⁿ. Isidoro and Sⁿ. Jeronimo by Montañes, and the effigies of Guzman and his wife; they lie buried below. The tomb was opened in 1570, and the body of the good man, according to Matute (p. 156), "found almost entire, and nine feet high;" here *lies* also Doña Uraca Osorio, with her maid Leonora Davalos at her feet. She was burnt alive by Pedro the Cruel for rejecting his addresses. A portion of her chaste body was exposed by the flames which consumed her dress, whereupon her attendant, faithful in death, rushed into the fire, and died in concealing her mistress.

The *Feria de Santi Ponce* is the Greenwich fair of Seville. Booths are erected in the ancient bed of the river. This is a scene of *Majeza* and their *Jaleos*. The holiday folk, in all their Andalusian finery, return at nightfall in *Carretas* filled with *Gitanas y Corraleras*, while *Los mujos y los de la aficion*

(fancy) *vuelven a caballo, con sus queridas en ancas*. Crowds come out to see this procession, and sit on chairs in the *Ce. de Castilla*, which resounds with *requiebros*, and is enlivened with exhibitions of small horns made of *barro*, the type of the *Cornudo paciente de Sevilla*; and here the lover of *Majeza* and horse-flesh is reminded never to omit to visit the grand cattle fair, or *La Feria de Mairena*, near *Alcalá de Guadaira*, which is held April 25th, 26th, 27th. It is a singular scene of gipsies, *legs chalanés*, and picturesque blackguards: here the *Majo* and *Maja* shine in all their glory. The company returns to Seville at sunset, when all the world is seated near the *Caños de Carmona* to behold them. The correct thing for a *majo fino* used to be to appear every day on a different horse, and in a different costume. Such a *majo* rode through a gauntlet of smiles, waving fans and handkerchiefs: thus his face was whitened, *salíó muy lucido*. It was truly Oriental and Spanish. Now poverty and the prose of civilization are stripping away these tags and tassels, preparatory to the universal degradation of the long-tailed coat. The *Maja* always, on these occasions, wore the *Caramba*, or riband fringed with silver, and fastened to the *Moño*, or knot of her hair. She ought also to have the portrait of her *Querido* round her neck. The *Majo* always had two embroidered handkerchiefs—her work—with the corners emerging from his jacket pockets.

The traveller may return from *Italica* to Seville by a different route, keeping under the slopes of the hills: opposite Seville, on the *summit* to the r., is *Castileja de la Cuesta*, from whence the view is fine and extensive. Here Fernan Cortes (see *Medellin*) died, Dec. 2, 1547, aged 63, a broken-hearted victim, like Ximenez, Columbus, Gonzalo de Cordova, and others, of his king's and country's ingratitude. He was first buried in San Isidoro at *Italica*: his bones, like those of Columbus, after infinite movings and

changings of sepulture, at last reached Mexico, the scene of his glories and crimes during life; not however doomed to rest even there, for in 1823 the patriots intended to disinter the *foreigner*, and scatter his dust to the winds. They were anticipated by pious fraud, and the illustrious ashes removed to a new abode, where, if the secret be kept, they may at last find that rest which alive they never knew—that rest at last, for which Shakspeare prayed in his own epitaph.

Keeping the hill *Chaboya* to the r., we reach *San Juan de Alfaraque*, *Hisp. al-faraj*, "of the fissure or cleft;" it was the Moorish river key of Seville, and the old and ruined walls still crown the heights. This was the site of the Roman *Julia Constantia*, the Gothic *Osset*, and the scene of infinite miracles during the Arian controversy: a font yet remains in the chapel. Read the authentic inscription, vouched by the church, concerning the self-replenishing of water every Thursday in the *Semana Santa*. (See also 'E. S.' ix. 117.) Strabo, however (iii. 261), points out among the marvels of *Bætica* certain wells and fountains, which ebbed and flowed spontaneously.

Observe the *Retablo*, with pictures by Castillo. This originally existed in the *Sa. Juan de la Palma*. The panorama of Seville, from the convent parapet, is charming. On the opposite side of the river is the fine *Naranjal* or orange grove of Don Lucas Beck, which is worth riding to. "Seville," says Byron, "is a pleasant city, famous for oranges and women." There are two sorts of the former, the sweet and the *bitter* (Arabice *Naring*, unde *Naranja*), of which Scotch marmalade is made and Dutch Curacao is flavoured. The trees begin to bear fruit about the sixth year after they are planted, and the quality continues to improve for 16 to 20 years, after which the orange degenerates, the rind gets thick, and it becomes unfit for the foreign market, which always takes the best. The trees flower in March, and perfume the air of Seville with their

Azahar; from the blossoms sweetmeats are made, and delicious orange-flower water: buy it at Aquilars, *Pa. Sn. Vicente*: to eat the orange in perfection, it should not be gathered until the new blossom appears. The oranges begin to turn yellow in October, and are then picked, as they never increase in size after changing colour; they are wrapped in Catalan paper, and packed in chests, which contain from 700 to 1000 each, and may be worth to the exporter from 25s. to 30s. They ripen on the voyage, but the rind gets tough, and the freshness of the newly-gathered fruit is lost. The natives are very fanciful about eating them: they do not think them good before March, and poison if eaten after sunset. The vendors in the street cry them as *mas dulces que almibar*, sweeter than syrup; the "Honey, oh! oranges honey" of the Cairo orange-boy. The village below the hill of Alfarache, being exempt from the *Derecho de puertas*, and being a pleasant walk, is frequented on holidays by the Sevillians, who love cheap drink, &c. Those who remember what preceded the birth of El Picaro Guzman de Alfarache—a novel so well translated by Le Sage—may rest assured that matters are not much changed. *Gelves*, Gelduba, lies lower down the river. This village gives the title of count to the descendants of Columbus: the family sepulchre is left in that disgraceful neglect, so common in a land where *Los muertos y idos no tienen amigos*.

EXCURSION TO AN OLIVE FARM.

The olives and oil of Bætica were celebrated in antiquity, and still form a staple and increasing commodity of Andalucia. The districts between Seville and Alcalá, and in the Ajarafe, are among the richest in Spain: an excursion should be made to some large *Hacienda* in order to examine the process of the culture and the manufacture, which are almost identical with those described by Varro, Columella, and Pliny.

San Bartolomé, a farm belonging to

the Paterna family, is a fine specimen of a first-rate *Hacienda*; it contains about 20,000 trees, each of which will yield from two to three bushels of olives; the whole produce averages 5000 arrobas (25 lbs.), which vary in price from two to five dollars. The olive-tree, however classical, is very unpicturesque; an ashy leaf on a pollarded trunk reminds one of a second-rate willow-tree; it affords neither shade, shelter, nor colour.

They are usually planted in formal rows: a branch is cut from the tree in January, the end is opened into four slits, into which a stone is placed; it is then planted, banked, and watered for two years: the tree as it grows is pruned into four or five upright branches: they begin to pay the expense about the tenth year, but do not attain their prime before the thirtieth; as the growing-wood is most productive, they are constantly thinned. The cuttings make excellent fire-wood. Whole plantations were burnt down by the French, while the Duke issued strict orders forbidding it among our troops. The best soils are indicated by the wild olive (oleaster, *acebuche*), on which cuttings are grafted, and produce the finest crops (Virgil, 'G.' ii. 182). The Spaniards often sow corn in their olive grounds, contrary to the rule of Columella, for it exhausts the soil, *chupa la tierra*.

The berry is picked in the autumn; it is then purple-coloured and shining, *baccæ splendentis olivæ*. This is a busy scene; the peasant, clad in sheep-skins, is up in the trees like a satyr, beating off the fruit, while his children pick them up, and his wife and sisters drive the laden donkeys to the mill. The ancients never beat the trees (Plin. 'N.H.' xv. 3.) The berries are emptied into a vat, *El trujal*, and are not picked and sorted, as Columella (xii. 50) enjoined in his careful account how to make oil. The Spaniard is rude and unscientific in this, as in his wine-making; he looks to quantity, not quality. The berries are then placed on a circular hollowed

stone, over which another is moved by a mule, a *machina de sangre* or *atahona*; the crushed mass, *El borugo*, is shovelled on to round mats, *capuchos*, made of *esparto*, and taken to the press, *El trujal*, which is forced down by a very long and weighty beam, composed of six or seven pine-trees, like a ship's bowsprit; it is the precise *Biga trapeutum*, *ελαιοτριβειον*. In order to resist the strain, a heavy tower of masonry is built over the press; a score of frails of the *borugo* is placed under the screw, moistened with hot water. The liquor as it flows out is passed into a reservoir below; the residuum comes forth like a damson-cheese, and is used for fuel and for fattening pigs; the oil as it rises on the water is skimmed off, and poured into big-bellied earthen jars, *tinajas*, and then removed into still larger, which are sunk into the ground. These amphoræ are made chiefly at Coria, near Seville; they recall the jars of the forty thieves: some will hold from 200 to 300 arrobas, *i. e.* from 800 to 1200 gallons.

The oil, *aceite* (Arabicè *azzait*), is strong, and not equal to the purer, finer produce of Lucca, but the Spaniards, from habit, think the Italian oil insipid. The second-class oils are coarse, thick, and green coloured, and are exported for soap-making, or used for lamps. Candles are rare in Spain, where the ancient lamp, *el velon* or *candil* (Arabicè *kandeel*), prevail, and are exactly such as are found at Pompeii. The farm is a little colony; the labourers are fed by the proprietor; they are allowed bread, garlic, salt, oil, vinegar, and *pimientos*, which they make into *migas* and *gazpacho* (see p. 68), without which, in the burning summers, their "souls would be dried away" (Numbers xi. 6). Bread, oil, and water, was a lover's gift (Hosea ii. 5). The oil and vinegar are kept in cow-horns ("the horn of oil," 1 Sam. xvi. 13), which hang at their cart sides. This daily allowance, *Επιουσιον*, *Ἐμυστροφίς*, *Chœnix*, corresponds minutely with the usages of antiquity as described by Cato (R. R.

56), and Stuckius (Antiq. Conviv. i. 22. Ed. 1695). The use of oil is of the greatest antiquity (Job xxiv. 2): it supplies the want of fat in lean meats.

The olive forms the food of the poorer classes. The ancient distinctions remain unchanged. The first class, *Regiæ*, *Majorinæ*, are still called *Las Reynas*, *Las Padronas*. The finest are made from the *gordal*, which only grows in a circuit of 5 L. round Seville: the berry is gathered before quite ripe, in order to preserve the green colour: it is pickled for six days in a *Salmuera*, or brine, made of water, salt, thyme, bay-laurel, and garlic; without this the olive would putrefy, as it throws out a mould, *nata*. The middling, or second classes, are called *Las Medianas*, also *Las Moradas*, from their purple colour; these are often mixed in a strong pickle, and then are called *Aliñadas*: the worst sort are the *Rebusco*, *Recuses*, or the refuse; these are begarlicked and bepickled for the *dura ilia* of the poor. The olive is nutritious, but heating; the better classes use them sparingly; a few are usually placed in saucers at their dinners: they have none of the ancient luxury, those *Aselli Corinthii*, or silver donkeys, laded with paniers of different coloured olives (Petr. Arb. 31; Ovid, 'Met.' viii. 664).

ROUTE VII.—SEVILLE TO RIO TINTO
AND ALMADEN.

	L.
Venta de Pajanosa	3½
Algarobo	1½
Castillo de las guardas	3
Rio Tinto	5
Aracena	5
Fuentes de Leon	5
Segura de Leon	1
Valencia	3
Fuente de Cantos	1
Llerena	4
Guadalcanal	4
Fuente Ovejuna	5
Velalcazar	5
Almaden	6
Sa. Eufemia	3
Al viso de los Pedroches	2
Villanueva del Duque	2
Villa harta or Villarta	5
Cordoba	6

There are coal mines at *Villanueva del Rio*, which those who intend to make the whole circuit of R. vii. should visit before starting.

R. vii. is a riding tour of bad roads and worse accommodations; attend, therefore, to our preliminary hints, and get a *Spanish* passport from the Captain-General, or *gefe politico*, explaining the scientific object of the excursion: letters of introduction to the superintendents of the mines are also useful. The distances must be taken approximatively; they are mountain leagues, and very conventional. The botany in these *dehesas y despoblados* (see p. 148) is highly interesting, and game abundant. An English double-barrel gun is useful in more respects than one. For some remarks on mines in Spain and the most useful books, see Cartagena.

Passing through Italica, the high road to Badajoz is continued to the *Venta de Pajanos*, 4 L., and then turns off to the l. over a waste of *Xaras*, cistus, and aromatic flowers given up to the bee and butterfly, to *Algarrobo*, 1 L., a small hamlet, where bait. Hence 3 L. over a similar country to a mountain village, *Castillo de las guardias*, so called from its Moorish *atulaya*; here sleep. 5 L., over a lonely *dehesa*, lead next day to *Rio Tinto*. The red naked sides of the copper mountain, *La Cabeza Colorada*, with clouds of smoke curling over dark pine woods, announce from afar these celebrated mines. The immediate approach to the hamlet is like that to a minor infernal region; the road is made of burnt ashes and *escoriae*, the walls are composed of lava-like dross, while haggard miners, with fallow faces and blackened dress, creep about, fit denizens of the place; a small, green coppery stream winds under the bank of firs, and is the *tinged river*, from whence the village takes its name. This stream flows out of the bowels of the mountain, and is supposed to be connected with some internal undiscovered ancient conduit: it is from

this that the purest copper is obtained: iron bars are placed in wooden troughs, which are immersed in the waters, when a *cascara*, or flake of metal, is deposited on it, which is knocked off; the bar is then subjected to the same process until completely eaten away. The water is deadly poisonous; no animal or vegetable can live near it, and it stains and corrodes everything that it touches.

These mines were perfectly well known to the ancients, whose shafts and galleries are constantly being discovered. The Romans and Moors appear chiefly to have worked on the N. side of the hill; the enormous accumulation of *escoriales* show to what an extent they carried on operations; these old drosses are constantly used in the smelting, as from the imperfect methods of the ancients they are found to contain much unextracted copper.

The village is built about a mile from the mines, and was raised by one Liberto Wolters, a Swede, to whom Philip V. had granted a lease of the mines, which reverted to the crown in 1783. It is principally occupied by the miners; there is, however, a decent *posada*: the *empleados* and official people have a street to themselves. The view from above the church is striking: the town lies below with its stream and orange groves; to the l. rises the ragged copper hill, wrapt in sulphureous wreaths of smoke; while to the r. the magnificent flat fir bank, which supplies fuel to the furnaces, *la mesa de los pinos*, is backed by a boundless extent of cistus-clad hills, rising one over another.

A proper officer will conduct the traveller over the mines, and then follow the ore through every stage of the process, until it becomes pure copper; visit therefore the *Castillo de Solomon* in the *Cabeza Colorada*. Entering the shaft you soon descend by a well, or *pozo*, down a ladder, to an under gallery: the heat increases with the depth, as there is no ventilation; at the bottom the thermometer stands at 80 Fahr., and the miners, who drive in,

iron wedges into the rock previously to blasting, work almost naked, and what few clothes they have on are perfectly drenched with perspiration; the scene is gloomy, the air close and poisonous, the twinkling flicker of the miners' tapers blue and unearthly; here and there figures, with lamps at their breasts, flit about like the tenants of the halls of Eblis, and disappear by ladders into the deeper depths. Melancholy is the sound of the pick of the solitary workman, who alone in his stone niche is hammering at his rocky prison like some confined demon, endeavouring to force his way to light and liberty.

The copper is found in an iron pyrites, and yields about five per cent. The stalactites are very beautiful; for wherever the water trickles through the roof of the gallery, it forms icicles, as it were of emeralds, and amethysts; but these bright colours oxidize in the open air, and are soon changed to a dun brown. When the *Zafra*, or rough ore, is extracted, it is taken to the *Calcinacion*, on the brow of the hill, and is there burnt three times in the open air; the sulphur is sublimated, and passes off in clouds of smoke; the rough metal, which looks like a sort of iron coke, is next carried to be smelted at houses placed near the stream, by whose water power the bellows are set in action. The metal is first mixed with equal parts of charcoal and *escoriales*, the ancient ones being preferred, and is then fused with *Brezó*, a sort of fuel composed of cistus and rosemary. The iron flows away like lava, and the copper is precipitated into a pan or *copella* below. It is then refined in ovens, or *Reverberos*, and loses about a third of its weight; the scum and impurities as they rise to the surface are scraped off with a wooden hoe. The pure copper is then sent either to Seville, to the cannon foundry, or to Segovia, to be coined.

There is a direct cross-ride over the wild mountains to *Guadalcábal* and *Almadén*. Attend to the provend and take a local guide. It is far better to

make a detour and visit *Aracena*, 5 L. and 6 hours' ride, over trackless, lifeless, aromatic *dehesas*—a wide waste of green hills and blue skies: after *Campo Frio*, 2 L., the country improves and becomes quite park-like and English; *Aracena* is seen from afar crowning a mountain ridge: here is a good *posada*: population about 5000, which is swelled in the summer, when the cool breezes tempt the wealthy from Seville to this *Corte de la Sierra*. Ascend to the ruined Moorish castle and church, which commands a splendid mountain panorama. The Arabesque belfry has been capped with an incongruous modern top. It was to Aracena that the learned *Arias Montano* retired after his return from the Council of Trent. From hence there is a direct bridle route to Llerena, 12 L., turning off to the r. to *Arroyo Molinos* 4 L., and crossing the great *Badajoz* and Seville road at *Monasterio* 3, thence on to *Montemolin* 2, *Llerena* 3. The author, however, rode on to *Zafra*; and the country is charming. Leaving, *Aracena*, 5 L. of iniquitous road—all carriages are out of the question—lead to *Fuentes de León*; the country resembles the oak districts of Sussex, near Petersfield: in these *Encinares* vast herds of swine are fattened. At *Carboneras*, 1 L., the route enters a lovely defile, with a clear torrent; all now is verdure and vegetation, fruit and flower. The green grass is most refreshing, while the air is perfumed with wild flowers, and gladdened by songs of nightingales. How unlike horrid *La Mancha* and the torrid Castiles! These districts once belonged to the rich convent of San Marcos of León. Thence to *Segura de León*, 1 L., which is approached through a grove of pine-trees, above which the fine old castle soars. It is in perfect repair, and belonged to the Infante Don Carlos; it commands a noble view. *Valencia de León* has also another well preserved castle, with a square *torre mocha* or keep: observe the brick belfry of the parish church with its machicolations and fringe of

Gothic circles. In these vicinities occurred one of those remarkable miracles so frequent in Spanish history: In the year 1247 Don Pelayo Perez Correa was skirmishing with some Moors, when he implored the Virgin to detain the day, promising, as Cæsar did at Pharsalia, to vow a temple *τη γενητειρη*, to Venus Genetrix (App. 'B. C.' ii. 803). The sun was instantly arrested in its course (compare Oran at Toledo). Thus the immutable order of the heavens was disarranged, in order that a *guerrillero* might complete a butchery by which the grand results of the Seville campaign were scarcely even influenced. It was, moreover, an especial miracle confined to local Spain, for no change in the solar system ever was observed by the Galileos and Newtons of other parts of the world. The chapel built by Correa, which marks the site, is still called Santa Maria Tendudia, a corruption of his exclamation, *Deten tu el día!* Correa on the same day struck a rock, whence water issued for his thirsty troops (Espinosa, '*Hist. de Sevilla*,' iv. 156). Accordingly, in the '*Memorias de Sn. Fernando*,' iii. 116, Madrid, 1800, this partisan is termed the Moses and Joshua of Spain.

Crossing the Badajoz road, we now turn to the r. to *Llerena*, Regiana, an agricultural town of some 5000 souls, and of no interest save to the lover of miraculous tauromachia. Here, on the vigil of San Marcos, and it occurred in other neighbouring villages, the parish priest, dressed in full canonicals, and attended by his flock, proceeded to a herd of cattle and selected a bull, and christened him by the name of Mark. The proselyte then followed his leader to mass, entering the church and behaving quite correctly all that day; but he took small benefit either in beef or morals, for on the morrow he relapsed into his former bullhood and brutality. After mass the apostolical bull paraded the village as the *Bœuf Gras* does at Paris, his horns decorated with flowers and ribands:

and as he was miraculously tame, *sine fœno in cornu*, the women caressed him, as *Marcito*, dear little Mark. Such was the Egyptian adoration of Apis, such the Elean idolatry, where the females worshipped Bacchus under a tauriform incarnation (Plut. Q. R.; Reiske, vii. 196).

If the selected bull ran restive and declined the honour of ephemeral sainthood, as John Bull sometimes does knighthood, the blame was laid on the priest, and the miracle was supposed to have failed in consequence of his unworthiness; he was held to be in a state of *pecado mortal*, and was regarded with an evil eye by the suspicious husbands of the best-looking Pasiphaes. If Marcito stopped before any house, the inhabitants were suspected of heresy or Judaism, which was nosed by the bull as truffles are by poodle dogs. It will easily be guessed what a powerful engine in the hands of the priest this pointing proboscis must have been, and how effectually it secured the payment of church rates and *voluntary* offerings. The learned Feyjoo, in his '*Teatro Critico*,' vi. 205, dedicates a paper to this miracle, and devotes 25 pages to its theological discussion.

Near Llerena, Apr. 11, 1812, Lord Combermere, with his cavalry, put to indescribable rout 2500 French horse, supported by 10,000 infantry, the rear-guard of Soult, under Drouet, who was retiring, baffled by the capture of Badajoz. Few charges were more "brilliant and successful" than this: they rode down the foe like stubble in the plains. Disp. Apr. 16, 1812.

On leaving *Llerena*, the road runs for 4 L. over wide corn tracts, studded with conical hills, to *Guadalcanal*, said to have been the Celtic *Tereses*. The silver and lead mines are situated about a mile to the N.E. The river *Genalija* divides Estremadura from Andalucia. These mines were discovered in 1509 by a peasant named Delgado, who ploughed up some ore. In 1598 they were leased to the bro-

thers Mark and Christopher Fugger, of Augsburg, who also rented the quicksilver mines at Almaden; and they, keeping their own secret, extracted from the *Pozo rico* such wealth as rendered them proverbial, and *Ser rico como un Fucar* meant in the time of Cervantes being as rich as Cræsus. They built a street in Madrid after their name. Their descendants, in 1635, were forced to give the mines up; but previously, and in spite, they turned in a stream of water. Yet the fame of their acquisitions survived, and tempted other speculators, with "dreams of worlds of gold;" and in 1725 Lady Mary Herbert and Mr. Gage endeavoured to drain the mines: these are Pope's

"Congenial souls! whose life one avarice joins,
And one fate buries in th' Asturian mines;"
a slight mistake by the way in the poet, both as to metal and geography.

The scheme ended in nothing, like so many other loans, &c.—*Châteaux en Espagne*; and the English workmen were pillaged by the Spaniards, who resented seeing "heretics and foreigners" coming to carry off Spanish bullion. In 1768, one Thomas Sutton made another effort to rework them. Thence crossing the *Bembezár* to *Fuente de Ovejuna*, pop. 5500; it stands on the crest of a conical hill, with the *Colegiata* on the apex, like an acropolis. The "sheep-fountain," Fons Mellaria, is at the bottom, to the W.: coal-seams occur here and extend to *Villaharta*. The direct road to Almaden runs through *Velalcazar* 20½ L. by *La Granja* 5½, *Valsequillo* 4, *Velalcazar* 5, *Almaden* 6. It is not interesting, and devoid of accommodation: sleep at *Valsequillo*, pop. about 2000, placed in a hilly locality near the *Guadiato*. *Velalcazar*, pop. 2500, stands in a well watered plain. It is a tidy dull town with a ruined castle, called *Bello Alcazar* (whence *Velalcazar*) built in the 14th century. The *Pozo del pilar* is a fine work; hence crossing the *Guadumatilla* over a broken bridge to S^a. Eufemia and Almaden.

The better route perhaps, although equally wearisome, is by *Espiel*, which is reached following the *Guadiato*, a good fishing river, for five hours. *Espiel*, pop. 1000, has a bad *posada*. This poor agricultural village is placed on a dry elevated situation, between the fertile valleys of Aran and Benasque: thence is a wearisome ride to "*Almaden del Azogue*," two Arabic words which signify "the Mine of Quicksilver;" and show whence the science was learnt. As the *posada* is miserable, lodge in some private house. The long narrow street is placed on a scarped ridge: pop. about 6500. Walk to the *Glorieta*, at the junction of three roads, and look at this sun-burnt, wind-blown town. It is built on the confines of La Mancha, Andalucía, and Estremadura. The *Sisapona Cetobrix* of Pliny (N. H. xxxiii. 7) was somewhere in this locality. The mine is apparently inexhaustible, becoming richer in proportion as the shafts deepen. The vein of cinnabar, about 25 feet thick, traverses rocks of quartz and slate, and runs towards *Almadenejos*. Virgin quicksilver occurs also in pyrites and hornstein. The working this mine is injurious to health, and galley-slaves were long employed after the old Carthaginian and Roman custom: now free labour is preferred. About 5000 men are thus engaged during the winter, the heat and want of ventilation rendering the mercurial exhalations dangerous in summer. The gangs work about six hours at a time, and hew the hard rock almost naked. There are three veins, called after the saints Nicolas, Francisco, and Diego; the adit is outside the town; the descent is by steep ladders: the deepest shaft is said to be 900 feet; the wells, elsewhere called *Pozos*, are here termed *Tornos*, and the shafts or *Ramales*, *Cañas*: they extend under the town; hence the cracks in the parish church. The water is pumped out by a 20-horsesteam-engine, brought in 1799 from England, and now a curiosity fit for a mechanical museum.

The mineral is raised by a splendid mule-worked *atahona*. The arched stone galleries are superb: the furnaces of the smelting-ovens are heated with sweet-smelling *Brezo*. The men thus employed are much more healthy than the miners. The mercury is distilled by two processes; either by that used at Idria, which is the best, or from certain ovens or *Biutrones*, *Hornos de Reverbero*, invented by Juan Alonzo de Bustamante.

The quantity of mercury now obtained is enormous. The Fuggers only extracted 4500 quintals annually; now between 20,000 and 25,000 are procured. The price has also lately risen from 34 to 84 dollars the quintal. Almaden, one of the few certain sources of the ever-needy government, has been mortgaged over and over again. For full details see Widdrington, chap. vii. For the regulations and methods of working the mines, consult '*Ordenanzas de 31 Enero, 1735*,' fol. Mad. 1735; for some other books, see Cartagena. Formerly the superintendence of these mines was bestowed by Madrid jobbing; but latterly, since the pecuniary importance has increased, it has been given to a *gefe* of scientific attainments.

Those who do not wish to visit *Almaden* may return to Seville from Guadalcanal by *Constantina*, *Laconimurgi*, a charming fresh mountain town, whence Seville is supplied with fruit and snow: thence to picturesque *Cazalla* 3 L. Equidistant from these two towns is a lead and silver mine, called *La Reyna*. The iron-mines at *El Pedroso* deserve a visit: this busy establishment is the creation of Col. Elorza, an intelligent Basque, who made himself master of the system of machinery used in England, which he has here adopted, and by so doing has infused life and wealth into this Sierra, which elsewhere is left almost abandoned, roadless, and unpeopled. Game of every kind abounds. The botany is also very interesting (see Widdrington, chap. x.). At *Cantillana*, Illia, 6 L.,

the mining district finishes: everywhere the *escoria* show how much it once was worked. Hence to Seville, by *Alcalá del Río* 5 L., over an excellent snipe and woodcock country, but without any accommodation except at the miserable *el Bodegon*. From *Cazalla* a route passes on to the coal mines of *Villanueva del Río*, long, in spite of the facility of water-carriage, allowed to remain almost lost: now they are in work, and the mine of Col. Elorza is by far the most scientifically conducted. The coal is well adapted for steam-engines. The river may be either crossed at *Alcolea del Río*, or the land route through *Santi Ponce* regained.

The geologist and botanist, when once at *Almaden*, may either join the Madrid road at *Trujillo*, having visited *Logrosan* and *Guadalupe* (see R. lvi.), or strike down to *Cordova*, by a wild bridle-road of 18 L. This ride occupies 3 days: the first is the shortest, baiting at *Sa. Eufemia* and sleeping at *Viso*. *Sa. Eufemia* domineers over the fertile plain of *Pedroches*, which separates the table-land of *Almaden* from the range of the *Sierra Morena*: here mica slate occurs, followed by granite, which commences at *Viso*, an agricultural town of some 2500 inhab., and distant 12 L. from *Cordova*. The second day the country is tolerably well cultivated to *Villaharta*, where stop and bait, and then, after $2\frac{1}{2}$ L. over a wild *dehesa*, ascend the *Sierra Morena*: the country becomes now most romantic and full of deep defiles, leading into the central chains. The hills are round-backed, and of moderate elevation, covered with *jaras* and aromatic shrubs, but utterly uninhabited. *Villaharta*, where sleep, is a picturesque village. The last day's ride continues through the sierra, amid pine forests, with traces of seams of coal, which extend W. to *Espiel* and *Valmez*, to a venta, from whence you look down on the plains of *Andalucia*, and descend in about 3 hours to *Cordova*. Professor Daubeny, who, in 1843, rode from *Trujillo* to *Cordova*,

considers this line to be of the highest interest to the geologist and botanist. From *Almaden* to *Ciudad Real* are 15 L. (see p. 319); and it is in contemplation to construct a regular road.

ROUTE VIII.—SEVILLE TO MADRID.

Alcalá de Guadaira	2	
Mairena	2	4
Carmona	2	6
La Portuguesa	2½	8½
La Luisiana	3½	12
Ecija	3	15
La Carlota	4	19
Mango Negro	3	22
Cordova	3	25
Casa Blanca	2½	27½
Carpio	2½	30
Aldea del Río	3½	33½
S ^a . Cecilia	2½	36
Andujar	2½	38½
Casa del Rey	2½	41
Bailen	2	43
Guarroman	2	45
La Carolina	2	47
S ^a . Elena	2	49
V ^a . de Cardenas	2	51
Almuradiel	2	53
S ^a . Cruz	2½	55½
Valdepeñas	2	57½
Consolacion	2	59½
V ^a . de Quesada	2	61½
Villarta	2½	64
Puerto Lapiche	2	66
Madridejos	3	69
Canada de la Higuera	2	71
Tembleque	2	73
La Guardia	2	75
Ocaña	3½	78½
Aranjuez	2	80½
Espartinas	2½	83
Angeles	3	86
Madrid	2½	88½

When ladies are in the case it will be prudent to write beforehand to some friend in Madrid to secure quarters at an hotel.

The journey takes 4½ days, arriving the fifth morning; a few hours are allowed every evening for sleep.

This high road is not in the best order, and the accommodations are indifferent; however, the diligence inns are the best. After leaving the basin of the Guadalquivir it crosses the *Sierra Morena*, ascending to the dreary central table-lands. *Cordova* is the only object worth visiting on the whole line: the best plan to diminish the tediousness of this uninteresting jour-

ney will be to send on all heavy luggage to Cordova by the *ordinario* or by Ferrers' galera, then ride the cross-road to *Carmona*, and there take up the diligence to Cordova, and proceed by the next to Madrid, sleeping, if possible, all the way except at *Despeñaperros*.

Carsi y Ferrers' diligence is to be preferred. Buy also the *manual* of Gonzalez.

There is some talk of a railroad which is to connect Cordova with Cadiz; and nothing can be more favourable than the level line of the Guadalquivir.

For *Alcalá*, its fine castle, bread, and water-springs, see p. 235. *Mairena* is celebrated for its three days' horse fair, in April, which no lover of gallant steeds and gay *majos* should fail to attend. Cresting an aromatic uncultivated tract, the clean white town of *Carmona* rises on the E. extremity of the ridge; it commands the plains both ways. The prefix *car* indicates this "height." The old coins found here are inscribed "Carmo," Florez, 'M.' i. 289. Cæsar fortified the city, which remained faithful to the Goths until betrayed to the Moors by the traitor Julian: St. Ferdinand recovered it Sept. 21, 1247, and gave it for arms, a star with an orle of lions and castles, and the device "Sicut Lucifer lucet in Aurorâ, sic in Bæticâ Carmona." Don Pedro added largely to this castle, which he made, as regarded Seville, what Edward III. did of Windsor in reference to London. Here he kept his jewels, money, mistresses, and children. After his defeat at *Monteil* his governor, Mateos Fernandez, surrendered to Enrique on solemn conditions of amnesty; all of which were immediately violated and himself executed; so now it is said that capitulations make good paper to light cigars with.

Carmona, the Moorish Karmunah, with its Oriental walls, castle, and position, is very picturesque: population 20,200. There is a decent Posada in the suburban *plaza*, coming from Seville: observe the tower of *Sⁿ. Pedro*,

which is an imitation of the metropolitan Giralda; observe the massy walls and arched Moorish city-entrance. The *patio* of the university is Moorish; the church is of excellent Gothic, and built by Anton. Gallego, obt. 1518. The "Descent of the Cross" is by Pacheco; a Venetian-like *San Cristobal* has been repainted. The *Alameda*, between a dip of the hills, is pleasant; by starting half an hour before the diligence, all this may be seen, and the coach caught up at the bottom of the hill. The striking gate leading to Cordova is built on Roman foundations, with an Herrera elevation of Doric and Ionic; the alcazar, towering above it, is a superb ruin. Don Pedro and the Catholic kings were its chief decorators, as their badges and arms show. The view over the vast plains below is magnificent; the Ronda and even Granada chains may be seen: it is the Grampians from Stirling Castle, on a tropical and gigantic scale. Consult '*Antigüedades de Carmona*,' Juan Salvador Bauta. de Arellano, Sevilla, 1628.

Descending into the plains the road continues over aromatic uninhabited uncultivated wastes: soon after *Moncloa*, with its palms, a bridge is crossed, formerly the lair of a gang of robbers, called *Los Niños de Ecija*; although now extinct, these "Boys" are immortal in the fears and tales of Spanish muleteers. The miserable post-houses, *La Portuguesa* and *La Luisiana*, called after Spanish queens, are almost the only abodes of man in this tract of rich but neglected country.

Ecija-Astigi, in the time of the Romans, was a city equal to Cordova and Seville (Plin. 'N.H.' iii. 1; Pomp. Mela, ii. 6): it rises on the Genil, the great tributary of the Guadalquivir: pop. 34,000: the inn *la Posta* is decent. *Ecija* is a well-built, rich in corn and oil, and a very uninteresting town; from its extreme heat it is called the frying-pan, or *La Sartanilla*, of Andalusia; accordingly it bears for arms the sun, with this modest motto, *Una*

sola sera llamada la Ciudad del Sol; but here frying-pans assume the titles and decorations of an Heliopolis, on the *Delincuente honrado* principle.

Ecija boasts to have been visited by St. Paul, who here converted his hostess, *Santa Xantippa*, wife of one *Probus* (these shrew *grey mares* always have good husbands). See for authentic details 'E. S.' iii. 14, Ap. viii., and Ribad. ii. 284. One of the earliest bishops of *Ecija* was St. Crispin, but that was before neighbouring Cordova was so famous for its Morocco leather.

Observe the rambling plaza, the *Azulejo* studded church towers: the columns in those of *Sa. Barbara* and *Sa. Maria* are Roman, and were brought from a destroyed temple, once in the *Ce. de los Marmoles*. The house of the *M^{ra} de Cortes* is painted in the Genoese style: here the king is always lodged. There is a fine bridge over the Genil: the edifice at its head is called *El Rollo*. *Ecija* has a charming *alameda* outside the town, near the river, with statues and fountains representing the seasons. For local details consult '*Ecija y sus Santos*,' Martin de Roa, 4to. Sevilla, 1629; and the work of Andrea Florindo, 1631.

10 L. over a waste, lead to *Cordova*. *Carlota* is one of the *nuevas poblaciones*, or the newly-founded towns, of which more anon (p. 306). *Cordova*, seen from the distance, amid its olives and palm trees, and backed by the convent crowned sierra, has a truly Oriental look: inside all is decay. The diligence inn at the other end of the town, is the best. Those only passing through should get out at the bridge, look at the Alcazar and Mosque, then thread the one long street and take up their coach; most of which usually breakfast or sleep here, stopping in the first case about two hours, which gives ample time to see the *Mezquita*. Those going to ride to Granada will find the *Pda. del Sol*, although truly Spanish, more conveniently situated; and it is the resort of muleteers, and is close to the mosque and bridge.

CORDOVA retains its ancient name. *Cor* is a common Iberian prefix, and *tuba* is said to mean important, *Karta tuba*. Bochart, however, reads *Coteba*, the Syrian *coteb*, "oil-press;" the *trapeta* (Mart. vii. 28) for which this locality has long been renowned. Corduba, under the Carthaginians, was the "gem of the South." It sided with Pompey, and was therefore half destroyed by Cæsar: 23,000 inhabitants were put to death in *terrorem*. His lieutenant Marcellus rebuilt the city, which was repopled by the pauper patricians of Rome; hence its epithet, "*Patricia*;" and pride of birth still is the boast of this poor and servile city. *La cepa de Cordova* is the aristocratic "stock," like the *ceti* of Cortona in Italy. As the Cordovese barbs were of the best blood, so the nobles boasted to be of the bluest. *La sangre su* is the azure ichor of this élite of the earth, in contradistinction to common red blood, the puddle which flows in plebeian veins; while the blood of heretics and Jews is black, the *μελαν εἶαρ* of Callimachus (247): that of the Jews is thought also to stink, whence they were said to be called *Putos*, quia putant; certainly, as at Gibraltar, an unsavoury odour seems gentilitious in the Hebrew, but not more so than in the orthodox Spanish monk. The Great Captain, who was born near Cordova, used to say that "other towns might be better to live in, but none were better to be born in."

Bætica, in addition to blood, has always been renowned for brains; the genius and imagination of its authors astonished ancient Rome. Seneca (De Suas. 6 sub fin.), quoting Cicero, speaks of the "pingue quiddam atque peregrinum" as the characteristic of the style of Sextilius Ena, one of the poets of *facunda Cordoba*, the birth-place of himself, the unique Lucan, the two Senecas, and of other Spaniards who, writing even in Latin, sustained the decline of Roman poetry and literature. In these works must be sought the real diagnostics of Iberian style. The Andalucians exhibited a marvel-

lous love of foreign literature. Pliny, jun. (Ep. ii. 3), mentions an inhabitant of Cadiz who went from thence, then the end of the world, to Rome, on purpose to see Livy; and having feasted his eyes, returned immediately; St. Jerome names another Andalucian, one Lacrinus Licinius, who offered Pliny 400,000 nummi for his then unfinished note-books. *Ces beaux jours sont passés*, for now no Andalucian would lose one bull-fight for all the lost *Decades* of twenty Livys.

Cordova, under the Goths, was termed "holy and learned." Osius, the counsellor of Constantine and the friend of St. Athanasius, who called him *παιδευσιος*, was its bishop from 294 to 357: he presided at the Council of Nice, and was the first to condemn prohibited books to the fire. Under the Moors, Cordova became the Athens of the West, or, in the words of Rasis, the "nurse of science, the cradle of captains." It produced Avenzoar, or, to write more correctly, Abdel Malek Ibn Zohr, and Averroes, whose proper name is Abu Abdallah Ibn Roshd; he it was who introduced Aristotle to Europe, and in the words of Dante, "il gran commento feo." The wealth, luxury, and civilization of Cordova under the Beni-Ummeyyah dynasty, almost seems an Aladdin tale; yet Gayangos has demonstrated its historical accuracy. All was swept away by the Berbers, true Barbarians, who burnt palace and library. Their progress was scarcely less fatal to Moorish art and civilization, than the irruption of the Goths had been to that of antiquity.

Spanish Cordova for some time produced sons worthy of its ancient renown. Juan de Mena, the Chaucer, the morning star of Spanish poetry, was born here in 1412; as were Ambrosio Morales, the Hearne, the Leland of the Peninsula, in 1513; and Tomas Sanchez, the Jesuit, the author of the treatise *De Matrimonio*, which none but a dirty celibate monk could have written; the best edit. is that of Antwerp, 3 v. fol. 1607. Here, in 1538, was

born Pablo de Cespedes, a painter and poet; in 1561, Luis de Gongora, the Euphuist; and near here, at Montilla, was born Gonzalo de Cordova, the great (and truly great) Captain of Spain. Well, therefore, might Juan de Mena follow Rasis in addressing his birthplace as "the flower of knowledge and knighthood."

Cordova was always celebrated for its silversmiths, who came originally from Damascus, and continue to this day to work in that chased filigree style. Juan Ruiz, *El Vandalino*, is the Cellini of Cordova. The *joyas* and earrings of the peasantry deserve notice, and every now and then some curious antique emerald studded jewelry may be picked up.

Roman Cordova resisted the Goths until 572, but Gothic Cordova was taken by the Moors at once, by Muquiez el Rumi. It at first was an appanage of the kalifate of Damascus; but in 756 declared itself independent, and rose to be the capital of the Moorish empire of Spain, under Abderahman (Abdu-rahman, the servant of the compassionate). He was the head and last remaining heir of his dynasty, the Ummeyyah, which had been expelled from the East by the Abasside usurpers. No fiction of romance ever surpassed the truth of his eventful life. He was the founder of kingdoms and cities; under him Cordova became the rival of Baghdad and Damascus, and was the centre of power and civilization in the West, and this at a time when weakness, ignorance, and barbarism shrouded over the rest of Europe. It contained in the tenth century nearly a million inhabitants, 300 mosques, 900 baths, and 600 inns. It withered under the Spaniard; and is now a dirty, benighted, ill-provided, decaying place, with a popⁿ. under 60,000, or, as some say, and probably correctly, 45,000.

The most flourishing period was A.D. 1009. The Moorish dynasties are usually divided into four periods:—The *first* extended from 711 to 756. The newly-conquered peninsula was

called the *Island, Gezirah*; those portions which were not under the Moslem were called *Veled Arrum*, the land of the Romans, as the Goths were termed. During the first period Spain was governed by Amirs, deputed by the Kalif of Damascus. The *second* period commenced when Abdu-r-rahman made Cordova his capital, whence he was called *Al-dakhel*, "the enterer," the conqueror. This period extended from 756 to 1036. This dynasty declined about 1031, under Hisham III., having given 17 sultans. The Moorish power in Spain, which was founded by the Ummeyahs, fell with them. Now, in the third period, two factions took the lead in the divided house; first, the Almoravides-Murabitins, Rábitos, or men consecrated to the service of God, the types of the Christian knights of Santiago. They were put down in 1146 by the Almohades, or Unitarian Dissenters, or fanatics (Al Muevah-edun), who were headed by Ibn-Abdallah, a Berber lamplighter, who persuaded the mob to believe that he was the Mehedi, or "only director," in the paths of virtue. There was no tyranny, no Vandalism, which this Unitarian Jack Cade in a turban did not commit, for your democrat in power is always a despot. This degrading domination ceased about 1227, when the whole Moorish system became disunited, the fragments of the exploding shell (like those molluscæ which, when divided, have such vitality, that each portion becomes a new living creature) became independent, "*Quot urbes tot reges.*" They were *sheikhs*, however, rather than *kings*, and such as those of which Joshua in the East, and the Cid in the West, overcame so many. This, in reading the early history of Spain, must always be remembered. The misapplication, or mistranslation of our more extensive term, king, for the lesser title of a powerful baron, as in the case of Lear, gives an air of disproportion to the narrative.

These *Reguli*, being rival upstarts,

never acted cordially together, being torn by civil dissensions and factions, for the Spanish house was ever divided against itself; hence its weakness and fall. The unamalgamating *atoms* laboured to undo what the Ummeyahs had toiled to put together. Tribe now quarrelled with tribe, sect with sect, town with town, province with province, feuds raged alike in the royal and private families, and discord ruled within and without the walls: the Moor lapsed into the primitive condition of the disunited Iberians, and therefore fell as certain a victim to the united Spaniards as the aborigines had to the disciplined Roman, and Cordova was easily taken by St. Ferdinand, June 30, 1235.

In proportion as the Moor was subdivided, the Spaniard was consolidating his power; thus, Leon and Castile were joined under St. Ferdinand, Aragon and Valencia under Jayme I., and these great monarchs advanced everywhere as conquerors; Jayme overran Valencia, while the Castilian invaded Andalucia. The Moorish princes were unable, single-handed, to resist, and being rivals of each other, would not combine. Then Ibnu-l-ahmar, a vassal of St. Ferdinand, founded, in 1238, 1492, the fourth and last dynasty, that of Granada, which after two centuries and a half, was in its turn undermined and weakened by internal dissensions, until the union of Arragon and Castile under Ferd. and Isab., taking place at the period of the greatest Granadan divisions, completed the final conquest, and terminated the Mohamedan dynasties in Spain; but such is the common history of the rise and fall of Eastern kingdoms. The Arabs brought their isolated tribe system into a land where, of all others, no beneficial change was likely to take place; for the Iberians never would put their shields together. The empire of Ferd. and Isab. and Charles V. was thus raised and created, to last scarcely beyond the duration of their lives; for here, as in the East, states accumulate

into masses under the rule of some one man of power and intellect; but in the absence of fixed law and policy, all depends on the individual, and when he is gone the compressing bond is wanting, the bundle falls to pieces, and the primæval form of petty independencies is renewed. The Cordovese power rose with the master-minded Abderahmans, and was maintained by Al Mansûr, the mighty captain-minister of Hisham. Even then a germ of weakness existed, for the Kalif of Damascus never forgave the casting off his allegiance: he made treaties with the French against the Cordovese, while the Cordovese allied themselves with the emperor of Constantinople, as the rival of the Eastern kalif. Both parties occasionally used the services of the Jews, renegades, mongrels, Muwallads (disbelievers), and especially the Berbers, all of whom were contented to side with the richest and strongest party of the moment, hating both equally. The Berbers particularly, who at different times allied themselves with the Spaniards, French, and Christians against the Cordovese Moors, whom they abhorred as descendants of Yemen and Damascus, and as their dispossessioners, for they claimed Spain as theirs in right of their Carthaginian ancestors, who had fled to the mountains of the Atlas from the Romans. These highlanders, although Pagans, and utterly *barbarous*, thought themselves alone to be the salt of the earth, and assumed the epithet *Amazirghis*, or *nobles*. Brave and martial, these barbarians, *barbarous* in name and deeds, were at once the strength and weakness of the Moors; first they aided in conquering the Goths, and then turning against their allies, in upsetting the most elegant and accomplished dynasty Spain ever has witnessed.

For these matters consult '*Antigüedades de España*,' Morales; for Cordova consult '*Antigüedades de España*,' Morales, Alcalá de Henares, 1575, chap. 31; '*Almakkari*,' trans-

lated by Gayangos; see our remarks, p. 131. The third book records what Cordova was in all its glory; Southey, art. i. 'Foreign Quarterly Review,' has given a portion of the 10th and 11th vols. of Florez, 'E. S. ;' '*Los Santos de Cordova*,' M. de Roa, 4to., Lyons, 1617, or 4to., Cordova, 1627: '*Antigüedades de Cordova*,' Pedro Diaz de Rivas; '*Catalogo de los Obispos de Cordova*,' Juan Gomez Barbo; and '*Antiguo Principado de Cordova*,' M. de Roa, 4to., Cordova, 1636.

Cordova is soon seen. This Athens under the Moor is now a poor Boeotian place, the residence of local authorities, with a liceo, theatre, a *casa de espositos*, and a national museo and library of no particular consequence: a day will amply suffice for everything. The city arms are "a bridge placed on water," allusive to that over the river: the foundations are Roman; the present irregular arches were built in 719 by the governor As-samh. At the town entrance is a classical Doric gate erected by Herrera for Philip II. on the site of the Moorish Babu-l-Kanterah, "the gate of the bridge." Near this is *El triunfo*, a triumph of churriguerism; it was erected by the Bishop Martin de Barcia, to whom, coming from Rome, some demon whispered, "Bishop, have a taste:" nothing can be worse. On the top is the Cordovese tutelard saint, Rafael, who clearly is unconnected with his namesake of Urbino. The *Alcazar* rises to the l.: it was built on the site of the Balatt Dudherik, the Castle of Roderick, the last of the Goths, whose father, Theofred, was duke of Cordova; formerly it was the residence of the Inquisition, and then, as at Seville, of miserable invalid soldiers. The lower portions were converted into stables by Juan de Mingares, in 1584, for the royal stallions: near Cordova and Alcolea were the principal breeding-grounds for Andalucian barbs, until the establishment was broken up by the French, who carried off the best mares and stallions. Here, under the Moors,

was the *Al-haras* (unde *Haras*), the mounted guard of the king, and they were either foreigners or Christians, Mamelukes or Sclavonians; for the Moorish rulers distrusted their own subjects, and preferred strangers, because not mixed up in domestic politics, and who, being envied and hated by the natives, stood alone, with no friend but their new master: so David formed his body-guard of Cherethites and Pelethites; so the Spanish Bourbons did theirs of Walloons and Irish; so the Pope entrusts the keeping of his holy person to mercenary Swiss, as Nero, when Pontifex Maximus, had done his to Germans.

The bishop's palace, close by, was built in 1745, and is churrigueresque; the inside is all dirt, decay, and gilding, marble and whitewash; ostentatious poverty. In the *Sala de la Audiencia* are a series of bad portraits of prelates. Here Fer^d. VII. was confined in 1823, and attempted to escape through the garden, in which observe the gigantic lemons, Arabic^è *laymoon*. The artist must not fail to walk below the bridge to some most picturesque Moorish mills and a pleasant fresh plantation.

The cathedral or the mosque, *La Mezquita*, as it still is called (*mesgad* from *masegad*, to worship prostrate), stands isolated. The exterior is castellated and forbidding: walk round it; observe the square buttress towers, with fire-shaped or bearded parapets: it is the type of that which was at Seville. Examine the Moorish spandrils of the different entrances. Enter the Court of Oranges at the *Puerta del Perdon*, of which the type is truly Oriental: 1 Chr. xxviii. 6. The cistern was erected in 945-6, by Abdu-r-rahman. In this once sacred *τεμενος* and "Grove" importunate beggars worry the stranger and dispel the illusion (see how to get rid of them, p. 173). Ascend the belfry tower, which, like the Giralda, was shattered by a hurricane in 1593: it was recased and repaired in 1593 by Fernan Ruiz, a

native of this city. It is not so successful either in form or colour as his restoration of the Seville Giralda. The courtyard was built by Said Ben Ayub in 937; it is 430 feet by 210. The 19 entrances into the mosque are now closed, save that of the centre. Observe the miliary columns found in the middle of the mosque during the repairs of 1532: the inscriptions were re-engraved in 1732; they record the distance, 114 miles, to Cadiz, from the Temple of Janus, on the site of which the mosque was built. The interior of the cathedral cannot be described, it must be seen; it is a labyrinth of pillars, which, like a basilicum, support a low roof. Gayangos remarks that the whole building was principally constructed with materials taken from Greek and Roman temples in and out of the Peninsula. Morales ascertained that the materials of a temple of Janus, consecrated to Christian worship during the period of the Gothic domination, had served for the construction of the mosque; and the Arabian writers record that out of the 1200 columns—now reduced to about 854—which once supported its low roof, 115 came from Nismes and Narbonne, in France; 60 from Seville and Tarragona, in Spain; while 140 were presented by Leo, Emperor of Constantinople, and the remainder were detached from the temples at Carthage and other cities of Africa; and the columns are in no way uniform—some are of jasper, porphyry, verd-antique, and other choice marbles: their diameters are not equal throughout, the shafts of some which were too long having been either sawed off or sunk into the floor to a depth of four and even five and six feet; while in those too short, the deficiency was supplied by means of a huge and disproportionate Corinthian capital, thus destroying all harmony and uniformity. The Arabs have always appropriated the remains of Roman temples and cities as materials of their buildings. Thus Ctesiphon and Babylon became the quarry for the private and public

buildings of Baghdad; so Misr was transformed into the modern Cairo; so Tunis rose out of the ruins of Carthage; and in Spain few are the Roman cities whose site was not changed by the conquerors, by transporting their materials from the original spot whereon they stood, and this particularly whenever the deserted city occupied a plain or valley; for the Arabs, from habit, as well as from an instinct of self-preservation, always chose to locate themselves on high and river-girt ground, as most susceptible of defence. The old sites are to be traced by the distinguishing epithet *La Vieja*, which is equivalent to the Greek *τα παλαια*, the Moorish *Baleea*, the Turkish *Esky Kalli*. Our *Old Sarum* is an apt illustration of this practice, where the ancient city was absorbed by more modern Salisbury, and used up, thus serving in its decay to elevate its rival.

Ancient Cordova is supposed by some to have been on the other side of the river. The temple of Janus was converted by the Goths into one dedicated to Sⁿ. Vicente, which Abdu-r-rahman pulled down, and began the present mosque, July 2, 786, copying that of Damascus. He died June 10, 788, and it was finished by his son Hixem in 793-4. It was called *Ceca*, *Zeca*, the house of purification, the old Egyptian *Sēkos* (*σηκος*, *adytum*). In sanctity it ranked as the third of mosques, equal to the Alaksa of Jerusalem, and second only to the Caaba of Mecca: Conde, i. 226, details its magnificence and ceremonials. A pilgrimage to this *Ceca* was held to be equivalent in the Spanish Moslem to that of Mecca, where he could not go; hence *andar de Mecca en Ceca*, became a proverb for wanderings, and is used by Sancho Panza, when soured by blanket tossings. The expense of the edifice was entirely defrayed out of spoil from the Christians, and, according to Arabic authorities, the earth for the foundation was brought from Galicia and France on the shoulders of captives. The area is about 394 ft. E.

to W.; 356 ft. N. to S. The pillars divide it into 19 longitudinal and 29 transversal aisles: the laterals are converted into chapels. Observe the singular double arches and those which spring over pillars, which are one of the earliest deviations from the Basilica form: the columns, as at Pæstum, have no plinths, which would be inconvenient to pedestrians. Some of the upper arches are beautifully interlaced like ribands; the pillars differ from each other in colour, diameter, and material, but the Moor had no eye to symmetry, he treated Roman columns as Procrustes did men. The low roof is about 35 feet high, and was flat before the modern cupolas were substituted. The *alerce* wood of which it is formed is as sound as when placed there nearly eleven centuries ago. This tree, the *Eres* of the Hebrew, *L'aris* of Barbary (the root of *Larix*, larch), is the *thuya articulata*, or *arbor vitæ*, of which vast quantities grow in the Berber mountains, beyond Tetuan; from whence it was brought here (Morales, 'Ant. de Esp.' 123). Spain was always celebrated for the durability of its timber and excellence of carpentry. The Phœnicians were the great carpenters of antiquity, and selected as such by Solomon for the temple at Jerusalem (1 Kings v.). Pliny (N. H. xiii. 5), speaking of these woods, observes, that they were selected from the *immortality of the material* for the images of the gods; and see what he says (xvi. 40) of the antiquity of the beams of the temple of Saguntum, which were durable like those of Hercules at Cadiz (Sil. Ital. iii. 18).

Visit the *Capilla de la Villa Viciosa*, once the *Maskurah*, or seat of the kalif. Observe the *Mih-rab*, the recess in which the Alcoran was placed: the kalif performed his *Chotbâ*, or public prayer, at the window looking to the *Ceca*, or sanctum sanctorum. Observe the quaint lions, like those in the Alhambra, and the *Azulejos*, and the arabesque stucco, once painted in blue and red, and gilded. The inscriptions

are in cuphic. Visit the *C^a S^a Pedro*, once the Cella, the "*Ceca*," the Holiest of Holies, and the *kiblah*, or point turned to Mecca, which lies to the E. from Spain, but to the S. from Asia; observe the glorious Mosaic exterior of a style, called by the Moors *Sofeyabâ*; it is unequalled in Europe, and has a truly Byzantine richness. A paltry *reja* rails off the tomb of the constable Conde de Oropesa. This chapel the Spaniards call *Del Zancarron*, in derision of the *foot-bone* of Mahomet, a well-placed sneer in the mouths of the worshippers of ten thousand monkish relics; enter the chapel, which is an octagon of 15 feet; the roof, made in the form of a shell, is wrought out of a single piece of marble. The pilgrim compassed this *Ceca* seven times, as was done at Mecca; hence the foot-worn pavement.

The lateral chapels of the cathedral are not very interesting. Pablo de Cespedes, ob. 1608, is buried in that of *S^a Pablo*: by him are the paintings of St. John, St. Andrew, and a neglected "Last Supper," once his master-piece. In the *C^a S^a Nicolas* is a Berruguete *Ret^o*, and paintings by Cæsar Arbasia, of no merit. In the *C^a de los Reyes* lies buried Alonzo XI., one of the most chivalrous of Spanish kings—the hero of Tarifa and Algeciras: his ungrateful country has not raised a poor slab to his memory. In the *C^a del Cardenal* is the tomb of Card^l Pedro de Salaza, ob^d. 1706. It is churrigueresque; the statues are by Jose de Mora. In the Panteon below are some fine marbles. The two bad pictures in the Sacristia, and ascribed to Alonzo Cano, are only copies. The church plate once was splendid; the empty cases and shelves remain from whence Dupont carried off some waggon loads. A few cinque cento crosses and chalices were secreted, and thus escaped, like the Custodia. This is a noble Gothic silver-gilt work of Henrique de Arphe, 1517 (see Index). It was injured in 1735 by the injudicious additions of one Bernabé García

de los Reyes. The marvel, however, of the verger, is a rude cross scratched on a pillar, according to an inscription, by a Christian captive with his nail (? a nail), *Hizó el Cautibo con la Uña*; but Heaven first taught letters for some wretches' aid.

So much for the Mosque. The modern addition is the *Coro*; this was done in 1523 by the B^p Alonzo Manrique. The corporation, with a taste and judgment rare in corporate bodies, protested against this "improvement;" but Charles V., unacquainted with the locality, upheld the prelate. When he passed through in 1526, and saw the mischief, he thus reproved the chapter:—"You have built here what you, or any one, might have built any where else; but you have destroyed what was unique in the world. You have pulled down what was complete, and you have begun what you cannot finish." And yet this man, who could see so clearly the moles in clerical eyes, disfigured the Alcazar of Seville, and tore down portions of the Alhambra, to commence a palace which he never finished, and whose performance shames mighty promise.

The *Coro* was begun by Fernan Ruiz in 1523, and completed in 1593. The cinque cento ornaments and roof are picked out in white and gold. The *Sill^a*, by Pedro Cornejo, is churrigueresque; he died in 1758, æt. 80, and is buried near the Capilla Mayor. The excellent *Ret^o* was designed, in 1614, by Alonzo Matias; the painting is by Palomino, and is no better than his writings; the tomb, *Al lado de la Epistola*, is that of the beneficent B^p Diego de Mardones, ob. 1624.

The walk round the lonely walls is picturesque. They are Moorish, and built of *tapia*; with their gates and towers, they must have been nearly similar to that original circumvallation as described by Cæsar (B. C. ii. 19). Observe the beautiful group of palms hanging over the wall near the *Puerta de Placencia*. The first ever planted in Cordova was by the royal

hand of Abdu-r-rahman, who desired to have a memorial of his much loved and always regretted Damascus. The octagon tower, near this *Puerta*, *La Mala Muerte*, was erected in 1406 by Enrique III.

The Moors and Spaniards have combined to destroy all the Roman antiquities of Cordova. The aqueduct was taken down, to build the convent of Sⁿ Jeronimo. In 1730 an amphitheatre was discovered during some accidental diggings near Sⁿ Pablo, and reinterred. In making the prisons of the Inquisition, some statues, mosaics, and inscriptions, were found, all of which were covered again by the holy tribunal, the extinguisher of knowledge. There is not much fine art in Cordova; Mellado mentions a public library, and a museo of sculpture and painting. Florez (M. i. 373) describes the coins, those relics which have escaped somewhat better. The modern churches are overloaded with barbaric churrigueresque and gilding. Ambrosio Morales was buried in *Los Martires*, where his friend the Archb^p of Toledo, Rojas Sandoval, placed a tomb and wrote an epitaph. The *Plaza*, with its wooden galleries, and the C^o de la Feria, abound with Prout-like bits. Observe a common-place modern portico of six Composite pillars, by Ventura Rodriguez, much admired here. The inhabitants, in dress and manners, are true Andalucians. The peculiar leather, called from the town *Cordwain*, Cordovan, was once celebrated, but the Moors carried their art and industry to Morocco; a few miserable tanpits near the river mark the difference between the present and former proprietors. The chief manufactures at present are tubs for pickled olives.

A morning's excursion may be made to the *Val Paraiso*, and the hermitages in the Sierra Morena; the path ascends through gardens. At Sⁿ Francisco de la Arrizafa was the fairy villa, Medinatuz-zahra, the Rizzifah of Abdu-rahman: i. e. "*the pavement*"—unde Arricife. Gayangos and Conde have

detailed the historical, but almost incredible luxuries of this Aladdin palace. This museum of art, like the villa of Hadrian, near Tivoli, was entirely destroyed, Feb. 18, 1009. The chief leaders, says the historian Ibnur-rákik, were only "ten men, who were either sellers of charcoal (*carbóneros*), butchers, or dung-carriers" (Moh. D. ii. 228 and 488). The inhabitants made no resistance; now, even the traces of these palaces cannot be made out.

The hermitages on the Sierra above, were to Andalucía what Monserrat was to Catalonia—a Thebais, a Laura, a Mount Athos. They never wanted a tenant of the bravest and best born, for in the Iberian temperament, as in the Oriental, *inedia et labor*—violent action and repose—are inherent. The half monk, half soldier crusader, after a youth of warfare and bloodshed, retired with grey hairs to cleanse with holy water his blood-stained hands. This was the cold fit, the reaction after the fever: some excitement was necessary, and as the physical forces decayed, a moral stimulant was resorted to (see Monserrat).

Cordova was always most servile and priest-ridden; besides 13 parish churches it once had 16 convents within the walls, 7 outside, and 19 nunneries; no wonder that the theatre in Ferd. VII.'s time was closed, because some nuns saw the devil dancing on the roof. Thus, in ancient times, the brazen tree of Apollo remonstrated when a dancer came near it, who was torn to pieces by the priests (Athen. xiii. 605). Cordova is now dying of atrophy; it has neither arms nor men, leather nor prunella: the first blow was dealt by the barbarian Berbers, the last by the French. Dupont entered it in June, 1808, and although no resistance was made, the populace was massacred, and the city, *Mezquita*, and churches were plundered (Foy, iii. 231); every one, says Maldonado (i. 291), from the general to the fraction of a drummer-boy, giving them-

selves up to pillage. The "plunder exceeded ten millions of reals:" 8000 ounces, or 25,000*l.*, were found in Dupont's luggage alone: see Maldonado (i. 335); who, with Toreno (iv.), gives all the details.

There is a bridle cross road from Cordova to Granada, 22½ *L.*; see R. xii.

Quitting Cordova, at 2 *L.* the Guadalquivir is crossed by the noble bridge of dark marble at *Alcolea*. This is so fine that the Spaniards say that the French, when they saw it, asked if it were not made in France. Here Pedro Echavarri, who had promoted himself to the rank of lieutenant-general, attempted with some thousand men to stop Dupont's advance, June 7, 1808. The French, led by the gallant Raselot, passed the bridge with the audacity exhibited at Lodi; Echavarri instantly turned and fled, never halting until he reached Ecija, 40 miles off; others ran even to Seville, and were the first messengers of their own disgrace (Foy, iii. 229). Castaños thereupon meditated retreating on Cadiz, and the Junta even to S. America. Had Dupont pushed on, instead of robbing churches, he would have won Andalucía at one blow, as Ocaña afterwards proved. Ferdinand VII., in 1814, instituted an order of honour for the *prodigios de valor* exhibited at Alcolea, and very properly gave Echavarri the only grand cross, and Minaño (i. 103), writing in 1826, eulogizes these *valientes* Andaluces—a strange translation of Livy's older but more correct epithet, *imbelles*.

Near Alcolea is the great stable *La Regalada*, for the once celebrated breeding grounds of Cordovese barbs: the establishment has never recovered since the best stallions were carried off by the invaders. At *Carpio*, with its Moorish tower, the costume begins to change, the women wearing green serge *sayas*, and handkerchiefs and shawls instead of mantillas. Passing through fertile tracts of corn and olives is *Andujar*, Andura, a dull unwholesome town on the Guadalquivir of 13,000 souls, with an old dilapidated bridge: the

diligence inn is decent. Here are made the porous cooling clay drinking vessels, *alcarrazas*, the *Qoolah* of the Arab, which, filled with water and arranged in stands or *tallas*, are seized upon by thirsty Spaniards on entering every *venta*. The *Parroquia S^a. Marina* was a mosque: the *montes* in the neighbourhood abound in game. At Andujar was signed, July 23, 1808, the convention of Bailen, and again, Aug. 8, 1823, the famous decree of the Duke of Angoulême, whereby superiority was assumed by the French over all Spanish authorities. This was resented by the whole Peninsula, for it touched the national *Españolismo*, or impatience under foreign dictation; it converted every friend, nay, even the recently delivered Ferdinand VII., into a foe to the knife, and compromised the existence of every Frenchman in Spain.

From *Andujar* there is a cross cut to *Jaen*, 6 L.: the road is bad, but carriageable; it communicates with the *Camino real de Granada*, R. xiv.

Leaving Andujar the road to Madrid ascends the hills, over a broken country, down which the Rumblar boils. The memorable battle took place between the post-houses *La Casa del Rey* and *Bailen*. BAILEN, where “*Nosotros* crushed the veterans of Austerlitz and Marengo,” and “thereby saved, not Spain alone, but Europe.”

When Cuesta had, by being beaten at Rioscco, opened Madrid to the French, Murat considered the conquest of Andalucía to be merely a *promenade militaire*. Dupont accordingly was sent from Toledo, May 24, 1808, with 10,000 men: he boasted that on the 21st of June he should be at Cadiz: his forces were next increased by 12,950 more men under Vedel; but Dupont mismanaged the whole campaign: he arrived, without obstacles, at Andujar, and then neither pushed on to Cadiz, nor fell back on Madrid while the mountains were open. Meanwhile Castaños was enabled to move from Algeciras, by the help of a loan ad-

vanced from Gibraltar, and advanced on Andujar with 25,000 men: his army, both in men and generals, was little more than nominally Spanish. The 1st division was Swiss, and commanded by Reding, a Swiss; the 2nd was commanded by De Coupigny, a Frenchman; the 3rd by Jones, an Irishman, and the best troops were Walloons.* The 4th division, which really consisted of Spaniards, never fired a shot, while Castaños, their chief, only arrived when the battle was gained, and then would have given away its results; previously Dupont had so mismanœuvred and scattered his forces, that Castaños planned his circumvention, and making a feint of attacking Andujar, hesent Reding to the r. by the ford of Mengibar, and thus got between Dupont and Vedel, whose forces were higher up in the Sierra. The positions were singular, each being placed in these hilly defiles between two fires: Dupont between Castaños and Reding, Reding between Dupont and Vedel.

July 18, Dupont quitted Andujar in the night with 8000 men, and was met at daybreak of the 19th by Reding and Coupigny with 14,000 men, drawn up in a strong hill position. The French were beaten back by these Swiss, Irish, and Walloons; and, to complete their disaster, a Swiss regiment under Dupont went over to their comrades in the most critical moment. The battle was of short duration, for everything was against the French, whose troops, raw conscripts (Foy, iv. 109), were pitted against the best veteran and *foreign* soldiers in the Spanish service; again, they were wearied with a long night march over broken ground, disheartened by retreat, and demoralized by previous pillage; more than 1500 men were actually employed in guarding the “impedimenta,” or waggons of plunder, and some high officers, says Foy (iv.

* So at *Pavia*, the Fleming Lannoy with the Germans gained the day; so at *St. Quintin*, Emmanuel of Savoy commanded, and the English under Lord Pembroke did the work—sic vos non vobis.

100), "anxious to secure their *butin infame*, were ready to listen to dishonour;"* the uneven country was also in favour of Reding, as it rendered all scientific manœuvring impossible; in short, it was a Roncesvalles.

The report of the firing during the contest brought up La Peña with the 4th Spanish brigade, and Vedel with his division; thus Reding was attacked in front and rear by Dupont and Vedel, while Dupont was exposed in the same manner to Reding and La Peña; but the Spaniards arrived first, for Vedel had halted some hours to permit his troops to convert into soup a flock of goats which they had caught; thus nearly 20,000 Frenchmen were sold for a mess of pottage: "La destinée des nations dépend de la manière dont elles se nourrissent," says Brillat Savarin; and this ought to be a warning to so truly great a gastronomic nation, how they meddle with the rude cuisine of Iberians, who were sad goat-eaters, according to Strabo (iii. 232, *τραγοφαγοῦσι μάλιστα*). Fatal was this delay, for every moment rendered the position of the French more desperate, as the burning Andalusian sun, and the want of water, were more formidable than the Spaniards. Read Livy (xxxiv. 47) to see a former example of these effects on a French army. When the troops ventured down to the stream below, they were shot by hornet swarms of armed peasants. All parties were anxious to come to some terms, particularly the chiefs, Dupont and Castaños; indeed the latter, on his arrival, after the fighting was over, would have granted a convention of Cintra had he not been prevented by Tilli, a sort of commissioner of the Seville junta. The treaty was so

disgraceful to the French, that Vedel, a brave man, indignantly drew away his troops, but was recalled by Dupont, trembling under the Spanish threats; and on the 23rd, 17,635 Frenchmen laid down their arms: it was a *Furcæ Caudinæ*.

The panic spread far and wide: whole detachments of French along the road to Madrid, volunteered their own submission. Joseph, concluding that the Spaniards would follow up the blow by marching instantly on Madrid, evacuated it, having first pillaged everything; but the invaders retired from the coming shadows of only their own fears, for Marshal Moncey and the king reached Burgos, even before Moreno, Castaños's aide-de-camp, could arrive alone at Madrid; whilst he, so far from advancing on the foe, more amazed at his victory than even the French at their defeat, actually marched the other way, and went back to Seville to dedicate flags to St. Ferdinand; nor did he reach Madrid until Aug. 23, when he proceeded to kneel before the Atocha image of the Virgin, and thank her for her interference (Schep. i. 458). Meanwhile Buonaparte was silently preparing his great revenge unmolested by the Spaniards, who quietly reposed under their laurels, and talked about driving the invader over the Pyrenees; for no steps were taken to dislodge the French runaways even from the line of the Ebro; *Manaña manaña y veremos*, the curse of procrastination, coupled with local selfishness and paltry intrigues, paralysed all exertions: well might Bacon say, *Me venga la muerte de España*. The Andalusians thought the work was done, and the war concluded by one blow; and even the sober English caught the infection, and imagined Bailen to be a tragedy to be repeated whenever the French appeared, until further notice. Like the nation, so, the conqueror Castaños took very little by his victory, for the Junta dreaded encouraging any general; they feared a Cromwell or a Buonaparte. When Ferdinand VII. was restored,

* Thus the crime entailed its own punishment, as in the parallel instance of Vitoria. The scholar will remember the *Aurum Tholosanum*, which passed into a proverb among the ancients; such was the curse which haunted the old Gauls of Toulouse, who had plundered the sacred vessels of Delphos; such was the retribution of Nemesis ultor sacræ pecuniæ: Justin, xxxii. 3.

such services were imputed as a disservice. Castaños was not made *Duque de Bailen* until nearly a quarter of a century afterwards, and then only because Christina was anxious to create a liberal party for her own ends. To his praise be it said that he was free from mean jealousies, and cheerfully served under English commanders, and of all his countrymen was best liked by their allies. He also, to his honour, opposed the Punic manner in which the convention of Bailen was broken. Retaliation and poetical justice were satisfied rather than good faith. The French, who had sowed in the storm, now reaped in the whirlwind. "They were treated," says Southey (ch. viii.), "as criminals rather than soldiers; as men who had laid down their arms but could not lay down their crimes." "On leur réclamait avec menaces et injures les vases sacrées des églises" (Foy, iv. 107). Many were massacred in cold blood on the road, others were starved in the Cadiz hulks, the rest were exposed on the desolate island of Cabrera, without food or clothing, to feed on each other like howling wild beasts.

Buonaparte, according to M. Foy (iv. 109), "Versa des larmes de sang sur ses aigles humiliées, sur l'honneur des armes Françaises outragées; cette virginité de gloire qu'il jugeait inséparable du drapeau tricolore, était perdue pour jamais, le charme était rompu, les invincibles avaient été vaincus, et rangés sous le joug." He, however, concealed the truth from his slaves: "Les Français," says Foy, "n'en eurent même pas connaissance." When the retreat from Madrid could no longer be kept back, he just hinted in the 'Moniteur,' Sept. 6, that the heat of the weather and the superiority of the Ebro water were the causes; just as at Trafalgar, he ascribed the accidental disaster to the elements. Yet his military genius fully comprehended how little Spanish strategies had caused the victory; and, writing immediately after the disaster, he remarked, "Les

Espagnols ne sont pas à craindre, toutes les forces Espagnoles ne sont pas capables de culbuter 25,000 Français dans une position raisonnable;" and subsequent events showed how true was this opinion, for he never again lost any great battle with the Spaniards, and in a few months routed these very heroes of Bailen, Castaños, La Peña, Giron, &c. as it were mere child's play; nay, as Schepeler observes, "La son de ce mot *Bailen* produisit un vertige de triomphe, et livra à Buonaparte mainte armée Espagnole." The Spaniards took the exception for the rule, an accident for a certainty, and imagined that their raw levies, wanting in everything, and led by incapable officers, could beat the highly organised veterans of France led by consummate commanders; in vain the Duke urged them to keep to their hills, and wage a Fabian defensive warfare which history, the nature of the broken country, and the admirable *guerrilla* qualities of the Spanish people pointed out. Bailen always interfered; they were always fighting Bailen over again, and planning how to catch all the French at once in one trap; accordingly their only tactics were to quit the mountains and descend into the fatal plains, there to extend their lines, in order to surround the enemy, when these tartars, by *one charge of cavalry*, generally put them to rout.

Meanwhile the effect of Bailen was electrical; for the truth could not be quite stifled, even in France. Europe aroused from her moral subjection; Spain retook her place among nations; and England, thinking her now worthy of her friendship, rushed to her final deliverance.

The town of *Bailen* or *Baylen*, Betula, is most wretched, and is no bad sample of those of the dreary localities which we are approaching; popⁿ under 3000. There is a ruined castle here, with a machicolated tower belonging to the Benavente family, now to the Osuna. Now commences the *Paño pardo*, the brown cloth, and the

alpargata, or the hempen sandal of the poverty-stricken Manchegos.

Leaving Bailen the road enters the Sierra barrier, which rises between the central table-lands and the maritime strips. Carolina is the capital of *Las Nuevas Poblaciones*, or the new towns of this district: it is tidy and clean, laid out by line and rule, and in academical common-place. The fair skins of the people, and the roads planted with trees, are more German than Spanish; popⁿ 2800. These wild hills were formerly left to the robber and wolf, without roads or villages. Spain, after colonizing the new world and expelling her rich Jews and industrious Moors, was compelled to repeople the *Despoblados* with foreign settlers. In 1768, Don Pablo Olavides, a Peruvian by birth, a protégé of the Minister Aranda, and *Asistente* of Seville, planned the immigration of Germans and Swiss to what they were told was a "mountain paradise," by a bribe of pecuniary assistance and promise of immunities; all these pledges were broken, and most of the poor foreigners died broken-hearted of the *maladie du pays*, execrating Punic Spain, and remembering their sweet Argos. Olavides himself, this modern Cadmus or Deucalion, who had infused life into the silent mountains, fell in his turn a victim to bigotry and ingratitude. One stipulation had been the non-admission of monkish drones into these new hives: a capuchin, named Romuald, thereupon denounced him to the Inquisition; he was arrested in 1776, his property confiscated, and he himself confined in a convent in La Mancha, subject to such penance as the monks should inflict. He escaped into France, shaking Spanish dust off his feet for ever—"Oh dura tellus Iberiæ!"

The hilly road is admirably planned; it was executed by Charles Le Maur, an able French engineer in the service of Charles III. About two L. from Carolina is the village of *Las Navas de Tolosa*, the scene of a former Bailen, and of an important victory, which also

paved the way to the restoration of Spanish independence. This fatal battle is called by Moorish annalists, that of Al-'akab. *Navas* is a Basque word, and like the Iberian term *Nav*, enters into names connected with "plains,"—Navia, Navarra. Here, July 16, 1212, Alonzo VIII. defeated Mohammed Ibn Abdallab, surnamed Annassir Ledin-Allah—the Defender of the Religion of God, and King of Morocco. The conquest of Toledo by the Christians, had led to a fresh invasion of Spain from Barbary: the news spread dismay over Christendom, and Innocent III. proclaimed a general crusade. No less than 110,000 foreign crusaders came to assist the Spaniards; they were principally English and French, and no doubt bore at least their share in the burden of the fight, although the glory is now claimed by the Spaniards for themselves exclusively. The allies left Toledo June 21, to meet the invaders. They found the passes guarded by the Moors, and despaired, when a shepherd, since ascertained to have been Sⁿ. Isidro himself (see Madrid), appeared and pointed out a bypath by which the Christians got between the Moors: so at Marathon, a stranger, like Sⁿ. Isidro, in a rustic dress, assisted the Greeks, and then disappeared; the oracles afterwards declared him to be Hercules (Paus. i. 32. 5). The Christians opened the attack; the Andalusian Moors, true to their old character of *imbelles*, were the first to turn and run (Conde, ii. 423). The remainder followed their example; 200,000 infidels were killed, and only 125 Christians; so records an eye-witness, a better hand probably at guess work than arithmetic.

The victory could not be followed up, as the Spaniards, in want of everything, were unable to move; they therefore returned to Toledo, to thank Sⁿ. Ildefonso, instead of marching on Seville; just as Castaños returned after Bailen to Seville, to thank St. Ferdinand, instead of advancing on Toledo. The fighting archb. Rodrigo Ximenez,

who first broke the Moorish body of the Almohades, has left an account of the battle (lib. viii. 7). Here, again, as at Covadanga and Salado, when we behold the circumscribed hungry sites, it is manifestly impossible that any such numbers could either have existed or manœuvred.

Now the road descends to *Las Corredas* and the magnificent narrow gorge *Despeña-perros*—"throw over dogs." This is the gateway to dreary *La Mancha*. Adieu the gay Andalucia and the tropical vegetation. Those who advance N. exchange an Eden for a desert, while those who turn their backs on the capital, at every step advance into a more genial climate and a kindlier soil. The Seville junta, with their usual improvidence, only talked of fortifying this natural Thermopylæ: nothing was ever done except on paper; and after the rout of *Ocaña* the runaways dared not even stand behind the rocks, where 100 old Greeks would have checked the advance and saved Andalucia. Jan. 20, 1810, the French, under Dessolles, forced the pass in spite of Giron, M^s. de las Amarillas, a hero of Bailen, and his ten thousand men. They dispersed "every man to his own home;" and this on the plains of Tolosa. But there was no Swiss, Irish, or French general now to lead, no foreign troops now to support: yet the country is a natural fortress, and well did the Duke know its value. It might have been made the *Torres Vedras* of Andalucia. His plan, when he contemplated defending Andalucia, which failed from the Junta's suspicions regarding Cadiz, was to make Carolina his head-quarters. "I think," said he, "while *I am there* the French will not venture to pass the Sierra." Now, when he was *not* there, Gazan, in two days, was master of 50 miles of almost impregnable passes.

The province of *La Mancha*, although Don Quixote's, is the dullest of central Spain. Nor can there be a greater proof of the power of genius, which gilds all on which it lights, than the

interest infused by Cervantes over this most wretched locality. As it has been our fate to pass no less than six times over this road of bore, we entreat the traveller to arm himself beforehand with a Don Quixote: some intellectual provender is no less needful for the mind, than "vivers and provend" are for the body in out-of-the-way riding excursions in the Peninsula; at all events, a few observations on Don Quixote will not here be out of place. In order, however, not to break the continuity of our route description, we have placed them at its end: those who admire Gil Blas, may also turn to Santillana.

La Mancha contains about 7500 sq. miles, with a scanty population of 250,000. It is chiefly table-land, elevated at a mean height of 2000 ft. above the sea-level. Although apparently a plain, it is very undulating; in the dips, occasionally, a streamlet creates a partial verdure and fertility: water is the great want. Denuded of trees it is exposed to the cutting wintry blasts, and scorched by the calcining summer heat: tawny and arid is the earth, while the dust, impregnated with saltpetre, and the fierce glare of the sun blind the eye: wearied with prospects of uniform misery and a total want of anything of interest, either in man or his works, or the nature with which he is surrounded, the traveller is sickened with the wide expanse of steppes; and, as Sterne said, "can make nothing of these plains;" they are firesome as a twice-told tale, and are as common-place and unpicturesque as those portions of "*La belle France*," which might well be called *La Manche*, after their Peninsular namesake. The long lines of road, which cut their despot way, show how little respect has been paid to private rights or comforts, if such terms may be made use of: no ancient manor-houses, embosomed in aged oaks, here give evidence of long enjoyment of peace and security.

The towns are few and poverty-

stricken; they have neither art nor commerce, and are devoid alike of social attractions or interest; one would imagine, looking at the cloaked and listless loungers on the *Plazas*, that all the work which could be done was done; and yet the fields of which Solinus could once say, that there was *nihil sterile, nihil otiosum*, are as listless as these idlers. How great must be that mismanagement when these unemployed hands are not brought in contact with these uncultivated fields!

The mud-built villages are the abodes of under-fed, ill-clothed labourers; besides the want of water, fuel is so scarce that dry dung is substituted: such, says Mr. Lane, is the sad resource of the desert of Egypt (compare Ezekiel iv. 12, 15). These hamlets, wretched enough before, were brutally sacked by Dupont and Soult, and never have recovered. The plains produce much corn, saffron, and in some places rich wines: the mules are celebrated. The *Manchego* is honest, patient, and hard-working when there is any one to hire him; his affections are more developed than his reason. Temperate, brave, and moral, he is attached and confiding when kindly used and honestly dealt with; reserved and stern when he suspects ill-treatment and injustice. He is plainly clad in *pañó pardo*, with a *montera* on his head. This, the old Iberian *Μίτσα* (Strabo, iii. 232), is a most inconvenient cap: it neither defends the head from the sun, the rain, or cold; yet, in spite of all these untoward circumstances in man and his country, this is the province of the song and dance, the *Seguidilla* and *Manchega*. Honest, homely Sancho Panza is a true *Manchegan* peasant.

La Mancha is the *infierno* of mules and asses, of which many are bred here. On these quadrupeds, see p. 45. Remember the proverb, "never to go behind a mule, before a woman, or on any side of a friar," unless you wish to be tricked or kicked. The *Manchego* is

the true *Juan Español*, the simple gaffer goosy, the John Bull of Spain. *Dos Juanes con un Pedro, hacen un asnon entero*.

After passing the gorge of *Despeñaperros*, to the r. is the *Va. de Cardenas*; here we think of Cardenio and Dorothea. In the immediate Sierra is the scene of the knight's penance. *Sa. Cruz de Mudela* is a dull unwholesome town; population 5500. It is celebrated for its garters, which the women offer for sale to the passengers; some are gaily embroidered, and enlivened with mottoes, e. g.

"*Te digan estas ligas
Mis penus y fatigas.*"

Soy de mi dueño; Feliz quien las aparta; intrepido es amor, de todo sale vencedor; and so forth, but "*Honi soit que mal y pense.*" These epigrammata are truly antique, and none wrote them neater than the Spaniard Martial. Of such class was the inscription on the girdle of Hermione—*φιλει με και μη λυπηθες ην τις εχη μ' ετερος*: compare them with the devices on the Spanish *cuchillos* of Albacete.

Hence to *Valdepeñas*, a straggling place of 10,000 souls, and a decent inn. The red blood of the grape issues from this valley of stones. This delicious wine is the produce of the Burgundy vine, transplanted into Spain. The liquor is kept in huge *tinajas* or jars; when removed it is put into pig skins, *cueros*, such as Don Quixote attacked. These are pitched inside; hence the peculiar *Borracha*, or resinous flavour, which is agreeable to Spaniards, and to no one else. This doctoring wines with pitch is an old story (Plin. 'N. H.,' xiv. 19, xvi. 11). Few things change in Spain, a land bottled for antiquarians. But next to glass bottles, wooden barrels are here wanting; yet sandy Murcia is overgrown with plants, producing the finest alkali in the world, and the forests in the Asturias would supply staves for all Europe. The native simply takes the *raw* materials which nature lavishes gratis, but leaves to others to *labour* them into manu-

factures. He imports bottles from England, while from the scarcity of barrels vast quantities of *old* wine are thrown away in good years of vintage, in order not to waste the *new* wine, which is placed in the then emptied casks. From the want of fuel in these treeless plains, the prunings of the vines often become a more valuable produce than their grapes. The vintage is carelessly conducted, for the wines are drunk by careless mortals, who take things just as they, the gods, provide them. Before the French invasion, a Dutchman, named Muller, had begun to improve the system, and better prices were obtained; whereupon the lower classes, in 1808, broke open his cellars, pillaged them, and nearly killed him because he made wine dearer (Schep. i. 300).

Valdepeñas wine, to be really enjoyed, must be drunk on the spot; the true vinologist should go down into one of the *cuevas* or cellars, and have a goblet of the ruby fluid drawn from the big-bellied *Tinaja*. The wine, when taken to distant places, is always adulterated; and at Madrid with a decoction of log-wood, which makes it almost poisonous, acting upon the nerves and muscular system. Valdepeñas is a heating wine; so, indeed, are most of those of Spain, and the natives when on a march, especially soldiers, prefer drinking *amisado*, a fiery bad brandy, flavoured with aniseed, of which, however, they are very fond. Valdepeñas is the wine of Madrid; it is rich, fruity, full-bodied, high-coloured, and will keep well, and improve for ten years. The best *Botegas* are those which belonged to Don Carlos, and those of the Marques de S^a. Cruz, who has a mansion here. It is worth on the spot about 4*l*. the pipe; the land carriage, is, however, expensive, and it is apt, when conveyed in skins, to be tapped and watered by the muleteers. *Vino moro*—that is, wine which has never been thus *baptized*—is proverbially popular: Valdepeñas sometimes goes wrong during the sea voyage; the

best plan is to send up *double* quarter sherry casks, which then must be conveyed to Cadiz or Santander.

The town of Valdepeñas was sacked by the French, June 6, 1808, under Liger Bellair; eighty houses were burnt, and the unresisting unarmed population butchered in the cellars in drunken sport (Toreno, iv).

Valdepeñas lies about half way between Granada and Madrid; those who wish to go to Estremadura, will turn off to the r. through *Saceruela*. The geologist and botanist, proceeding to Seville, may make a riding detour, visiting Ciudad Real and Almaden (see p. 291), and thence to Cordova, avoiding thereby the uninteresting angle of Bailen and Andujar; the route will be found at p. 292.

After leaving Valdepeñas the misery of villages and villagers increases to *Manzanares*, a place of 9000 inhabitants. The men get browner and poorer, the women more ugly. Hemp is a luxury for shoes, and the rare stocking is made like that of Valencia, without feet, an emblem of the national purse, open and containing nothing. The cloaked peasants grouped around their mud cabins seem to be statues of silence and poverty, yet the soil is fertile in corn and wine. At the *Va. de Quesada*, Don Quixote (*quesada*, lantern-jawed) was knighted, and Cervantes must have sketched the actual inn, and its still existing well. The water communicates with the Guadiana, the under-ground Mole of Spanish rivers. Indeed the ancient name Anas is derived from this "hide and seek" propensity; *Hanas* in the Punic, and *Hanasa* in the Arabic, signify "to appear and disappear." The Wadi-Anas, like the Guadalquivir, eats its dull way, through loamy banks: it rises in the swamps of *Ruidera*, and loses itself again 15 miles from its source, at Tomelloso; it reappears after flowing 7 L. underground at Daymiel. The small lakes which it throws up, are called *Los ojos de la Guadiana*, and the ground above is called the bridge.

This and the *eyes* lead to trivial witticisms, in regard to the dark glancing Manchegas and this bridge's superiority over the Pont Neuf at Paris. The disappearance is not sudden, as at the Rhone, which descends into a gulf. Here it is sucked up into unpicturesque marshes. Those who read in the word *Anas*, a duck, have thereon a poor epigram.

"Ales et amnis *Anas*, sociant cum nomine mores,

Mergitur ales aquâ, mergitur amnis humo."

Ducks certainly are not often drowned, and many doubt whether the Guadiana be thus buried.

Now we are in the heart of Don Quixote's country. *El Toboso* of Dulcinea lies to the r. The *Puerto de Lapiche* is a miserable village: "the pass" is placed between two olive-clad gentle slopes, with sundry groups of windmills, which being smaller than ours, are really not unlike giants at a distance; they are very numerous, for this is a country of much corn to grind, and little water-power. The crack-brained knight was puzzled by these mills; yet a century before, Cardan, the wise man of his age, describes one as if it had been a steam engine: "nor can I pass over in silence what is so *wonderful*, that before I saw it I could neither believe nor relate it without incurring the imputation of credulity; but a thirst for science overcomes bashfulness" (De Rer. Var. i. 10).

Four L. from *Manzanares*, to the r. is *Argamasilla del Alba*, in the prison of which Cervantes wrote Don Quixote. Near *Villarta* the province of New Castile is entered, which here resembles La Mancha. *Madridejos*, popⁿ. 7000, has a nice, cool, refreshing inn. The bread is exquisite, the water is bad, and the cheese, although renowned, not much better. It did very well for the *Alforjas* of honest, hungry Sancho, and his muleteer digestion. *Tembleque*, a cold, stony, wretched place, was sacked and burnt by the French in 1809. *La Guardia* rises on a ridge of rocks: it was once an outpost *guard* against the Moors. Here

the traveller should remark the *eras*, the common Spanish and Oriental threshing-floors in the open air, and the driving the *trillo* over the corn, with horses, after a most Homeric fashion. The females look half Swiss, half Dutch, with their blue and green petticoats and handkerchiefs under their chins. For *El Niño de la Guardia* see Toledo. The miserable population, driven from their houses, which were gutted by the invaders, and which they are too poor to repair, burrow like rabbits in troglodyte excavations, whence they emerge to beg. Thence to *Ocaña*. In the plain between it and Los Barrios the Spaniards, Nov. 19, 1809, lost a most important battle: for the political antecedents and details see the whole volume of Lord Wellesley's Spanish Dispatches and the 5th of the Duke's.

The Junta of Seville, urged by those who sighed to get back to Madrid, and by others who wished to do without the English assistance, determined, in defiance of the Duke's warnings and entreaties, to assume the offensive. His letters in Nov. 1809, seem really to have been written *after* the events, and not before them, so truly did he prophesy certain discomfiture, the loss of Andalucía, and his own compulsory retreat into Portugal. The Junta prepared an army of 60,000 men, armed and equipped by England, and actually appointed governors of Madrid, so ignorant were they alike of their own real weakness and of their foe's strength. Command was given to one Juan Carlos de Areizaga, a man utterly ignorant of his profession, and wanting, which very few Spaniards are, even in personal courage; this incapable advanced from the defiles, giving out that the English were with him; and such fear thereupon prevailed at Madrid, where the report was believed, that the French thought at once of retreating without a fight. But Areizaga had neither capacity nor any fixed plan; had he advanced, Nov. 12th, he must have surprised and overwhelmed

the handful of French at Aranjuez (Belmas, i. 99): wavering and incompetent, he lost precious time, and gave Soult the means of collecting some troops; he then, Nov. 19, as if infatuated, risked a battle in the plain. Soult, knowing the moral effect of boldness, at once assumed the aggressive, and opened the ball by a splendid charge of cavalry, which his opponents could not resist; they wavered and became confused; in short, two hours sufficed for 25,000 French to put to indescribable rout 55,000 Spaniards, notwithstanding their individual bravery, good spirit, and eagerness to battle with the enemy; the *members* of the body were sound and strong, but a head was wanting, the one thing needful, alas, how often in the camps and cabinets of ill-fated Spain! And now in the precious moment winged with destinies, Areizaga placed himself on a belfry in Ocaña, a mute spectator of his own disgrace; he gave no directions whatever except to order his reserve, a body of 15,000 men, who had not fired a shot, to retreat. He and Freire then set the example of flight; nor did either even attempt to make a stand behind the impregnable rocks of *Despeñaperros* or *Alcalá la Real*. Their unhappy troops, deserted by their chiefs, could but follow their leaders. Like a ruined mud cottage of Castile, they resolved into their component elements, dust to dust, and disbanded, most Orientally, "every man to his city, and every man to his own country" (1 Kings xxii. 36). Livy (xxix. 2) almost translates this phrase, "*pulsi castris Hispani, aut qui ex prælio effugerant, sparsi primo per agros, deinde in suas quisque civitates redierunt.*" La Mancha was covered with runaways. Soult took 42 cannon, 26,000 prisoners, and killed 5000. The French loss barely reached 1600.

Buonaparte, who monopolised victory, and was jealous that it could be supposed in France that any one could do great things except himself (Foy, i. 159), passed slightly over Ocaña:

Le Moniteur says, "Bory St. Vincent fit à peine mention de cette mémorable affaire, dont celui qui l'avait conduite eut pu comme César rendre compte en trois mots, *veni, vidi, vici.*" Yet this victory was most important; it fixed Joseph on the tottering throne, it gave Granada to Sebastiani, Seville to Soult, and placed the treasures and supplies of rich Andalucia in the hands of the invaders. The Duke's plans were entirely frustrated by Ocaña and this campaign, of which the Junta only sent him notice on the 18th Nov., the day before the defeat, and against which he then prophetically protested: "Alas! that a cause which promised so well a few weeks ago should have been so completely lost by the *ignorance, presumption, and mismanagement* of those to whose direction it was confided" (Disp. Dec. 6. 1809). "Nothing would do but fighting great battles in plains, in which their defeat is as *certain* as is the *commencement* of the battle." Ferd. VII., a prisoner at Valency, was mean or false enough, probably both, to write to congratulate Joseph on this victory (Schep. i. 69); while Areizaga, who lost it, instead of being cashiered, was presented by the Junta with a fine horse; and was afterwards made Captain General of Biscay by this very Ferd. in 1814.

Ocaña, to the scholar, offers a remarkable evidence of the unchanged character of Iberian warfare; here the want of skill and courage in the chief was the signal of misbehaviour in the soldier, and to this cause Polybius (i. 31) attributed many of the similar reverses of Spain's Carthaginian ancestors. Livy (xxviii. 16) ascribes their flights to the same reason, "*deserti ab ducibus, pars transitione pars fugâ, dissipati per proximas civitates sunt.*" The Iberians never could withstand the steady Roman advance, *οὐκ οὐκτες μενεμαχοι* (App. 'B. H.' 478), still less if made by cavalry. They yielded to the *Procella equestris* of the Romans, as in our times to that of the French. Livy (xxxiv. 17) almost

describes *Ocaña*, in recording the victory of Manlius over the Andalucians. "Omnium Hispanorum maxime imbelles habentur Turdetani (the Andalucians), freti tamen *multitudine sua* obviam ierunt agmini Romano. *Eques inmissus turbavit extemplo aciem eorum*. Pedestre prælium nullius ferme certaminis fuit. Milites veteres, *perites hostium bellicque*, haud dubiam pugnam fecerunt." See also Livy, xl. 40; but it would be pedantry to multiply examples. The serried columns of the highly disciplined Romans always scared the loose skirmishing *guerrillero* Iberians. Thus the Affghans, however brave, and the Kabyles, however daring, have never been able to stand before the organized handfuls of English and French soldiers. The very aspect, says Seneca, himself a Spaniard, of a Roman legion was enough: "Hispani antequam legio visetur cedunt" (de Irâ, i. 11). So in the words of Durosor (L'Espagne, 21), "Partout où les Espagnols ont eu à combattre les Français en bataille rangée, ils ont à peine donné à leurs ennemis le temps de les vaincre; mais ils ont repris l'égalité, et même la supériorité, dans la *guerre de partisans*, ou tout dépend de l'énergie et de la présence d'esprit de chaque individu." This is a true and fair remark (see *Guerrillero*, Index). The reason has always been the same, and is thus stated by the Duke, who in vain urged the importance of a better military organization: "I should feel no anxiety about the result of our operations, *if* the Spaniards were as well *disciplined* as the soldiers of that nation are brave" (Disp. May 23, 1811). Brave, indeed, they were, and prodigal of their lives, always courting, not avoiding, the unequal contest. They were the victims of the sins of their rulers, on whom be the blame. See also *Somosierra*.

Ocaña was mercilessly sacked by Soult, who then destroyed the precious archives of the *Ayuntamiento*. The *posada de los Catalanes* is good. This is a place of much traffic, as the high

road to Valencia branches off to the E. Ocaña is an uninteresting place, with some dilapidated barracks. Population 5000. The water, which is so bad in La Mancha, is here delicious. The *fuenta vieja*, with its aqueduct, has been attributed to the Romans. The public *lavadero* is worth the artist's attention for picturesque groups. Alonzo de Ercilla, the author of the '*Araucana*,' the epic of Spanish literature, was buried in the convent of *Carmelitas Descalzas*. His ashes were scattered to the dust by the invaders. Ercilla was a soldier, and soldiers have been the best poets and novelists of the Peninsula. At Ocaña the natural son of Philip IV., Don Juan of Austria, who played such a distinguished part in the minority of Charles II., was brought up. The natural children of the Spanish kings never were allowed to enter Madrid during their father's life, from the grandes disputing their taking precedence over them.

Emerging through a rocky gorge of volcanic hills, we reach Aranjuez (see R. cii.), and on passing the palace, with its huge *Plaza de San Antonio*, the Tagus is crossed over by an iron suspension bridge. Driving up the verdurous *calle larga*, the Jarama is next passed by a noble stone bridge. After ascending the *Cuesta de la Reina*, the descent recommences, and the oasis Aranjuez, with its green meadows, gardens, nightingales, and watersprings, disappears, while its remembrance becomes doubly delightful, from the contrast with tawny nakedness.

The Hermitage and Telegraph of *Pinto* is considered to be the central point of the Peninsula. Soon Madrid is perceived, rising on a broken eminence out of an apparent plain. Only a portion being seen, it looks small, modern, and un-Spanish, from its low domes and extinguisher-shaped spires. Approaching the bed of the Manzanares (if there be any water in it) the scene improves. The dip is crossed by a superb viaduct. The diligence usually winds round the mean walls to the r.,

enters the *Puerta de Atocha*, and then passes through the *Prado* and *Ce. de Alcalá*: thus offering, for the first sight, the best promenade and finest street of the capital. For Madrid, see Sect. xi.

ROUTE VIII. A.—VALDEPEÑAS TO
ALMADEN.

Moral	2	..	
Almagro	2	..	4
Ciudad Real	3	..	7
Al Corral de Caraquel	3	..	10
Cábezarados	3	..	13
Abenojar	1	..	14
Saceruela	4	..	18
Almaden	5	..	23

The road to Ciudad Real is carriageable. It is in contemplation to improve the whole route to *Almaden*, and so on into *Estremadura*; but these things in Spain require time, where locomotion festinat lenté. At $1\frac{1}{2}$ L. from Almagro, on the road to *Almodovar del Campo*, is *Granatula*, the village in which Baldomero Espartero was born, in 1790. His father was an humble *carretero*. The son, destined to be a monk, began life as a poor student or *sopero* (see *Salamanca*); but when the war of independence broke out, he joined *el batallon sagrado*. In 1816 he volunteered to serve in S. America, and there was successful in play, the vice of that expedition. Having, it is said, won money of Canterac and other generals, with whom pay was in a case of stagnation, he was satisfied by promotion. He fought well during the campaign against Bolivar, for having *lost* which La Serna was made Conde de los Andes. This war was ended by the battle of *Ayacucho*, in Lower Peru, where Sucre (Dec. 8, 1825) completely defeated the royalists. A *Cintra* convention ensued, by which the beaten officers secured their safe transportation to Spain, and to new titles; hence the depreciatory *apodo*, or nickname, *Los Ayacuchos*, of which Cordova, Maroto, and Narvaez were among the stars. *Ayacucho* is an Indian word, and signifies the "plain of the dead," as it was the site of one of Almagro's and Pizarro's early butcheries of the poor aborigines, whose manes

were now avenged by Spanish defeat. Espartero himself, we believe, was not present at this rout, having been previously sent home with some dispatches. Having obtained the rank of a colonel, and being quartered at Logroño, he there married Doña Jacinta de la Cruz, a lady of birth and fortune. The *Ayacuchos*, companions in disgrace, clung afterwards together; the defeats by the Carlists of the blundering Valdes, Cordova, and Co., made way for Espartero to obtain command; his fortune was completed by the death of Zumalacarreguy, and the relief of Bilbao by the English, and he soon managed the Vergara convention with his brother *Ayacucho* Maroto. Thus he rose to be the Duke of Victory. Personally a brave and honest man, as an officer he was slow, ignorant, and vacillating; but as Regent he was well disposed to govern according to constitutional law. See also *Albacete*.

Ciudad Real, of all the backward inland capitals of Spain, is the most *atrasado*, and that is saying something: Popⁿ. about 10,000. It is scarcely ever visited, and has scarcely any intercommunication with others; it is like a toad in a rock, alive, and that's all: the least bad inn is *de las Morenas*. This "royal city" is the fit capital for such a province: it was built by Alonzo el Sabio, and entitled *Real* by Juan II. in 1420; portions of the walls with towers remain. Before the final conquest of Granada it was, in fact, the frontier capital and seat of the Court of Chancery for the south. Here Ferd. and Isab. organised the *Hermmandad* ostensibly, as a mounted brotherhood, or *gendarmerie*, to protect the roads, but in reality as the germ of a standing army to be employed in beating down their too independent aristocracy. Among the few objects at Ciudad Real, visit the noble pile of the hospital founded by Card. Lorenzana. The patroness of the city is *La Virgen del Prado*. The parish church has a fine single Gothic nave: the *Retablo*, with carving of the "Pas-

sion," by Giraldo de Merlo, 1616, is almost equal to Montañes.

Near Ciudad Real, on the 27th March, 1809, while Victor was routing Cuesta at Medellín, did Sebastiani, with only 12,000 men, by one charge, put to instantaneous flight no less than 19,000 Spaniards, commanded by Urbina, Conde de Cartoajal. This incapable chief had marched and counter-marched his ill equipped unhappy troops almost to death for forty-eight hours, and for no object (Toreno, viii.). In the moment of attack he lost his head, and one charge of a regiment of Dutch hussars decided the affair (see Ocaña). 1500 Spaniards were killed, 4000 taken prisoners. Cartoajal was the first to run away: then were lost all the English arms and stores provided for the defence of the Sierra Morena, but which became, in fact, so much assistance, as elsewhere, to the common enemy. Cartoajal, instead of being cashiered, was declared by the Cadiz regency to have deserved well of his country (Schep. ii. 671).

From *Ciudad Real* the road to *Almaden* is practicable for carts; after leaving *Sacerruela* it skirts the valley of *Alcudia*. For *Almaden* and the routes to Cordova and Badajoz, see p. 291.

Referring back to p. 310 and "the country" of Don Quixote, according to M. Montesquieu, the sayer of smart things, "this, the one and only good book of Spain, is employed in exposing the ridicule of all others." Certainly, for Don Quixote's sake, a vast tribe of sinners may be spared, which, to no loss of mankind, might be condemned to the fire of the Don's niece or the furnace of the inquisition of Ximenez; but it is quite a mistake to suppose that it was written to put down knight-errantry: that exponent of a peculiar age had passed with its age, and with it was gone the love for reading the ponderous folios of romance. Had Don Quixote been a mere parody or satire on them, both the conqueror and conquered would long ago have been buried in the same grave and forgotten.

Those, therefore, who say that Cervantes "laughed Spain's chivalry away," forget that it had expired at least a century before the birth of the writer. It is impossible not to see that it is "Cervantes loquitur" all through, and that the tale is made the vehicle for his own chivalrous temperament, for his philosophical comment on human life, his criticisms on manners, institutions, and literature. The actors in the narrative—the "*Cura*," for instance, and Don Quixote himself—are the mouthpiece of the author, as is the "*Cautivo*" who tells some of his real adventures when captive in Algiers. Don Quixote is a delineation of the former high-bred Spaniard, a hater of injustice and lover of virtue; he is a monomaniac; that one point, however, is not one which is unbecoming to a Castilian hidalgo, for although the sweet bells of his intellect are jangled and out of tune, he is always the gentleman, always generous, elevated, and beneficent: he gradually recovers his senses in the second part, when our feelings of pity and sympathy, always strong in his favour, increase. Cervantes probably did not intend or anticipate the spirit of ridicule which he excited against "the chivalrous;" accordingly the tone and character of his hero rise in the second part, when he is exposed to somewhat fewer rude and less personal mishaps.

The second part was produced in consequence of one Alonzo Fernandez de Avellanada having put forth a spurious continuation, which called up the indignant author, who has consigned the plagiarist to an unenviable immortality, transfixed by the *banderillas* of his wit. He now became so chary of his hero that he killed him, in order, as Addison said of Sir Roger de Coverley, that no one else might murder him; then, as he says with honest pride, "did *Cid Hamet Ben Engeli* lay down his pen and place it up so high that none since have ever been able to take it down." The "canting" name of Ben Engel, is

thought by Conde to shadow out in Arabic the Spanish word "*Cervantes*," the "son of the stag," *Ciervo*; the final *ez* being in Basque nomenclature equivalent to our son, Juan-Juanes, John-Johnson. The prefix, Ben-Ibn-Son, in the Arabic, is the French Fitz-fils, and Eggel-Agl is a stag.

It is a mistake to consider Sancho Panza (*Paunch*) to be a vulgar clown; he is the homely, shrewd, natural, sanguine, self-deluding native of La Mancha. He may be compared with the grave-diggers in "*Hamlet*," or the *Ἀηώς* in Aristophanes. Notwithstanding his preferring his belly to honour, and his *bota* to truth, in spite of his constant eye to a place and government, and his truly Spanish reference to self and his own interests, we love him for the true affection which he bears to his master, for his Boswell-like admiration, which hopes everything, believes everything in spite of his hero's eccentricities, which he cannot help noticing and condemning.

And none who have ridden far and long with a single humble Spanish attendant, will think either his credulity or confidence in the least forced. The influence of the *master* spirit over the *man* is unbounded; nor is it any exaggeration to say that these squires end in believing their English "*amo*" to be irresistible and infallible, if not supernatural, although not perhaps owing to a very orthodox spiritual connexion. Hence the Spanish troops, composed of such materials, entertained, said the Duke (Disp. May 6, 1812), an opinion that our soldiers were invincible, and that it was only necessary for them to *appear* (like Santiago) to secure success. Their attachment becomes devotion, and they will follow their new master to the end of the world like a dog, leaving their own home, and kith and kin. Neither is the admirable and decorous conduct of Sancho, when made a governor, at all in variance with Spanish or Oriental usages. There the serf is the raw material for the

Pasha and Regent. In Spain, as in the East, the veriest jack in office, armed with authority, becomes in his petty locality the representative of the absolute king; he suffices for the welfare of the many, or it may be their oppression, as the jaw-bone of an ass did in the hands of a Samson. Again, where rules of ceremonial manner, the forms of sitting down and getting up, are so well defined, and the bearing of the lower classes so naturally high bred, every one on his promotion falls into his place, without effort or uncertainty.

The spirit of wit which pervades Don Quixote is enhanced by the happy and original idea of bringing the sublime into a constant contact with the ridiculous; hence the never-failing charm of the conversations of master and man, *los graciosos razonamientos*, the well-compounded salad of practical, utilitarian, all-for-the-main-chance, common sense, with the most elevated abstract romance of chivalrous *μεγαλοψυχία*. It is a perpetual conference between our House of Lords and the Congress of Washington; yet the opposition, however marked, is always natural. The Hidalgo, tall, spare, and punctilious, clad in armour and mounted on a steed worthy of the burden, is balanced by the short, round, fat and familiar squire, clad in his *paño pardo*, and straddling his ignoble "*rucio*." The master, always reasoning well and acting absurdly, is contrasted by the servant who, like Spaniards in general, sees clearly and distinctly what is brought closely to them, but with no wider grasp than their own petty profit and locality. Both, however, are always and equally serious, and intensely in earnest; the knight never losing sight of his high calling, the squire of his own eating, interest, and island, and, to make perfection perfect, both speaking Spanish, that magnificent and ceremonious idiom, and yet so capable of expressing the proverbial mother wit of the dramatic lower classes. This state-paper language of big promise, and beggarly, not to say

ridiculous, performance, has long been, and long will be, the natural and appropriate vernacular of juntas and generals, and the multitudinous Quixotes and Quesadas of the Peninsula.

This truth to Spanish nature, and its constant contrast of the sublime and the ridiculous, of grandeur and poverty, runs like a vein of gold throughout the whole novel. If real wit consist in bringing together things which have no apparent connexion, then all books must yield to this. The high is always being brought alongside the low by the master, and the low raised up to the high by the servant, by Don Quixote in ventas, and by Sancho among dukes and duchesses. The simple-spoken villager, thus transported into new society, delights mankind by his earnestness, his absence of all pretension to be saying good things, and his utter unconsciousness of the merriment which they produce. He never laughs at his own jokes, and therefore there is no standing him, and like Falstaff, he is not only droll himself, but the cause of wit in others. The happy idea of juxtaposition in this novel is one reason why all nations love it, for however ill-translated, there is no mistaking the rich racy wit of sayings, doings, and situations; from our delight in this well-conceived plot, and in our eagerness to get on with the story, and to the master and his man, we skim over the episodes, the beautiful descriptions, the rural and poetical disquisitions. Cervantes, like Shakspeare, is honourably distinguished from his contemporaries, by an avoidance of those coarse, dirty, and indecent allusions, which were then so prevalent in the picaresque and fashionable literature; he felt that a want of decency was a want of sense. His moral is always high, he shuns and abhors the low,—odit profanum vulgus et arceat. With him repressed thought took refuge in light burlesque, in hidden irony, and side wind assaults. His critical taste led him equally to eschew the affected euphuisms of the

day; his tact and judgment always kept his wit and ridicule in its proper place, while a rich air of poetry, and a dramatic delineation of character, which are breathed over the whole, show that he was not merely a writer of novels, but of tragedy almost reaching the epic. The delicate Spanish "*Borracha*" is, however, untranslatable; like Valdepeñas, it must be quaffed on the spot; the aroma is too fine for transportation. The proverbs of Sancho are comparatively misplaced out of Spain. To English ears they convey a sort of vulgarity, which they neither do, nor were intended to do, with Spaniards. Never let Don Quixote be out of our travellers' *alforjas*. Let this be one of the "*little books*" which Dr. Johnson said no man ought ever "not to have in his pocket." It is the best HAND-BOOK for La Mancha, moral and geographical: there is nothing in it imaginary except the hero's monomania; an *Españolismo* breathes in every page. It treats only of Spanish persons and things, and hence it is so popular in the Peninsula,—*Españoles sobre todos*. It is an inexhaustible fund for illustration; it is the best comment on Spaniards, who themselves form the most explanatory notes on the work, which reflects the form and pressure of them and their country.

One word on the different and the best editions of this Shakspeare of Spain.* The works of Cervantes,

* Cervantes and Shakspeare died *nominally* on the same day—Pellicer says, 23rd April, 1616; but it must always be remembered, in comparing Spanish dates with English, that dates apparently the same are not so in reality. The Gregorian calendar was adopted in Spain in 1582, in England in 1751. We must therefore make an allowance between the old style and the new style, and add to the English date, in order to obtain the true corresponding Spanish date previously to 1751, 10 days up to 1699, and 11 afterwards. Cervantes lived and died poor. Spain, ever ungrateful to those who serve her best, raised no monument to his memory. It is only the other day that she has given him a stone, to whom living she denied bread.

especially his capo d'opera 'Don Quixote,' have gone through many. Happy the man whose eye can glance on a goodly set of the earliest, worthily arrayed in fawn, olive, and tender-tinted old morocco, to wit the first edition of the first part, Juan de la Cuesta, Mad. 1605; the first edition of the same, as amended by the author, Juan de la Cuesta, Mad. 1608; the first edition of the second part, Juan de la Cuesta, Mad. 1615. Brunet, in his 'Manuel du libraire' (i. 370), and in his 'Nouvelles Recherches' (i. 295), gives a careful list of other editions; the finest, that "*de lujo*," was published for the Academy of Madrid, by Ibarra, 4 vols. fo. 1780, and no grand library should be without it. That of "Juan Ant^o. Pellicer," 6 vols. 8vo. Mad. 1798, contains many valuable notes. The last, and after all the best, is that of Don Diego Clemencin, the author of the 'Memoirs of Queen Isabella,' 6 vols. 4to. Mad. 1833-39. The premature death of the editor prevented him from superintending the publication of the last volumes.

Don Quixote has been translated into most languages; but England, whose practical genius anticipated this travestie of the knight-errant in the Sir Topaz of Chaucer,—England, the real nation for wit and genuine caricature, the land of Butler, Fielding, and Hogarth, has published more and more splendid translations of Don Quixote than all the rest of the continent. The most esteemed are those of Smollett, Jarvis, and Motteux; but the best, perhaps, is the earliest, that of Thomas Skelton, 1612-1620, which breathes the spirit of the age and quaint manners. It is, however, a *pecado mortal*—a heresy—to read Don Quixote except in his own Spanish. Such authors fix a language, as from the feeling that they cannot be adequately translated we learn the original. What idea can be formed of Shakspeare, when curled and powdered by Monsieur Ducis? Even Schiller and Schlegel, translating into a cognate idiom a cog-

nate work, have often missed the charm, and turned English gold into German silver.

Cervantes, like Velazquez, was not merely a portrait-painter of the hidalgo, but a universal genius, although their great emphatic excellence has somewhat concealed their other productions: thus he was a poet—an author of comedy, tragedy, satire, and light novels. To him was granted that rarest gift of the Deity, *invention*, that spark of the *Creator's* own prerogative. The popularity of Don Quixote has eclipsed the other works of Cervantes, and his taste and style in the drama approached too nearly to the Greek theatre to succeed with Spaniards, whose *Españolismo* prefers the particular nature by which it is surrounded. His '*Numantia*' and '*Trato de Argel*' have been compared to the '*Persæ*' and '*Prometheus*.' This Iberian Æschylus gave way before the rising sun of Lope de Vega; he retired, as Walter Scott did before Byron, to immortalize himself by his novels. Lope de Vega was also imitated by the elegant and poetical Calderon, and the soft harmonious Guillen de Castro. These three illustrious authors were as nearly contemporaries as Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides among the Greeks; Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, and Ford among the English. They elevated their stage to the highest pitch of excellence, from whence it soon declined, for such is the condition of human greatness. The first edition of the theatrical works of Cervantes, '*Ocho Comedias y Ocho Entremeses*,' was published at Mad. by the Viuda de Alonzo Martin, in 1615. It was republished at Mad. in 2 vols., 1749.

The amusing little satire in verse of Cervantes, '*El Viaje al Parnaso*,' has not been sufficiently estimated out of Spain. The first edition is that of Alonzo Martin, Mad. 1614; Sancha republished it at Mad. in 1784.

The first and rare edition of his other novels, '*Novelas exemplares*,' is that of Juan de Cuesta, Mad. 1613;

in default of which the collector must be contented with the Mad. edition of Sancha, 2 vols., 1783: '*Los trabajos de Persiles*' were first published at Mad. in 1617.

One word now for honest Sancho Panza's proverbs *Refranes*, which are peculiarly classical, Oriental, and Spanish. These ethical maxims *Γνωμαί*, these wise saws and instances are in the mouth of every Solomon or Sancho of the Peninsula; they are the "refrain," the chorus and burden of their song: they are the condensed experience and knowledge of ages, when the wit of one man becomes the wisdom of thousands, until these *Voces populi* have really become *Voces Dei*. The constant use of a *refran* gives the Spaniard his sententious, dogmatical admixture of humour, truism, twaddle and common sense; a proverb well introduced—*magnas secat res*: it is as decisive of an argument in Spain as a bet is in England. From being couched in short, Hudibrastic doggerel they are easily remembered, and fall like sparks on the prepared mine of the hearers' memories; hence this shotting a discourse always is greeted with a smile from high or low: it is essential, national, and peculiar, like the pitch *borracha* to Spanish wines, and garlic in their stews; therefore we have seldom failed to lard our humble pages with this flavouring condiment.

There are many printed collections: the best are the '*Refranes o proverbios en Romance*,' by El Comendador Hernan Nuñez, fol. Salamanca, 1555, of which there is a modern edition, by *Repulles*, 3 vols. duo. Mad. 1804. He was the Greek "*Comendador*" to whom the Duchess compares Sancho and his innumerable proverbs. The '*Refranes*,' 4to. Mad. 1675, by Juan Martinez Fortun, is an excellent collection, and traces many of them to a Latin and ancient origin. The *Refranes* in the Dictionary of the Academy were printed in an 8vo. at Barcelona in 1815.

Seville to Badajoz. There are two

routes, and first for that by the mountain road.

ROUTE IX.—SEVILLE TO BADAJOZ.

Aracena	18
Segura de Leon	6
Valencia	3
Zafra	3
Fe. del Maestre	3
Sa. Marta	2
Albuera	3
Badajoz	4

This must be ridden; for the first 24 L. see p. 287. At *Valencia*, 3 L. from *Segura de Leon*, is another fine castle. Passing *Medina de las Torres* we reach *Zafra*, placed under a denuded ridge to the l.: popⁿ. about 6000. This most ancient city was the Segeda of the Iberians and Julia Restituta of the Romans: the *posadas* are very indifferent. This town is full of buildings begun in better times and on a grand scale; they have either remained unfinished, or have been gutted and destroyed by the French under Drouet, in 1811.

The great lords of *Zafra* were the *Figueras*, whose dukedom of *Feria* is now merged in that of the *Medina Celi*. Their shield, charged with canting fig-leaves, was placed on all the edifices of the city, but were mostly defaced by the French republican soldiers. First visit the ducal *Palacio*, passing out by the handsome granite *Puerta del Acebuche*: this Gothic *Alcazar* was erected, as an inscription over the portal states, by Lorenzo Suarez de *Figueroa*, in 1437. Near the porch is one of the curious primitive iron-ribbed cannon: there were many others here, which, as at *Guadix*, the invaders destroyed when they plundered the once curious armoury. The patio has been modernized in the *Herrera* style, and is handsome, with fine marbles, Ionic and Doric pillars, and a fountain. The interior has been gutted by the enemy, and changed by the stewards of the duke, who have from time to time, suited this once lordly dwelling to their base wants and tastes. The open arched galleries between the

huge towers of the Alcazar, command fine views over the environs.

Adjoining to the Alcazar is the unfinished convent of *Sa. Marina*, which was desecrated by the invaders. In the chapel observe the sepulchre of Margaret Harrington, daughter of Lord Exton, erected in 1601 by her cousin, the Duchess of Feria, also an Englishwoman; she was the Jane Dormer, the most trusted of Queen Mary's ladies of honour, and the wife of Philip II.'s ambassador in London at the important moment of Elizabeth's succession. Her body rests here, but she sent her heart to England. Her effigy kneels before a prie Dieu, with a mantle on her head; it was once painted, but has been whitewashed: her portrait was destroyed by the French.

Going out of the *Puerta de Sevilla* is a little *alameda*, with a delicious water spring brought in on arches, and called *La fuente del Duque*. Among the fine unfinished Græco-Romano buildings in *Zafra*, observe the magnificent marble Doric and Ionic *patio* of *La Casa Grande*, built by the Dazas Maldonados, and the fine colonnades, *están por acabar*; notice also the Doric and Ionic brick tower of the *Colegiata—queda por concluir*.

Visit next the *Sa. Clara*, founded in 1428 (see date over portal), by the Figueroas; the invaders desecrated this convent and mutilated the recumbent figures of the founder and his wife, and a Roman statue in a toga and sandals: observe the effigy of Garcilazo de la Vega, killed before Granada in the presence of Enrique IV.; remark his singular bonnet. The French made this gallant knight's statue the butt of wanton outrage, with others of the Figueroa family; observe that without a head, called Doña Maria de Moya.

The road at *Zafra* diverges, and passes either to *Merida*, nine L., by dreary *Almadrache* and arid *Torre Mejía*, or by the high road through *Albuera*.

ROUTE X.—SEVILLE TO BADAJOZ.

Guillena	4	
Ronquillo	3	7
Sa. Olalla	4	11
Monasterio	4	15
Fuente de Cantos	3	18
Los Santos	4	22
Santa Marta	5	27
Albuera	3	30
Badajoz	4	34

This is the diligence-road, and is extremely uninteresting; it winds over the Sierra Morena chain. Few travellers are ever met with save the migratory caravans, which bring corn down from Salamanca and take back salt from Cadiz. Nothing can be more savage or nomade; the carts, oxen, men, and dogs are all on a par, but their nightly bivouacs by the sides of the roads, in the glens and underwood, are very picturesque. *Ronquillo* rejoices in having given birth to the famous Alcalde of Charles V., whose Draco process has passed into a proverb; it was he who hung up the Bishop of Zamora at Simancas; he convicted and executed all culprits—the old for what they had done, the young ones for what they would have done had they been spared and grown up.

Above *Sa. Olalla* is a ruined Moorish castle, whence enjoy a panorama of mountains. Soon we enter Estremadura (see Sect. vii.). *Albuera*, a miserable village, and a "glorious field of grief," owes its renown to the murderous conflict, May 16, 1811, between Soult and Beresford. Passing the bridge the town rises in front; the battle took place on the ridge to the l.; after *Masena*, instead of driving the English into the sea, as he boasted, was himself driven by them from Santarem, the Duke advanced on Estremadura to retake Badajoz; but his plans were marred, by Mahy's negligence in Galicia, which forced him to return and leave Badajoz to Beresford: how prophetic was his letter, dated the day before the battle, when far away, "I certainly feel every day more and more the difficulty of the situation in which I am placed; I am obliged to be

everywhere, and if absent from any operation *something goes wrong*." Here rapid expedition was everything; the fortress was to be pounced upon before the French could relieve it, yet Beresford's "unfortunate delay" gave Philippon, an active and first-rate officer, the governor, time to provision and strengthen the place, and enabled Soult to march from Seville to its relief. Blake and Castaños, gluttons for fighting, then persuaded Beresford to risk a general action when nothing could be gained by a victory, for the siege was virtually raised, while a reverse would have entirely paralysed the Duke and neutralised the glories of Torres Vedras. Beresford had only about 7000 English, and although he knew the ground well, "occupied it," says Napier, "in such a manner as to render defeat almost certain." He was the only man in the army who did not see that the hill to the r. was his really vulnerable point; and to make bad worse, here he placed the Spaniards. Soult saw the blot, and attacked and drove them back without difficulty, and the "whole position was raked and commanded." The natural thing now, as the Duke said, would have been to move up fresh Spanish troops to support their countrymen; but, as at Talavera and Barrosa, that was impossible, and the English had to come to their aid: then it was, in the rain and hurry, that the Polish lancers came on our unformed unprepared troops and did such terrible execution. Indeed, the day was lost, and would have been so with any other troops except ours, but not a man despaired, although, in the words of the Duke, they had, as usual, "to bear the great burden." Beresford himself fought single-handed with a Polish lancer, showing more courage as a *private* than talent as a *general*. Houghton now led up the 57th, the Spaniards remaining, as at Barrosa, "quiet spectators," simply from their want of discipline, and the impossibility of moving them under fire.

Of the 57th, "out of 1400 men

1050 were killed and wounded;" "the dead lay in their ranks, every man with a wound in the front." Their brave leader fell at their head cheering them on to the bayonet charge, which, as usual, settled the affair. "Then 1500 unwounded men, the remnant of 7000, stood," says Napier, "triumphant on the fatal hill." "This little battalion," says the Duke, "alone held its ground against all the French *colonnes en masse*." Soult in vain pushed on with the reserves under Werlé, who was killed, and his troops fled, throwing away their arms (V. et C. xx. 242): "Mais que pouvaient 5000 baïonnettes contre un ennemi *quatre fois plus nombreux*,"—for thus 1600 men are converted into 20,000 men in buckram by one dash of the pen.

Beresford, who had actually ordered Halket to retreat, was saved, says Napier (xii. 6), by Sir H. Hardinge, who, on his own responsibility, brought up Cole and Abercrombie; others, however, and Beresford's dispatch assign this merit to Cole, who in fact was the superior officer.

Both armies bivouacked on the ground; and had Soult the next day, with his 15,000 Frenchmen, ventured to renew the attack against 1600 English, he must have succeeded; but awed by their bold front he retired, leaving nearly 1000 wounded to his repulser's mercy. His army, even in the words of Belmas (i. 184), his own author, "*se débanda dans le plus affreux désordre; le moral s'étrouvait fort affecté*."

The Duke estimated Soult's losses at "from 8000 to 9000;" the French admit 2800. The English loss was 4158; the Spanish only 1365. "Our loss," wrote the Duke, "is very large, but we must expect loss whenever we engage the British troops with the Spaniards *as allies*. Their men are brave enough, but their want of discipline and power of manœuvring throw on us the *great burden* of the field." The Duke in public shielded Beresford, whose capabilities for drilling the Portuguese he justly appreciated.

"Another such a battle, however," wrote he privately, "would ruin us. I am working hard to set all to rights again." On the 21st he visited the field, and in a few weeks offered Soult another chance of another victory, which the Marshal, who knew that a better man was come in, politely declined. Soult also claimed the "complete victory" as his; and now his *non-succès* is ascribed to the numerical superiority of the English. Durosier (Guide, 244) says 20,000 French fought against 45,000 English or Spaniards; Bory (Guide, 109) says 22,000 against 50,000, Soult's real forces amounting to 19,000 foot and

4000 horse; for the *truth*, read Napier (xii. 6), and his unanswerable and unanswered answers to Beresford, vol. vi. and the Duke's 'Dispatches' (vol. vii.). The Portuguese also claim the fighting as theirs, "après la bataille d'Albuera," relates Schepeler, "j'entendis moi-même, un officier Portugais dire, 'Les Espagnols se sont battus comme des lions, les Portugais comme des serpents, mais les Anglais *Niente Niente!*' (not at all;) dit-il avec dédain;" and the Spaniard Blake, in his letter thanking the Regency for making him a captain-general for his services on this day, never even alluded to the English.

SECTION III.

RONDA AND GRANADA.

CONTENTS.

The Serrania de Ronda; Character of the Country and Natives; Smuggling.

ROUTE XI.—SEVILLE TO GRANADA.

Osuna; Loja.

ROUTE XII.—CORDOVA TO GRANADA.

ROUTE XIII.—SEVILLE TO GRANADA.

ROUTE XIV.—SEVILLE TO GRANADA.

Jaen.

ROUTE XV.—SEVILLE TO RONDA.

Moron; Olvera.

ROUTE XVI.—SEVILLE TO RONDA.

Zahara.

ROUTE XVII.—SEVILLE TO RONDA.

Ronda.

ROUTE XVIII.—RONDA TO XEREZ.

Grazalema; Arcos.

ROUTE XIX.—RONDA TO GRANADA.

Teba; Antequera.

ROUTE XX.—RONDA TO MALAGA.

ROUTE XXI.—RONDA TO GIBRALTAR.

Gaucin; San Roque.

GIBRALTAR.

Trips to Africa; Ceuta; Tangiers; Tetuan.

ROUTE XXII.—GIBRALTAR TO MALAGA.

Fuengirola; Monda.

MALAGA.

ROUTE XXIII.—MALAGA TO GRANADA.

Velez; Malaga; Alhama.

GRANADA.

Excursions near Granada; Soto de Roma; Sierra Nevada; Quarries of San Juan; Ultimo Sospiro.

ROUTE XXIV.—GRANADA TO ADRA.

The Alpujarras; Lanjaron; Berja.

ROUTE XXV.—ADRA TO MALAGA.

ROUTE XXVI.—MOTRIL TO GRANADA.

ROUTE XXVII.—ADRA TO JAEN.

Almeria; Cabo de Gata.

ROUTE XXVIII.—ALMERIA TO CARTAGENA.

ROUTE XXVII. (continued).—ALMERIA TO JAEN.

Macaël; Orcera; Ubeda; Baeza; Linares.

SKELETON TOURS FOR RIDERS.

No. 1.

Ecija.	Gibraltar.
Osuna.	Malaga.
Ronda.	Alhama.
Gaucin.	Granada.

No. 2.

Granada.	Almeria.
Padul.	Adra.
Lanjaron.	Motril.
Ujijah.	Durcal.
Berja.	Granada.

The best geological and botanical tours are the three last Routes. The early summer and autumnal months are the best periods for these excursions.

THE SERRANIA DE RONDA.

THE jumble of mountains of which Ronda is the centre and capital, lies to the l. of the Guadalquivir's basin between the sea and the kingdom of Granada. The districts both of Ronda and Granada are an Alpine interchange of hill and valley: although only separated a few leagues from the plains of Seville and Malaga,

the difference of climate and geography is most striking; thus while the wheat harvests are over in the *tierra caliente* about the middle of May, the crops in the *Vega* of Granada are green in June. These mountains form the barrier which divides the central zone from the southern, and are a sort of off-shoot from the great Sierra Morena chain.

The roads, as might be expected, are steep and rugged; many are scarcely practicable even for mules. The Spaniards in olden times never wished to render their Seville frontier very accessible to the Moors, and now the fear of facilitating an invasion from Gibraltar prevents the bettering the communications, even where Spanish apathy and the Alpine nature would permit. The goat and smugglers continue to be the Macadams of the Serrania: and, however the *Rondeños* may resemble our Welsh mountaineers in Rebecca propensities, they have at least fewer turnpike grievances. The distances are given approximately, they are Alpine leagues. The inns and accommodations are no better than the roads, and suit the iron frames, and oil and garlic digestions of the smugglers and robbers, who delight, like the chamois, in hard fare and precipices. The traveller must attend to the provend or "proband," as the great authority Captain Dalgetty would say: a *caballero* visiting these hungry localities should "victual himself with vivers" for three days at least, as there is no knowing when and where he may get a tolerable meal.

Ronda and Granada are like spiders placed in the middle of many tangled communications with other towns. Their snowy sierras are reservoirs for the *Tierras calientes*, and the fruits and vegetation in the fresh hills are those of Switzerland; thus to the botanist is offered a range from the hardiest lichen of the Alps, down to the orange and sugar-cane in the maritime strips. The artist and sportsman will revel in these wild districts; they can only be visited on horse or mule back. This *serrania* is best seen in the summer, for at other times either the cold is piercing, or the tremendous rains swell the torrents, which become impassable.

The natural strength of the country has from time immemorial suggested sites for strong "hill-forts," the type of which is clearly Oriental. The description of what these works of Phœnicians and Carthaginians were in the time of Cæsar still holds good. "*Oppidorum magna pars ejus provinciæ montibus fere munita, et naturâ excellentibus locis est constituta, ut simul aditus ascensusque habeat difficiles; ita ab oppugnationibus naturâ loci distinentur, ut civitates Hispaniæ non facile ab hostibus capiantur*" (Hirt. 'B.H.' 8). Thus Astapa and others set the example to Gerona and Zaragoza, and during the war the French were continually baffled by these Highlander *Guerrilleros*, who, good shots behind rocks, offered more lead than gold. The enemy was very shy accordingly in attacking these honeyless hives of Rondenian hornets, who waged a war to the knife, or that *guerrilla* or petty war, for which the character both of the country and the natives was equally well suited. The Ronda partisans rivalled those of the Basque provinces, Navarre, and Catalonia, but the same causes everywhere produce the same effects. The hardy, active Highlanders, bred in an intricate country, knew well how to defend their *Roncesvalles* passes, while the vicinity of Gibraltar filled the country with smugglers, raw materials for the bandit, *latro factioso*, and *guerrillero*.

The Ronda smugglers are some of the finest and most picturesque of their numerous tribe in Spain; their illegal pursuit is, in fact, the only real, active, and well organized system of the Peninsula. Mr. Macgregor, in his commercial report on Spain, London, 1843, calculates that 300,000 persons are directly and indirectly interested in this vocation. Everybody smuggles more or less; but thus alone are custom-house anomalies and blunders of Chancellors of the

Exchequer to be corrected; in this misgoverned land, the fiscal regulations are so ingeniously absurd, complicated and vexatious, that the honest legitimate merchant is as much hampered as the irregular trader is favoured; the operation of prohibitory and excessive duties on articles which people must, and therefore will have, is strikingly exemplified on all the frontiers of Spain, especially in Catalonia, Andalucia, and on the Portuguese line; in all these the fiscal scourge leads to breaches of the peace, injury to the fair dealer, and loss to the revenue; the enormous profits tempt the peasantry from honest occupations, and render those idle, predatory, and ferocious, who under a wiser system would remain virtuous and industrious; it is the curse of Spain and Spaniards; it fosters a body of reckless, active armed men, who know the country well, and are ready for any outbreak. They emerge, elements of disturbance, from their lairs, whenever the political horizon darkens, just as the stormy petrel comes forth from its hidden home to usher in the tempest. Smuggling habituates the already well-disposed Spaniard to a breach of law, to a defiance of constituted authority, and increases his previous natural and national non-estimation of and disrespect for legality.

A deep-rooted hatred to the restrictions of excise, which pinch the belly, is as natural to the heart of man, as a dislike to duties on dress is to the soul of woman; however stringent the laws they will be evaded, and in Spain this evasion is by no means thought to be a heinous crime; it is held at the worst to be only a conventional, not a moral offence, a *malum prohibitum*, not a *malum per se*; those who defraud the custom-house are only considered as attacking an administration by which the nation at large is robbed. The masses of the people in Spain go heart and soul with the smuggler, as they do in England with the poacher. They abet and shield a bold useful man who supplies them with a good article at a fair price. The villagers aid and assist him, nay, some of the mountain curates, whose flock are all in that line, scarcely deal with the offence even as a *pecado venial*, and readily absolve those who pay for a very little detergent holy water.

The Spanish smuggler, so far from feeling himself to be a criminal or degraded, enjoys in his country the brilliant reputation which attends daring personal adventure, among a people proud of individual prowess. He is the model of the popular sculptor and artist, and is the hero of the stage, its Macheath: he comes on dressed out in full *Majo* costume, with his *retajo* or blunderbuss in his hand, and sings the well-known *Seguidilla*: “Yo que soy contrabandista, yoho!” to the delight of the old and young, from the Straits to the Bidasoa, tide-waiters not excepted. In his real character he is welcome in every village; he brings sugar and gossip for the curate, money and cigars for the attorney, ribands and cottons for the women. He is magnificently dressed, which has a great charm for all Moro-Iberian eyes, whose delight is *Boato*, or external ostentation. He is bold and resolute. “None but the brave deserve the fair.” He is a good rider and shot, knows every inch of the intricate country, wood or water, hill or dale; he swears and smokes like a man, and displays, in short, all those daring, active, and independent personal energies which a debasing misgovernment has elsewhere too often neutralized.

The expensive preventive service of *Resguardos*, *Carabineros*, etc. which is every where established in order to put down the smuggler, in reality rather assists him, than otherwise. The *empleados* of all kinds receive a very small salary, and that is often ill-paid. It is impossible to resist the temptation of making in one evening more than a six months' pay: practically the custom-house officers receive their emoluments from the smuggler, who can readily obtain all the official documents, legal certificates, etc. on false returns; again

on the frontier, where armed parties are stationed to intercept smugglers, a free passage is bargained for with those very guards, who were placed there to prevent it: *quis custodes custodiet?* The commander, when duly bribed, pretends to receive information of smuggling in a distant quarter, withdraws his men, and thus leaves everything open for "running the cargo." These gentry, in fact, only worry inoffensive travellers, or, in a word, all who do not pay them hush money.

The traveller near Gibraltar will see plenty of the *Rondeño Contrabandista*, and a fine fellow he is: a cigar and a bota of wine open his heart at the *Venta* fire-side, and he likes and trusts an Englishman, not that he won't rob him if he want of cash.

SEVILLE TO GRANADA.

There are many ways of performing this journey; 1st, by steam to *Cádiz* and *Malaga*, and thence in the diligence; 2ndly, by riding across the wild country through *Osuna*; 3rdly, by going in the diligence to *Cordova*, and then riding over the mountains by *Alcalá la Real*; and 4thly, which perhaps is the best for ladies, by coach to *Andujar*, and then across to *Jaen*, or by the *Madrid* diligence up to *Bailen*, and thence taking the down diligence to *Granada*.

ROUTE XI.—SEVILLE TO GRANADA, BY OSUNA.

Gandul	3	
Arahal	4	.. 7
La Puebla	4	.. 11
Osuna	3	.. 14
Pedrerá	3	.. 17
Roda	2	.. 19
Alameda	2	.. 21
Va. de Archidona	4	.. 25
Loja	3	.. 28
Va. de Cacín	2	.. 30
Granada	6	.. 36

This can scarcely be called a road, it is, however, practicable for carriages during the summer; indeed roads are the great desiderata in Andalusia. This is the route taken by the *galera* or waggon, which performs the journey in six days; in England a railroad would run it in six hours. The *posadas* are very bad; attend to the provend; well-girt riders may do the journey in four days.

These districts, although the soil is fertile and the suns genial, have been

abandoned by the Spaniard since the Moorish conquest. Corn plains have become *dehesas*, and the lair of the wolf and robber; those travelling with ladies should never venture on this route without a strong escort.

At *Gandul* is a Moorish castle, amid palms and orange-groves, after which a wide level leads to *Arahal*; *Moron* rises on its conical hill to the r. *Osuna* is a large town of 15,000 souls, and domineers over its fertile plain. The best *posada* is at the outside, coming from Seville; the apex of the triangular hill is crowned by a castle and the *colegiata*; the streets are straggling; the buildings are whitened with *cal de Moron*; the carnation pinks, which are imbedded in pots in the houses, are superb.

Osuna was called *Gemina Urbanorum*, because two legions, and both of Rome, happened to be quartered there at the same time. The Spanish annalists prefer deriving the name from *Osuna*, daughter of *Hispan*, who married *Pyrrhus*, a killer of bears; hence the arms of the city, a castle with two bears chained to a window. The early coins found here are numerous and curious (*Florez*, 'M.' ii. 625). *Osuna* was taken from the Moors in 1240; Philip II. granted it to *Pedro Giron*, whom *François I.* used to call *Le bel Espagnol*; for this noble family the *Geryous*, consult the 'Compendio de los Girones,' *Jer. Gudiel*, *Alcalá*, 1577. The *Girons* became its true patrons. *Juan Tellez*, in 1534, founded

the church, and his son, in 1549, the college; the students were bound particularly to defend the Immaculate Conception. Ascend to the castle; the panorama is extensive; the colegiata, a fine church, was converted by Soult into a citadel and magazine, for as in olden times *Osuna* is an important military position from its abundance of water (Hirt. 'B. H.' 41). The French soldiers amused themselves with mutilating the terra cotta sacred subjects over the cinque cento portal, and with firing at the fine Crucifixion by Ribera, which was afterwards restored by Joaquin Cortes. There also are four gloomy pictures by Ribera, in the *Retablo*. The marbles of the pavement are fine; the enemy carried off more than five cwt. of ancient church plate; a gilt Cordovan cup has alone escaped. Visit the catacombs below. The *Patio del Sepulcro* is in Berruguete taste. In the *Sacristia* is a Christ, by Morales. The vaults are supported by Moorish arches. The ancestors of the Girons lie in a labyrinth of sepulchral passages.

Leaving *Osuna* two short L. are *Aguas dulces*, whose sweet waters create an oasis in these aromatic *dehesas*. *Estepa* lies to the left about two L. from *Roda*, on the road to *Ecija*; some traces of Astapa are yet visible on the hills of *Camorra* and *Camorillo*. This guerrillero hill-fort rivalled Numantia, and when besieged by the Romans, 547 U. C., its inhabitants destroyed themselves, their wives and children, on a funeral pile rather than surrender (Livy, xxviii. 23). For the old coinage see Florez, 'M.' ii. 624.

Roda is, as its Arabic name *Rauda* implies, a garden of roses, *poða*; between *Pedraera* and *Va. de Archidona* are the robber haunts, *la Va. de Cobalea* and *El cortijo de Cerezar*, where Jose Maria so long ruled; indeed this broken and intricate country is made for *ladrones* and beasts of prey; they have at no time in Spanish history been wanting here; the most celebrated was, perhaps, Omar Ibn Hafssun, who, like

Viriatius, became "ex latrone Dux," and for many years, in the ninth century, disputed dominion with even the kalifs of Cordova; he was a renegade Christian by origin.

Alameda lies amidst its oak woods or *encinares* on the brow of a hill; the shooting is excellent. Passing on to the r. in the plain is the salt lake of *Antequera*, which glitters like a mirror; the city and the Lovers' Rock lie beyond (see p. 335).

A wild cross-road communicates between Antequera and Andujar, 19 L. through *Benameji*, *Cabra* and *Porcuna*; and another equally cut-throat track runs from *Antequera* to *Ecija*, 12½ L. through *La Roda*.

After quitting the *Va. de Archidona* we ascend the steep *Puerto del Rey* to *Loja*, which is, as its Arabic name implies, the "Guardian," the advanced sentinel of the Vega of Granada; it is very picturesque. The castle towers from a rock in the middle of the town; below runs the Genil, crossed by a Moorish bridge, and beyond rises the *Sierra Nevada*, with its diadem of snow. There are two *posadas*; popⁿ. 13,000.

Loja, being the key to Granada, was once of great importance. Ferd. and Isab. besieged it in 1488, and took it after thirty-four days, very much by the aid of the English archers under Lord Rivers. Mr. Irving, in his 'Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada' (which here should be read), gives a "romantic" account of this affair (ch. xxxix.). "Lord Rivers was the first to penetrate the suburbs, and was severely wounded. His majesty visited the tent of the English earl, and consoled him for the loss of his teeth by the consideration that he might otherwise have been deprived of them by natural decay; whereas the lack of them would now be esteemed a beauty rather than a defect, serving as a trophy of the glorious cause in which he had been engaged." The earl replied that "he gave thanks to God and to the Holy Virgin for being thus honoured by a visit from

the most potent king in Christendom; that he accepted with all gratitude his gracious consolation for the loss he had sustained, though he held it little to lose two teeth in the service of God who had given him all." How different is the *historical* account of an eye-witness, Peter Martyr, whose charming epistles none should fail to peruse in these localities (Lett. lxii. Elz. Ed.): "Ab orbe venit Britano juvenis, animo, genere, divitiis, et titulo pollens, Scalæ comes — Lord Scales, — cum pulcherrimâ familiarum patrio more arcubus et pharetris armatorum catervâ. Is post fortia testibus Hispanis facta, dum per scalas murum inter consortes scutatus ascenderet, saxo percussus ad tentoria deportatur exanimis. Chirurgorum cura exactissima vitam servat, sed anterioribus ictu saxi dentibus amissis. Reginam ubi primum ex tentorio licuit exire, quæ nuper advenerat, it salutatum: dolenti oris fœditatem Reginæ ad ablatis dentes, juvenis alludens, 'Christo qui totam eam fabricaverat domum, fenestellam se fecisse, qua facilius quod intus lateret inspicere possit,' lepide respondit: placuit Regibus argute dictum, atque honestis illum muneribus donatum ad natale solum in Britanniam remiserunt." Ferd. gave to Loja for arms, *gules* a castle or and a bridge argent, with the device "*Flor entre Espinas*."

It was to Loja that Gonzalo de Cordova, *El gran capitán*, and Spain's only real general, retired from the suspicions of the ungrateful Ferdinand, who, like an Eastern khalif and a modern Junta, dreaded a too victorious servant. He died at Granada, of a quartan fever, Dec. 2nd, 1515. Mr. Prescott has given us a correct sketch of his life and character in his 'Ferdinand and Isabella' (see also 'Quar. Rev.' cxxvii. 51). A regular biography has recently been written by the commonplace Quintana. The old '*Coronica del Gran Capitán*,' folio, Alcalá de Henares, 1584, although interesting as a romance, is, as Cervantes says (speaking through the Curate),

true history: the French work by Florian is worse than worthless in this respect.

Between Loja and Lachar are two wretched *ventas*: *La del Pulgar* might better be called *de las Pulgas*, from its host of vermin. Passing a mountain torrent is *La Va. de Cacín*, and then opens the celebrated Vega of Granada like the promised land.

SEVILLE TO GRANADA, BY CORDOVA.

Go in the diligence to Cordova; then hire horses and ride over the mountains. The roads are bad, the inns no better. Attend to the provend. The scenery is alpine and full of picturesque castles and localities, celebrated in Moro-Hispano foray.

ROUTE XII.—CORDOVA TO GRANADA.

S ^a . Crucita	4	
Castro del Rio	2½	6½
Baena	2	8½
Alcalá la real	6	14½
Puerto Lope	3	17½
Pinos puente	2	19½
Granada	3	22½

After passing over tiresome corn-plains and *dehesas*, ascending and descending, crossing and recrossing the Guadajoz, we reach *Castro del Rio*, on an eminence, and hence, through wild districts studded with *atalayas*, to *Baena*, a ride of twelve hours.

This is one of the most considerable towns of these districts: pop. above 10,000. The *Posada* is bad. The town is built on a slope crowned with a castle, once the property of the great Captain. It has a good plaza and two churches. The site of the Roman town is still marked, and antiquities are constantly found and destroyed: in 1833 a sepulchre was discovered, said to be that of the families of Pompey and Gracchus.

The climate, water, and fruits are delicious: in the river Marbella is a sort of tench called here *Arriguela*, which the naturalist should examine and eat. The botany and mineralogy are also curious, and should be investigated. The arms of the town are

five Moors' heads, which were cut off by five Spaniards, from Baena, after a desperate combat.

From *Baena* the direct road runs to *Antequera*, 12 L.; through *Cabra* (*Ægabrum*, *Agabra*, Punicè a fort) 3 L., which is a rich agricultural town. Pop. above 12,000. It once was a see: the tortuous town is built under two hills, the *Plaza*, although irregular, is striking, and the streets on the level are handsome and cleansed with running water; there is a curious old stone used for the fount in San Juan. The town is surrounded with gardens, which produce excellent fruits and vegetables, from the abundance of water. The wines made in the *Pago de Rio frio* vie with those of Montilla. The geologist should examine an extinct crater at *Los Hoyones*, and the curious cave of *Jarcas*. *Lucena*, *Elizana*, is another of these large towns which no one visits. Pop. under 19,000. Like *Cabra*, it also is placed under two hills, with the best built streets on the level; it abounds in fruits of a rich well irrigated soil under a glorious sun. The apricots are renowned. Here, April 21st, 1483, the Conde de *Cabra* took Boabdil, *El Rey chico de Granada*, a prisoner. Three L. on is *Benaméji*, near the *Xenil*, a town of bandit and robber ill-fame. Hence, by *dehesas* and *despoblados*, 4 L. to *Antequera* (see R. xix.).

Continuing R. xii. and leaving *Baena*, although it is only 24 miles to *Alcalá la real*, it is a seven hours' ride. The picturesque town, with its bold towers, rises on a conical hill: the streets are steep, the *Alameda* is charming, and the *Posada* iniquitous. This was once the stronghold of the *Alcaide Ibn Zaide*: being taken, in 1340, by *Alonzo XI.* in person, it obtained the epithet *Real*. The beacon tower *La Mota* was erected by the Conde de *Tendilla*, the first governor of the *Alhambra*. Here, Jan. 28th, 1810, *Sebastiani* came up with the runaways from *Ocaña* and again routed *Areizaga* and *Freire*, who fled to *Murcia*, abandoning guns, baggage,

and everything. A mountain defile to the l. leads to *Jaen*.

Passing onwards through strong defiles, where *Freire*, however, made no stand, *Illora* lies to the r., on a hill. Soon the glorious *Sierra Nevada* is seen through an opening in the hills; and, after passing the *Venta del Puerto*, the *Vega* expands to the view. It was on the bridge of *Pinos*, which is soon crossed, that *Columbus* was stopped, in Feb. 1492, by a messenger from *Isabella*, who informed him that she would espouse his scheme of discovery. He had retired in disgust at the delays and disappointments which he had met with in the court of the cold cautious *Ferdinand*. *Isabella*, urged by the good prior of *Palos*, at last came forward. Thus *Columbus* was recalled, and she was rewarded with a new world. It was in the very nick of time, and even then he hesitated to replunge into the heart-sickening intrigues. Had he proceeded on his journey to our *Henry VII.*, that sagacious monarch, ever alive to maritime expeditions, would have listened to his scheme, and *S. America* would have been English and Protestant: on such trifles do the destinies of nations turn.

The wooded *Soto de Roma*, the Duke of *Wellington's* estate, lies to the r.: to the left is the hill of *Elvira* (see post), one of the advanced guards of *Granada*.

ROUTE XIII.—SEVILLE TO GRANADA BY JAEN.

Go in the diligence to *Andújar* (see R. viii.), and thence by a bad but carriageable road to *Jaen*, 6 L.; or go on to *Bailen*, and then take the down diligence to *Jaen*, 6 L. The *Guadaluquivir* is passed at the dangerous and inconvenient ferry of *Mengibar*. Both these routes are uninteresting, and often robber-infested, being carried over treeless plains, cold and wind-blown in winter, calcined and dusty in summer. The road from *Jaen* to *Bailen* was commenced in 1831.

ROUTE XIV.—ANDUJAR TO GRANADA.

Mengibar	2	
Jaen	4	.. 6
Va. del Chaval	4	.. 10
Campillo de arenas	3	.. 13
Segri	3	.. 16
Mituganda	2	.. 18
Granada	4	.. 22

Jaen, *Jayyàn*, was a little independent kingdom under the Moors, consisting of 268 square L. The capital—the Roman *Aurigi Giennium*—stands like a sentinel at the gorge of the mountain approach to Granada; and this frontier position explains its uncultivated, depopulated condition. It has never recovered the mutual exterminating forays, yet here is some of the richest land in Spain, and amply provided with water. *Gien* in Arabic is said to signify fertility; and the town was also called *Jayyenu-l-harir*, “*Jaen of the Silk*.” Its position is most picturesque, lying under a castle-crowned hill; the long lines of Moorish walls and towers creep up the irregular slopes. The jumble of mountains, and those called *Jabalucz*, *La Pandera*, and *El del Viento*, almost deprive the city of sun in the wintry days. *Jaen* has been compared to a dragon, a watchful Cerberus. It is a poor place, amid plenty: pop. 18,000, and principally hard-working agriculturists. The fruit-gardens outside the town are charming, freshened and fertilised by living waters which gush everywhere from the rocks.

The best inn is that of the diligence, *El Café nuevo*; the other is *El Santo Rostro*, *Ce. del Matadero*, “the Holy Face in Butcher-street.”

Jaen surrendered itself to St. Ferd. in 1246. *Ibnu-l-ahmar*, “the Red Man,” a native of *Arjona*, had raised himself to be its ruler from the lowest classes, and being at variance with the Moorish king of *Seville*, and unable single-handed to oppose the Christians, declared himself their vassal; after mainly contributing to the conquest of *Andalucia*, he became the founder of the fourth Moorish dynasty and of the kingdom of *Granada*, into which the

Moors, as they were expelled from other parts, flocked as their last refuge.

Jaen is a bishopric conjointly with *Baeza*. The cathedral is built after the style of its metropolitan at *Granada* and *Malaga*. The old Mosque was pulled down in 1492, and in 1525 *Pedro de Valdevira* introduced the Græco-Romano style; the plan is noble and regular. There are four entrances: the W. façade stands between two fine towers; the Corinthian interior is all glare, whitewash, and looks quite like a Pagan temple. The *Sacristia* is elegant: the grand relic is *La Santa Faz*, *El Santo Sudario*, or, as it is commonly called, *El Santo Rostro*, the Holy Face of our Saviour, as impressed on the handkerchief of *Sa. Veronica*—(verum icon, the true portrait) which, like a copperplate, has given off so many copies for true believers. It belonged to St. Ferd., and is carved all over *Jaen*. It is copied also in small silver medallions *niellos*, in black and white, which are worn by the peasants and robbers as amulets. *Jaen*, indeed, is a modern *Tripoli*, the *το του θεου προσωπον* of the ancients. The relic is shown to great personages privately, and to the public on grand festivals; the peasantry rely upon it in all calamities, yet it could not save them from the French, who reasoned like Dante’s Devil in the ‘*Infierno*’ (xxi. 48). “*Qui non ha luogo il Santo Rostro*,” for *Lucca* boasts a duplicate, called “*Il Volto Santo*.” Those curious as to their authenticity may consult ‘*Discursos de las Efigies y verdaderos retratos non manufactos del Santo Rostro*,” Fr. Villanueva, fo. 1637.

Visit the *Alameda* with its alpine view; walk through the tortuous old town to the *Fuente de Magdalena*, which bursts from a rock as if struck by the wand of *Moses*. It was at *Jaen* that *Ferdinand IV.* died suddenly, in his 25th year, on Sept. 7, 1312, exactly thirty days after he was summoned to appear before the tribunal of God by the two brothers *Pedro* and

Juan Carvajal, of Martos, when on their way to execution by the king's orders and without sufficient evidence of their guilt. Hence Ferdinand is called *El Emplazado*. Mariana (xv. ii.) compares his mysterious death to those of Philippe le Bel and Clement V., the French pope, who were summoned by the templar, De Molay, to appear before God within a year and a day to account for their perfidy, rapine, and butchery; they both died in 1314, and at the exact period of their summons.

Jaen, in July, 1808, was most dreadfully sacked by the French, under Gen. Cassagne; for its history, legends, and antiquities, consult '*Santos y Santuarios*,' F^o. de Vilches; '*Historia de Jaen*,' Bar^{te}. Ximenez, Paton, 1628—the real author was the Jesuit Fernando Pecha; '*Anales Ecclesiasticos*,' Martin de Ximena Jurado; the substance, however, is incorporated in '*Retrato de Jaen*,' 4to., Jaen, 1794.

The road to Granada was opened in 1828. It is highly picturesque; the first portion runs through a well-watered valley full of figs, apricots, and pomegranates. The gorge then becomes wilder and narrower and is tunnelled at the *Puerto de Arenas*; the engineer was named Esteban, and the work is excellent. There are some new *Pósadas* on this road. Those who are riding may put up either at miserable *Campillo*, or go on $1\frac{1}{2}$ L. to *Campo-tejar*; and if they wish to quit the dusty road, may turn off to the r. at a *cortijo*, $\frac{3}{4}$ of a L. from *Campillo* to *Benalua* 1 L., thence to *Colmara* 4 L., and thence 2 L. to Granada, a lonely but beautiful ride.

ROUTE XV.—SEVILLE TO RONDA,
BY OLVERA.

Gandul	3	
Arahal	4	7
Moron	2	9
Zaframugon	2	11
Olvera	2	13
Setenil	2	15
Ronda	2	17

For *Gandul* and *Arahal* see p. 325. It is best to push on the first night to *Moron-Arumi*, pop. 7000. The chalk, *Cal de Moron*, is that with which the fatal whitewash is made, by which so much mediæval and Moorish decoration has been obliterated. But as old Feltham said of the Dutch, they are more careful of their house fronts than of their bodies, and of their bodies than of their souls.

In the *Sierra de Leita*, are remains of old silver mines, and load-stones and emeralds are found here. Moron is a notorious den of thieves. Even the women, according to Rocca, opposed the French while the citizens of Andalucia yielded; these are the worthy mothers of the noble mountaineers into whose fastnesses we now enter. *Olvera* rivals Moron in notoriety of misrule, pop. 6000. It is the refuge of the man of blood; hence the proverb, "*Mate al hombre y vete á Olvera*," kill your man and fly to Olvera. The inhabitants on one occasion being compelled to furnish rations to a French detachment, foisted on them asses' flesh for veal; this insult, says M. Rocca, was thrown always into their teeth. "*Vous avez mangé de l'âne à Olvera*." His '*Guerre en Espagne*' is a charming well-written book, and one of the best French military accounts. It details hardships endured by his countrymen in these hungry hills, where for one cook there were a thousand sharpshooters. Rocca afterwards married Madame de Staël.

ROUTE XVI.—SEVILLE TO RONDA,
BY ZAHARA.

Utrera	5	
Coronil	3	8
Puerto Serrano	4	12
Zahara	2	14
Ronda	4	18

Set out from Seville in the afternoon and sleep at *Utrera* (see p. 235), and then perform the rest in two days. The *dehesas y despoblados* extend to castle-crowned Coronil. The *Puerto* is the mountain-portal through which robbers descend to infest the high road

to Cadiz. After tracking and crossing the Guadalete we reach a new *venta* built under *Zahara*, which is a true Moorish eagle's nest crowning its pyramidal hill. The capture by Muley Aben Hassan in 1481 was the first blow struck in the war, which ended in 1492, by the conquest of Granada, just as that of Saguntum by Hannibal led to the downfall of Carthage; hence by the *Cuesta de la Viña* by picturesque defiles to *Ronda*. Neither of these routes should be ventured on except from absolute necessity.

ROUTE XVII.—SEVILLE BY ECIJA,
TO RONDA.

Those who have not seen Cordova will, *of course*, go there in the diligence and return in the diligence to Ecija, and thence take horses for the *Sierra*.

Osuna	4½	
Saucejo	2½	7
Va. de Grenadal	2½	9½
Setenil de las Bodegas	1½	10½
Ronda	3	13½

Sleep at *Osuna*. The ride is desolate; at *Saucejo*, it crests the hills; thence to *Ronda* in about six hours. It is a dreary, lonely, dangerous journey.

Ronda has a tolerable *posada*, *de las animas*, in the old town, but it is better to lodge in one of the private houses on *El Mercadillo*; the best by far is that of *Sra. Dolores*, near the *Plaza de Toros*. Roman *Ronda*, *Arunda*, lay 2 L. north, at *Acinipo*, now called *Ronda la Vieja*. The Moors, who chose new sites for most of their cities, used the ancient one as a quarry for their *Rondáh*, as the Spaniards have done since. The corporations have been the chief Vandals. The ruins, considerable in 1747, now scarcely exist, and do not deserve a visit. The coinage is described by *Florez* (M. i. 153).

Ronda, say the Spaniards, is the *Tivoli* of *Andalucia*, but *Trajan*, although an *Andaluz*, built no villa here: its *Mæcenaz* was the Moor. The town hangs on a river-girt rock,

and is only accessible by land up a narrow ascent, guarded by a Moorish castle. It contains 18,000 inhabit., bold, brave, fresh complexioned mountaineers, smugglers, and bull-fighters, and *Majos muy crudos*. It was taken by surprise by *Ferd.* in 1485. The *Tajo*, or chasm, is the emphatic feature. The *Guadalvin*, the "deep stream," called lower down *El Guadaíro*, girdles *Ronda* as the *Marchan* does *Alhama*, the *Tagus* *Toledo* and the *Huescar* and *Jucar* do *Cuenca*. Those in search of the picturesque, will begin at the old bridge of *Sⁿ. Miguel*, and descend to the mill below. The modern bridge, which at the other extremity of *Ronda* spans a gulf nearly 300 feet wide, and connects the new and old town, was built in 1761, by *José Martin Aldeguela*: standing on it, "'t is dizzy to cast one's eyes below." The Moorish mills in the valley must be descended to, passing out of *Ronda* by the old castle. The view from them, looking up to the cloud-suspended bridge, is unrivalled. The arch which spans the *Tajo* hangs some 600 ft. above, like that in the *Koran*, between heaven and the bottomless pit; the river, which, black as *Styx*, has long struggled, heard but not seen, in the cold shadows of its rocky prison, now escapes, dashing joyously into light and liberty; the waters boil in the bright sun, and glitter like the golden shower of *Danaë*. The giant element leaps with delirious bound from rock to rock, until at last broken, buffeted, and weary, it subsides into a gentle stream, which steals like happiness away, adown a verdurous valley of flower and fruit; no inapt emblem of the old Spaniard's life, who ended in the quietism of the cloister, a manhood spent in war, hardships, and excitement. There is but one *Ronda* in the world, and this *Tajo* and cascade form its heart and soul. The scene, its noise and movement, baffle pen and pencil, and like *Wilson* at the *Falls of Terni*, we can only exclaim, "Well done, rock and water, by Heavens!"

In the town, visit the Dominican convent; the Moorish tower stands on the verge of the chasm. There is another Moorish tower in the *Ce. del Puente viejo*; visit, in the *Ce. S^a. Pedro, La Casa del Rey Moro*, built in 1042, by Almonated, who drank his wine out of jewel-studded goblets formed from the skulls of those whom he had himself decapitated (Conde, ii. 26). Here is *La mina de Ronda*, a staircase cut down to the river in the solid rock. Descend to the singular Nereid's grotto below; it was dug by Christian slaves, in 1342, for Ali Abou Melec: the steps were protected with iron; these the Spaniards sold, and they were then replaced with wood; these General Rojas, the governor, who lived in the house, used up, in 1833, for his firing.

Ronda is an intricate old Moorish town of tortuous lanes and ups and downs. The houses are small; the doors are made of the fine *Nogal*, or walnut, which abounds in the fruit-bearing valleys. The *Peros, Samboas, Ciruelas, and Melocotones* are excellent; indeed the apples and pears of Ronda are proverbial. The damsels, unlike those of tawny Andalusia, are as fresh and ruddy as the pippins. Ronda is the cool summer residence for the wealthy of Seville, Ecija, and Malaga. It is highly salubrious: the longevity is proverbial: thus Vicente de Espinel, born here in 1551, died at the age of ninety; he was one of the best musicians, poets, and novelists of Spain; he translated Horace's 'Art of Poetry.' Espinel had served in the campaigns of Italy, and in his picaresque tale of Marcos de Obregon gives his own adventures; it is from this work that Le Sage borrowed freely for his *Gil Blas*.

The longevity of Ronda is expressed in a proverb, *En Ronda los hombres a ochanta son pollones*. These hardy octogenarian chickens, according to M. Rocca, used to hide in the rocks, and amuse themselves with popping at the French sentries. The land-gate was repaired by Charles V. The Al-

cazar, or castle, is the property of the Giron, and the *Duquede Ahumada* is hereditary governor. The French blew it up, on retiring, from sheer love of destruction, for it is entirely commanded, and since the use of artillery valueless as a military defence.

The fine stone-built *Plaza de Toros*, or bull arena, is in the new town, near the rose-garnished *Alameda*, which hangs over the beetling cliff: the view from this eminence over the depth below, and mountain panorama, is one of the finest in the world. The *Fiestas* are of the first order. The building itself, and all the cells for the bulls, and the contrivances for letting them in and out, are worth examination. May 20th is the time to see Ronda, its bulls and *Majos* in their glory. This is the great leather, saddlery, embroidered gaiters, and horse fair, to which many detachments of English officers ride from the Rock, and some in one day. The *Maestranza*, or equestrian corporation of Ronda, takes precedence over all others.

The Ronda horses are small, but active: José Zafran is the Anderson of the *Serrania*. Excursions may be made to *Ronda la Vieja*, to the picturesque cavern, *La Cueva del Gato*, which lies about 2 L. N. W., from whence a rivulet emerges and flows into the Guadairo. For antiquities consult '*Dialogos por la Historia de Ronda*,' 1766, Juan Ribera; also Carter's excellent '*Journey*,' 1777.

ROUTE XVIII.—RONDA TO XEREZ.

Grazalema	3	
El Bosque	3	6
Arcos	3	9
Xerez	5	14

This, one of the wildest rides in the *Serrania*, is eminently picturesque. Passing the almond and walnut groves of the valley of the *Guadairo*, we enter a *dehesa* of cistus and quercus Quexigo. About half way is a rocky gorge, a robber-lair. Here we once counted 15 monumental crosses in the space of 50 yards; they are raised on the "heap

of stones" (Josh. vii. 26); the "shreds, flints, and pebbles thrown for charitable purposes" on the murdered traveller's grave. It was an Oriental and Roman custom to cast if only one stone. *Quamquam festinas non est mora longa*. A simple cross bears the name of the victim, and the date of his being cut off in the blossom of his sins, no reckoning made. (See p. 47.)

Grazalema, *Lacidulia*, is plastered like a martlet-nest on the rocky hill. It can only be approached by a narrow ledge. The inhabitants, smugglers and robbers, beat back a whole division of French, who compared it to a land Gibraltar. The wild women, as they wash their parti-coloured garments in the bubbling stream, eye the traveller as if a perquisite of their worthy mates. The road now clammers over the heights under the *Sa. Cristobal*, the Atlas of Roman Catholics. It is also called *la Cabeza del Moro*, and is the first land seen by ships coming from the Atlantic. From its summit the plains of the Guadalquivir are laid out like a map; we slept at a tidy *posada* in *El Bosque*.

Benamahomad is a hamlet all girt with streams and gardens. Hence, over an undulating pine-clad *despoblado* to Arcos, which rises over the Guadalete in two points, one crowned by a tower, the other by a convent. Crossing the wooden bridge, a steep ascent, overlooking a yawning precipice, leads up to this wild place of truly Andalusian *mujos*. The portal of the *Parroquia* is in excellent Gothic of the Catholic kings: there is a decent *posada* on the r. hand, going out of the town to Xerez. Popⁿ. about 10,000. The views from above are superb, ranging over the Ronda mountains. The plains below, being irrigated from the river, produce abundant crops and fruits.

Arcos, *Arco Colonia*, *Arco Briga*, was an Iberian town, *Briga* being equivalent to "city,"—burgh, borough, bury, *πυργος*. It was taken by Alonzo *el Sabio* from the Moors, and was called *de la frontera* from its frontier position. The Arcos barbs, and their watchful

daring riders, are renowned in ancient ballads. They were reared in the plains below, and especially in the once famous Haras of the Carthusians of Xerez. The intervening country is without interest.

ROUTE XIX.—RONDA TO GRANADA.

Cueva del Becerro	3	
Campillos	3	6
Bobadilla	3	9
Antequera	2	11
Archidona	2	13
Loja	3	16
Granada	8	24

The only mid-day halt is the *venta* at the *Cueva del Becerro*, "Cave of the Calf," a den fit for beasts. Nature, indeed, enthroned in her alpine heights and green carpeted valleys, has lavished beauty and fertility around; man alone and his dwellings are poverty-stricken. About half way on to *Campillos*, *Teba*, Theba, rises on the r. It is not worth ascending up to. The name has puzzled antiquarians. It occurs in the Egyptian Thebais, and *Tapé* in Coptic means "head, capital." The son of Abraham by the concubine Rennah (Gen. xxii. 24) was called Teba. Thebes in Bæotia was founded by the Phœnician Cadmus; and the word *Teba*, in Bæotian dialect, signified a hill (M. Varro, 'R. R.' iii. 1), which coincides with this locality. Then come in the Bryants and Fabers, and other dabblers in Noetic and Archite archæology, who contend that *Teba*, in Syriac (Tzseses, Sch. Lyc. 1206) a heifer, and in Hebrew an ark, alluded to the female symbol of the regeneration of nature, in contradistinction to the male principle *Gor* (Hebrew), *Σωπος*, a bull and a coffin. Theba (not this one), say they, was the eminence on which the Noetic ark rested, but perhaps they may be wrong.

Andalusian Teba was recovered from the Moors by Alonzo XI. in 1328. Bruce, according to Froissart, when on his death-bed, called the good Lord James of Douglas, and told him that he had always wished to fight against the enemies of Christ, and that he now, as he had been unable to do so

while alive, selected him, the bravest of his knights, to carry his heart, after his death, to the Holy Land. As there were no ships going directly to Jerusalem, Lord James proceeded to Spain, and thinking fighting the Moors in the intermediate time would be the most agreeable to the wishes of the deceased, proceeded to the siege of Teba. He wore the royal heart in a silver case around his neck. In the critical moment of the battle, he and his followers were abandoned by their Spanish allies; then the Good Lord threw the heart of the Bruce into the fiercest fray, exclaiming, "Pass first in fight, as thou wast wont to go, and Douglas will follow thee or die," which he did; for historic references see 'Quart. Rev.' cxxvi. 310.

There are two decent *posadas* at *Campillos*.

Antequera, *Anticaria*, was in the time of the Romans, as now, an important city of the second order; lying, however, out of the high road, it is seldom visited. The best inns are *La Corona*, and that of Pedro Ruiz, *Calle de las Comedias*. The ancient town was situated at *Antequera la Vieja*. The remains of a palace and a theatre, almost perfect in 1544, were used as a quarry to build the convent of *Sⁿ. Juan de Dios*; a few fragments were saved by Juan Porcel de Peralta, in 1585, and are imbedded in the walls near the *Arco de Gigantes*, going to the castle court. Others were then brought from *Nescania*, 7 miles W., where a hamlet was erected in 1547 for the invalids who came to drink the waters of the old *Fons divinus*, now called the *Fuente de la Piedra*, because good for stone and gravel complaints.

Antequera (*Antikeyrab*) was recovered from the Moors in 1410 by the Regent Fernando, who hence is called "*El Infante de Antequera*." He gave the city for arms the badge of his military order, *La Terraza*, the "vase," the pot of lilies of the Virgin, under which the mystery of the divine incarnation was shrouded (see 'Quart. Rev.'

cxxiii. 130). *Antequera* contains some 20,000 souls. They are chiefly agricultural, wear the *majo* dress, and are fond of green velvets and gilt filigree. In the fertile plain is a peculiar salt *laguna*, or lake. The town is clean and well built. The *Colegiata*, which was gutted by the French, has been partially refitted; but poverty of design unites with poverty of material. The castle is Moorish, built on Roman foundations. Observe the Barbican. Ascend the *Torre Mocha*, with its incongruous modern belfry. Observe the Roman frieze and cornice at the entrance. The view is striking. In front, the Lover's Rock rises out of the plain, and to the r. the three conical hills of *Archidona*. The castle is much dilapidated. The curious old mosque in the inclosure was converted by the French into a storehouse, and the magnificent Moorish armoury disappeared when the city was sacked; the enemy, at the evacuation of *Antequera*, wished, as usual, to destroy the castle, but Cupid interfered; the artillery-man left to fire the train lingered so long, taking his last farewell of his nut-brown *querida*, that he was himself taken prisoner, and the walls escaped. When we were last at *Antequera*, the governor was in the act of taking down the Moorish mosque, to sell the materials and pocket the cash—*Cosas de España*.

Antequera, probably because it suits the rhyme, is the place selected by the proverb which indicates the Oriental fatalism of Spaniards, and their individuality, each person taking first care of himself: "*Salga el sol por Antequera, venga lo que viniera, el ultimo mono se ahoga*. I'll be off, for the last monkey is drowned." This is but another version of our—"The devil takes the hindmost," and the French "*saue qui peut*;" but a minding number one is of all ages—occupet extremum scabies: *al postremo le muerde el perro*.

From *Antequera* there is a new carriageable road to Malaga, 9 L. Ascending the height is a *lusus nature*, called *el Torcal*, an assemblage of stones which

look like a deserted town. The 8 L. are dreary and townless. Passing the *Boca del Asno* are the wretched ventas, *de Galvez*, 4 L., *de Lanares*, 2 L., and *de Matagatos*, 1 L., a true kill-cat den, where none but an ass will open his mouth for food. The views on descending to Malaga are delicious.

The ride to *Granada* is pleasant. Leaving *Antequera* we reach the banks of the *Yeguas*, and the *Peñon de los Enamorados*, which rises like a Gibraltar out of the sea of the plain. Sappho leaps of true love, which never did run smooth, are of all times and countries. Here, it is said, a Moorish maiden, eloping with a Christian knight, baffled their pursuers by precipitating themselves, locked in each other's arms, into a stony couch. The verdurous valley is still the mid-day halt of the sun-burnt traveller, under the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

"Flumina muscus ubi et viridissima gramina
ripâ umbra."

Speluncæque tegunt et saxea procubat

Leaving the rock to the l. the road turns to *Archidona*, *Χαρκηδων*, and thence winds to *Loja*. (See p. 326.)

ROUTE XX.—RONDA TO MALAGA.

Al Borgo	3	
Casarabonela	2	.. 5
Cartama	3	.. 8
Malaga	3	.. 11

Those who ride this wild mountain route must indeed rough it. A lonely venta, near *Casarabonela*, after descending the *Cuesta de Cascoral*, is the usual halting-place; and bad it is, but perhaps less bad than the venta of *Cartama*, which may be left to the r. *Cartama*, *Cartima*, is built on a hill; "car," "kartha," show its Punic origin. It was once a fine city (see *Livy*, xl. 47); although some think that he refers to another *Cartima*, near *Ucles*; remains, however, are constantly discovered, and, as usual, either neglected or broken up by the peasantry. Mr. Mark, consul at Malaga, observing some marble figures worked as mere stones into a prison wall, offered to replace them with other masonry, in order to

save the antiques. The authorities, suspecting that they contained gold, refused, but took them out themselves. Mr. Mark with difficulty prevented their being sawn in pieces at Malaga. The authorities having again refused to sell them, not knowing what to do with them, cast them aside like rubbish outside the town; these gentry, being perfectly ignorant of the real value of these matters, whenever a foreigner wishes to have them, pass at once into hyperbolical notions, and estimate at more than their weight in gold, relics which they before considered more worthless than old stones.

Leaving *Cartama* we soon emerge from the Sierra, and enter the rich plain of *Malaga*.

ROUTE XXI.—RONDA TO GIBRALTAR.

Atajate	2	
Gaucin	3	.. 5
San Roque	6	.. 11
Gibraltar	2	.. 13

This mountain ride threads hill and dale, along the edge of precipices. At the bottom of an alpine defile is *la Fuente de la Piedra*; it is placed in a funnel from which there is no escape should a robber ambuscade be laid. Thence, scrambling up the mountains, we pass Moorish villages, built on heights, with Moorish names and half-Moorish peasantry, e. g. *Atajate*, *Benali*, *Benarraba*, *Ben Adalid*, *Ben Alaurin*. These settlements of *Beni*, "children," mark the isolating love of tribe which the Arabs brought with them from the East, implanting on a new and congenial soil the weakness of the nomadic race of Ishmael, whose hand is against every one, and against whom every hand is raised. These unamalgamating "Beni" united, however, against the invader, who found in such robbers more than their match. The hard-working highland peasants cultivate every patch of the mountain sides, terracing them into hanging gardens, and bringing up earth from below in baskets.

Gaucin is most romantically situated on a cleft ridge. The *posada* is

tolerable. Here (Sept. 19, 1309), Guzman el Bueno was killed, in the 53rd year of his age. Ascend the Moorish castle, much shattered by an explosion, April 23, 1843. The view is glorious. Gibraltar rises like a molar tooth in the distance, and Africa looms beyond. In the hermitage of the castle was a small idol, *El niño Dios*, which, dressed in a resplendent court suit, was held in profound veneration far and wide.

Leaving Gaucin is a tremendous descent by a sort of earthquake-dislocated staircase, which scales the wall barrier to this frontier of Granada. The road seems made by the evil one in a hanging garden of Eden. An orange-grove on the banks of the *Guadairo* welcomes the traveller, and tells him that the Sierra is passed. This oleander-fringed river is crossed and re-crossed, and is very dangerous in rainy weather, *Cum fera diluvies quietum irritat amnem*. After passing the ferry of the *Xenar*, sweet glades of chesnut and cork trees reach to *San Roque*. Observe the shepherds armed, like David, with their sling, wherewith they manage their flocks. This the Phœnicians introduced, and it became the formidable weapon of the Oriental and Iberian (Judith vi. 12; Pliny, 'N. H.' vii. 56; Strabo, iii. 255). It was much used in the Balearic Islands, hence so called *απο του βαλλειν*. These are the slings with which the shepherds knocked out Don Quixote's teeth. Compare the *Hondas* of Old Castile.

This mountain route from *Gaucin* is very severe: a much easier one, and a single day's ride, lies by the valley of the *Guadairo*, avoiding the hills. Leave *Ronda* by the *Mercadillo*, descend to the river, keep along its pleasant banks to *Cortes*, which is left about $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile to the r., without going to it; then continue up the river valley, to the back of *Gaucin*, which rises about 3 miles off to the l., and is not to be entered. Ascend the hill to the *Ximena* road, and soon strike off to the l., through *la boca del Leon* to the Cork-wood, and thence to *San Roque*. The

Arrieros try to dissuade travellers from taking this valley, and by far the best route, in order to get them to sleep at some friend's house at *Gaucin*, and employ the horses for two days instead of one.

San Roque was built in 1704 by the Spaniards, after the loss of Gibraltar; they used up as a quarry the remains of *Carteia*. (See p. 228.) It is named after this modern Esculapius, who had a hermitage here, and no place is more wholesome; it is the hospital of the babies and "scorpions of Gib." who here get at San Roque "sound as roaches." Macrae's hotel is very good. The town is very cheap; a family can live here, as at Algeciras, for half the expense necessary at Gibraltar. It is the chief town of the *Campo de Gibraltar*: popⁿ about 7000; and has always been made the headquarters of the different Spanish and French armies, which have *not* retaken Gibraltar. The descendants of the expelled fortress linger near the gates of their former paradise, now, alas! in the temporary occupation of heretics; they indulge in a long-deferred hope of return, as the Moors of Tetuan sigh for the re-possession of Granada. The king of Spain still calls himself the king of Gibraltar; of which the *alcaldes* of San Roque, in their official documents, designate themselves the authorities, and all persons born on the Rock are entitled to the rights of native Spanish subjects. The town, from being made the summer residence of many English families, is in a state of transition: thus, while the portion on the Spanish side remains altogether Spanish, and the road to the interior execrable, the quarter facing "the Rock" is snug and smug, with brass knockers on the doors, and glass in the windows; and the road is excellent, macadamized by the English for their own convenience. No San Roquian ever looks towards Spain; his eyes, like a Scotchman's, are fixed southward on "*La Plaza*," the place for cheap goods and good cigars; his *el dorado*, his *ne plus ultra*. At every step in advance Spain re-

cedes; parties of reckless subalterns gallop over the sands on crop-tailed hacks, hallooing to terriers, and cracking hunting-whips—animals, instruments, and occupations utterly unknown in Iberia. Then appear red-faced slouching pedestrians in *short black gaiters*, walking “into Spain,” as they call it, where none but *long and yellow* ones are worn: then the nursery-maids, men, women, and everything, vividly recall Gosport and Chatham. Spain vanishes and England reappears after passing the “Lines,” as the frontier boundaries are called. In these truly Spanish outposts, everything looks a makeshift and expedient. The civil and military establishments of Spain, everywhere out of elbows, are nowhere more so than here, where, as at Irun, they provoke the most odious comparisons. The miserable hovels are the fit lair of hungry officials, who exist on the crumbs of “the Rock,” one broadside from which would sweep everything from the face of the earth. These “Lines” were once most formidable, as Philip V. erected here, in 1731, two superb forts now heaps of ruins; one was called after his tutelar saint, Felipe, the other after S^a Barbara, the patroness of Spanish artillery. The British agent at Madrid was instructed to remonstrate against the works, but he wrote back in reply, “I was assured if the whole universe should fall on the king to make him desist, he would rather let himself be cut to pieces than consent” (Cox, ‘Bourb.’ iii. 240). The works were so strong, that when the French advanced in the last war, the modern Spaniards, unable even to destroy them, called in the aid of our engineers under Col. Harding, by whom they were effectually dismantled: this is now a *fait accompli*, and they never ought to be allowed to be rebuilt, since to raise works before a fortress is a declaration of war; and as Buonaparte’s announced intention was to take Gibraltar, Sir Colin Campbell was perfectly justified in clearing them away, even without the Spaniards’ permission.

Now this destruction, a work of absolute necessity against the worst foe of England and Spain, is made, with *La China* and S^a Sebastian (see Index), one of the standing libels against us by the French and Afrancesado Spaniards. Fortunate indeed was it for many Spaniards that Campbell did destroy these lines, for thus Ballesteros was saved from French pursuit and annihilation by skulking under our guns (Disp. Dec. 12, 1811). Ferd. VII. was no sooner replaced on his throne by British arms, than this very man urged his grateful master to reconstruct these works, as both dangerous and offensive to England. Gen. Don thereupon said to the commander at Algeciras, “If you begin, I will fire a gun; if that won’t do, I shall fire another; and if you persevere, you shall have a broadside from the galleries.” If Spain meant to retain the power of putting these lines in *statu quo*, after the expulsion of the French, she should have stipulated for this right to rebuild them, previously to *begging us to raze them for her*.

Beyond these lines are rows of sentry-boxes which enkennel the gaunt, ill-clad, ill-fed, Spanish sentinels, who guard their frontier on the *espanta lobos* or scare-crow principle—true types of Σπavια, they stand like the advanced out-posts of Virgil’s infernal regions,

“Et metus et malesuada fames et turpis
Horribiles visu.” [Egestas,

A narrow flat strip of sand called the “neutral ground” separates the Rock from the mainland; hence, seen from a distance, it seems an island, as it undoubtedly once was. The barren, cinder-looking, sunburnt mass is no unfit sample of tawny Spain, while the rope of sand connection is a symbol of the disunion, long the inherent weakness of the unamalgamating component items of Iberia.

Cross however that strip, and all is changed, as by magic, into the order, preparation, organization, discipline, wealth, honour, and power of the United

Kingdom. The N. side of Gibraltar rises bluffly. It bristles with artillery: the dotted port-holes of the batteries, excavated in the rock, are called by the Spaniards "*los dientes de la vieja*," the grinders of this stern old Cerbera. The town is situated on a shelving ledge to the W. As we approach, the defences are multiplied: the causeway is carried over a marsh called "the inundation," which can be instantaneously laid under water; every bastion is defended by another; a ready-shotted gun stands out from each embrasure, pregnant with death,—a prospect not altogether pleasant to the stranger, who hurries on for fear of an accident. At every turn a well-appointed, well-fed sentinel indicates a watchfulness which defies surprise. We pass on through a barrack teeming with soldiers' wives and children, a perfect rabbit-warren when compared to the conventual celibacy of a Spanish "quartel."

The "Main, or Waterport street," the aorta of Gibraltar, is the antithesis of a Spanish town. Lions and Britanias dangle over innumerable pot-houses, the foreign names of whose proprietors combine strangely with the Queen's English. "Manuel Ximenez—lodgings and neat liquors." In these signs, and in the surer signs of bloated faces, we see with sorrow that we have passed from a land of sobriety into a den of gin and intemperance: every thing and body is in motion; there is no quiet, no repose, all is hurry and scurry, for time is money, and Mammon is the god of Gib., as the name is vulgarized, according to the practice of abbreviators and conquerors of "Boney." The entire commerce of the Peninsula seems condensed into this microcosmus, where all creeds and nations meet, with nothing in common save their desire to prey upon each other; adieu the formal highbred courtesies of the Don, the mantilla and bright smile of the dark-eyed Andaluça. The women wear bonnets, and look unamiable, as if men were their natural enemies, and meant to insult them. The officers on

service appear to be the only people who have nothing to do. The town is stuffy and sea-coaly, the houses wooden and drugged, and built on the Liverpool pattern, under a tropical climate; but transport an Englishman where you will, like a snail, he takes his house and his habits with him. Those who settle on the Rock, civil or military, know but little of Spain beyond S^a Roque, and in this only do they resemble Spaniards, who seldom know, nor care to know, anything beyond their own town or district.

The traveller who lands by the steamer will be tormented by *cads* and *touters*, who clamorously canvass him to put up at their respective inns. They are second-rate and dear, *e. g.* "Griffith's Hotel," "Mrs. Crosby's Club-House," "Dumoulin's French Hotel." At "Griffith's" is one Messias, a Jew (called Rafael in Spain), who is a capital guide both here and throughout Andalusia. The other *posadas* are mere punch and pot-houses, nor is the cookery or company first-rate: "Differentum nautis, cauponibus atque malignis;" but the hospitality of the Rock is unbounded, and, perhaps, the endless dinnering is the greatest change from the hungry and thirsty Spain. As there are generally five regiments in garrison, the messes are on a grand scale; more roast beef is eaten and sherry drunk than in the *Cuatro Reinos* put together: but there is death in the pot, and the faces of the "yours and ours" glow redder than their jackets; a tendency to fever and inflammation is induced by carrying the domestics and gastronomies of cool damp England to this arid and torrid "Rock." This garrison is one of the strictest in the world, since the fortress never can be taken except by treachery or surprise: everything is on the alert; the gates are shut at sunset and not opened until sunrise, and after midnight civilians are obliged to carry a lantern. These rules do not apply to officers. No foreigner can reside on the Rock without some consul or householder becoming his surety and respon-

sible for his conduct. Permits are granted by the police magistrate for ten, fifteen, or twenty days. Military officers have the privilege of introducing a stranger for thirty days, which with characteristic gallantry is generally exercised in favour of the Spanish fair sex. Those who wish to draw or to ramble unmolested over the Rock should obtain a card from the town-major, which operates as a passport.

Spanish money is current at Gibraltar, but some changes have been made.

	D.	R.	Q.	£	s.	d.
Doubloon (or onza, at 52d. the dollar)	16	3	9	4
½ ditto ditto	8	1	14	8
Four-dollar piece	4	0	17	4
Dollar, pillared, Mexican or Colombian	1	0	4	4
½ ditto, Spanish	6	0	2	2
¼ ditto ditto, or 3-real piece	3	0	1	1
Reale y media	1	8	..	0	6½	
Doce	12	0	3½	
English penny	4	0	0	1
Ditto halfpenny	2	0	0	½
Ditto farthing	1	0	0	¼
Chavo, half an English farthing, or ½ quarto

Mem.—English silver coins are scarcely ever used except by travellers. The value of a shilling is only 11d., in mixed copper and silver money, or 2 reals and 11 quartos; English 6d. changes for 5½d. or 1 real 6 quartos. The copper coins are a mixture, a few from every nation: none go for more than 2 quartos, except the English penny.

The English at Gibraltar have Anglicized Spanish moneys; the letters D, R, and Q, above, mean dollars, *duros*, royals, *reales*, and quarts, *quartos*. The *Pesos fuertes* are usually called "*hard dollars*;" the *onza* is called the *doubloon*, and is divided into only twelve imaginary reals. The comparative value of English and Spanish moneys has at last been fixed by proclamation at 50 pence the dollar, and at this exchange the civil officers and troops are paid. The real value of the dollar varies in mercantile transactions according to the exchange, being sometimes as low as 48 pence, at other times as high as 54. Letters of credit on the

principal Spanish towns can be procured from the Gibraltar merchants, Mr. S. Benoliel, Turner and Co., or Messrs. Cavalleros.

Strictly speaking, Gibraltar, which is an English garrison transported into Spain, is foreign to our handbook; yet as it is one of the great lions of Andalusia, it *must* be visited, and, therefore, will be briefly described. Here, among other things which are rare in Spain, is a capital English and foreign library, called "the garrison library." This was planned in 1793 by Col. Drinkwater, and completed at the public expense by Mr. Pitt. It contains, besides newspapers and periodicals, a well-selected collection of about 20,000 volumes.

Here let the traveller, with the sweet bay and Africa before him, and seated on an easy chair, also *not* a thing of Spain, look through the excellent '*Historia de Gibraltar*,' by Ignacio Lopez de Ayala, Mad. 1782. Three books of this work were put forth just when all the eyes of Europe were bent on the "Rock," which the Count d'Artois (Charles X.) came to take, and did *not*. The fourth was never published, and the why will be found in the '*History of the Siege*' by Col. Drinkwater, 1783, and republished by Murray, 1844. It details the defence, and utter frustration, by sea and land, of the fleets and armies of Spain and France. For the "Straits" consult the '*History of the Herculean Straits*,' by Col. James, 2 vols. 4to., London, 1771; yet it is a mass of matter handled in a dull, uncritical manner. '*Cyril Thornton*,' the amusing work of Capt. Hamilton, is somewhat obsolete in his picture of the officers and their messes; drunkenness is unknown now, the cigar has ousted Bacchus, and postprandial indulgences are carried on with the weed at adjourned quarters, proper and improper. There is a small '*Handbook for Gibraltar*,' London, 1844. Roswell and Bartolots are the best booksellers on the Rock.

The bay is formed by two head-

lands, by *Europa Point* on the Rock, and by *Cabrita* in Spain. Its greatest width from E. to W. is five miles, its greatest length from N. to S. about eight: the depth in the centre exceeds 100 fathoms. The anchorage is not, however, very good, and the bay is open and much exposed, especially to the S. W. winds. The old mole offers a sort of protection to small craft: notwithstanding the commerce that is carried on, there are few of its appliances—quays, wharfs, docks, and warehouses. The English seem paralyzed in this climate of Spain. The tide rises about four feet. The Rock consists principally of grey limestone and marble; the highest point is about 1500 ft., the circumference about seven miles, the length from N. to S. about three. It has been uplifted at a comparatively recent epoch, as a sea-beach exists 450 ft. above the water's level. It was well known to the ancients, but never inhabited. The Phœnicians called it *Alube*; this the Greeks corrupted into *Καλυβη*, *Καλπη*, *Calpe*, and then defying nature as audaciously as etymology, they said it signified "a bucket," to which shape they compared the rock; "a tub to a whale:" but they caught only at sound, not sense, and affixed a meaning of their own to all names of the barbarians: our *Bull and Mouth* corruption of Boulogne harbour or mouth is an apt illustration of ancient Græcian practice. *Calpe* was the European and *Abyla* the African pillar of Hercules, the *ne plus ultra* land and sea marks of jealous Phœnician monopoly: here, in the words of Ariosto, was the goal beyond which strangers never were permitted to navigate, la meta que pose ai primi naviganti Ercole invitto. The Romans are thought never to have really penetrated beyond these keys of the outer sea the Atlantic, before the reign of Augustus (Florus iv. 12). *Abyla*, Abel, Harbel, signified the "mountain of God." This the English call "Ape's hill," a better corruption, at least, than the Greek bucket. The Moors call it *Gibel Mo-osa*, the

Hill of Musa. The Spanish name is *Cubo de Bullones*, Cape of Knobs. *Calpe* has been interpreted *Ca-alpe*, the cavern of God, and *Cal-be*, the watching at night. *Cal*, *Coll*, *Cala*, is a common prefix to Iberian and Oriental terms of height and fortress. *Ayala* derives *Calpe* from the Hebrew and Phœnician *Galph*, *Calph*, a caved mountain; and rejects the *Galfa* or *Calpe*, quasi *Urna*. Be these names what they may, the high rocky fronts of each continent remain the two pillars of Hercules; what they originally were, was an unsettled question in Strabo's time (iii. 258), and now may be left in peace. Joseph Buonaparte, Feb. 1, 1810, decreed the erection of a third pillar: "Le Roi d'Espagne veut que entre les colonnes d'Hercule s'élève une troisième, qui porte à la postérité la plus reculée et aux navigateurs des deux mondes la connaissance des chefs et des corps qui ont repoussés les Anglais" (Belmas, i. 424), and this near Tarifa, Barrosa, and Trafalgar! alas! poor Pepe! "Cela ne vaut-il pas la peine qu'on en rie?" In the mean time Gibraltar bears the name of its Berber conqueror, *Gebal Tarik*, the hill of Tarik, who landed, as Gayangos has demonstrated, on Thursday, Apr. 30, 711. He contributed much to the conquest of Spain, and was rewarded by the kalif of Damascus with disgrace. Tarik was a true Pizarro: he killed his prisoners, and served them up as rations to his troops (Reinaud, 'Inv. des Saracins,' 5). This delicacy still exists in the Spanish bills of fare: the *entrée* is now pleasantly called *un quisado à la Quesada*, the patriotic *nacionales* having killed and eaten part of that rough and tough royalist.

The fierce Berbers who accompanied Tarik had for ages before looked from the heights of the Rif on Spain, the land of their Carthaginian forefathers: many were their efforts to reconquer it, even during the Roman rule, from the age of Antoninus (Jul. 13) to that of Severus (Ælian Sp. 64). These invasions were renewed under the Goths, espe-

cially in the 7th century (see Isidore Pac. i. 3). Their attempts failed so long as the Spaniards were strong, but succeeded when the Gothic house was divided against itself.

Gibraltar was first taken from the Moors, in 1309, by *Guzman el Bueno*; but they regained it in 1333, the Spanish governor, Vasco Perez de Meyra, having appropriated the money destined for its defence in buying estates for himself at Xerez (*Chro. Alonz.* xi. 117). It was finally recovered in 1462 by another of the Guzmans, and incorporated with the Spanish crown in 1502. The arms are "gules a castle or and a key," it being the key of the Straits. Gibraltar was much strengthened by Charles V. in 1552, who employed Jⁿ. Bⁿ. Calvi in raising defences against Barbarossa.

It was captured during the War of the Succession by Sir George Rooke, July 24, 1704, who attacked it suddenly, and found it garrisoned by only 150 men, who immediately had recourse to relics and saints. It was taken by us in the name of the Archduke Charles: this was the first stone which fell from the vast but ruinous edifice of the Spanish monarchy, and George I. would have given it up at the peace of Utrecht, so little did he estimate its worth, and the nation thought it "a barren rock, an insignificant fort, and a useless charge:" what its real value is as regards Spain, will be understood by supposed Portland Island to be in the hands of the French. It is a bridle in the mouth of Spain and Barbary. It speaks a language of power, which alone is understood and obeyed by those cognate nations. The Spaniards never knew the value of this barren rock until its loss, which now so wounds their national pride. Yet Gibraltar in the hands of England is a safeguard that Spain never can become a French province, or the Mediterranean a French lake. Hence the Bourbons north of the Pyrenees have urged their poor kinsmen tools to make gigantic efforts to pluck out this thorn

in their path. The siege by France and Spain lasted four years. Then the very ingenious Mons. d'Arçon's *invincible* floating batteries, that could neither be burnt, sunk, nor taken, were burnt, sunk, and taken by plain Englishmen, who stood to their guns, on the 13th of Sept. 1783. Thereupon Charles X., then Count d'Artois, who had posted from Paris to have glory thrust upon him, posted back again, after the precedent of his ancestors, those kings of France with 20,000 men, who march up hills, and then march back again. He concealed his disgrace under a scurvy jest: "*La batterie la plus effective fut ma batterie de cuisine.*" Old Elliott stood during the glorious day on the "King's Bastion," with Gen^l. Boyd, by whom it was erected in 1773. Boyd, in laying the first stone, prayed "to live to see it resist the united fleets of France and Spain." He died to carry out his prophecy; and in it he lies buried, a fitting tomb: *Gloria autem minimè consepulta.*

Gibraltar is now a bright pearl in the Ocean Queen's crown. It is, as Burke said, "a post of power, a post of superiority, of connexion, of commerce; one which makes us invaluable to our friends and dreadful to our enemies." Its importance, as a *dépôt* for coal, is increased since steam navigation. Subsequently to the storming of Acre, new batteries have been erected to meet this new mode of warfare. Sir John Jones was sent out in 1840, and under his direction tremendous bastions have been made at Europa Point, Ragged Staff, and near the Alameda: while heavier guns have been mounted on the mole and elsewhere. Nor need it be feared that the bastions and example of Boyd will ever want an imitator in *secula sæculorum*.

Gibraltar is said to contain between 15,000 and 20,000 inh., exclusive of the military. In day-time it looks more peopled than it really is, from the number of sailors on shore, and Spaniards who go out at gun-fire. The differences of nations and costumes

are very curious: it is a motley masquerade, held in this halfway house between Europe, Asia, and Africa, where every man appears in his own dress and speaks his own language. Civilization and barbarism clash. The Cockney, newly imported in a week per steamer from London, is reading this 'Handbook' alongside of a black date-merchant from the borders of the deserts of Timbuctoo, and each staring at his nondescript neighbour. It is a Babel of languages. Nothing can be more amusing than the market-places. Of foreigners, the Jews, who are always out of doors, are the dirtiest; the Moors, the cleanest and best behaved; the Ronda smuggler, the most picturesque. The houses, the rent of which is very dear, are built on the Wapping principle of paltry, stuffy vulgarity, with a Genoese exterior; all is brick and plaster and wood-work, cribbed and confined, and filled with curtains and carpets, on purpose to breed vermin and fever in this semi-African hotbed; they are calculated to let in the enemy, heat, and are fit only for salamanders and "scorpions," as those born on the Rock are called. The monkeys, in fact, are the oldest and wisest denizens of the Rock; they live cool and comfortable on the sea-blown cliffs. These English furnitures and comforts are positive nuisances; we sigh for the cool penury of Algeciras. The narrow streets are worthy of these nutshell houses; they are, except the main street, yclepped "lanes," *e. g.*, Bomb-house Lane and Horse-barrack Lane. Few genuine Moro-Peninsular towns have any *streets*; the honesty of England scorns the exaggerations of Spanish *Calles*, and calls things here by their right names.

The principal square is the "Commercial." Here are situated the best hotels and the "Public Exchange," a mean building, decorated with a bust of Gen. Don. Here are a library and newspapers, and a sort of club, to which travellers, especially mercantile, are readily admitted. In this square,

during the day, sales by auction take place; the whole scene in the open air, combined with the variety of costume, is truly peculiar. The ordinary out of doors dress of the females of the lower classes is a red cloak and hood, edged with black velvet.

Gibraltar is a *free port* in the full extent of the term. There are no custom-houses, no odious searchings of luggage; everything is alike free to be imported or exported. Accordingly the barren Rock, which in itself produces nothing, and consumes everything, is admirably supplied. This ready-money market infuses life into the Spanish vicinity, which exists by furnishing vegetables and other articles of consumption: the beef, which is not a thing of Spain, comes from Barbary. Gibraltar is very dear, especially house-rent, wages, and labour of all kinds. It is a dull place of residence to those who are neither merchants nor military. The climate is peculiarly fatal to children during early dentition; otherwise it is healthy. It is, however, extremely disagreeable during the prevalence of easterly winds, when a misty vapour hangs over the summit of the Rock, and the nerves of man and beast are affected.

The Gibraltar fever, about which doctors have disagreed so much, the patients dying in the meanwhile, *como chinches*, is most probably endemic: it is nurtured in Hebrew dirt, fed by want of circulation of air and offensive sewers at low tide. It is called into fatal activity by some autumnal atmospheric peculiarity. The average visitation is about every twelve years. The quarantine regulations, especially as regards ships coming from the Havana and Alexandria, are severe: they are under the control of the captain of the port. There is an excellent civil hospital here, arranged in 1815 by Gen. Don. The Protestants, Roman Catholics, and Jews have their wards separate, like their creeds.

Gibraltar was made a free port by Queen Anne; and the sooner some

change is made the better, for the "Rock" is the asylum of people of all nations who expatriate themselves for their country's good. Here revolutions are plotted against friendly Spain; here her revenue is defrauded by smugglers, and particularly by alien cigar-makers, who thus interfere with the only active manufacture of Spain (see Seville, p. 277).

Gibraltar is the grand dépôt for English goods, especially cottons, which are smuggled into Spain, along the whole coast from Cadiz to Benidorme, to the great benefit of the Spanish authorities, placed nominally to prevent what they really encourage. The S. of Spain is thus supplied with as much of our wares as it is enabled to purchase. No treaty of commerce would much increase the consumption; while the mootings it rouses the clamour of France, and alarms the Barcelonese, who excite the *Españolismo* of the Peninsula by swearing that Spain is sold to England, which sucks out her gold. Our urging a treaty of commerce on Espartero hastened his downfall, by giving a new handle to old falsehoods. All the suspicious and ignorant, whose name here is legion, were taught by a venal *Afrancesado* and Catalan press to believe that he was the tool of the Manchester cottonocracy. (See Catalonia, Sect. vi.)

Many and excellent reforms have been made in Gibraltar, long a spot of much mismanagement and expense. England now derives a surplus revenue, after paying the governor and civil officers, &c. It is cleansed and lighted by a rate on houses. Spirits pay a considerable, and wine and tobacco a small duty. The military officers are paid by government, to whom Gibraltar is a most valuable dépôt for shipping troops to the colonies; and the new fortifications have naturally been paid for at the cost of the mother state.

The "Rock," in religious toleration, or rather indifference, is again the antithesis of Spain. Here all creeds are free, and all agree in exclusive money-worship. There are now two

bishops here; the older is a Roman Catholic, and appointed by the Pope *in partibus infidelium*. The *Sa. Maria* is his church; it is poor and paltry, and very unlike the gorgeous pantheons of the Peninsula. Romanism stands abashed before the Bible, and, as in England, puts away her images and superstitions, and brings forth her many redeeming good qualities. The peaceful state of rival creeds was, however, sadly disturbed by a Dr. Hughes, a *Whig* appointment, who coming as R. C. bishop from Ireland, introduced, in 1839, his patrons' infection of agitation, and disputed the power of the civil courts. The law, however, administered by that upright judge Barron Field, our good friend, was not to be defied, as this "traverser" discovered during some months' imprisonment. The former and sound policy was, only to appoint a foreigner to this see, who would simply do his religious duty without any taint of home politics.

Gibraltar, in good old Roman Catholic times, had its local saints and miracles, like every other Spanish place. Consult *Portillo*, book iv. Sevilla, 1634, and Ayala. To them the Spaniards fled when attacked by Adm. Rooke. Now Elliott and Boyd are the English tutelars, and the bastions and galleries are their *Milagros*.

The Jewish synagogue is noisy and curious; the females do not attend, as it is a moot point with their Rabbins whether they have souls, nor do the men pray for them—at all events, they only thank God in their orations that they are not women. There is a *cidevant* convent chapel in the governor's house for Protestants, and a newly erected church or cathedral in the *Moorish* style, and not before it was wanted: this was finished in 1832. Gibraltar has now a Protestant bishop, and thus at last has been wiped out the scandalous neglect of all our governments at home for the spiritual wants and religious concerns of its colonists: while the activity, intelligence, and industry of England have rendered every

nook of the Rock available for defence, no house until lately was raised to God. The colonization of the English Hercules has never been marked by a simultaneous erection of temples and warehouses; a century elapsed, in which more money was expended in masonry and gunpowder than would have built St. Peter's, before a Protestant church was erected in this sink of Moslem, Jewish, and Roman Catholic profligacy.

The law is administered here according to the rules and cases of Westminster Hall, and those technicalities which were meant for the protection of the innocent, have become the scape-holes of the worst of offenders. It might be apprehended that a code and practice fitted by the growth of centuries for a free and intelligent people, would not work well in a foreign garrison with a mongrel, motley, dangerous population, bred and born in despotism, accustomed to the summary bow-string of the Kaid, or the *pasar por las armas* of the Spaniards; accordingly when gross violations of international law and common sense take place, the Spanish authorities never give credit to the excuse of the English that they are fettered by law, by imperfect power. As they do not believe us to be fools, they set us down for liars, or as willingly encouraging abuses which we profess to be unable to prevent; such, say they, are the tricks of "*La perfide Albion*."

Gibraltar is soon seen; nowhere does the idler sooner get bored. There is neither letters nor fine art, the arts of making money and war excepted. The governor of this rock of Mars and Mammon resides at the convent, formerly a Franciscan one. It is a good residence. The garden, so nicely laid out by Lady Don, used to be delicious. Scotch horticulture under an Andalusian climate can wheedle everything out of Flora and Pomona.

The military traveller will, of course, examine the defences and the "Guards." He may begin at "Land

Port;" walk to the head of the Devil's Tongue Battery; visit the "fish-market;" observe the finny tribe, strange in form and bright in colour; besides these monsters of the deep, snails, toadstools, and other delicacies of the season are laid out for your omnivorous foreigner. The fish is excellent and always fresh, for whatever is not sold during the day, is either given away or destroyed at gun-fire.

Now follow the sea or "Line Wall" to the "King's Bastion;" give a look at the new church, or cathedral of Holy Trinity, a heavy semi-Moorish temple for the Protestant bishop of the Mediterranean diocese; in the inside lies Gen. Don, the Balbus of the Rock, which he strengthened and embellished; his bones rest on the site which he so loved and so much benefited.

Now pass out the "South Port" by the gate and walls built by Charles V., into the Alameda or Esplanade, formerly called the "red sands," and a burning desert and a cloacal nuisance until converted by Gen. Don, in 1814, into a garden of sweets and delight, of geranium *trees*, and *bella sombras*, and beautiful is shade on this burning rock: thus Flora is wedded to Mars, and the wrinkled front of a fortress smoothed with roses. The "guard-mountings" and parades take place on this open space; the decorations of the garden are more military than artistical: here is a figure-head of the Spanish three-decker "Don Juan," a relic of Trafalgar; observe a caricature carving of old Elliott, surrounded with bombs as during the siege; a bronze bust of Wellington is placed on an antique pillar brought from Lepida, with a doggish Latin inscription by Dr. Gregory. Close by, Neptune emerges from the jaw-bones of a whale, more like a Jonah than a deity; under the leafy avenues the fair sex listen to the bands and gaze on the plumed camp, being gazed at themselves by the turbaned Turk and white-robed Moor. At one end of this scene of life is a silent spot where officers alone are bu-

ried; no "Nabitant" or "Scorpion" is permitted to intrude. They don't belong to ours: and *caste* rules over the dead and living: this *ton de garnison* is the exception to the universal toleration.

This part of the fortress has recently been much strengthened, and may now defy attacks from armed steamers. A very formidable work has been sunk on the glacis, and is christened *Victoria* battery. The new bastion running from the Orange bastion to the King's, and a very magnificent defence, bears the name of Prince Albert. Another, from its sunken level and zigzag form, is familiarly called the Snake in the Grass.

The surface of the Rock, bare and tawny in summer, starts into verdure with the spring and autumnal rains; more than 300 plants flourish on these almost soilless crags. Partridges and rabbits abound and are never shot at. The real lions of "Gib." are the apes, *los monos*, for which Solomon sent to Tarshish (1 Kings x. 22). They haunt the highest points, and are active as the chamois; like delicate dandies, they are seldom seen except when a Levante, or E. wind, affecting their nerves, drives them to the west end. These exquisites have no tails and are very harmless. There is generally one, a larger and the most respectable, who takes the command, and is called the "town-major." These monkeys rob the gardens when they can, otherwise they live on the sweet roots of the Palmita; for them also there is a religious toleration, and they are never molested: but such is the principle of English colonization, *ne quieta movere*. We do not seek to unnationalize the aborigines, whether men or monkeys.

M. Bory, speculating *con amore* on "ces singes," has a notion that men also came from Africa into Spain (Guide, 237), and hence into France. Now, as far as Spain is concerned, the monkeys are confined to this rock. M. Bory scorned to ape his learned countryman D'Hermilly, who opined that the Iberian aborigines arrived di-

rectly from heaven by air; indeed, the critical historian Masden, who knew his countrymen better, had ventured to hint in 1784 that they might have possibly arrived by land.

Be that fact as it may, leaving these wise men and monkeys, to the r. of the gardens are "Ragged-staff Stairs" (the ragged staff was one of the badges of Burgundian Charles V.); this portion, and all about "Jumper's Battery," was, before the new works, the weak point of the Rock, and here the English landed under Adm. Rooke. Ascending "Scud Hill," with "Windmill Hill" above it, and the new mole and dockyard below, is the shelving bay of Rosia. Near this fresh, wind-blown spot, which is sometimes from five to six degrees cooler than the town, is the Naval Hospital, and fine Spanish buildings called the "South Barracks and Pavilion." The "Flats" at Europa Point are an open space used for manœuvres and recreation. Gen. Don wished to level and plant it, but was prevented by some engineering wiseacres, who thought *level* ground would facilitate the advance of an enemy! and the troops were exercised on the burning neutral sands for the benefit of their legs and eyes. That most expensive article, a good English soldier, was too long scandalously neglected at "Gib.," and in nothing more than his barrack and his water; a better order of things was commenced by Gen. Don. Some new tanks have recently been made for each barrack. The supply, for which the soldier was charged, was brought in (when the public tanks got low) from wells on the neutral ground at a great expense. The salubrity of these Europa Point and Windmill Hill barracks is neutralized by their distance from Gibraltar; when not on duty, the soldier is in the town or Rosia pothouses; there he remains until the last moment, then heats himself by hurrying back up the ascent, and exposing himself to draughts and night-air, which sow the seeds of disease and death.

Shade, water, and vegetables are of vital importance to soldiers brought from damp England to this arid rock. Were the crags coated properly with the manure and offal of the town, they might be carpeted with verdure, and made a kitchen-garden. If ever Gibraltar be lost, it will be from treachery within; and this was once nearly the case, from the discontent occasioned by the over discipline of a royal martinet governor. The evil will arise should any effete general, or one who has never seen active service, be placed there in command. He might worry the men and officers with the minutiae of pipe-clay pedantry: under this scorching clime the blood boils, and the physical and moral forces become irritable, and neither should be trifled with unnecessarily.

The extreme end of the Rock is called "Europa Point;" here, under the Spaniards, was a chapel dedicated to *la Virgen de Europa*, the lamp of whose shrine served also as a beacon to mariners; she has supplanted the Venus of the ancients (see p. 229). Now a new Protestant lighthouse and batteries have been erected: on the road thither are some charming glens, filled with villas and gardens; albeit these pretty Rures in Marte savour more of the Cockney than Hercules. Round to the E. is the cool summer pavilion of the governor, nestled under beetling cliffs; below is a cave tunnelled by the waves: beyond this the Rock cannot be passed, as the cliffs rise like walls out of the sea. This side is an entire contrast to the other: all here is solitude and inaccessibility, and Nature has reared her impregnable own bastions: an excursion round in a boat should be made to Catalan Bay. Returning from this extreme point, visit St. Michael's Cave, some half way up the Rock; here affairs of honour of the garrison are, or used to be, frequently settled. The interior of this extraordinary cavern is seen to greatest advantage when illuminated with blue-lights: after this visit the Moorish

water-tanks, which have offered both a model and an example to ourselves. The naval commissioner's house, on this slope, long the head-quarters of jobbing, is the perfection of a Mediterranean villa. Among the many caverns of this Calpe, or *caved* mountain, is that called "Beefsteak Cave," above the flats of Europa. Nomenclature assuredly marks national character, and this savours more of M. Foy's beef-fed Briton than of the hungry, religious Spaniard, whose artillery-tank at Brewer's barracks below is still called "*Nuns' Well*."

Another morning may be given to visiting the galleries and heights: first ascend to the castle, which is one of the oldest Moorish buildings in Spain, having been erected in 725 (?) by Abu Abul Hajez, as the Arabic inscription over the S. gate records. The *Torre Mocha*, or *Torre de Cmenaje*, is riddled with shot-marks, the honourable scars of the siege: near this the "galleries" are entered, which are tunnelled in tiers along the N. front; the gold of England has been lavished to put iron into the bowels of the earth. These batteries are more a show of terror than a reality: they are too high, and soon fill with smoke when the cannon are fired off; at the extremity are magnificent saloons, that of Lord Cornwallis and the "Hall of St. George," where immortal Nelson was feasted.

Visit next "Willis Battery;" the flats which overhang the precipice were once called *el Salto del Lobo*, the Wolf's leap: then ascend to the "Rock gun," placed on the N. of the 3 points; the central is the "signal post;" here at sunrise and sunset is fired a gun, which, "booming slow with sullen roar," speaks a language which is perfectly understood by Spaniards and Moors, and by the French too, according to the Seguidilla:

"*Tiene el Ingles un Cañon
Que se llama Boca negra,
Y en diciendo Canoñazo,
Toda la Francia tiembla.*"

This is the *protocol* which should be

used to silence the Tarifa class of insults (see p. 226). The Spaniard in authority, like the nettle, stings the hand that treats him gently; the Duke knew how to grasp him with iron clench. "The only way to get them to do anything on any subject, is to *frighten them*" (Disp. Nov. 2, 1813). Again, Nov. 27, 1813, "You may rely on this, that if you take a firm decided line, and show your determination to go through with it, you will bring the Spanish government to their senses, and you will put an end at once to all the petty cabals." "Nothing," says the Duke, "can ever be done without coming to extremities with them" (Disp. Dec. 1, 1813). A man-of-war in the Bay of Cadiz will effect more in a day than six months' writing reams of red-taped foolscap: this was Elizabeth's and Cromwell's receipt. No Spaniard, prince or priest, ever trifled with their Drakes, Blakes, and other *naval* diplomats.

The signal-house, under the Spanish rule, was called *el Hacho*, the torch, because here were lighted the beacons in case of danger: near it is *la Silleta*, the little chair, to which formerly a narrow path led from Catalan Bay: it was destroyed to prevent surprises, as Gibraltar was once nearly retaken by a party of Spaniards, who crept up during the night by this *Senda del Pastor*; they failed from being unsupported by their friends at the Lines, who, true *Socorros de España*, never arrived at the moment of danger; and when the English scaled the hill, the assailants were unprovided even with ammunition. The S. point of the Rock is called O'Hara's Tower or Folly, having been built by that intelligent officer to watch the movements of the Spanish fleet at Cadiz; it was soon afterwards struck by lightning, which completed its inutility.

The view is magnificent; it is indeed the sentinel watch-tower of the Mediterranean, the battle-sea of Europe, to visit whose shores must ever, as Johnson says, be the first object of travel.

Descending amid zigzag, admirably engineered roads, chiefly the work of Gen. Boyd, the views are delicious, while the browsing wild goats form foregrounds fit for Claude Lorraine. The sandy strip, or neutral ground, has a cricket-ground and a race-course, *cosas de Inglaterra*: passing the Devil's Tower, an ancient barbican, is an approach to Catalan Bay.

Inland excursions may be made to Sⁿ. Roque, 6 miles; to Carteia, 5 miles; to Ximena, 24 miles, with its Moorish castles and caves; to Tarifa, 24 miles (see Route i.); to Algeciras, 10 miles, and what a contrast does Algeciras present to Gibraltar in men and manners. Many a bitter recollection must escape from the Spaniards when they look upon their own deserted harbour, and gaze upon the forest of masts rising under the guns of the opposite fortress, from the numerous vessels which daily extend commerce to all parts of the world: when they hear the busy hum wafted across the bay to their lazy silent port, it must, one would think, awaken the sleeper, and convince their rulers, bigoted, ignorant, and prejudiced as they are, of the effects of activity, industry, and liberty, civil, religious, and commercial.

There is excellent shooting in the neighbourhood of Gibraltar, especially the woodcocks in the "*Cork Wood*," and partridges and wild fowl in the vicinity of *Estepona*. Excursions on horseback, or with the gun, may be made to the convent of Almoraima, 14 miles, and 4 miles on to the nobly situated castle of *Castellar*, the property of the M^s. de Moscoso, who owns large estates in these districts. Sebastian *el Escribano* is the best guide there, but the "Gib." hacks know the way blindfold; for fox-hounds, the "*Calpe Hunt*" have been kept ever since 1817, when started by Adm. Fleming. The Nimrods confirm the idea of Spaniards, that the English are either *Locos o Demonios*, mad, devils, or both. Foxes are rather too plentiful, as Don Celestino

Cobos, the owner of the first Venta cover, is a great preserver; and since the hunt gave him a silver cup, a vulpicide is unheard of. The best "meets" are "first and second Ventas," Pine Wood, Malaga Road, and D. of Kent's farm. Horse-keep is reasonable, about two dollars per week for each horse; the price of a nag varies from 20 to 150 dollars.

None should omit to cross the Straits, and just set foot on Africa; the contrast is more striking than even passing from Dover to Calais. Travelling slowly by land, we glide imperceptibly over frontiers of different countries, and are prepared for changes, but by sea the transition is abrupt. The excursion into Barbary is both easy and interesting. The partridge-shooting and wild-boar hunting, near Tetuan, are excellent; a small steamer, called *El Andaluz*, set up, it would seem, to facilitate smuggling, runs from Algeciras to neighbouring ports. There is also a constant communication by *Misticos* and other craft between Barbary and the "Rock," which is supplied with beef by contract with the Emperor of Morocco. Cross, therefore, over to Tangiers, which once belonged to England, having formed part of the portion of the Portuguese wife of Charles II. Put up at a Scotch lady's house, or at Joanna Correa's; one Ben Elia also takes in travellers, for he is a Jew. Visit the Alcazar, the Roman bridge outside the town, and the Swedish and Danish consuls' gardens. Obtain by application to the English consul a soldier as an escort, and ride in twelve hours to Tetuan; lodge in the Jewish quarter. The daughters of Israel, both at Tetuan and Tangiers, are unequalled in beauty: observe their eyes, feet, and costume; they are true Rebeccas. Visit the Kaid Hash-Hash in the Alcazar, taking a present, for *Bachshish* is here everything: visit also the bazaar and the Sultan's garden. Tetuan was founded in 1492 by the refugees from Granada; many of the families yet exist, who retain the title-deeds of their

former estates, and the keys of their doors ready for re-occupation. Tetuan and its population may be taken as a type of what the Spanish Moor and his cities were: the Jews speak a corrupt Spanish. There is no danger or difficulty in this interesting African trip. The Spaniards despise the Moors: being utterly ignorant of their real condition, they fancy Tetuan to be a wilderness of monkeys; hence the proverb, *se fue a Tetuan para pillar Monos*. The old leaven of mutual hatred and ignorance remains, and there is no love lost on either side.

Another day's sail may be made from Algeciras to *Ceuta*; this opposed rock to Gibraltar is the Botany Bay of Spaniards. The name is a corruption of "septem," the seven hillocks on which it is built; it is very strongly fortified, especially on the land side, and is well garrisoned for Spain, with 5000 men. *Ceuta* should belong, as it once did, to the owners of Gibraltar, and then the command of the Straits would be complete, except in fogs; and we deserve to have it, for during the war such was the neglect and incapacity of the Spanish juntas, that the Moors would have retaken it, had not Sir Colin Campbell sent over an English garrison, at the request of the Spaniards themselves (Disp. Nov. 27, 1813). No sooner were the Cadiz Cortes saved by the victory of Salamanca, than they contemplated passing a law to prevent any foreign soldier (meaning British) from ever being admitted into a Spanish garrison, and this when their only garrisons *not* taken by the French were precisely those which, in their hour of need, they had entreated England to defend. (Disp. Apr. 2, 1813.)

The town is very clean, and paved in a mosaic pattern. *Posada, la de Rosalia*: the (formerly) English barrack is now a wretched *Presidio*. Out of sight, out of mind and pay, is an Iberian maxim, and doubly so when convicts are in question: in fact, all the Spaniards are confined to their rock, and kept in *presidio* by the Moors, who shoot at them

the moment they stir beyond their defences. All supplies come from Algeciras. It was from Ceuta that the Moors embarked on their invasion of Spain; the secret mover of this expedition was the person called Count Julian, the governor of Ceuta, who revenged his daughter's injured honour by dethroning Don Roderick, her seducer. It is not clear who this Don Julian was; his real name was Olianus, whence Elyano Ilyan: he was probably a rich Berber merchant, and one of great influence over those fierce highlanders of the lower Atlas (see the curious and learned note, 'Moh. D.' i. 537; and see La Cava, post, p. 353).

Those who have not been to Ronda should ride by Gaucin, Ronda, and Casarabonela to Malaga. Those who have been at Ronda have the choice of two routes, either by land, or by sea by the steamer, which is the most rapid, and the sea-coast is magnificent all the way down to Almeria; if they go by land, fill the provision hamper before starting with a farewell joint of the roast beef of old England.

ROUTE XXII.—GIBRALTAR TO
MALAGA.

V ^a . del Guadairo . . .	4	
Estepona.	1	.. 5
Marbella.	5	.. 10
Ojen	1	.. 11
Monda	2	.. 13
Malaga	5	.. 18
Or,		
Marbella.	10	
Fuengirola	4	.. 14
Benalmedina	2	.. 16
Malaga	3	.. 19

Gibraltar, as Strabo observed, lies about half way between Cadiz and Malaga. The coast bridle-road is as sandy as the trochas of the Serrania are stony; the line is studded with atalayas (see p. 238). Passing through the "Lines" along the sands, cross the dangerous valley of the *Guadairo*, Fluvius Barbesulæ. *Estepona*, *Citriana*, was built in 1456 from a ruined Moorish town: it supplies "the Rock" with fruit and vegetables. A few arches remain of the ancient aqueduct

of *Salduba*, at *Las Bovedas*. On the hills to the l. is Manilba, the *Hedionda*, or Harrowgate waters of the coast. The fetid hygean spring offends the nose and palate, but benefits the stomach; the smell and taste, according to local legends, are attributed to the farewell sigh of a water-devil, who, on being expelled by Santiago, evaporated, like a dying attorney, with a sulphurous twang.

Next is crossed "*el Rio Verde*." This wild oleander-fringed mountain torrent is translated by Bishop Percy as a "*gentle river with willowed shore*:" assuredly the prelate never crossed it, as we have done, when swollen by a heavy rain; but as he said "*green would not sound well*," what would he have done with the *Red Sea*? This river is one of sad recollections in the ballads of Spain. On the hills above, Alonzo de Aguilar, with the flower of Andalusian chivalry, was waylaid and put to death by El Feri, of Benastapar. The unburied bones, still bleaching, were found in 1570 by his great-grandson; and such for many years will be the bone-strewed pass of Cabool.

The Spaniards, like the Orientals, frequently leave the slain to the vulture, the rechamah of Scripture. The Iberians believed that the souls of those whose bodies were thus exposed were transported at once to heaven (Sil. Ital. iii. 342; xiii. 471). The ancients held this bird to be sacred because it never preyed on the living, and was an excellent undertaker and scavenger. Spain is the land of the vulture: the flocks hover over their prey, and soar sulkily away when disturbed, parting the light air with heavy wing. During the late wars the number of these feathered *guerrilleros* multiplied fearfully, like those of the *latro implumis* kind. Battle, murder, and sudden death provided sustenance to the carrion-feeders, whose numbers increased with supply of subsistence. The indecency of the Spaniard towards a dead body is very remarkable; a live man is of small value, a dead one of

rather less. The *Sangrados* have no use for anatomical *subjects*, since it saves them trouble to practise on their patients before the *coup de grace* is given.

Diego de Mendoza (Guerras de Granada, iv.) describes the discovery of the bleaching bones, and the rage and grief of the army. He borrows, without either acknowledging the obligation, or improving on his original, from Tacitus, 'An.' i. 61, whose splendid account of the finding the remains of the legions of Varus is well known. Mendoza is now called the Spanish Tacitus, just as Toreno might be termed their Southey, as far as filching other men's ideas go, not to say *cash*.

Marbella, a pretty town with a pretty name, rises amidst groves and gardens. Isabella is said to have exclaimed, "*Que Mar tan bella!*" *Marbella* is frail and fair, and, like Potiphar's wife, is said to steal raiment:

"*Marbella es bella, no entres en ella ;
Quien entra con capa, sale sin ella.*"

The Posada, *La Corona*, is decent. Consult '*Conjecturas de Marbella*,' Pedro Vasquez de Clavel, 4to., Cordova. It was taken from the Moors in 1485. The iron-mines of Heredia, distant 1 L., deserve a visit; they are now in full work; the ore yields from 70 to 75 of metal per cent., but want of fuel neutralizes this bounty of nature. The forests of Spain are cut everywhere improvidently, while the coal of the Asturias is hardly yet in vogue.

The road now branches; that by the coast passes the castle of *Fuengirola*—Suel—where Lord Blayney immortalized himself. He was sent in Oct. 1810, by Gen. Campbell, from Gibraltar, to surprise this castle and act upon Malaga. According to his lordship's book, he commanded a mongrel expedition of Poles, Germans, Italians, and Spaniards, with about 300 English of the 89th regt. The Spaniards were embarked at Ceuta, without even one round of ammunition; *Socorros de España*. They forthwith took offence

at rations of beef being served out on a fast-day, which, for men proverbially *valientes con los dientes*, passed the understanding of the English gastronomic general. These fasters next refused to fight on Sunday. Blayney, who was fit to command them, "made," says Napier, "his dispositions with the utmost contempt of military rules." He lost two days in cannonading the castle with 12-pounders, and thus afforded Sebastiani time to come from Malaga with a superior force. To crown the blunders, Blayney, according to his own book, "took these French for Spaniards;" and they took him prisoner. The real Spaniards, having left the English to bear the burden of the fight, now re-embarked under the protection of the Rodney's broadsides. This protection Maldonado entirely omits, and states that the few English who escaped were saved by "*el valor y intrepidez de los Españoles*" (ii. 419). Thus, says Napier (xii. 1), an expedition well contrived, and adequate for its object, was ruined by misconduct, and terminated in disaster and disgrace.

Lord Blayney ate his way through Spain and France, and then published a narrative of a forced (meat?) journey, 2 v., London, 1814, to the infinite joy of reviewers, who compared it to Drunken Barnaby's travels. This the French, who never translate the "Duke," did translate, in order to throw ridicule on English soldiers and authors, as if Blayney were either. M. Bory—*et tu, Brute*—sneers at this addition to "*les mauvais livres Anglais sur l'Espagne*;" while M. Dumas thus chuckles over Lord "Blancy" at "Frangerola" (sic): "*Cette affaire fut peu honorable pour l'expédition, car les Français qu'elle eut à combattre lui étoient de deux tiers inférieurs en nombre*;" being, in fact, two-thirds *superior*. Lord Blayney, like M. Dumas, could not even be correct in the name of the place where he was taken, which he calls "Fiangerolla." The castle is what the Spaniards term a *casa de ratones*; and in this rat-trap, in 1831,

was the rebel Torrijos caught by the scoundrel Moreno.

Let the traveller, on leaving *Marbella*, avoid these scenes of dishonour, and turn into the mountains to the l. by *Coin*: 3 L. of ascent amid vines lead to *Ojen*, a romantic village in a bosom of beauty. Passing on, lies the hamlet and castle of *Monda*, near which was fought the Waterloo of antiquity. The exact site is unknown; so much for glory! Some contend that Pompey's camp was near the r. bank of the *Seco*. The present village was built by the Moors from the remains of the ancient city, which is still called *Monda la vieja*. Munda was of Iberian origin. Mon Monoa—unde Mons—is a prefix of height. It lay to the W., and was, according to Strabo, the metropolis of the district. Consult '*Examen de las Medallas atribuidas a la Ciudad de Munda*,' G. L. Bustamente. Folio. Mad. 1799.

Here a murderous battle was fought between Scipio and Magon, in which the former was wounded (Livy, xxiv. 42). Here Cæsar, March 17, 47 A.C., defeated the sons of Pompey: this, the "last of battles," left the conqueror without a rival, and gave the world to one master (Florus, iv. 2, 82; Lucan, 'Phar.' i. 40). Cæsar arrived from Rome in 24 days (Suet. in Vit. 56). The first news of his coming was conveyed both to his own troops and to the enemy by his actual arrival (Hirt. 'B. H.' 29). Hirtius, a friend of Cæsar's, describes the plain, and the bright sun, which shone out as if the gods had made it a day for triumph, like *Le Soleil d'Austerlitz*. He makes the best of the event, and enumerates the number of the slain, the prisoners, and the captured standards. But Florus gives those details which the conqueror concealed. The countenance of Cæsar, which used to brighten at the trumpet-sound, was overcast; a silence came over the contending armies, who knew how important was the hazard of the cast. The veterans flushed with 14 years of victory wavered. Cæsar for

a moment despaired and meditated suicide (Suet. in Vit. 36). He never would have died in chains after a crushing reverse. He flung himself from his horse, and cast off his helmet that he might be known (App. 'B. C.' ii. 804): the day was won, not by the soldiers, but by the general (Vell. Pat. ii. 55). Cæsar remarked that previously he had always fought for victory, but then for his very life. 30,000 of the enemy were slain: a rampart of dead bodies was raised around Munda, for want of gabions (App. loc. cit.). Cæsar then cut down a forest for palisades, leaving a single palm standing, an omen and record of victory (Suet. Aug. 94). For other details of these districts, consult 'E. S.' xii. 291.

A rich fruit district intervenes to *Coin*: *Cartama* lies on a hill to the l.: thence through *Alhaurin el Grande*, leaving *Churriana* to the r. These villages are the summer retreats of the Malaga merchants. The *hoya* or valley is renowned for fertility: in 1564, according to Hofnagel, it was studded with villages filled with industrious Moriscos. The Spaniards, by expelling these admirable agriculturists, have converted an Eden into a desert. Malaga lies beyond, girt with hills, and basking at their base on its sunny bay.

Crossing the *Guadajore* is a combined aqueduct and viaduct, which was destined to bring water from the *Sierra of Mijas*, and be also a road. It was begun in 1726 by Geronimo Solis, after plans of Toribio Martinez de la Vega; *está por acabar*. The funds, raised by a tax on oil and wine, were as usual jobbed by the directors, and in 1742 the residue was seized by the *Bisoño* government. Compare the aqueduct of Seville, p. 236.

Malaga is a fine, but purely commercial city: one day will suffice. It has few attractions beyond climate, almonds and raisins, and sweet wine. The best inns are the *Cuatro Naciones* and the *Fonda de los Reyes*. There are two good *Casas de Pupilos*: one,

that of Romagnoli, near the cathedral; the other of Ladanza, *Pla. de los Moros*; Teresita, the daughter, is a pretty specimen of a *Malageña*, and there is a *Gallego* waiter who speaks English. The usual charges are about a dollar a day. Pepe Lanza has good horses to let for hire, and knows the wild country well. One Manuel also jobs cattle, but those who employ him had better be awake, and secure good beasts.

There is a diligence from Malaga to Granada by Loja, and another to Velez Malaga. Steamers ply regularly up to Barcelona and down to Cadiz. Nothing can be more obliging than our consul, Mr. Mark, who has a good collection of local ores.

Malaga, the capital of its province, is the residence of the superior authorities, a *Gefe politico*, and a bishop, suffragan to Granada: popⁿ. above 51,000. It has a cathedral, a *casa de espositos*, hospitals, a naval college; a decent theatre, built by Masonesqui; a good reading-room; a *plaza de toros*, constructed out of a convent; a fine quay, pier, and Alameda. The coat of arms are the two tutelar martyrs, *Sⁿ. Cyriaco* and *Sa. Paula*, with the castles of *Alcázaba* and *Gibelfaro*, and the *Tanto Monta* of Ferdinand for a motto.

Malaga is the chief port of Granada; the position is admirable; the *Guadalmedina*, or "River of the city," divides it from the suburbs *Purchel* and *La Trinidad*. This river never had a name of its own. *Malachæque flumen urbis cum cognomine* (Fest. Av. de Or. Mar. 431). It is a mere brook in summer, but a devastating torrent in winter. It is the bane and antidote of the city: the deposits block up the harbour, while, like an Alpheus, it cleanses away the accumulations of filth to which the inhabitants are strangely indifferent. The sea, in consequence, recedes; thus the old Moorish quay is now in the town, and the *Alameda* was covered with water last century.

Phœnician Malaga, like Cadiz, is of immemorial antiquity, and the judgment shown in the selection of site is

evidenced by a commercial existence and prosperity of 3000 years. The name is either *Melech*, *King's town*, or *Melach*, the salt-fish, the *ταριχεται* of Strabo, those anchovies and *boquerones* for which, then as now, it is celebrated. Thus Sidon has been derived from *seid*, salt-fish, Humboldt, however, considers Malaga to be a pure Iberian name, *Mal*, a hill, with *carra*, the termination of locality (Bergseite). Malaga, like Cadiz, a city of selfish merchants, deserted Tyre for rising Carthage, and then deserted Carthage for rising Rome. It made terms with Scipio, became a municipium, and was embellished with an amphitheatre, part of which was laid open in digging the foundations of the *Convento de la Paz*, and reburied, as usual.

Malaga, *Malakah*, was a city after the Moor's own heart. Rasis describes it as a paradise on earth. It was taken by Ferd., May 18, 1487, after a dreadful siege. The king broke every pledge, and celebrated his triumph with confiscations and *auto de fes*. Pulgar (Chr. de los Reyes, ch. xciv., et seq.), an eyewitness, details these Punic atrocities, which were imputed to Ferd. as merits; but *nulla fides servanda est hereticis*.

The manes of the murdered Moors were avenged by Sebastiani, who entered Feb. 5, 1810. The Malaga junta, after the rout of Ocaña, made no sort of preparation; they did not even remove their stores or artillery; Col. Abello, who commanded, set an example to the junta of taking to their heels at the sight of the French advance. Sebastiani *faisait bien ses affaires* at Malaga. See for rare details and doings Toreno xi. and Schepeler ii. 534.

The *Malageños* again made no resistance to the French in 1823; and the invaders, under C^t. Loveredo, drew out on the Alameda the cartridges which they had loaded at the Bidasoa, and threw them in the faces of the patriots, their *promenade militaire* being concluded; Malaga shared with Lugo, May 20, 1843, in taking the lead in the Espartero Pronunciamento.

The city is soon seen. Visit the noble Moorish castle, built in 1279, and once a palace and a fortress. The lower portion is called the Alcazaba, *Al Kasabah*, the heart, the centre. It is connected with the upper keep, the Gibal Faro, the "hill of the Pharos." Observe a fine Moorish horse-shoe gateway, incongruously ornamented with old Roman columns and modern Roman Catholic images. *La Puerta de la Cava* is connected by the vulgar with *La Cava*, Count Julian's daughter, whose violation by Don Roderick introduced the Moors into Spain. Now a Moorish gate could scarcely be so called *before* the Moors came there. This *La Cava* is a corruption of Alcaba, the descent; and Cava herself is nothing but Cahba, which in Arabic signifies a lewd woman, a "curse," which a lewd woman is in Spain and out. That Don Julian or Elyano caused the Moorish invasion is certain (see p. 349), but the name of this Helen, his daughter, is never mentioned. The early Spanish historians attributed the subjugation of the Peninsula and the fall of the Goths to the Divine wrath, which thus punished the marriages of clergymen, permitted by Witiza; and this new offence of Don Roderick they now personified as "*Incontinency*," being then, as before and since, *causa teterrima belli*. Thus, in later times, their annalists pronounced the decay and weakness of England, under Elizabeth, to be the just punishment of Henry VIII., whose passion for Anna Boleyn led to a breach with Rome and the success of heresy. The import however of the adage, *Ay! de España perdida por un gusto y por la Cava*, may not be quite a fiction, for this caprice of the Gothic tyrant might have been the last drop which caused the full cup to run over. The Moorish power rose from exactly the same causes by which it was doomed to fall, civil dissensions and a disputed throne. Thus Boabdil let in Ferdinand, as the dispossessed sons of Witiza did Elyano, Musa, and Tarik. The opponents to Don Roderick called in the Moors as allies, and

they, being the strongest, kept the prize for themselves. The mass of the people, and the Jews especially, either stood aloof or sided with the invader. They hated the Goths as our Anglo-Saxons did the Normans, because oppressors and strangers. The Moors behaved kindly and honourably to all who submitted, and were tolerant and observant of treaties.

The Moorish *Atarazana*, or dock-yard, is still an arsenal, in name if not in contents. A beautiful marble horse-shoe arch remains: this has been disfigured by a paltry shed, and narrowly escaped being pulled down in 1833; the Spaniard in authority has small feeling for Moorish art, which he considers a remnant of a barbarian infidel and invader; he resents the admiration of foreigners, because it implies inferiority in himself. Even Ponz (viii. 220), an antiquarian and a man of taste, recommended "beautifying and repairing" Malaga by removing "*todas las fealdades que tienen resabios de los Moros*." He wished to substitute the academical and commonplace.

The church of *Santiago* was a mosque; the brick tower and some *azulejo* yet remain. The grand mosque was pulled down to make room for the cathedral, which was begun in 1538, and only finished in 1719. The original design, by Diego de Siloe, was departed from by each succeeding architect: now it is a pasticcio, which will never please any except the Malagueños, who are better judges of raisins than the reasons of good taste. The façade stands between two towers; one *está por acabar*, and the other is drawn out like a telescope, with a pepper-box dome: the view from it is glorious. Opposite the *So. Tomas* is one of the fine old Gothic doors. The interior is a failure. The roof is groined in a thready, meagre pattern, while a heavy cornice is supported by grouped fluted Corinthian pillars, placed back to back on ill-proportioned pedestals. Observe the red marble pulpit. The altar mayor, designed by Cano, is light and

open. Observe a "*Concepcion*," attributed to Mat^o. Cerezo, but it is either by Valdes Leal or some second-rate Sevillano; a "Virgin and Child," Morales, is doubtful; the "Virgin," or "*Madona del Rosario*," by Cano, is good. The *Silla del coro* was carved in 1658 by Pedro de Mena, a pupil of Cano. The bishop's palace is near the cathedral.

Malaga is exposed to winds from the E. The mole which protects the shipping was built in 1588: walk to the end for the view. The large white building in the foreground, all roof and window, was destined for the *Lonja*, or exchange, and when commerce departed was turned into a cigar manufactory. The Alameda is delicious, and has an Italian look; the houses on it are the best in Malaga. Here will be seen *Las Malagueñas*, who are "*muy halagueñas*," very bewitching. The walk is full of flowers and water. The marble fountain, with groups of female figures somewhat too undressed for Spanish propriety, was made at Genoa, and given by that republic to Charles V.

On the beach below the Carmen convent, Torrijos and some fifty of his confederates were shot by Moreno, Dec. 11, 1831, as rebels and traitors; now, in the changes and chances of Spain, they are honoured as martyrs of liberty, and an obelisk has recently been erected in a plaza, with their names and laurel crowns. They were put to death without even the form of trial; *cosas de España*. Thus Maroto, at Estella, executed his brother generals; thus Roncali shot Gen. Boné and twenty-three officers in the back. Being quite a matter of course, the affair created little sensation in Spain, beyond just the immediate neighbourhood, and would forthwith have been forgotten among other treacheries and blood-sheddings, had not an Englishman, Mr. Boyd, suffered among them, which was taken up by the London press; his was the first body interred in the new Protestant burial-ground.

Moreno, who began his career at the massacres of the French in Valencia, in 1808, had lured Torrijos into the trap, corresponding with him under the name of *Viriatus*, and pretending also to be discontented. Moreno was rewarded by being made Capⁿ.-General of Granada; he was disgraced by Christina in 1832, when she wished to make for herself a liberal party. Moreno then became a Carlist, and was murdered at Urdax (see Index) by his soldiers, after the traitorous convention of Maroto at Vergara; *nec lex est justior ulla, quam necis artifices arte perire suâ*. Visit by all means the Protestant burial-ground, not because it is a pleasant "traveller's bourn," but because it was the first permitted in our times for the repose of heretical carcases, which used to be buried in the sea sands like dead dogs, and beyond the low water-mark; and even this concession offended orthodox fishermen, who feared that the soles might become infected; but the *Malagueño* even to the priest never exhibited any repugnance to the dollars of the living Lutheran Briton, for *el dinero es muy catolico*. This cemetery, which lies outside the town to the E., was obtained and laid out by our friend Mr. Mark, father of the present consul, who planted and enclosed the ground, and with great tact placed a cross over the portal, to the amazement of the natives, who exclaimed *con que estos Herejes gastan cruces!* The place became quite a lion, and a grand perquisite to the sexton, who, when he had a grave to dig, was merrier at his work, as Shakspeare knew, than any unoccupied prince or bored and boring courtier.

Malaga, besides legitimate traffic, carries on great smuggling with Gibraltar, by which the authorities get rich. Hence also the tendency to "*pronounce*;" for when a patriotic outbreak takes place, law is at an end, and all rob the exchequer, and introduce cigars and contraband goods. Malaga has no fine arts; the chief, if art it can be called, is the making painted terra-

cotta images of *Majos*, *Contrabandistas*, and local costume. Those of Leon are excellent; he is dead, but the shop goes on behind the *Café de la Loba*, *Ce. Sa. Lucia*. Jose Cubero may also be recommended. The clay is very pliable, and does not crack in baking. It is found near the convent *La Victoria*. Excellent porous drinking-cups are also made of it, and called *Bucaros* and *Alcarrazas* (see p. 303).

The climate of Malaga is tropical. In the botanical garden the *Kermes cochenilla* is reared on the *Cactus opuntia*; the coffee, cocoa, cotton plants, and the sugar-cane thrive here. Malaga is very subject to plague; 20,000 persons thus perished in 1637, and 22,000 in 1804. The natives of the better classes are gay and hospitable; the ladies graceful, beautiful, and sprightly. The influence of Phœnician race is strongly marked; and, indeed, to them may well be applied the remarks of a shrewd examiner of the cognate Irish character. In both, individuals will be found of a warm heart, kindly feelings, courteous urbanity, shrewd sagacity, ready wit, but shaded by reckless profusion, improvident indulgence, thoughtless procrastination, irritable feelings, bitter prejudices, idle habits, and gross superstitions. The lower orders, as at Cadiz, are bad, and are prone to use the coward *cuchillo*. They are none the better for coming in contact with foreign crews, who import vices, like coals to Newcastle.

The villas in the neighbourhood are full of sun, flower, and fruit; among the prettiest *casas de recreo* are those of the widow of the Prussian consul, and of the Conde de Villacazar.

Malaga in war time was permitted by our Admiralty to cut up British commerce at pleasure: compare Sⁿ Sebastian, Tarifa, Algeciras; like the latter, it was a hornet's nest of privateers. Malaga is now highly flourishing, and the trade increases every day. The impulse given to mining favours commerce, and this is the port of a metal-

pregnant coast. Lead and iron are the staples; some of the foundries are on a grand scale, especially that of the wealthy Heredia. It is fitted up with English machinery; the tall chimney is not a *cosa de España*. The real wealth of Malaga is the produce of the soil, wine and "fruit;" the latter, a generic term, like figs at Smyrna, is the all-absorbing topic of the Malagenian mind and tongue, a theme of pleasure and profit. The sweet Muscatel wines are well known; they are the "mountains" of our ancestors, and grow for leagues and leagues on the vine-clad heights which slope down to the sea. The richest are called *Las Lagrimas*, like the *Lacrymæ Christi* of Naples; they are the ruby tears which drop from the grape without pressure. The making the dry wines was first introduced by an Englishman named Murphy; they are much more agreeable and wholesome than the vile Sⁿ Lucar stuff. A butt is worth about 10*l*. About 40,000 are made, of which 30,000 are sent to America and England, and sold as "genuine pale sherry." The other exports are oil, figs, orange peel for making curaçao, almonds, and raisins; for the latter the Muscatel and *Uva larga* grape is used, and these Bacchus-beloved hills are one vineyard down to Adra. The green grape, *Albaraza*, is exported to England in jars, in the exact amphoræ seen at Pompeii; these are the *Ollares* of Martial, vii. 20. The raisins, so common in Palestine (1 Sam. xxv. 18; xxx. 12), were first made here by the Phœnicians, and after a lapse of many thousand years are still the finest of Spain. They are prepared by cutting the stalk partly through, and letting the grape dry in the sun. The finest are the "Muscatels," and the next the "Blooms;" these are cured in the same way, being only varieties of grapes. The commoner sorts are called *Lerías*, from being dipped in a lye made of burnt vine-tendrils. The late grapes, "*quæ de tardis servantur vitibus uvæ*" (Mart. i. 44), are, as in Martial's time,

hung up in festoons in the cottages of the peasants, and thence are called *Colgaderas*. The raisins when fresh are delicious; Martial (xiii. 22) compared them to "eatable nectar," but Brillat Savarin, the gastronome judge, objects to taking wine in the shape of a bolus, and he might have cited the case of Anacreon, who was choked by a bad raisin (Val. Max. ix. 12). The Spaniards have preserved the unchanged Roman name, *Pasa*. *Uvapassa pensilis* (Plaut. 'Pæn.' i. 2. 99). The vineyards in the wine-making districts of Spain are seldom enclosed with any fence; they are left open to the passer-by: when the grapes begin to ripen, in those fields near a roadside, temporary sheds and awnings are run up, or huts built with reeds and boughs, in which the *Viñadero*, a watchman, is placed, who creeps in and out with his gun. These are the Oriental "Booths which the keeper maketh," Job. xxvii. 18: the "lodges in a garden of cucumbers," Isa. i. 8. The guard rushes out like a fierce dog, at all who pick and steal, and is the subject of vast abuse from the baffled wayfaring Spaniards, who swear the grapes are sour, and that he is a *puñaterro*, and *cornudo*,—nor is the guardian slow in returning a Rowland for an Oliver. So it was in the days of Horace, conclamans magna voce cucullum: but *Niñas y viñas son mal a guardar; y miedo guarda la viña, y no el viñadero*. Another fruit which is peculiarly good at Malaga is the *Batata*, or sweet potato, the *Convolvulus Batatas* of Linnæus, which was introduced from the S. Americas; it is used as a sweetmeat, and is sold ready boiled in the streets.

About seven l. N.E. of Malaga are the celebrated mineral baths of *Carra-traca*. They are sulphuretted hydrogen of the temperature of 14° Réaumur; the source is constant and abundant. They are much frequented from June 20 to Sept. 20. The large tanks, *albercas*, in which the patients bathe, are, as usual, in a neglected and dilapidated condition. Near this

place and *Hardales* is a singular cavern, the glittering spars of which, if visited by torch-light, produce a magical effect.

For the history of Malaga consult '*Conversaciones Malageñas*,' Cecilio Garcia de la Lena; and '*Malaga su Fundacion*,' Martin de Roa, 4to. Malaga, 1622.

There are two roads from Malaga to Granada; the first, which is very circuitous, is by *Loja*, 12 L. This is performed by a sort of diligence; the first day is very hilly and lonely; on ascending to the *Venta de la Reina* the views over Malaga are glorious; after *Colmenar*, 4 L. (*Cormen-nahl*, Arabicè, a bee-hive), occur several *ventas*, and all iniquitous: that *del Pobre* is worthy of its name; take, therefore, from Malaga a well-filled basket; passing the *Puerto* and descending to the *Venta de Arazoles*, Loja is reached, where the coach sleeps. For Loja see R. xi.

ROUTE XXIII.—MALAGA TO GRANADA,
BY ALHAMA.

Velez Malaga	5	
Viñuela	2	7
Alhama	4	11
Cacín	2	13
La Mala	2	15
Granada	3	18

This is by far the most interesting route; the road along the coast to *Velez Malaga* is good and has its diligence. The sea and the Atalaya towers lie to the r., the vine-clad mountains to the l. The remainder to Granada must be ridden, and is wild and rugged. *Velez Malaga*, Menoba, or Sex Sesta, rises on a gentle eminence over the Rubito, popⁿ. 14,000. The place is uninteresting; the *Posadas* are indifferent. Observe the towers of the two parroquias. It has, however, its quarto '*Historia y Grandezas de Belez*,' Fr^o. de Vedmar, Granada, 1652. The climate is delicious. The martlets thick as motes in the sun-beam approve the sweet-wooing breath of Heaven. It is in the heart of a land overflowing with oil and wine; here is

the palm without the desert, the sugar-cane without the slave. The spires and convents cluster around the ruins of a rock-built Moorish castle; above rise the lordly barren mountains which look coldly down on the industry of the humble plain. The water-courses which have peeled the sierras, deposit the soil and *detritus* in the valleys of Velez, and the combination of moisture under a tropical sun produces the *batata*, indigo, and sugar-cane. The latter was brought here from Sicily by the Carthaginians. The ancients did not understand the processes of crystallization and refining; the canes were sold in the streets (Lucan. iii. 237) just as they now are in Andalucia; the Moors introduced the cultivation. Ebn-el-Awan, writing in 1140, quotes from an earlier Arabian author the methods of culture. The sugar-cane was first sent to Hispaniola from these parts in 1506.

Velez was taken from the Moors by Ferd. *el Catolico* in person; he fought like Beresford at Albuera, in the ranks, and killed a Moor with his own lance, with which he was so pleased that he gave the city for its arms his own figure on horseback spearing an infidel.

Velez Malaga was the birthplace of Joaquin Blake, the friend of Mahy, Ballesteros, and all opposed to the Duke and the English alliance: he was the loser of more pitched battles ("*mas de cien*," says Maldonado) than any man in ancient or modern history, Spanish included. He was the son of a rebel Irish shopkeeper, and began life as a lecturer in a military school on the art of war: the poor pedant, learned in theory, never mastered its practice, and to his "ignorance in his profession," the Duke ascribed his last feat, the loss of Valencia. He was sent a prisoner to France, and confined in the dungeons of Vincennes; at Ferdinand's restoration he was made Director of Spanish engineers: he died in disgrace at Valladolid in 1827. Having Irish blood in his veins he was personally brave, and

a glutton for fighting: his defeats never made him unpopular with Spaniards, who admired his courage, and still more his *Españolismo* and *patriotismo*, which Maldonado (iii. 155), who cannot blink his defeats, considers a redeeming virtue, this *merit* consisting in the preferring being routed himself rather than permitting better men, because *foreigners*, to lead Spaniards to victory.

This "child in the art of war" was no relation of Robert Blake, the great admiral of Cromwell, who at the age of fifty passed from the army into naval command, and always was victorious; he was the master and terror of the Mediterranean. He, in 1654, summoned the viceroy of Malaga to surrender to him a priest at whose instigation the mob had risen upon some English sailors during a religious pageant. The governor trembled and complied. Blake received the culprit, who expected death, with great kindness, and sent him back with a message that he would prevent his sailors' misbehaviour for the future, "but that no one should presume to punish an Englishman except himself."

The 2 L. to *Viñuela* are pleasant; nature here is fruity and verdurous. It is the home of Pomona and Flora. Passing ruined *Zalea* the mountains become steep and barren. *Alhama* is so called from the baths, *Al-Hammán* (whence our Hummums in Covent Garden). The number of these which existed in the time of the cleanly Romans and Moors is evidenced by the frequent recurrence of places called *Caldas*, *calidas*, hot springs, and *Alhamas*. The town is wild and picturesque. It is the Ronda of these Alpine districts perched on the edge of an awful rent in the hills round which the river *Marchan* sweeps. It is backed by its own sierra, in which the *Tejada* rises 8000 feet above the sea. It was the land-key of Granada, and its romantic capture, Feb. 28, 1482, by the M^{rs} of Cadiz spread consternation into the Alhambra, and paved the way for the final conquest of Granada. The

well-known plaintive ballad commencing, "*Ay! de mi Alhama!*" which Byron translated, expressed the national lamentation of the Moors. Consult Pulgar, '*Chronica de los Reyes*,' iii. 2.

The *Posada* at Alhama, albeit yclepped *La Grande*, is truly iniquitous; diminutive indeed are the accommodations, colossal the inconveniences; but this is a common misnomer, *en las cosas de España*. Thus Philip IV. was called *El Grande*, under whose fatal rule Spain crumbled into nothing; like a ditch he became greater in proportion as more land was taken away. All who are wise will bring from Malaga a good hamper of eatables, a bota of wine, and some cigars, for however devoid of creature comforts this *grand* hotel, there is a grand supply of creeping creatures, and the traveller runs a risk of bidding adieu to sleep, and passing the night exclaiming, *Ay! de mi Alhama*.

Alhama continues to bear for its arms a castle with two keys, emblematic of its being one of the keys of Granada. It was the Astigis Juliensis of the Romans. In the Moorish period it was much frequented for the baths (which can be visited next day when riding past them); now it is a picture of decay. The traveller may look at the aqueduct on the *Plaza*, peep over the *tajo*, pass on to the church, with its single tower, and thence under an archway by the miserable prison, from whose lofty grated windows the stranger is howled at by wretches in whose eye is famine, and on whose countenance is guilt and oppression: they let down by long strings baskets to receive rare donations of food, alms, and occasionally implements for escape. Passing the arch at the head of a staircase which leads into the church is a most picturesque house in which many varieties of architectural style are introduced in juxtaposition. There are the Gothic windows of the fifteenth century, the peculiar "*ball*" ornament so frequent in Toledo; there are the projecting ornaments such as

occur at Salamanca and Guadalajara, with an Arragonese character of solidity, all combined in this singular façade; many of the houses of Alhama are *casas solares*, or the family mansions granted to those who assisted at the conquest. The stone of which they are built is much corroded. The armorial bearings over the portals contrast with the misery indoors, pride and poverty. The population is clad in brown like that of La Mancha, for the gay Andalus Majo has disappeared.

The view of the Tajo from the convent de *San Diego*, is striking. Below tears the foaming Marchau, winding through ravines and rocky pinnacles. The whole scene is made for the painter; on the ledges of the beetling cliffs are picturesque houses, with trellised vines and hanging gardens, while below boil water-mills and cascades.

The road to Granada descends from Alhama. Continuing up the bed of the river, and passing a picturesque mill, to the l., at a short distance, are the mineral baths. These issue out of a dip in the hills, in that sort of position so common to warm volcanic springs. The principal bath is called *El Baño de la Reyna*. The interior is a picture. It was built by the Moors, and remains as they left it. Observe the emerald green water, with spiry clouds of steam, and *nitrogen gas*, as first ascertained by Dr. Daubeny. The waters are beneficial for dyspepsia and rheumatism, and are frequented in spring and autumn, but the modern accommodations are as usual indifferent. The circular bath, used by the poor, is possibly of Roman construction. The road reascends, soon to descend by a deep gorge to the village of *Cacin*, which is placed at the bottom of a funnel. Reascending it continues to the poor *Venta de Huelma*, and thence to *La Mala*, with its salt pans; about two miles on it enters the Vega of Granada, which, spread out like a green carpet, lies below the towering Sierra Nevada, now seen in all its Alpine majesty.

GRANADA.—The principal hotels are good. Among the best are the new *Fonda de las Diligencias*, *La Minerva* in the *Plazuela de los Lobos*, and the *Fonda del Comercio*, which is conveniently placed near the theatre and public walk, and attached to it is a good *Neveria*, or café and ice-shop: other and bad *Posadas* are *de los tres Reyes*, *La Cruz de Malta*, *Sⁿ. Rafael*, *La del Sol*. There are decent *Casas de Pupilos*, one in the C^o. de las Arandas, at the corner opposite the Conde de Santa Ana: another, *En los Tintes*, and near the Sⁿ. Espiritu, corner of *Calle sin Salida*; another in the *Plazuela de Tovar*; another in the C^o. de las Sierpes. Good lodgings may be

had near *El Campillo*, and *Carrera del Darro*. The artist will of course live up in the Alhambra, where he will always find a lodging, and there is a tolerable *Posada*; indeed, the *real thing*, independently of the associations, is to live in the Alhambra. There everything is Moorish, while below, Granada is no better than any other Spanish town; again, the *Cuesta* of the Alhambra is a toil to ascend, and those who do so, come up heated and tired. "*Me coge siempre cansado*," said poor old Dr. Tortosa, although he received a triple fee. To enjoy the Alhambra one must saunter about it when fresh and "in the vein," and especially by moonlight.

KINGDOM OF GRANADA.

The kingdom of Granada is the most eastern of "*Los Cuatro Reinos*" which constitute Andalucia. The length from E. to W.S.W. is about 240 miles; its breadth varies from 30 to 80. The area contains about 9000 square miles, and the population reaches a million. It consists of mountains, plains, "*Vegas*" (Bekáh, Arabicé, a watered valley between hills), and a maritime strip. The *Sierra Nevada*, with its "diadem of snow," rises nearly 13,000 ft. above the level of the sea, which washes its S. slopes. Thus under a latitude of 37°, the eternal snow and the climate of Africa are combined; hence every variety of production, from the hardiest lichen to the cotton plant and sugar-cane. This kingdom, being the last home of the Moors, who fled hither from the Christian advance, became the epitome of their various arts, commerce, and agriculture. Here they introduced the irrigation of the Huerta of Valencia, the silk of Seville, the iron workings of Toledo, the leather and literature of Cordova. Of all their varied accomplishments, none have survived save agriculture; and that, albeit degenerated, still forms the wealth of the province, which teems with corn and wine, oil, silk, and fruit. The snowy range is a perpetual Alembic of fertilizing water. The soil of the plains, although light, becomes highly productive under combined heat and moisture. The hemp is the finest in the world, and the succession of crops never ceases:—water is wealth. The line of irrigation, like the Rubicon, divides the desert from a paradise; all within its influence is green and fruitful, all lying beyond it is barren and tawny. Granada, and there is attraction in the very name, contains the Alhambra. The Alpine range of the *Alpujarras* is grand beyond conception, and is the Switzerland of Spain, nor can anything be more sunny and Mediterranean than the littoral districts. Malaga and the coast are intensely hot in the summer. The best time to visit Granada, and make excursions in the mountains, is from June to October.

The local and county histories, and other works referring to the important events and "Romance" of Granada, are infinite. For details of the final conquest in 1492, consult the eye-witnesses, '*Chronica de los Reyes*,' Hernando de Pulgar, folio, Monfort, Valencia, 1780; '*Decades duo*,' Cælius Antonio Nebrissensis

(Antº. de Lebrija, see p. 237), Granada, 1550, or folio, Granada, 1545; '*Opus Epistolarum*,' Petri Martyris Anglerii, folio, Alcalá de Henares, 1530, or the Elzevir reprint, folio, Amsterdam, 1670. Of moderns there are the '*Conquest of Granada*,' by Mr. Irving, and the '*History of Ferdinand and Isabella*,' by Mr. Prescott, a work of first rate excellence. For the '*Romance*,' better even than Irving's, is the '*Guerras de Granada*,' 2 vols., a Moorish tale of "sixty years since," the prototype of the Waverley novels, and which has gone through as many editions. It was written by Gil Perez of Murcia. It was translated, or rather murdered, into French by one A. M. Sané, Paris, 1809. The rapid and immediate deterioration of Granada under the Spaniards is told by an eye-witness in '*Il Viaggio Fatto in Spagna*,' Andrea Navagiero, Vinegia, 1563—it is a little gem. Consult the admirable '*Mohamedan Dynasties*' of Gayangos, not omitting his able article on the Moors in the '*Penny Cyclopædia*;' for the rebellion of the Moriscos, '*Historia de la Rebellion*,' Luys de Marmol Carvajal, folio, Malaga, 1600: or the Sancha edition, 2 vols. 4to., Madrid, 1797, which contains an excellent map of Granada by Felix Prieto; also '*Las Guerras de Granada*,' Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, the Spanish Tacitus: of this the editions are infinite; that of Mallen, Valencia, 1830, is convenient in form. Beware of the inaccurate French works of Florian and Chateaubriand, which can only mislead. For antiquities consult '*Antigüedades de Granada*,' Frº. Bermudez de Pedraza, 4to. Madrid, 1608; or the second and improved edition, folio, Granada, 1638. There is a modern reprint of a portion of it, 4to., by Frº. Gomez Espinosa de Monteros, Granada, s. d., but about 1819; '*Dialogos de las Cosas Notables de Granada*,' Luys de la Cueva, 4to. Sevilla, 1603; '*Paseos por Granada*,' Juan de Echeverria. These were first published in 1764, in weekly papers, under the name of Josef Romero Inranzo, and then republished in 2 vols. 4to. Granada, 1814, by Julian Maria Perez. Echeverria was ignorant of Arabic, and not partial to truth. When our good friend, Canon Juan Soler, asked him why he did not continue the work, he replied, '*Soy cansado de mentir*,' I am tired of lying. '*Cartas del Sacristan de Pinos*,' 4 vols. duo. Granada, 1761; but the best guide for the Alhambra is '*Nuevos Paseos*,' 3 vols. duo., Simon de Argote. The third volume is very scarce: the author never even saw it in print; it was only just put up in type when the French evacuated the city, and as he was an *Afrancesado*, and a jackall of Sebastiani, he fled with his patrons. Then the *Granadinos*, who care for none of these things, sold the sheets for waste paper.

A new and good history of Granada is now publishing at Madrid by Don Miguel de la Fuente Alcantara, the author also of '*El Viajero en Granada*.'

There are several plans of the town, besides that of Felix Prieto. First, and very curious, that which was drawn by Ambrosio de Vico, and engraved about 1624 by Frº. Heylan; next that published in 1796 by Frº. Dalmau, which is excellent. Of engraved works of the Alhambra the first was '*Antigüedades Arabes*,' 4to., s. d. about 1785; a second and folio edition was published in 1804. The Arabic inscriptions were translated by Pablo Lozano. This work was badly copied by James Cavannah Murphy, '*Arabian Antiquities*,' London, 1816, a mere book-making job, and it is difficult to believe that Murphy was even ever on the spot. This is the book puffed with outrageous eulogiums by Dr. Dibdin in his '*Library Companion*,' but let no man about to form a "*Spanish*" library ever consult that doctor. The '*Souvenirs de Granada*,' par M. Girault de Prangey, Paris, 1837; the '*Erinnerungen*' of Wilhelm von Gail, Munich; and even the splendid work of F. M. Hessemer, Berlin, 1836, 4to., fade before the English publication by Owen Jones, '*Plans of the Alhambra*,' London, 1842. The scrupulous architectural and artistical accuracy is rivalled

by the gorgeous execution. This new style of printing in gold and colours on stone, this "Lithochrysography and Lithocromatography," although the names are formidable, seems invented to do justice to the Alhambra. The value of the engravings is enhanced by a masterly history of Granada, and really accurate translations from the Cufic and Arabic inscriptions by Gayangos. The minor works, albums, lithographs, annuals, and so forth, scarcely deserve notice, beyond the charming poetical drawings of our friend Roberts, which are pirated by foreigners, in their '*Univers Pittoresque*' and similar works, and without whispering whence they stole their sweets.

The name Granada is a corruption from *Karnattah*, the ancient town of Phœnician origin. The prefix *car* occurs in many "cities" built on an eminence, *e.g.* Carthago, Carteia, Carmona, Cartama. *Nata* has been interpreted by some as "stranger," the "city of the stranger," of "pilgrims" (Casiri, '*Bib. Esc.*' ii. 247), and by others as the name of a local goddess. *Karnattah*, at the Moorish invasion, was given by one of Tarik's generals to the "Jews," and hence was called "*Karnattah-al-Yahood*." It occupied the site of the present "*Torres Bermejas*," and ranged above the "*Campo del Principe*." It was quite distinct from *Illiberis*, with which it has since been confounded. *Illiberis*, which signifies in Basque, according to Astarloa (Apol. 239), the "new city" (Neapolis, Newtown, Neustadt, Villanueva), was built on the Sierra Elvira. Here the celebrated Council was held about the year 303, at which Osius of Cordova presided over nineteen Spanish bishops. The 81 canons breathe a merciless anathema and death, worthy of the land of the future Inquisition. The crimes and penalties give an insight into the manners of the age. The canons are printed in Pedraza, 217. The early councils and canons of Spain are most curious. Consult on this, '*Istoria de tutti i Concilii*,' Battalini, 2 v. fol., Venezia, 1704, i. 29; and the commentary of Fernando de Mendoza, Mad. 1594; or the Lyons edition of La Borde, 1665, with the notes of Emmanuel Gonzalez Tellez.

When the Umeyyah kalifate was broken up, *Illiberis* was seized by a Berber chief, whose nephew, Habús Ibn Mákesen, in 1019, removed his residence to the stronger position of *Karnattah*: as usual, he destroyed the older town, "*Granada la vieja*," using up the Phœnician and Roman remains as a quarry for his new buildings. The conquests of Jaime I. in Valencia, and of St. Ferdinand in Andalusia, ruinous elsewhere to the Moorish cause, created the prosperity of Granada, which became the asylum of every Moslem refugee from all other parts of Spain. The remnant of the Moors now fled to the rocky fastnesses of the Alpujarras before the triumphant cross, as the Goths had retired to the Asturias before the conquering crescent. Ibnu-l-ahmar, "the red man," the successful upstart ruler of Jaen, and reluctant vassal of St. Ferd., was the real founder of this kingdom. He was a prince eminent in every respect, and his talents were inherited by his two successors. Then was erected the Alhambra, the fortress palace, which Moors have delighted to adorn and Spaniards to disfigure. The death of St. Ferdinand was the life to the infant monarchy of Granada, for his heir, Alonzo, catching at shadows, lost real substances, and wasted the gold of Spain in his foolish ambition to become Emperor of Germany. The civil wars which clouded his later years, and weakened his successors, gave time to the Moorish kingdom to grow strong, as the Christians turned against each other those arms which might better have been employed against the common enemy, the infidel.

Granada, which under the Moors contained half a million souls, now barely numbers 80,000. The date of its ruin is Jan. 2, 1492, when the banner of Castile first floated on the towers of the Alhambra. Internal dissensions, by which Ibnu-l-ahmar was enabled to found the kingdom, led to its decline and

ruin; and as *Cava* prepared the ruin of the Gothic monarchy, and opened the throne to the Moors, so a Christian woman now was the *teterrima causa* of the Moslem downfall, and facilitated the triumph of the descendants of Pelayus. Her name was Isabel de Solis. She was the daughter of the governor of Martos, and, being taken prisoner by the Moors, became the favourite wife of Abu-l-hasan, king of Granada. She is the heroine of an historical romance by Martinez de la Rosa. Her Moorish appellation is Zoraya, "Morning Star," in allusion to her surpassing beauty, whence 'Ayesbah, another wife and cousin of Abu-l-hasan, became jealous of her rival, and the court was divided into two parties. The Zegris (*Thegrim*, the people who came from *Thegr* or Arragon) espoused her faction, and the Abencerrages, the Beni Cerraj (the children of the saddle, or palace), that of Zoraya. In June, 1482, Abu-Abdillah, son of 'Ayesbah, dethroned his father. His name was corrupted by Spaniards into Boabdila. The Moors also called him *As-Saghir*, the younger (whence the Spanish term, *el Rey chico*), to distinguish him from Abu-l-hasan, his father. Boabdil immediately put to death the Abencerrages, for amnesty is not a thing of this Oriental land. Thus the house was divided against itself, and the bravest men were killed, just when Castile and Arragon were united under Ferdinand and Isabella. On the *Rey chico's* being taken prisoner at Lucena in 1483, the old king returned, and, being blind, abdicated in favour of his brother, Mohamed XII., called *Az-zaghal*, the valiant. Boabdil now became a vassal of Ferd., and at length, after a long siege, surrendered himself and his kingdom. According to Arabian authors he was treated harshly: certain it is that Ferd. violated most of his pledges and capitulations. Cardⁱ. Ximenez, deaf to the entreaties of the mild Fer^d. de Talavera, the first archbishop of Granada, proceeded, on the principles of the Inquisition, to convert men by fire and sword, at which the Moors rebelled, and were put down without mercy. Again similar ill usage, in 1570, drove them to arms, again they were crushed by John of Austria; and finally expelled, in 1610, by the bigot Philip III., a deed which was imputed to him as a glory, and made the subject of sundry second-rate poems. It has been alleged in his excuse that the Moriscos, differing in blood and creed, were dangerous aliens on an exposed coast; that they were always ready to join an invader, whether Moslem or Christian. Again, the example of the Moors was quoted as a precedent against themselves, for when the Al-mu'ahiden, or Spanish Christians who continued to live among them, invited Alonzo I. of Arragon to invade Granada in 1122, they were in consequence banished to Western Africa (Moh. D. ii. 307).

The Moors, previously to the fall of Granada, although abhorred, were treated with respect by the Christians, as *Moros*, gentlemen and soldiers. Afterwards they were termed *Moriscos*. This diminutive expressed contempt, and augured that ill usage which the worsted party too often meets with in cruel, puny Iberia.

The details of the conquest of Granada must be looked for in Prescott's able work. The *effects* are less understood. The possession of the Moors, the *apparent* weakness of Spain, was in fact the secret of her strength. Then all parties, as in their private juntas, united to pull down the holder of power, and when that was accomplished, fell to loggerheads with each other, quarrelling for the spoil. The struggle during the war, like a breeze upon a lake, kept fresh the energies of the nation. Thus while the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, which was thought by the infallible Pope to be a calamity and divine judgment, turned out to be a divine blessing, by the dispersion of classical lore, the harbinger of modern knowledge, the capture of Granada, which the same oracle pronounced to be a compensation for the infidel success, proved the

cause of the ruin of Spain. It paved the way to the loss of all liberty, to apathy, corruption, and death; the mainspring which a war of eight centuries, *pro aris et focis*, had kept in motion ceased to vibrate when the great end was accomplished: a re-action ensued; a moral and physical stagnation came over the listless conquerors. Civil and religious despotism saw and seized the moment, so advantageous to itself, and whilst the people of Spain were giving loose to the disarmed intoxication of success, they were shorn of their strength, and awoke from the lascivious dream emasculated and enslaved. Castile, like her arid, tree-stripped plains, from the lack of the nutriment of wholesome institutions, withered away; a curse was on her womb; she became incapable of giving birth to men who should do deeds worthy to be had in remembrance, or to authors whose works posterity would not willingly let die. Read, therefore, in the *Alhambra*, the legend tales and ballad romances of the old days of Crusade. The melancholy retrogression of a once noble nation increases the interest of these relics of better times, which have drifted down like the spars of a storm-wrecked battle-ship. In this contrast between former pride of place and present nothingness, our sympathy, as we tread the lonely *Alhambra*, is awakened by the *religio loci*, and the more when the change is borne with uncomplaining dignity; for bitter, in the words of Dante, is the pang "*ricordarsi del tempo felice nella miseria*." Spain, like a Porus, dethroned, yet conscious of innate royalty from which nought can derogate, looks down with self-respect on the changes and chances of fickle fortune. Although now the mock of Europe, which once grew pale at her name, Granada is still the chosen land of romance, where the present is forgotten in the past, and where, although her harp be unstrung, and her sword pointless, the tale of *Auld lang syne* still re-echoes through her bemyrtled courts, where, although her laurel-leaf be sere, the many flowers which still enamel the neglected Generalife attest that once a garden smiled.

The persecuted Moors were amply revenged by the French. The rout of Ocaña gave Granada to Sebastiani; the strong mountain passes of *Alcalá el Real* were abandoned without firing a shot by Freire, and thus the active French were permitted to conquer the kingdom of Granada in fewer days than the Spaniards had employed centuries in wresting it from the Moors. The Granadine patriots, distinguished even in Andalusia for bragging and doing nothing, scarcely made a semblance of defence. Then, as is fully described by Schepeler, churches and palaces were pillaged, books and MSS. made into cartridges, prisoners and monks put to death, having been first tortured with an ingenuity of cruelty: see the execution of Moreno. Soult soon became jealous of a colleague who collected pictures, "*et qui (although by birth the son of a Corsican cooper) se faisait prince*," and he procured his rival's dismissal. Sebastiani quitted Granada June 26, 1811, "*avec un grand transport sous escorte*," of all his treasures. The transports of the people were even greater, "*comme le nom de Murat est éternisé dans Madrid, le sien l'est à Granade*," says Schepeler, who gives curious details (iii. 112, 167-169).

Sebastiani desolated the *Alhambra*, that magical word, which in the minds of Englishmen is the sum and substance of Granada. To them it is the first object, the magnet, the pearl of great price; it is the Acropolis, the Windsor Castle of the city. Few *Granadinos* ever go there, or understand the all-absorbing interest, the concentrated devotion, which it excites in the stranger. Familiarity has bred in them the contempt with which the Bedouin regards the ruins of Palmyra, insensible to present beauty as to past poetry and romance. Sad is this non-appreciation of the *Alhambra* by the native; it completes the decay of the material fabric, by stripping even the ruins of their abstract prestige.

Such are Orientals, with whom sufficient for the day is *their to-day*; they care neither for the past nor for the future. Thus Borrow met rich and learned Moors who did not take the slightest interest either in the Alhambra or the Mezquita at Cordova, which ought to have appealed to their proudest recollections; but they think only for the present and themselves, and like them, most Spaniards, although not wearing turbans, lack the organs of veneration, and admiration for anything beyond matters connected with the first person and the present tense. Again, the leaven of hatred against the Moor and his relics is not extinct; they resent the preference shown by foreigners to his works rather than to theirs, since it at once implies their inferiority, and convicts them of bad taste in their non-appreciation, and of Vandalism in labouring to mutilate what the Moor laboured to adorn. The writings of Washington Irving and the admiration of European pilgrims have latterly shamed the authorities into a somewhat more conservative feeling towards the Alhambra; but even their benefits are questionable; they will "repair and beautify" on the churchwarden principle, and there is no less danger in such "restorations" than in those fatal scourings of Murillo and Titian in the Madrid gallery, which efface the lines where beauty lingers. Even their tardy appreciation is somewhat interested: thus Mellado, in his late Guide (1843, p. 229), lamenting that there should be no "*Noticia*" of the Alhambra, of which he speaks coldly, suggests, as so many "English" visit it, that a descriptive work would be a *segura especulacion*! a safe speculation! Thus the poetry of the Moorish Alhambra is coined into the Spanish prose of profitable *pesetas*.

The history of the degradation of the Alhambra deserves to be recorded. It was our fate, during two summer residences within its walls, to converse with many aged chroniclers, *hijos de la Alhambra*, who had seen with their own eyes, and heard from their parents, the progress of the decay, and the agents by whom it was perpetrated. These living oracles of traditions are now scattered or dead, and memory once interrupted never can be recalled: at all events, such information will be something *new*, which is not an easy task for those who write about the Alhambra, long worn threadbare in albums and annuals. The injuries began the very day after the conquest, when the "Purifications" of the monks, that is, the whitewashings and removals of Moslem symbols, commenced; then the iron forged at Gothic Toledo shattered the gossamer fabric of the Moor. What Ferd. and Isab. began their grandson Charles V. carried out. He proceeded to remove by the wholesale what Ponz called at Malaga (p. 353) the ugly abominations of the Moors. He modernized and rebuilt all the portion at the back of the Lindaraja court, put up heavy ceilings, cut out over-wide fire-places, took down the Moorish *Tarkish*, ran up partitions, opened and blocked up passages, and converted the dwelling of an Oriental into lodgings for a chilly Flemish gentleman. His son and the Phillips simply neglected the Alhambra, which in the absence of damp would have stood for ages, for here scarcely the sepulchre is shrouded by a lichen. The palace shared in the decline of the monarchy, and was made in 1664 an extra-judicial asylum for debtors. Poverty thus crept into the "rules" of the king's house. It was next given up to invalid soldiers, prisoners, and convicts, and, in a word, made a den of thieves. Thus bats defile abandoned castles, thus the *reality* of Spanish crime and mendicancy disenchant the *illusion* of this fairy palace of the Moor.

The Alhambra, for the first two centuries after the conquest, scarcely attracted the attention of other European nations. To travel, indeed, except on compulsion, was not then the fashion. The names of visitors begin to be inscribed on the walls about 1670. After nearly a century more of neglect, the Alhambra was put into a sort of repair by Richard Wall, the Irish ex-minister

of Charles III.: unfortunately it was selected in 1792, at that king's death, as the prison of Aranda, who was displaced from the ministry to make way for the minion Godoy. Then the apartments of Charles V. were whitewashed, and all the rich Italian arabesques obliterated. The governor, one Savera, at that time resided in the suite of rooms over the Mosque, from which every vestige of Moorish taste was swept away. He placed his kitchen and filthiest appurtenances in a Moorish mirador, where marble and gilding yet linger amid abominations indescribable. Charles IV. next gave this petty office to a Catalan named Don Luis Bucarelli, who had been wounded in a battle with the French, and was half-witted and bedridden; he had five daughters, who married paupers of other parts of the Alhambra, and were all quartered in it; they laid their hands on everything that could be moved or sold; they stripped off much of the *Azulejo dado* which ran round the courts of the *Aberca* and elsewhere, which they sold to bakers and cooks, and this porcelain may now be seen worked up in many of the open shops in Granada. They converted the *Sala de las dos Hermanas*, the gem of the Alhambra, into a silk manufactory, and filled it with looms. In vain were representations made by foreigners to the wittol Charles IV.: he desired "that the old man should not be worried." Plunder thus authorised did its worst during the remainder of Bucarelli's life. He was succeeded by Don Lorenzo Velasco y Navara, who, by endeavouring to correct some abuses, became unpopular with the *contador* or the treasurer, who, on Godoy's downfall, managed to effect his dismissal on the plea of his being a protégé of the ex-minister. The hereditary office of *contador* had been purchased by the Prado family of Philip V. Don Jose Prado had held it forty years, and was the worst ever known, except his son *Antonio*. Albeit malpractices and petty larcenies are *venial* sins in all Spanish unjust stewards, yet such were the *mortal* offences of the son, that he was actually turned out of the office. This family of caterpillars had pretty well eaten up the patrimony of the Alhambra, while the remaining sums destined for repairs, &c., were divided, as usual, by the other authorities. About 1808 Don Ignacio Montilla was appointed governor. His wife kept her donkey in the beautiful chapel, and made the *Patio de la Mezquita* a pen for her sheep. But Ocaña soon brought in the wolf, and Sebastiani arrived in Jan. 1810. Montilla, for the sole crime of not presenting himself to this potentate, was imprisoned in the Comares tower. He was saved from instant execution by some Poles who were quartered in the Alhambra. His friends then got "*La Panera*," at whose house Sebastiani was lodging, to intercede. The lady was rich and beautiful: Mammon allied to Venus subdued the General's heart, and in this rare instance he departed from "salutary rigour," and was guilty of clemency. To the Alhambra he showed no mercy: he treated it as his kinsman and model, Buonaparte, did the Kremlin.

The invaders next proceeded to convert it into a *place d'armes*: they demolished countless houses, and turned the Moorish mosque and Christian churches into magazines, and the convents into barracks; they tore up the Moorish pavement of blue and white in the Court of Lions, and made a garden there like that of a guinguette at Paris. The shrubs blocked up size and space, and concealed beauties of every kind, while their roots injured the intricate vein-work of pipes by which the fountains played, and their watering destroyed the rooms below. Not contented with this, on evacuating the Alhambra, Sept. 17, 1812, they mined the towers and blew up eight in number, many of which were models of Moorish art; they intended to have destroyed them all, but their agent Don Antonio Farses, an *Afrancesado*, took fright, and ran away after his protectors. The French retreated at nine in the morning, and Farses had, like an unpunctual Spaniard, only commenced the blowing up at eleven.

Montilla now returned; but when Ferd. VII. reached Madrid he left his

post, like most Spaniards, to job for a better place: at that time one Villa Ecusa was directed to collect all that the French had not taken away, for they had made the Alhambra their receiving-house, just as they had used the Alcázar of Seville. Villa Ecusa was assisted in his commission by Don José Prado, the *contador*, and Ant^o. María Prieto y Venencio, the "*Escribano*:" verbum sat. They gutted the Alhambra, they tore off door-locks and bolts, took out even panes of glass, and sold everything for themselves, and then, like good patriots, reported that the French had left nothing. The Court of Lions was now impassable from ruin; some of the animals were broken and thrown on the ground. Then stepped in the second founder of the Alhambra—not a commissioner of taste, "*rien, pas même académicien*"—but a humble female peasant, whom Montilla had appointed portress: her real name was Francisca de Molina. She is the Doña or *Tía Antonia* of Wⁿ. Irving, and with her niece *Dolores* and *Mateo Ximenez*, will live immortalized by his pen. The *Tía Frascita* was cross and crabbed, Dolores ill-favoured and mercenary, and Mateo a chattering blockhead; out of such worthies Irving made heroes and heroines, for the power of romance can gild the basest metals. Montilla had granted to the *Tía* the use of the *Adarves* and the garden; and she made money by showing the place and dressing picnic dinners, until some ultra-bacchic festivities caused that permission to be withdrawn. This epicene combination of a she Cerberus and a Canidia, as little resembled a real woman, as the lions in the court do those in the Zoological Gardens. She was finally expelled from her Paradise by recent reformers.

No sooner were the Thalabas ejected from the Alhambra, than this *Tía* went to work to repair their ravages—*labor ipse voluptas*. She set the Lions on their legs, and cleared away the rubbish. At length the indignant remarks of foreign travellers shamed the authorities, who commenced some trifling restorations; but in 1821 an earthquake shattered the ancient pile, and the times were out of joint, and the *Constitucion* in force. Montilla being a royalist, and a gentleman by birth, was persecuted by the patriots, by whom one Juan Camerara was named governor, the city Junta seizing for themselves the scanty funds of the *Real Patrimonio*, and the Alhambra again hastened to decay. In 1823, when Ferd. VII. was delivered, Montilla returned; but he resigned in 1827, and was succeeded by a Col. Fr^o. la Serna, whose great object was to employ the galley-slaves; and in an evil hour he selected the Alhambra for their occupation—*fiat experimentum in corpore vili*. His first step was to try to expel the *Tía Frascita*, who having lived sixty years in the palace, was not only Lioniser, but its Lioness, Queen, and Cook, being nicknamed *La Reyna Coquina*. La Serna failed in that, and then, out of pure spite, deprived her of the *adarves*. He next converted a large portion of the Alhambra into stores, for the salt-fish of his scoundrel charge; at this task his worthy galériens worked in chains for weeks, in 1831, tearing down and casting over the battlements the Moorish *lienzos* and *azulejos*. In March of that fatal year, as if destruction were its rule, a large portion of the curtain or outer wall, hanging over the Darro, fell in; this has since been rebuilt by the convicts. In the summer however, Mr. Addington, the British ambassador, coming down to visit our humble selves in the Alhambra, induced the authorities to remove a powder magazine, which, as it had no conductor, not even a holy-week palm branch, was liable, during any lightning storm, to vie with Vandals, foreign and domestic. Thus, as an *accident*, the moving power of things of Spain, prevented the complete destruction of the Alhambra towers by the French, the accidental visit of an Englishman may have preserved the remains of what Gaul and chance had spared.

When Ferd. VII. died, and civil wars broke out, the Alhambra, in common with the Escorial, Aranjuez, and everything royal, was left to go to ruin. In 1837 the governor cut up the Moorish doors of the *Sala de los Abencerrages*,

and permitted another man of taste to "repair and beautify" *la Casa Sanchez*, once, when inhabited by honest Sanchez, of whom Panza was the type, one of the most picturesque and most Moorish of dwellings. During the panic, occasioned by the incursion of the Carlists under Gomez, a good deal more mischief was done in what was called putting the place in a state of defence: at length, in 1842, Arguelles, tutor to the queen, destined, to his great credit, a small sum from the privy purse for absolute repairs, which have been tolerably done.

GRANADA is the capital of its province (for hotels, see p. 359); pop.ⁿ. about 80,000. It is the see of an archbishop, whose suffragans are Guadix and Baza, and Almeria. It is the residence of a Capt. Gen., and of the civil and military provincial authorities. It long was the seat of the southern *Chancelleria*, or Supreme Court of Appeal, but a new *Audiencia* was formed at Albacete, in 1835, to the injury of Granada, by removing lawyers and clients. It has a cathedral, 23 parishes, a university, Liceo, public library, and Museo. The natives thus parody the proud boast of hated Seville, for the two cities abhor each other as in the time of the Moors.

"*Quien no ha visto a Granada
No ha visto a nada.*"

And certainly art and nature have combined to render Granada, with its alps, plain, and Alhambra, one of those few places which realize all previous favourable conceptions. Granada is built on the spurs of the mountains which rise to the N. E. to their greatest altitude. Like Broussa, in Asia Minor, it has its Olympus, valley, and fortress palace. The city overlooks the *Vega*, and is about 2445 ft. above the level of the sea: this altitude, coupled with the snowy background, renders it a most delicious summer residence. The *Vega* supplies every vegetable production, and is "a spot," said the Arabians, "superior in extent and fertility to the Ghauttah, or the valley of Damascus:" they compared the white villas and farm-houses which sparkle amid the eternal verdure to "Oriental pearls set in a cup of emeralds." These dwellings are still called "*Carmenes*,"

from *Karm*, a vineyard. Granada is built on, and at the base of several hills: the portion to the r., which hangs over the Xenil, is called *Antequerula*, the "Little Antequera," to which the natives of that town fled after its capture, in 1410. The Alhambra is built on a crowning height, that hangs over the Darro, which separates the *Antequerula* from the *Albaicin* — *Rabad-hu-l-Bayisin*, "the suburb of those from Baeza," to whom it was assigned in 1227, when that city was conquered by the Christians: from this term *Rabad* is derived the modern word "*Arrabal*," suburb. This district is encircled by its own walls, and a long line, the *Cerca del Obispo*, so called because built by the Bishop, Don Gonzalo, which extends to *Sⁿ. Miguel el Alto*. The best portion of the town lies at the base, while none but the poor live above. The *Granadinos* despise the Alhambra, as a *casa de ratones*, or rat's hole, which indeed they have made it.

The society of Granada is dull. To those who arrive from Seville, the inhabitants do not look either so well dressed, gay, or intelligent. There are fewer *Majos*, and the women are inferior walkers and talkers; they want the real *meneo y gracia*, although they contend that "*Las Granadinas son muy finas*." The houses again are smaller, and less Oriental, for Granada was built by impoverished defeated refugees, not, like Seville, by the Moor in all his palmy pride; they have fewer marble-pillared *patios*: the *Zaguan* is smaller, and is paved with black and white stones; the filigree *Cancel* is changed into a heavy oak door. Square pilasters

replace in shops and streets the pillared shafts of Seville, and the windows have more balconies and fewer *Rejas*.

Granada now stagnates in bookless ignorance: it has neither libraries, letters, arts, nor arms. Like Cordova, from being an Athens under the Moors, it has become a Bæotia under the Spaniards of to-day; for in better times it was the birthplace of Fray Luis de Granada, one of the most eloquent and pathetic writers of Spain; of Lope de Rueda, the precursor of Lope de Vega and the dramatists; of the historians, Luis de Marmol and Hurtado Mendoza; of the sculptors, Juan Martinez Montañes and Alonzo Cano.

The "canting" arms of Granada are a Pomegranate, "Granada" stalked and proper: some catching at sound, not sense, have derived Granada from "*Granatum*," but the Moorish name was Karfiattah, and they never would have taken a Latin word had they wished to call the town "Pomegranate," because the hills are divided somewhat like that fruit. They would have preferred their own word Rommañ, which they did accordingly give to the "*Soto de Roma*," the "wood of Pomegranates;" and to this day a salad, made of pomegranates, is called "*Ensalada Romana*." It would be not less absurd to interpret this as *Roman*, than to connect Karfiattah with a Pomegranate.

The first object of course is the Alhambra; the ciceronis, truly Spanish, consist of Mateo Ximenez, the immortalized by Wⁿ. Irving, and a French deserter named Louis. They are both profoundly ignorant in all beyond local and ballad stories. These they believe like monkish legends, and indeed they are more deserving of credit than half the hagiography of their church, and twice as poetical. Woe upon the cold sceptic, who, on these sites of legitimate romance and Aladdin tales, *matter-of-facts* it too much. If the anecdotes be untrue, and more's the pity, they have obtained the prescription which time and poetry have the

privilege to confer. Gil Blas never was confined in the tower of Segovia, nor did Dulcinea ever dwell at Toboso. These ballad fictions form the most poetical *history* of the Alhambra, and let those who doubt the blood-stains of the Abencerraje, inspect prize cattle, and union dietaries, about which there can be no mistake. The Alhambra has been so long monopolized by painters, poets, and the *quidlibet audendi* genus, that it almost is beyond the jurisdiction of sober history; where fairies have danced their mystic rings, flowers may spring, but mere grass will never grow.

Ascend therefore, with implicit faith, the *C^o. de Gomeles*, and pass under the gate of *las Granadas* into the magical jurisdiction of the Alhambra: three paths diverge; that to the r. leads to the *Torres Bermejas*, the "red towers," a sort of outwork, which deserves a subsequent visit. This is the most ancient portion of Granada, and has given its name to the Alhambra. It existed when Illiberis was the chief town; and is mentioned as "*Kal-'at Al-hamra*," "the red castle," by an Arabian poet, so early as A.D. 864. It was afterwards called *Medinah al-hamra*, "the red city" (Casiri, 'Bib. Es.' ii. 249). Pedro de Alcalá, in his *Arabo-Hispano* dictionary of the time of the conquest, translates *Bermeja* by *Amhar* (*hamra* in the feminine), a name well applicable to the red ferruginous concrete *tapia* of which it is built. It may have existed even before the Romans; indeed, some antiquarians, who can see far into a milestone, pretend to recognize Phœnician work. Habus Ibn Makesen, when he removed from Illiberis in 1019, erected above this outwork the Kassabah Al-hamra, "the enclosure of the red," the present Alca-saba. This Ibnu-l-ahmar selected for his residence, and built the Kasru-l-hamra, the Alcazar, or palace, of or in the red enclosure. The long lines of walls and towers crown the hill, and follow the curves and dips of the ground: there is no attempt at symmetry or straight lines; hence, as at Jaen,

Xativa, etc., the elegance and picturesqueness of these Oriental fortifications: they are the antitheses of the commonplace line and rule *places* of Vauban, which are as worthless to the artist, as admirable to the engineer.

The Moorish towers rise out of a girdle of trees, which contrasts with the stony sierras above; but all is artificial, and the work of the water-enchanter Moor. The centre walk leads to the public gardens; that to the l. to the Alhambra; the wooded slopes are kept green by watercourses, and tenanted by nightingales, who, like lovers, are bad sleepers and good serenaders. The females are in vain pointed out to the *Andaluzas* as models of staying at home in their nests, of never singing, and of always being clad in plain russet, instead of holding out allurements to visitors. On reaching the height is a semicircular barbican, and below it a Berruguete fountain, erected in a coarse stone by Charles V.: the ornaments, like those of the marble-cased grotto of Egeria, make the lovers of natural moss and rocks quote their Juvenal: "Quanto præstantius esset," &c.

Granada is a city of fountains. The Darro and Xenil are drawn off in canals from high up near their sources, and thus the waters retain the original elevation above the town: columns are accordingly thrown up from fountains in great body and height. There is a waste of the fluid which would shock a Chelsea Water-works Company director, who prefers conveying the "article" in an economical lead pipe to this extravagant splashing, and loves a turncock better than these Oriental Hebes, with their classical pitchers and chamois steps.

A sharp turn conducts to the grand entrance, *La Torre de Justicia*, the "gate of judgment," the "Sublime Porte," at which the king or his kaid dispensed judgment, as in the East (Deut. xvi. 18), after an ancient fashion, which at least was more rapid and cheap, and, possibly, quite as equitable as the modern Court of

Chancery, either below the hill or elsewhere. This gate was erected in 1348 by Yusuf I., Abu-l-hajaj, a great decorator of the Alhambra. The Moors called it *Bābu-sh-shari'ah*, the "gate of the law." The inscription over the inner doorway records its elevation and the name of the founder. It ends, "May the Almighty make this [gate] a protecting bulwark, and write down its [erection] among the imperishable actions of the just." The Moorish diaper has been broken, to make a niche for an image of the Virgin. Over the horse-shoe arch is seen an open hand, and over the inner arch a *key*, in which some see the Oriental symbol of power (Isa. xxii. 22), and others the "key of David" (Rev. iii. 7). Some however consider it an emblem of hospitality and generosity, the redeeming qualities of the Oriental. Gayangos thinks it a type of the five principal commandments of the creed of Islam: "To keep the fast of Ramadan, pilgrimage to Mecca, almsgiving, ablution, and war against the infidel." But the true meaning of it is a talisman over the portal against the much-dreaded "Evil Eye," the Nemesis, the retribution, the *Ἀντὶ θυμοῦ*, the ruin which is "next-door neighbour" to prosperity; at which the fear-inspiring Æschylus and Solomon the wisest of men trembled, and at which Orientals and Spaniards have always and do still tremble (see p. 35). The Morisco women wore small hands of gold and silver round their necks, like the Neapolitans, a substitute for the classical phallic symbol of defiance. Charles V., by a Pragmatica in 1525, forbade this usage. In the *Sala de los Embajadores* is an inscription to the same purport: "The best praise be given to God! I will remove all the effects of an evil eye upon our master, Yusuf," &c. The key was a symbolic sign among the Sûfis, denoting knowledge, "the key by which God opens the heart of believers." It occurs over many Andalusian castles, especially those built after the arrival of the Almohades.

The entrance is carried through a double gate: "David sat between the two gates" (2 Sam. xviii. 24). Here is a guard-room; and the passages are contrived so as to obstruct an entering enemy. Now, instead of the well-appointed Mameluke and glittering Moor, or iron-clad champion of Tendilla, a few gaunt, half-starved, bandit-looking invalids are huddled together, need starving in their eyes, their only uniform being ragged misery. These scarecrows form the fit centinels of a building ruined by Spanish apathy.

Passing onwards, near a paltry altar screen, is this Gothic inscription, coeval with the conquest; "*Los muy altos Catholicos y muy poderosos Señores Don Fernando y Doña Ysabel, Rey y Reyna, nuestros señores, conquistaron por fuerza de armas este reino y Cibdad de Granada; a la qual despues de aver tenido sus altezas en persona sitiada mucho tiempo, el rey moro Muley-hazen les entregó con su Alhambra y otras fuerças, a dos días de Enero de mill y ccccxcii años; este mismo día Sus. Al. pusieron en ella por su alcaide y capitán, a Don Ynigo Lopez de Mendoza, Conde de Tendilla, su vasallo, al qual partiendo Sus. Al. de aquí, dexaron en la dicha Alhambra con quingentos caballeros, e mill peones, e a los Moros mandaron Sus. Al. quedar en sus casas en la Cibdad e sus alcarrias como primero estaban; este dicho conde por mandamiento de Sus. Al. hizo hacer este algebe.*"

Hence a narrow passage leads to the open place, *Pa. de los Algibes*, under which are the "cisterns" which are filled by the Darro. In summer an awning is erected over a well, whence a supply of cool water is sold to those who come up from Granada with donkeys. This Plaza divides the palace from the *Alcazaba*. The latter was formerly entered by the *Torre del Homage*, of "Homage," which rises at the end of the *Pelota*, or fives court. Observe a Roman altar from Illiberis, imbedded by the Moors in this tower.

The present entrance to the l. was

made by the French. The *Alcazaba* is now used as a prison for galley-slaves. The once most curious Moorish armoury was sold by Bucarelli to defray the cost of a bull-fight; the *Alhambra* is a separate jurisdiction, and has its governor, once a post of honour, but now it is given to a petty officer; and to these very guardians is the ruin of the palace owing. *Quis custodes custodiet?*

Ascend the *Torre de la Vela*. Here, as an inscription records, the Christian flag was first hoisted. The panorama is glorious. Below lies Granada, belted with plantations; beyond expands the Vega, about 30 miles in length by 25 in width, and guarded like an Eden by a wall of mountains. The basin was once a lake, through which the Xenil burst a way at Loja. The Vega is studded with villages and villas; every field has its battle, every rivulet its ballad. It is a scene for painters to sketch, and for poets to describe. To the l. rise the snowy Alpujarras, then the distant Sierra of Alhama, then the gorge of Loja in the distance, then the round mountain of Parapanda, which is the barometer of the Vega; for when its head is bonneted with mists, so surely does rain fall: "*Cuando Parapanda se pone la montera, Lluève aunque Dios no lo quisiera.*" Nearer Granada is the *Sierra de Elvira*, the site of old Illiberis, and below the dark woods of the *Soto de Roma*. To the r. is the rocky defile of Moclin, and the distant chains of Jaen: the *Torre de la Vela* was gutted by the French. It is so called, because on this "*watch-tower*" is a silver-tongued bell, which, struck by the warder at certain times, is the primitive clock that gives notice to irrigators below. It is heard on a still night even at Loja, 30 miles off. Ascend it also just before the sun sets, to see what is his glory in these southern latitudes, when he crimsones heaven and earth. Then as darkness comes on, the long lines of burning weeds and stubble in the Vega run and sparkle, crackling like the battle flashes of infantry; and, as the

old warder never fails, and justly, to remark, recall the last campaigns of the Moor and Christian. Then in the short twilight how large the city below looms, always a grand sight from an elevation, but now growing in mystery and interest in the blue vapours. How Turner would paint it! and then the buzzy beelike distant hum of life!

The under line of bastions, which extend to the Gate of Justice, were laid out by Charles V. in hanging gardens. Visit these *Adarves*; observe the fountains, busts, and cinque-cento sculpture. The vines *Parrales* are said to be of the time of the Moors. Their boa-constrictor-like stems wind round the square pilasters: the grapes are delicious. The outer bastions, below the Alcazaba, were destroyed by the French, and they are now a weed-overgrown ruin.

In a small court of the *Alcazaba* is a marble sarcophagus or tank, with basso-relievos of animals; among them the "deer-slaying lion," which occurs so often in Greek art, and, like the Mithraic slaughter of the bull, may be the symbol of some hieratic mystery, possibly the triumph of the evil principle. It is difficult to say whether this rude sculpture be antique or Moorish. An Arabic inscription is carried round the border, but this may be later than the carving; at all events, *stags* are animals connected by Orientals with the fountain, "as the hart panteth for the water-brooks:" and the Spanish Moors, among other departures from strict Moslem rules, did not reject either paintings or carvings of living objects. Lions constantly occur: nor was even the image of the Virgin disallowed.

Returning to the *Pa. de los Aljibes*, is an isolated Moorish tower, *La Torre del Vino*. Observe the elegant arch, and the *Azulejos*, with which Spanish filth and neglect contrast. It was built in 1345 by Yûsuf I. The large palace opposite was begun by Charles V., and in common with most of those which he planned, is unfinished: it

never even was roofed; but there is "more than one window left incomplete" in all Spanish palaces on earth, or castles in the air: yet to raise this, which he could not complete, Charles destroyed large portions of what the Moors had finished. He tore down whole ranges of the Alhambra, just as the Dutchman William III. did with Wolsey's Hampton Court, and both have tacked on a square incongruous abortion. This palace is, however, what the Spaniards admire, and to this, *their* building, and not to the Alhambra, *that* of the Moors, do they direct the stranger's attention. It was begun in 1526 by Pedro de Machuca, and progressed slowly until 1633, and was then abandoned. Charles V., after his marriage at Seville, in 1526, spent the summer at Granada. Not content with modernising an entire quarter of the Alhambra for his residence, he raised this on another part of its site, and made the Moriscos pay the expense, by a threat of bringing the Inquisition in from Jaen, which, as Navagiero observed at the time, "*potra facilmente ruinar questa citta*," as it afterwards effectually did. The palace, which, had it been placed anywhere else, would have been a fine building, is in the Græco-Romano Bramante style, and was one of the first erected in Spain of its kind. The ornaments of the grand portal and windows, ascribed to Berruguete, are by Pedro Machuca. As works of art, the basso-relievos are much overrated; and such is the poverty of invention, that the same battlepiece is twice repeated. The creamy pudding-stone is called *Almendrado*, and comes from the quarries of *El Turro*, and it is like the almond cake *Turron*. The interior is cut up with a disproportioned Doric circular *Patio*, which however well contrived, if the emperor meant to use it as an arena for bull-fights, must destroy the proportions of all rooms near it. The court, however, has generally been made a working-place for galley-slaves. There was a notion

of offering this palace to the D. of Wellington, hoping that he would finish it with English gold; but it ended in nothing.

Before entering the Moorish palace look around at this Plaza, where everything is typical of the past and present. In front the massy towers of the Moors frown over ruins and neglect. The uneven weed-encumbered court is disfigured by tattered invalids, importunate beggars, and chained convicts, emblems of weakness, poverty, and guilt, and fit inmates of the miserable huts which Spaniards, like the marflets, have built up against the lordly castle of their predecessors. The clanking of the criminal's chain has replaced the cry of the Mueddin, and the *Algara* of the Moorish knight. The unfinished palace of the Austrian insults the half-destroyed abode of the Western Kalif: it is a thing of Spain, of to-day, where old systems are overturned by rash innovators, who have been unable to raise any new ones in their place. Alas for Spain! rich, indeed, in ruins and recollections.

The present entrance to *la real casa Arabe* is of Spanish construction, and lies in an obscure corner; for Charles V., adding insult to injury, did not even set his new building in a parallel line with the older one. Before entering, it may be as well to say a word on the erection of this edifice, the Arabic inscriptions, colours, ceilings, and architectural peculiarities: its decay has already been recorded.

The severe, simple, almost forbidding exterior of the Alhambra, gives no promise of the Aladdin gorgeousness which once shone within, when the opening of a single door admitted the stranger into an almost paradise. In common with other Moorish commanding Alcazares, it is built on the crest of a hill, and of *tapia*. The picturesque walls and towers which fringe the heights, follow the natural lines of the uneven ground. This fortress-palace, the dwelling of an Oriental, was intended to awe the city below, to keep

out heat, enemies foreign and domestic, and to keep in women. The plain aspect was adopted to avert the effects of the evil eye, which scowls on the over-prosperous, and mars their felicity. The interior voluptuousness and splendor was masked, like the glittering spar in a coarse pebble. Thus, while the Spanish palace was all external ostentation and internal imperfection, the Moor's motto was *esse quam videri*; content with the substance *within*, he was free from the vanity of displaying a whitened sepulchre to the world.

The internal arrangements were purely Oriental. The colonnaded walks, the fountains, baths, the diaper-stucco *Tarkish*, the *Azulejo* dado, which at once combined durability, colour, coolness, and a non-reception of vermin: above which hung the rich *Artesonado* roof, gilded and starred like a heaven over the glorious saloons. "The architecture of the Arabs," says Owen Jones, "is essentially religious, and the offspring of the Koran, as Gothic architecture is of the Bible. The prohibition to represent animal life, caused them to seek for other means of decoration, inscriptions from the Koran, interwoven with geometrical ornaments and flowers, not drawn decidedly from nature, but translated through the loom; for it would seem that the Arabs, in changing their wandering for a settled life, in striking the tent, to plant it in a form more solid, had transferred the luxurious shawls and hangings of Cashmere, which had adorned their former dwellings, to their new, changing the tent pole for a marble column, and the silken tissue for gilded plaster;" and certainly he might have added that the palm-tree was the type of the columns which they used in their *patios*. With regard to the Arabic inscriptions, these *epigrammata* are written in an ornate character, and are decorations of themselves: their usage was borrowed from the phylacteries, the *preservative* devices of the Jews. Gayangos observes of their import that "They are of three sorts:—*Ayat*, that is, verses from the

Koran; *Asja*, that is, pious sentences not taken from the Koran; and *Ash'âr*, that is, poems in praise of the builders or owners, or the palace." Like most Oriental poetry, the import is flat and insipid to European readers; the charm appears to consist rather in sounds and words than in meaning. Those belonging to the first two classes are generally written in Cufic, the character of the city El Koofeh, founded about the 17th year of the Hegira. The square form lends itself to geometrical patterns; indeed, it is as difficult to distinguish the letters from them, as it is the modern Arabic character from the scroll ornaments. The Cufic letters are often so arranged as to present a uniform appearance both ways; "thus the inscription can be read from the r. to the l., or from the l. to the r., and upwards or downwards. The long poems are all written in the African hand, with such care that no letter is ever wanting in its diacritic points, and the vowels and grammatical signs are likewise inserted." The modern Arabic character was adopted about the year 950, but the old Cufic one continued to be used in conjunction with it down to 1508.

The colours employed by the Moors were, in all cases, the primitive blue, red, and yellow (gold); the secondary colours, purple, green, and orange, only occurring in the *Azulejo* dados, which being nearer the eye, formed a point of repose from the more brilliant colouring above; some now, indeed, seem green, but this is the change effected by time on the original metallic blue. The Catholic kings used both green and purple, and their work can easily be discovered by the coarseness of execution and the want of the harmonious balance of colours, which the Moors understood so much better. Among the Egyptians, Greeks, and Arabs, says Mr. Jones, the *primitive* colours only were used in the early periods of art; the *secondary* became of more importance, during its decadence. Compare the Pharaonic temples with the Ptole-

maic, and the early Greek edifices with those at Pompeii. There is no doubt that under the Moors the marble pillars were all gilt, but the Spaniards found it easier to scrape off the gold, in their repairs, and thus expose the white stone, than to regild them. The elegant palm-like pillars deserve notice, and especially the variety of their capitals; these are, in all cases, carved in white marble; only the ornaments on the mouldings, which are now indicated by faint lines, are painted, the ground being blue, and the ornament the white surface of the marble; in some cases this order is reversed: few of the capitals retain their colouring perfect, although traces of it appear in almost all; the ground is frequently red, with blue leaves on the upper surfaces; all the bands and inscriptions were in gold; the common inscriptions are "And there is no conqueror but God;" "Blessing." The *Azulejo* dados and "frets" deserve careful notice (see Alcazar, Seville, p. 258). Intricate as these interlacings appear, they are formed on the simplest rules: "If a series of lines be drawn equi-distant and parallel to each other, crossed by a similar series at right angles so as to form squares, and the spaces thus given set off diagonally, intersecting each alternate square, every possible combination may be obtained; or an equal variety will result by drawing equi-distant lines diagonally and setting off the spaces at each square, at right angles." In the *Azulejo* pillars the component parts are the same, the infinite variety of pattern being obtained by changing the colours and juxtaposition of the separate parts. Thus there is no possible limit to the multiplication of designs by this combination of lines and colours. It is to be observed that where these *Azulejo* tiles are used as pavements, if *inscribed* they were placed there by the Spaniards, for the Mohamedans are most careful even of treading on any accidental scrap of paper, for fear it should contain the name of Allah. Many of the marble pavements in the Alhambra

clearly were not the original ones, as they are placed above the ancient level, and conceal portions of the Mosaic dado.

The honeycomb stalactical pendentives, of which there are such superb specimens, are all constructed on mathematical principles; they are composed of numerous prisms, united by their contiguous lateral surfaces, consisting of seven different forms proceeding from three primary figures on plain; these are the right-angled triangle, the rectangle, the isosceles triangle. Mr. Jones, by *dissecting* a portion, obtained the various component parts. These are capable of an infinite variety of combination, as various as the melodies which may be produced from the seven notes of the musical scale. The conical ceilings in the Alhambra attest the wonderful power and effect obtained by the repetition of the most simple elements; nearly 5000 pieces enter into the construction of the ceiling of *Las dos Hermanas*, and although they are simply of plaster, strengthened here and there with pieces of reed, they are in most perfect preservation: but the carpentry of the Phœnicians passed down to the Moor. These houses, "ceiled with cedar and painted with vermilion" (Jer. xxii. 14), are exactly those of the ancient Egyptians (Wilk. ii. 125); compare Cordova, p. 300.

The *Artesonado* ceilings, the shutter and door *marqueterie* works, resemble those in the Alcázar of Seville. The patterns, although apparently intricate, are all reducible to the simplest geometrical rules, and the same principle applies equally to the *Lienzos* and *Azulejos*. The intricacies baffle pen and pencil alike. Custom cannot stale their infinite variety. To the superficial, uninstructed eye, the patterns may, indeed, seem all to be the same, but they grow with examination, by which alone their inexhaustible varieties can be understood; what must they not have been in their original pride and colour! The mode of hanging the doors is that used by the ancients in their temples, and continued in the East to this day;

they are hung on pivots, forming part of the framing, and are let into a socket in a marble slab below, and above into the soffit of the beam; a bolt usually secures, at the same time, both the flaps of the folding-doors and the wicket; the method is Oriental and ingenious.

The building was commenced by Ibnu-l-ahmar, in 1248; it was continued by his son Abu' abdillah, and finished by his grandson Mohammed III., about 1314. The founder, like Edward III. at Windsor, has everywhere introduced his motto, his "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*" The words *Le galib ilé Allah*, "There is no conqueror but God," are to be seen in every portion of the *Turkish* and *Azulejo*. The origin is this: when he returned from the surrender of Seville, his subjects saluted him as *galib*—the conqueror, and he replied, "There is no conqueror but God." This motto also appears on his coat of arms. These are the banner of Castile, granted to him by St. Ferd., and the same as adopted by Don Pedro for the badge of his order of the *Vanda*, or Bend. This bend, once blue, was changed into "red" to compliment this Moorish William Rufus (Conde, iii. 38).

The great decorator was Yusuf I., who, although unsuccessful in war (see Salado, p. 224), was eminent in the arts of peace: so vast were his revenues, that he was imagined to possess the philosopher's stone; but his secret was quiet and industry, "*et magnum vectigal parsimonia.*" He regilt and repainted the palace, which then must have been a thing of the "*Tales of the Genii*;" now all is deserted and unfurnished, and the mere carcass. The colours are obliterated by whitewash, the proportions destroyed by centuries of ill usage; yet time and the dry air of Spain have used it gently, treating it like a beautiful woman. What must it have once been—*cum tales sunt reliquie*! Peter Martyr, an Italian of taste, thus wrote when he entered it, in the train of the Gothic conquerors: "*Alhambra, proh! dii immortales!*"

qualem Regiam! unicam in orbe terrarum crede!"

Entering by the obscure portal of Spanish construction, to the l. is the quarter allotted to the governor's residence. The suite of rooms is noble, but every beauteous vestige of the Moor has been swept away. The first *Patio* has various names; it is called *de la Alberca* and *de la Barca*—of the "Fish Pond," of the "Bark;" these are corruptions of the true Moorish name "*Berkah*," "the Blessing," which occurs all over it in the Arabic inscriptions. "*Beerkeh*," in Arabic, also signifies a tank, *unde* *Alberca*. In former times it was planted with myrtles, whence it is called *de los Arrayanes*, *Arrayán*, Arabicè, "a myrtle."

To the r. is an elegant double corridor, the upper portion, recently repaired, being the only specimen of its kind in the Alhambra. Here was the grand entrance of the Moors, which, with the whole winter quarter, was pulled down by Charles V., who built up his palace against it. The under saloon was converted by the French into an oil magazine; the tank, *Estanque*, in the centre of the court was formerly enclosed by a Moorish balustrade, which was pulled down and sold in the time of Bucarelli. The marble pavement came from Macael; it is now much broken up, as the French here piled up their firewood for their camp kettles, setting an example afterwards followed by Spanish galley-slaves.

The saloons to the r. of this *Patio* were once most gorgeous; they belonged to the monarch's wife, and hence are still called *el cuarto de la Sultána*. These were gutted in 1831 by the governor La Serna, who, imitating Sebastiani, used them for keeping the salt fish of his *presidarios*; on the opposite side is a small room fitted up by Ferd. the Catholic, as the ceiling shows, for the archives; these are contained in iron trunks, and have never been properly examined. In 1725 the contador Manuel Nuñez de Prado printed some of them; but as he was very ignorant

and made the selection himself, garbling and falsifying the pages, they only related to saints, relics, and nonsense, and were so absurd that he was advised to buy up the copies, which, consequently, are very rare. A new compilation was then made by Luis Franco Viano, a canon of the Sacro Monte, who employed Echevarria as his amanuensis. Just when they were printed Prado died, and with him, as usual, his project: then the attorney Venecio sold the sheets for waste paper. This little room contains or contained a fine Moorish marble table, and a splendid earthenware vase, enamelled in blue, white, and gold; the companion was broken in the time of Montilla, who used the fragments as flower-pots, until a French lady carried them away. There is some difficulty in getting into this room. The governor, the contador, and the escribano, each have a key of three locks, and these worthies, like Macbeth's witches, must be well paid before they will meet—" *nuestro alcalde, nunca da paso de valde*." The *Azulejo* dado which ran round this *Patio* was stripped off by the Bucarelli women and sold. Near the archives is the Moorish door which led to the mosque. Advancing to the great tower of Comares, observe the elegant ante-gallery; the slim columns would appear unequal to the superincumbent weight were not the spandrels lightened by perforated ornaments, by which also a cool current of air is admitted; observe the divans or alcoves at each end of this anteroom, and especially, near that to the r., the *Azulejo* pillars and portions of the original colours with which the stucco *Tarkish* was decorated: they have, fortunately, escaped Spanish "purification." Observe, in this anteroom, the ceiling—a wagon-headed dome of wood, of most elaborate patterns, and the honeycomb stalactical pendentives.

Before entering the Hall of Ambassadors, pass by a staircase to the l., which leads up to the governor's dwelling, to the *Mezquita*, once the mosque

of the palace. The *Patio* is a picture: it was made a sheep-pen by Montilla's wife, and since a poultry-yard: one façade retains its original Moorish embroidery, and the beams of the roof are the finest specimens in the Alhambra. The upper part of the cornice above the stalactites is wood, and from the form of the barge-board may be collected the shape of the original tiles which rested on it. The inscriptions between the rafters are "*Al-Mann*," "*The Grace*" of God, and on the moulding underneath, "And there is no conqueror but God," alternately with "God is our refuge in every trouble." A barbarous Spanish gallery destroys one side: observe the two pillars of the vestibule and their unique capitals. The door of the Mosque was stripped of its bronze facings by the Bucarellis, who sold the copper: a fragment only remains, which was out of the reach of these harpies.

Proceeding to the *Mezquita*, the roof was re-painted by Ferd. and Isab. Near the entrance on the r. is the exquisite niche, the *Mihrab* or sanctuary, in which the Koran was deposited. The inscription at the springing of the arch is "And be not one of the negligent." Turning to the l. is the Mosque, which Charles V. converted into a chapel, thus himself doing here what he condemned in others at Cordova (p. 301). The incongruous additions mar this noble saloon. A heavy, ill-contrived altar is placed in the middle: all around figure dolphins, pagan mottos, and cinque cento ornaments, with the arms of the Mendozas, the hereditary alcaldes. A raised gallery or pew, partly gilt and partly unfinished, recalls the "beautifying and repairing" of some bungling churchwarden.

Reascending to the anteroom of the *Sala de los Ambajadores*, on each side at the entrance are recesses into which the slippers were placed—an Oriental and Roman custom (Mart. iii. 50). This reception room of state occupies the whole interior of the Comares tower. It is a square of 37 ft., and is

60 ft. high to the centre of the dome: observe the *Azulejos*, the *Tarkish*, and the site of the royal throne, which was in the centre recess of the wall opposite the entrance. The r. inscription runs, "From *me*, this throne, thou art welcomed morning and evening by the tongues of *Blessing — Berkah* — prosperity, happiness, and friendship; that is the elevated dome, and we, the several recesses, are her daughters: yet I possess excellence and dignity above all those of my race. Surely we are all members of the same body, but I am like the heart in the midst of them, and from the heart springs all energy of soul and life." The l. inscription runs, "True, my fellows, these may be compared to the signs of the zodiac in the heaven of that dome, but I can boast that of which they are wanting, the honour of a sun, since my lord, the victorious Yusúf, has decorated me with robes of glory, and excellence without disguise, and has made me the *Throne of his Empire*: may its eminence be upheld by the master of divine glory and the celestial throne." The present ceiling is an *artesonado* dome of wood, ornamented by ribs intersecting each other in various patterns, with ornaments in gold, painted on grounds of blue and red in the interstices. It is composed of the *Alerce*, and is darkened by time; the original ceiling was of stucco, but fell down with an arch which once was carried across the hall. The enormous thickness of the walls may be estimated by the windows, which are so deeply recessed as to look like cabinets, or the lateral chapels of a cathedral. The views from them are enchanting. "Ill-fated the man who lost all this," said Charles V. when he looked out. The saloon has been much injured by earthquakes and the heavy wooden shutters introduced by this Charles. Below this hall are some vaulted rooms, where some second-rate marbles, probably by Pedro Machuca, two nymphs and a Jupiter and Leda, are deposited, being too nude for Spanish prudery. Observe the infinity of sub-

terraneous intercommunications; most of them have been blocked up by the Spaniards: these were the escapes of the Sultan in times of outbreak. Here also were the state prisons: from the window looking down on the Darro it is said that 'Ayeshah let down Boabdil in a basket, fearful of her rival Zoraya.

Coming up again, turning to the r., a heavy gallery, built by Charles V., leads to the *Tocador* de la Reina, the dressing-room of the Queen, as the Spaniards have called this *Tooc'*keyseh of the Moslem of Cairo (see Lane, ii. 62). The chilly Fleming, Charles, blocked up the elegant Moorish colonnade, and the marble shafts struggle to get out of their mortar prison. The royal dressing-room is about nine feet square; the interior was modernised by Charles, and painted in arabesque like the Vatican loggie; but no picture of art can come up to those of nature when we look around on the hills and defiles as seen from between the marble colonnade. The artists were Julio and Alessandro, pupils of Jean de Udina, who had come to Spain to decorate the house at Ubeda of Fr^{co}. de los Cobos the Emperor's secretary (see also Valladolid). They represent views of Italian seaports, battles, ships, and banners, but have been barbarously mutilated. These walls are scribbled over with the names of travellers, the homage of all nations. In a corner is a marble slab drilled with holes, through which perfumes were wafted up while the Sultana was dressing; they are the "*Foramina et Specularia*" of the ancients.

From the anteroom of the Comares a grated passage, of Spanish construction, and called *la Carcel de la Reina*, leads down to the Moorish baths. The little *Patio* is well preserved, for these *Baños* lay out of the way of ordinary ill-usage. They consist of *El Baño del Rey* and *El Baño del Principe*. The vapour-bath is lighted from above by small lumbreras or "louvres." The Moorish cauldron and leaden pipes were sold by the daughters of Buca-

relli. The *Azulejos* are curious. The arrangement of these baths is that still used in Cairo: the bathers undressed in the entrance saloon, and underwent in the *Hararah*, or the "vapour-bath," the usual shampooings. The upper portion of the chamber of repose has a gallery in which musicians were placed. Among the inscriptions is "Glory to our Lord, Abú-l-Najaj Yusúf, commander of the Moslems: may God render him victorious over his enemies. What is most to be wondered at is the felicity which awaits in this delightful spot." Near the *Baños* is a whispering-gallery, which pleases the childish, tasteless natives more than any Moorish remains. The suite of rooms above were modernised by Charles V., who arrived here June 5, 1526. Here Spaniards contend that Philip II. was begotten: he was born at Valladolid, May 21, 1527. The ceilings, heavy fire-places, and carvings of Charles, are diametrically opposed to the work of the Moor: he demolished everything both here and to the l. in the *Patio de los Arroyanes*, called also *De Lindaraja*, from the name of a Moorish princess. The Arabic fountain in the court is now dry, and everything is disorder and neglect.

Retracing our steps through the *Patio de la Alberca*, we pass by an anteroom, much altered by Ferd. and Isab., into the Court of Lions, a Moorish *cloister*, but one never framed for ascetics. Here ill-usage has done its worst. The roof is modern, and was put on by Gen. Wall about 1770. The cockney garden is French, the whitewashings and repair Spanish.

The *Patio* is an hypethral quadrilateral oblong of some 120 ft. by 60: more than 100 pillars of white marble support a peristyle or portico on each side; at each end two elegant pavilions project into the court. The arrangement of the columns is irregular; they are placed sometimes singly, sometimes grouped; nor is the effect produced by this truly Oriental departure from symmetrical uniformity

unpleasing, although they are so slender that they scarcely seem able to support the arches; and although the walls are only coated with pilaster, five centuries of neglect have not yet destroyed this slight fairy thing of filigree, which has not even the appearance of durability; wherever the destroyer has mutilated the fragile ornaments, the temple-loving martlet, guest of summer, builds his nest, and careers in the delicate air, breaking with his twitter the silence of these sunny, now deserted, courts, once made for Oriental enjoyment, and even now just the place to read the *Arabian Nights* in, or spend a honey moon.

The *f fuente* in the centre is a dodecagon basin of alabaster, resting on the backs of twelve lions: they are rudely carved, and closely resemble those of Apulia and Calabria, by which tombs and pulpits of Norman-Saracenic mosaic work are supported. These Arabian sculptures make up for want of reality, by a sort of quaint heraldic antiquity; such were those described by Arnobius (Ad. Gen. vi.), “*Inter Deos videmus Leonis torvissimam faciem.*” Their faces are barbecued, and their manes cut like scales of a griffin, and the legs like bed-posts: a water-pipe stuck in their mouths does not add to their dignity. Lions, from remote antiquity, have been used as supporters; the Oriental type will be found in the throne of Solomon (1 Kings vii. 29; x. 20). In fact the whole Alhambra must have been like the ancient and Byzantine palaces. The Hypodromus, the “portico with a hundred pillars,” the *Azulejo* pavement, the cypresses, the net-work of fountains, the sound of falling waters, are all detailed by Martial (xii. 50) and Pliny, jun. (Ep. v. 6), and such was the palace of Justinian described by Gibbon. The inscription round the basin signifies, “Blessed be He who gave the Imám Mohamed a mansion, which in beauty exceeds all other mansions; and if not so, here is a garden containing wonders of art, the like of which God forbids should else-

where be found. Look at this solid mass of pearl glistening all around, and spreading through the air its showers of prismatic bubbles, which fall within a circle of silvery froth, and flow amidst other jewels, surpassing everything in beauty, nay, exceeding the marble itself in whiteness and transparency: to look at the basin one would imagine it to be a mass of solid ice, and the water to melt from it; yet it is impossible to say which of the two is really flowing. Seest thou not how the water from above flows on the surface, notwithstanding the current underneath strives to oppose its progress; like a lover whose eyelids are pregnant with tears, and who suppresses them for fear of an informer? for truly, what else is this fountain but a beneficent cloud pouring out its abundant supplies over the lions underneath, like the hands of the Khalif, when he rises in the morning to distribute plentiful rewards among his soldiers, the Lions of war? Oh! thou who beholdest these Lions crouching, fear not; life is wanting to enable them to show their fury: and Oh! thou, the heir of the Anssár, to thee, as the most illustrious offspring of a collateral branch, belongs that ancestral pride which makes thee look with contempt on the kings of all other countries. May the blessings of God for ever be with thee! May he make thy subjects obedient to thy rule, and grant thee victory over thy enemies!”

Since the damages done by Sebastiani, the fountains of the amphibious Moor, which played here in all directions, are ruined and dry. That of the Lions alone is restored, and occasionally is set in action. Some of the most beautiful chambers of the Alhambra open into this court: beginning to the r. is the *Sala de los Abencerrages*; the exquisite door was sawn into pieces in 1837 by the barbarian governor: observe the honeycomb stalactite roof; the slender pillar of the alcove explains how Sampson pulled down the support of the house of Dagon. The *Azulejos* were repaired by Charles V.: the guide seri-

ously points out some dingy stains near the fountain as the blood-marks of the Abencerrages, massacred here by Boabdil; alas, that boudoirs made for love and life should witness scenes of hatred and death; and let none presume to geologise overmuch, or to think them ferruginous, for nothing is more certain than that heroic blood never can be effaced, still less if shed in foul murder. Nor, according to Lady Macbeth, will all the perfumes of Arabia mask the smell. This blood is quite as genuine to all intents of romance as is that of Rizzio at Holyrood-house, or of Becket at Canterbury. Beware, says Voltaire, "*des gens durs qui se disent solides, des esprits sombres qui prétendent au jugement parce-qu'ils sont dépourvus d'imagination, qui veulent proscrire la belle antiquité de la fable — gardez-vous bien de les croire.*" At the E. end of the court are 3 saloons of extremely rich decoration: the *Sala de Justicia* is so called from an assemblage of 10 bearded Moors seated in divan, which is painted on the ceiling; this and the two other ceilings deserve much notice, as giving the true costume of the Granada Moor; they were painted about 1460: the others represent chivalrous and amorous subjects, all tending to the honour of the Moor, whose royal shield is seen everywhere; in one a Moor unhorses a Christian warrior; another represents a captive lady leading a chained lion, while she is delivered from a wild man by a knight. Observe a game of draughts (the *dámeh* of the Arab, the *aux dames* of France), also the boar huntings, with ladies looking out of turreted castles, Christians on horseback, Moors in sweeping robes, with a background of trees, buildings, birds, animals, magpies, and rabbits, painted like an illuminated book of the 15th century, or a dream of Chaucer's.

— "On the walls old portraiture
Of horsemen, hawkes, and houndes,
And hartes dire all full of woundes."

It is not known by whom these pic-

tures, unique considering the period, persons, and locality, were executed; probably by some Christian renegade: in style they resemble those painted in Italy in the middle of the 15th century by Bennozo Gozzoli, a scholar of Fiesole, and have all his curious architectural features and backgrounds filled with animals. They are painted in bright colours, which are still fresh; the tints are flat, and were first drawn in outline in a brown colour, and on skins of animals sewn together and nailed to the dome: a fine coating of gypsum was used as priming; the ornaments on the gold ground are in relief: they now are neglected. It is to be wished that these relics, which in any other country would be preserved under glass, should be accurately copied the full size. The plates in Murphy are beneath criticism, from their gross inaccuracy.

Of the many beautiful arches in this building, none surpass that which opens into the central saloon: observe the archivolt, spandrels, inscriptions, and *Azulejo* column: surface lace-like decoration never was carried beyond this. In the last of the 3 rooms the cross was first placed by Card. Mendoza: the identical one is preserved at Toledo. Ferdinand "purified" these once-gorgeous saloons, that is, whitewashed them.

The badges of the Catholic sovereigns are introduced into the Moorish *Lienzo*, the "Yoke and the Bundle of Arrows:" see p. 130.

"*Despues que me ataste al Yugo,
De tus Flechas, no me espanta,
Amor, pero tanto monta!*"

And there is a moral in these symbols, which Spaniards now-a-days will not understand: they inculcate "union," the "drawing together," and a fair equality, instead of struggle for pre-eminence. It was by Arragon and Castile's "pulling together" that the Moorish house, divided against itself, was overthrown.

Opposite to the *Sala de los Abencerrages* is that of *Las dos Hermanas*, so called from the two sister slabs of

Macael marble which are let into the pavement. This formed a portion of the private apartments of the Moorish kings; the alcoves or sleeping-rooms on each side give it the character of a residence. This Sala and its adjuncts, for the beauty and symmetry of the ornaments, the stalactite roof and general richness, is unequalled; well may one of the inscriptions invite us to "Look attentively at my elegance and thou wilt reap the benefit of a *commentary on decoration*; here are columns ornamented with every perfection, and the beauty of which has become proverbial. Columns which, when struck by the rays of the rising sun, one might fancy, notwithstanding their colossal dimensions, to be so many blocks of pearl; indeed we never saw a palace more lofty than this in its exterior, or more brilliantly decorated in its interior, or having more extensive apartments." This beautiful saloon was made a workshop under Montilla, and in 1832 was mutilated by the corporation of Granada, who employed a dauber, one Muriel, to put up some paltry things for a fête given to the Infante Fr^{co}. de Paula, for which the Moorish decorations were ruthlessly broken. The entrance to this *Sala* passes under some most elaborate engraved arches with rich intersecting ornaments: observe the Oriental method of hanging the doors. Above is an upper story with latticed windows, through which the "dark-eyed," or Hauras of the Hareem, could view the fêtes below, themselves unseen and guarded, the idols of a secret shrine, treasures too precious to be gazed upon by any one but their liege lord. This *Γυναικειον* is precisely similar in construction to those used still in the East and in Tetuan. At the end of the Sala is a charming window looking into the Patio de Linderaja, which Charles V. disfigured with his brick additions. This Ventana and its alcove were the boudoir of the Sultana, on which poetry and art exhausted their efforts; all the varieties of form and

colour which adorn other portions of the Alhambra are here united. The inscriptions, to those who do not understand Arabic, appear to be only beautiful and complex scroll-work; while to the initiated they sing "Praise to God! Delicately have the fingers of the artist embroidered my robe after setting the jewels of my diadem. People compare me to the throne of a bride; yet I surpass it in this, that I can secure the felicity of those who possess me. If any one approach me complaining of thirst, he will receive in exchange cool and limpid water, sweet without admixture."

Such is the Alhambra in its decayed and fallen state, the carcase of what it was when vivified by a living soul, and now the tomb, not the home, of the Moor. It may disappoint those who, fonder of the present and a cigar than of the past and the abstract, arrive heated with the hill, and are thinking of getting back to an ice, a dinner, and a siesta. Again, the nonsense of annuals has fostered an over-exaggerated notion of a place which from the dreams of boyhood has been fancy-formed as a fabric of the Genii. Few airy castles of illusion will stand the prosaic test of reality, and nowhere less than in Spain. But to understand the Alhambra, it must be lived in, and beheld in the semi-obscure evening, so beautiful of itself in the South, and when ravages are less apparent than when flouted by the gay day glare. On a stilly summer night all is again given up to the past and to the Moor; then, when the moon, Dian's bark of pearl, floats above it in the air like his crescent symbol, the tender beam heals the scars, and makes them contribute to the sentiment of widowed loneliness. The wan rays tip the filigree arches, and give a depth to the shadows and a misty undefined magnitude to the saloons beyond, which sleep in darkness and silence, broken only by the drony flight of some bat. The reflections in the ink-black tank glitter like subaqueous silver palaces of Undines; as we linger

in the recesses of the windows, below lies Granada, with its busy hum, and the lights sparkle like stars on the obscure Albaicin as if we were looking down on the reversed firmament. The baying of the dog, and the tingling of a guitar, indicating life there, increase the desolation of the Alhambra. Then in proportion as all here around is dead, do the fancy and imagination become alive. The halls and courts seem to expand into a larger size: the shadows of the cypresses on the walls assume the forms of the dusky Moor, revisiting his lost home in the glimpses of the moon, while the night winds, breathing through the unglazed windows and myrtles, rustle as his silken robes, or sigh like his lament over the profanation of the unclean infidel and destroyer.

The Alhambra hill is shaped like a grand piano, with the point to the *Torre de la Vela*; it is entirely girdled with walls and towers. Leaving the palace by a small door at the hall of justice, is an open space, on which, a few years ago, was a fine Moorish tank, now filled up with rubbish by galley-slaves. To the r. is a small Alameda, and the parish church *La Sa. Maria*, which was turned into a magazine under Sebastiani; on the S. side, let into the wall, is a very curious Gothic stone recording the restoration of three churches by one Gudilla; observe the use of *servulos operarios*, instead of the ablative, as an early instance of the change taking place in grammatical Latinity. Following the outer wall to the l. is the *Casa del Observatorio*, so called from its mirador, or *Casa Sanchez*, from having been the dwelling of a poor but honest peasant of that name. It was once most picturesque, inside and outside, and beloved by every artist, but in 1837 it was ruined by a barbarian *empleado*; to this was attached a private mosque, which is now isolated in the garden below; the *mihrab*, or holy niche for the Koran, is most elaborate. Continuing, lower down is the Moorish postern gate, *La Torre del Pico*,

but the machicolations are of the time of the Catholic sovereigns.

The French intended to blow this tower up, as a parting legacy; the holes made by their miners yet remain, and prove their good intentions, but the procrastination of their agent, Farses, saved the building. From this gate a path, crossing the ravine, leads up to the *Generalife*; return, however, to the *Casa Sanchez*. In the garden opposite was the house of the Conde de Tendilla, the first *Alcaide* of the Alhambra; it no longer exists. The fruit grown on this spot is especially exquisite. Here the stranger from the cold north sits under the fig and vine, while festoons of grapes give fruit and shade, and tall whispering canes fan him as he reclines. The bones of the gallant Tendilla were placed in the adjoining convent of Franciscans, under the high altar; these Sebastiani scattered to the winds, making the place a barrack for Polish lancers; here the body of the Great Captain was placed until removed to Sⁿ. Jeronimo; and here also, under the two engrailed Moorish arches, long rested the coffins of Ferd. and Isab., until their sepulchre in the cathedral was finished. The grand mosque of the Alhambra stood near; it was built in 1308 by Mohammed III., and is thus described by Ibnu-l-Khâttib. It is "ornamented with Mosaic work, and exquisite tracery of the most beautiful and intricate patterns, intermixed with silver flowers and graceful arches, supported by innumerable pillars of the finest polished marble; indeed, what with the solidity of the structure, which the sultan inspected in person, the elegance of the design, and the beauty of the proportions, the building has not its like in this country; and I have frequently heard our best architects say that they had never seen or heard of a building which can be compared to it." This, continues Gayangos, was in very good preservation until the occupation of the French, when it was entirely destroyed.

Turning hence, again, to the walls, visit *La Torre de las Infantas*, once the residence of the Moorish princesses, now of squalid poverty; to the l. are two other towers, those of *del Candil* and *de las Cautivas*; the former contains elegant arches and delicate *Tarkish*. Continuing to the r. is the corner tower, *de la Agua*; here an aqueduct, stemming the ravine, supplies the hill with water. The French blew up this and the next tower; had they succeeded as they wished, in destroying the aqueduct, the Alhambra would have become again a desert. This is a spot for the painter. Other and injured towers now intervene between "*Los Siete Suelos*," the seven stories, or the former grand gate by which Boabdil went out, descending to the Xenil by the *Puerta de los Molinos*; it was afterwards walled up, as a gate of bad omen. This is a pure Orientalism. So likewise, when princes came in, "This gate shall be shut, it shall not be opened, no man shall enter in by it" (Ezek. xlv. 2). All was wantonly blown up by the French. The walls were 14 ft. thick, but what can withstand "villainous saltpetre?" Whatever escaped was by lucky accident. The ruins of six towers, their embroidery and porcelain, testify what they once were; all this quarter, with the Moorish palace of the Mufti and *La Casa de las Viudas*, was levelled by Sebastiani to make an exercising-ground for his soldiers. Passing the *Puerta del Carril*, by which carriages enter the Alhambra, the circuit is completed.

To visit the *Generalife*, pass out at the *Puerta del Pico*; to the l. are the remains of the stables of the Moorish guard. A picturesque ravine now divides the hill of the Alhambra from the *Sierra del Sol*. Ascending amid figs and vines is the *Generalife*—*Jennatu-l-arif*, the "garden of the architect," of whom Isma'il-Ibn-Faraj, the sultan, purchased the site in 1320. This mountain villa *Senectutis nidulus* now belongs to the M^s. of Campotejar, of the Grimaldi Gentili family. He is

an absentee, living at Genoa, and the real owner, as usual, is the administrator. This is a villa of waters; the canal of the Darro here empties its full virgin stream; it boils through the court under evergreen arches; an open colonnade overlooks the Alhambra, no longer looking like a filigree boudoir, but a grand sombre solid line of fortress. The paltry chapel is not worth visiting; the living rooms are at the head of the court. Observe the arches and Arabesques; here are some bad and apocryphal portraits; one of *El Rey Chico* is dressed like François I., in yellow and black fur, and has an inoffensive look—a man fitter to lose than win a throne; also a bad portrait of the Great Captain, in black and gold: ditto of Ferd. and Isab. Observe the genealogical tree of the Grimaldi; the founder, Cidi Aya, a Moorish infant, aided Ferd. at the conquest, and became a Christian by the name of Don Pedro; here also is his son Alonzo, trampling, like a renegado, on Moorish flags; the sword of the Rey Chico was the greatest curiosity of the house. Visit the cypresses, the "trysting-place" of the Sultana; they are enormous, and old as the Moors; the frail Zoraya is said to have been discovered under them, with her lover, the Abencerrage; but this is a calumny of Romanceros, and they are false witnesses, like the "Holm and Mastick" of the chaste Susanna. The guides, however, point them out exactly as the myrtles at Trœzene, under which Phædra became enamoured of Hippolytus, were shown in the days of Pausanias (i. 22. 2).

Behind them is a raised garden, with flights of Italian steps, perforated with fountains; ascend, passing a Moorish Algibe, to the hill top, the Moor's chair, *la Silla del Moro*; here are the ruins of a Moorish building and of the Spanish chapel of S^{ta}. Elena, which the French clambered up to destroy; the view is splendid, and never can be defiled or destroyed. Return to Granada by the *Generalife* and the cypress avenue, and

thence over an unirrigated and therefore tawny waste, to the *Campo Santo* or burial-ground. Those who dislike cemeteries may, on leaving the Generalife avenue, turn to the r. by the public gardens to the convent of *los Martires*.

Observe the *Mazmorras* on the platform; these artificial excavations are remnants of the Moor, and things of most remote antiquity; the modern Moorish term is *metamor*; and *matmorra* in Arabic is "a prison," for, like the *λακκοι* of the Athenians, herein were guarded either corn or convicts. The miserable dungeons of the Inquisition at Seville were called *Mazorras*. These granaries were invented in Egypt. Such were the "store-houses" of Joseph (Gen. xli. 56). The use of them passed thence into Thrace, Africa, and Spain; consult Pliny, 'N. H.' xviii. 30, and Varro, 'R. R.' i. 57. In these *Syros*, *Σειρους*, corn was preserved for more than fifty years; they were admirably contrived for concealment during the *forays* of invaders (Hirt. 'Bell. Afr.' 65). Near Valencia they are still called *Silos*, probably a corruption of the ancient name, since *Scilo* in Basque signifies an "excavation;" they are lined with a cement, like the Moorish water-tanks. Now the Granadino, as in other matters, has neutralized their utility; he throws in stones where the Moor stowed grain.

The convent of *los Martires* has been recently sequestered; the garden, with its little aqueduct, is pretty. Next visit the *barranco* or ravine behind it, where gipsies live in troglodyte burrows, amid aloes and prickly pears. The dark daughters of Moultan sit in their rags under their vines, while their elfin brats beg of a stranger an *ochavico*. Hence to the *Campo del Principe*, and to *St. Domingo*, a fine convent recently converted into the Museo. This is a collection of unexamined, unmitigated rubbish. Granada never had much fine art: the best specimens were soon missing *en el tiempo de los Franceses*; the middling was appropriated by private reformers during the recent

changes, and the dross reserved for the public benefit. Sebastiani employed Argote as his jackall, from whose lips we received the details:—first, *el Angel* was visited, and the nuns turned out; the plate was plundered and the convent pulled down. Then disappeared *El Niño Pastor*, by Murillo, and the 19 Alonzo Canos, which Cean Bermudez's dictionary had pointed out. Soon 14 more Canos were found missing from *S^a. Catalina de Zafra*. The "Mystical Marriage," by Atanasio Bocanegra, was left behind by the judicious foragers; so were the "Persecutions of the Carthusians by Henry VIII. in 1535," of the Cartuja. These martyrdoms were represented in Spanish Cartujas, to give a hideous character to the dreaded reformation. In the Museo is some carving by Mora and Risueño, pupils of Cano, and an enamelled oratory of the Great Captain. The fine Canos, once in *S^a. Diego*, have also disappeared, and were it not for the Cathedral, the Granada school must now be looked for anywhere rather than in its native home. Next visit the convent gardens, and especially the *Cuarto Real*, which was a Royal Moorish villa. The approach is under a high embowered archway of bays and enormous myrtles. Observe the saloons and the *Azulejo*, with Cufic inscriptions in green, white, and blue. The white tiles with golden scrolls occur nowhere else. The painted *Tarkish* was whitewashed by the French; this garden was called by the Moors *Almanjara*, and the suburb *Vib-al Fajarin*. It was ceded April 5, 1492, to Alonzo de Valiza, prior of *S^a. Cruz*, of Avila. Of the two gardens the larger belonged to Dalahorra, mother of Muley Hasen, and the smaller (built on in 1615) to the Alcalde Morforax. The original deed was copied into the *Libro Becerro* of the convent, from which we made an abstract. The "livery of seisin" was thus—Don Alonzo entered the garden pavilion, affirming loudly that he took possession, next he opened and shut the door,

giving the key to *Macafreto*, a well-known householder of Granada; he then went into the garden, cut off a bit of a tree with his knife, and dug up some earth with his spade. Such was the practice of Moorish conveyancers.

Passing out by the *Puerta del Pescado* is a Moorish gateway with three arches. Return now to the *Campillo*, the "little field," or space opposite the inn; the site of the monument to the unfortunate Maria Pineda and the actor Isidoro Maizquez. The theatre is tolerable. This place was enlarged by the French, who took down a portion of the Moorish citadel, *El Bibautaubin*, which was formerly surrounded by walls and towers; one tower still exists below the inn, imbedded in a modern barrack, the portal of which is churrigueresque, and worthily guarded by statues of Hogarth-like grenadiers. Here is the *Carrera del Darro*, or public walk, with planted avenues, which communicates with the Alameda on the Xenil.

The *Darro* rises from the hill of myrtles near Huétor, and approaches Granada under the *Monte Sacro*; so called from the finding certain sacred bones and relics, to which is attributed the sweetness and fertilizing quality of the stream. Thus, among the Pagans, the waters in which Juno bathed the morning after her marriage, retained their perfume. Mansit odor possis scire fuisse deam. The walks on both sides of the swift arrowy *Darro* up this hill are delicious: the stream gambols down the defile; hence its Arabic name *Hádaroh*, from *Hadar*, "rapidity in flowing." Gold is found in the bed; whence some catching at the beloved sound, have derived the name *Darro*, "quasi dat aurum;" and in 1526 a crown was given to Isabel, wife of Charles V., made from grains found in this Pactolus. Here amphibious gold-fishers still puddle in the eddies, earning a miserable livelihood in groping for the precious metal. The Romans called the river *Salon*: the gorge through which it flows under the Generalife, was the

Hazariz, or "Garden of Recreation," of the Moors, and was studded with villas. The *Darro*, after washing the base of the Alhambra, flows under the *Plaza nueva*, being arched over; and when swelled by rains, there is always much risk of its blowing up this covering. Such, says the Seguidilla, is the portion which *Darro* will bear to his bride the Xenil.

"*Darro tiene prometido,
El casarse con Xenil
Y le ha de llevar en dote,
Plaza nueva y Zacatin.*"

The Moorish *Zacatin* is as antique as the Spanish *Plaza nueva* is modern. The Arabic word means an "old clothes man," and is the diminutive of *Zok*, a market. In summer it is covered with an awning, a *toldo*, which gives a cool and tenty look. At the *respaldas*, the Prout-like houses and toppling balconies are so old that they seem only not to fall. Here is every form and colour of picturesque poverty; vines clamber up the irregularities, while below naiads dabble, washing their red and yellow garments in the all gilding glorious sun beams. What a picture it is to all but the native, who sees none of the wonders of lights and shadows, reflections, colours, and outlines; who, blind to all the beauties, is keenly awake only to the degradation, to the rags and decay; he half thinks your sketch and admiration an insult; he begs you to come and draw the last spick-and-span new R. A. abortion to carry at least away a sample to Spain's credit. The *Darro* reappears at the end of its career at the "*Carrera*," and then marries itself to the Xenil. This—the Singilis of the Romans, the *Shingil* of the Moor—flows from the Sierra Nevada through a most alpine country. The waters, composed of melted snow, are unwholesome, as, indeed, are most of those of Granada, which have a purgative tendency. The Moorish poets, who saw in the Xenil, the life-blood of the Vega, the element of wealth, compared its waters to "melted gold flowing be-

tween emerald banks." "What has Cairo to boast of, with her Nile, since Granada has a thousand Niles?" "*She—nil*," *She* meaning in Arabic a thousand. But the Oriental, in his *ponderacion* of himself and his country, is only to be out-done by a modern exaggerating *Granadino*.

The artist will, of course, trace this Xenil up to its glacier sources, from whence it gushes, pure, cold, and chaste. Far from cities, and free from their drains and pollutions, the waters descend through a bosom of beauty, jealously detained at every step by some garden, which woos its embrace, and drains off its affection. The fickle impatient stream, fretted at every stone which opposes its escape, enters Granada under the Antequerula, and passes *El Salon*, a fine walk, which was much improved in 1826 by Gen. Campana. The sculptural decorations are, however, in the vilest art: never were pomegranates worse carved than in this *Granada*, which teems with real models, and was celebrated for its carvers. The beauty and fashion congregate on this Alameda, which is constantly injured by overfloodings. The Xenil and Darro unite below it, and after cleansing the town of its sewers, are "*sangrado*," or drained, for irrigation. The Xenil is soon increased by infinite mountain tributaries, and unites, a noble stream, with the Guadalquivir, near Ecija.

There is not much else to be seen in Granada. Walk up the *Carrera del Darro*, to the celebrated *Plaza de Vivera*, the "gate of the river." This *gate* still exists: the Moorish arch struggles amid modern additions, incongruous but not unpicturesque. The quaint *Plaza* is now converted into a market-place: one row of old Moorish houses, with square windows, yet remains on the north side. This is the square so famous in ballad song for the *Cañas*, or the Jereed, and the bull-fightings of Gazul. Here the pageantry of *Pasos* and Corpus Christi are carried on to the joy of an illiterate community,

who, like children, are made happy through their eyes; but every year strips a something from these "Lord Mayor shows," which the Reformation and civil wars put down among ourselves. On market-days, sorts of booths and stalls are put up like an Arab *Douar*. The fruit is very fine, especially the grapes, figs, and melons: the latter are piled in heaps like shot; few, however, of the arsenals of Spain can vie with this supply of natural artillery. The figs pass all praise, from the fleshy purple *Breba* to the small greengage-looking later fruit. The *Breba* or early fig is here, as in the East, thought unwholesome, and leading to bad consequences (Hosea ix. 10); by which few of the Gibraltar officers seem to be deterred. Keeping along the l. side, enter the *Pescaderia*; the old wooden balconies will delight the artistical eye as much as the ancient fish-like smell of the shambles will offend the nose. To the N. of the Plaza as the palace of the archbishop, whose sermons Gil Blas was simple enough to criticise. The irregular pile has been modernised, and contains nothing remarkable, and the few pictures in it are very second-rate. The cathedral adjoins it, and was built on the site of the great mosque. Walk round it; it is by no means a fine building, although the *Granadinos* think it a rival to St. Peter's. It is blocked up by mean houses and streets: the open W. front is unfinished, while the heavy N. tower, of Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders, wants the upper story; and the other tower, which was to have been its companion, is not even begun. The grand entrance is divided by three lofty lancet recesses, broken by circular windows; the cornice is crowned with pyramidal vases. The façade is, moreover, paganised with grinning masks, rams' horns, and unfinished festoons.

Walking to the r., you pass the plateresque front of the archbishop's palace, a *casa de ratones*, although Le Sage, who never was in Spain, describes

it as rivalling a king's palace in magnificence; close adjoining is the *Sagrario*, or parish church, annexed to the cathedral. Then rises the royal chapel, of the rich Gothic of 1510. The Berruguete doorway is later, and was built by Charles V. Observe the "St. Johns," the patrons of the Catholic sovereigns. Thus their eldest son was called *Juan*, the apostolic eagle was their armorial supporter, and their convents were dedicated to *San Juan de los Reyes* as their royal apostle.

The *Casas del Cabildo* opposite are in outrageous churrigueresque: observe a truncated Roman pillar, inscribed "*Furiæ Sabinæ*." The once exquisite Gothic house in the *Ce. de la Mesa redonda*, has been recently modernised by a Goth named Heredia. Turning to the l., enter the *Ce. de la Carcel*, "the prison street;" the gaunt unshorn inmates quickly will smell a stranger, and yell from behind the grating for charity and food like wild beasts, who have *not* been fed: if ever a man wants a full diet, it is when the iron fetter has entered his soul, and the moral depression of lost liberty has weakened his body. The soldier-guard resembles the guarded, our Falstaff would not have marched through Coventry with them. Opposite is the *Puerta del Perdon*, a cinque-cento plateresque portal of the time of Charles V. Entering the cathedral at the W., the glaring whitewash is most offensive: this iniquity was perpetrated in order to please Philip V. Two doorways, one of the *Sala Capitular* and that opposite, are left undefiled, and shame, with their sober, creamy tone, the cold glare around. The cathedral is built in the pagan Græco-Romano style, just when the Christian Gothic was going out of fashion. It was begun March 15, 1529, from designs of Diego de Siloe: it is Corinthian, but without good proportion, either in height or width. The groined roof of the five naves is supported by piers composed of four Corinthian pillars placed back to back, and on disproportioned pedes-

tals. The *coro*, as usual, occupies the heart of the centre nave; the *trascoro* is churrigueresque, and made up of red marble, with black knobs and white statues; those at the corners of heroes and heroines in Louis XIV. periwigs, were placed there to please Philip V., and are truly ridiculous. The organ is plastered with gilding. The white and grey marble pavement is handsome: the E. end is circular: the high altar is isolated and girdled by an architectural frame. The admirable *Cimborio* rises 220 feet: observe the noble arch, 190 feet high, which opens to the *coro*.

The dome is painted in white and gold. The effigies of Ferd. and Isab. kneel at the sides of the high altar: above and let into circular recesses are the colossal heads of Adam and Eve, carved and painted by Alonzo Cano; by him also are the seven grand pictures relating to the Virgin, whose temple this is. They are her "Annunciation," "Conception," "Nativity," "Presentation," "Visitation," "Purification," and "Ascension." They can be closely examined from an upper gallery, and are coarsely painted, because destined to be seen from below, and at a distance. Cano (1601, ob. 1667) was a minor canon, or *Racionero*, of this cathedral, and has enriched it with the works of his chisel and brush. Observe by him an exquisite miniature "Virgin and Child" at the top of the *Facistol* in the *coro*: the child is inferior, and possibly by another hand. By him in the *Ce. de la Sa. Cruz* are the Heads of St. John the Baptist, full of death, and of St. Paul, full of spirit; being of the natural size, they, however, look too much like anatomical preparations: the essence of sculpture is form, and when colour is added, it is attempting too much, and we miss the one thing wanting—life. Over the door of the *Sala Capitular* is a "Charity," by Torregiano, executed as a sample of his talent, when he came to Granada to compete for the "Sepulchre of the Catholic Sovereigns:" it is a Mi-

chael Angelesque picture in marble. Among the paintings observe, in the *Ca. de la Trinidad* and *Jesus Nazareno*, four by Ribera, a fine "Christ bearing his Cross," and a "Trinidad," by Cano. Those in the transept are by Pedro Atanasio Bocanegra, a disciple of Cano, who exaggerated one defect of his master—the smallness of the heels of children. Bocanegra was a vain man, and painted pictures larger in size than in merit. Observe, however, the "Virgin and Sⁿ. Bernardo" and the "Scourging."

In the *Ca. de San Miguel* is a fine melancholy Cano, "*La Virgen de Soledad*." This chapel was decorated with marbles, in 1804, by Archbishop Juan Manuel Moscoso y Peralta, and finished in the fatal 1808. This prelate had a large private fortune, which he expended in works of piety and beneficence. His superb gold custodia was melted by the French, but fortunately his magnificence in this chapel was not wholly displayed in metallics. The single slab of the altar was brought from Macael: the red marbles came from Luque; the four serpentine pillars from the *Barranco de San Juan* (see p. 396). The expenses were enormous. The geologist will remark, in the *Ca. de Galvan*, the pillars from *Loja*, which resemble crackled china, or as if ferns and mosses had been imbedded in the marble while yet soft.

The *Sagrario* is a monstrous jumble of churrigueresque, costly in material and poor in design. The pillars are too low and the altars tawdry. The "*San Jose*," by Cano, is hung too high to be well seen. Here lies the good Fer^o. de Talavera, the first archbishop, obt. May 14, 1507. Tendilla, the first Alcaide of the Alhambra, raised his tomb, and inscribed it "*Amicus Amico*." In the detached Sacristia is a charming "*Concepcion*," carved by Cano, with his peculiar delicate hands, small mouth, full eyes, and serious expression: also by him, in the Oratorio, is a "Virgin" in blue drapery, and very dignified.

The *Capilla de los Reyes* is placed between this *Sagrario* and *Sacristia*, and is the gem of the cathedral. The rich Gothic portal, having escaped the Bourbon whitewash, contrasts with the glare around. It is elaborately wrought with emblems of heraldic pride and religious humility. The interior is impressive; silence reigns in this dimly-lighted chamber of the dead, and accords with the tender sentiment which the solemn Gothic peculiarly inspires. On each side of the high altar kneel the effigies of the king and queen, armed at all points, while the absorbing policy for which they lived and died—the conquest of the Moor and the conversion of the infidel—are embodied behind them in singular painted carving. In the centre of the chapel are two sepulchres, wrought at Genoa in delicate alabaster; on these are extended their marble figures, and those of their next successors.

Ferdinand and Isabella slumber side by side, life's fitful fever o'er, in the peaceful attitude of their long and happy union; they contrast, the ruling passion strong in death, with the averted countenances of Juana, their weak daughter, and Philip, her handsome and worthless husband. Below, in a plain vault, alike shrunk into rude iron-girt coffins, the earthly remains of prudence, valour, and piety moulder alongside of those of vice, imbecility, and despair. These sad relics of departed majesty, silent witnesses of long bygone days, connect the spectator with the busy period which, heightened by the present decay of Spain, appears in the "dark backward of time" to be rather some abstract dream of romance than a chapter of sober history; but these coffins make everything real; and everything at Granada, art and nature alike—the Alhambra, the battle-field Vega, the snowy Sierra, towering above, more lofty and enduring than the pyramids—form the common and the best monuments of these, the true founders of their country's greatness. Then it was, in the

words of an eye-witness, "that Spain spread her wings over a wider sweep of empire, and extended her name of glory to the far antipodes." Then it was that her flag, on which the sun never set, was unfolded, to the wonder and terror of Europe, while a new world, boundless and richer than the dreams of avarice, was cast into her lap, discovered at the very moment when the old was becoming too confined for the outgrowth of the awakened intellect, and enterprise, and ambition of mankind.

For the true character of the Catholic sovereigns consult Prescott's work, or the epitome in the 'Quar. Rev.' cxxvii. art. I. Shakspeare, who seems to have understood human character by intuition, thus justly describes Ferdinand:—"The wisest king that ever ruled in Spain;" and makes Henry VIII., when describing the virtues of his ill-fated Katherine, thus portray her mother Isabella:—

"If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness, saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious, else could speak thee
The Queen of earthly Queens!" [out

This royal chapel, like that of St. Ferdinand at Seville, is independent of the cathedral, and has its separate chapter and eighteen chaplains. It is divided into two portions. The *Coro alto* is adorned with the shields and badges of the Catholic sovereigns. The superb *Reja*, of iron, partly gilt, was made, in 1522, by El Maestre Bartolomé, whose name is near the key-hole. No portraits are allowed to be hung in this chapel, except that of Hernando de Pulgar, the knight, and not the chronicler, who, during the siege, rode into Granada and affixed a taper and the "Ave Maria" on the doors of the great mosque, a feat which is charged on his shield. While alive he was allowed the honour of sitting in the *coro*, and at his death he was buried in the tomb-house of royalty, as Duguesclin was honoured at St.

Denis. (See the '*Bosquejo*,' by Martinez de la Rosa.)

In a chapel to the r. is a singularly ancient picture, probably of Fer^o. Gallegos, the Van Eyk of Spain: the centre, the "Descent from the Cross," has been mutilated by barbarians, who have driven nails in it to support a crucifix. Observe the *effigy* of Ferd.; it is a true portraiture of his face, form, and costume; behind him is the banner of Castile. Of equal antiquarian interest are the painted basso-relievos of the surrender of the Alhambra: Isab., on a white palfrey, rides between Ferd. and third king, "the great cardinal" Mendoza; he is on his trapped mule like Wolsey, and alone wears gloves; his pinched aquiline face contrasts with the chubbiness of the king and queen. He opens his hand to receive the key, which the dismounted Boabdil presents, holding it by the wards. Behind are ladies, knights, and halberdiers, while captives come out from the gates in pairs. This certainly represents the actual scene, and has been attributed to Felipe Vigarny. Nothing of the kind in Spain can be more curious. The other basso-relievo records the "Conversion of the Infidel." The reluctant flock is baptised in the wholesale by shorn monks. Observe the costumes: the mufflers and leg-wrappers of the women are precisely those still worn at Tetuan by their descendants, who thus, as Orientals do not change stockings or fashions, corroborate the truth of these monuments.

The royal sepulchres are superb. The statue of Isabella is admirable:—

—"in questa forma
Passa la bella Donna e par che dorma."

The sentiment is truly touching, and the effect aimed at is fully produced: the subject is the Christian's death, who, stretched on the tomb, has yet the hope of another and a better life. She was the Elizabeth of Spain, the brightest star of an age which produced Ximenez, Columbus, and the Great Captain, all of whom rose to full

growth under her smile, and withered at her death. She is one of the most faultless characters in history, the purest sovereign who ever graced or dignified a throne, who, "in all her relations of queen or woman," was, in the words of Lord Bacon, "an honour to her sex and the corner-stone of the greatness of Spain." Observe the *Urna* and its ornaments; the four doctors of the church are at the corners, and the twelve apostles at the sides: Ferd. wears the Garter, Isabella the Cross of Santiago. Their faces are portraits: their costume is very simple. Analogous is the *Urna* of Philip of Burgundy and *Juana la Loca*—crazy Jane. They are both gorgeously attired: he wears the Golden Fleece. The decorations are cinque cento, and some of the sculptured children are quite Raphaelesque.

A low door—mind your head—leads down to the vault. The royal coffins are rude and misshapen; they would shock Mr. Banting and the 'Morning Post'; but they are genuine, and have never been rifled by Gaul or Ghoul, like those of Leon and elsewhere. The ashes of the royal conqueror have never been insulted, like those of Henri Quatre, nor have the dead been unplumbed to furnish missiles of death against the living. The letter F. marks that of Ferdinand. The *religio loci* and sepulchral character is injured by some modern *churrigueresque* stucco work. The Catholic sovereigns bequeathed to this chapel the royal sword, with a singular semicircular guard, a plain gold crown, a Gothic cross, two paxes—one Gothic, an exquisite enamelled *viril*, the finest thing of the kind in Spain, and the queen's own "missal," which is placed on the high altar on the anniversary of the conquest: it was finished by Fr^o. Florez on Monday, July 18, 1496: it contains 690 pages: one of the best of the illuminations is the "Crucifixion," at p. 313.

On leaving the cathedral enter the *Zacatin*, the "shopping street" of now

decayed Granada; to the l. is the *Al-caiseria*, which, previously to the sad fire in 1843, was an identical Moorish silk bazaar, with small Tetuan-like shops, and closed at night by doors. Half-way down the *Zacatin* cross the Darro over a bridge, to the *Casa del Carbon*. This Moorish palace was built very early in 1070 by Bâdis, and was used, it is said, by the brother of Boabdil as a stable: now it is degraded into a den of *Carboneros* and their charcoal. The archway is very rich. Adjoining is the house of the Duque de Abrantes, by whose wife this Moorish residence was some years ago modernised and whitewashed. Below is a subterranean passage, said to communicate with the Alhambra: this his incurious grace blocked up without any previous examination. This grandee possesses much land in the Vega: one farm was bought of the Infanta Fatima in 1495, for 4000 reals, and is now worth a million. His Arabic title-deeds deserve the notice of conveancing amateurs.

The *Zacatin* is filled with silver-smiths; at the end is the *Plaza nueva* and the *Chancelleria*, or Court of Chancery, built in 1584, by Martin Diaz Navarro, after designs of Juan de Herrera: the natives admire the front. Here resides the Capt. Gen., the Military Prætor, the Vizier or Dhul-Wizarateyn, the man of the sword and the pen, for he is president of the court and commander-in-chief. The court, since recent alterations, is no longer what it formerly was, when it was the sole grand tribunal of appeal for the S. half of Spain. The *Audiencia* has now a jurisdiction over 1,214,124 souls. The number tried in 1844 was 4434, being about one in 273. The proceedings are carried on in a very slovenly and *continental* way according to English notions of justice. Pursuing the course of the Darro turn to the l., near a half-broken Moorish arch, which, stemming the torrent, connected the Alhambra hill with the Mint. This *Casa de la Moneda* is op-

posite "*La Purissima Concepcion*," and is now a prison. Observe the Arabic inscription over the door, and the recumbent lions in the *Patio*, larger than those of the Alhambra, and left by the authorities for the *Presidarios* to mutilate when out of work and wanting amusement. In the *Ce. del Banuelo*, No. 30, is a Moorish bath, with horse-shoe arches: it is entered from the back, and is quite a picture, although now only used by women who wash linen and not themselves. One of the first laws after the conquest of the Catholic sovereigns, was to prohibit *bathing* by fine and punishment (*Recop.* viii. 2, 21. See, on these matters, p. 72).

Passing the elegant tower of *Sa. Ana*, we reach the *Alameda del Darro*; a bridge leads up to the *Puerto de los Molinos*, and also to the l. up to the *Fuente de los Avellanos*, by some considered to be the Aynu-l-adamar, the "fountain of tears." Those who do not cross the bridge may continue to ascend to the *Monte Sacro*, where a gross trick was played off in 1588 on the Archbp. de Castro, who was a relico-monomaniac, holy bones being his hobby. A college is founded on the site of the discoveries, and the spots are marked by crosses. A folio was published at Granada in 1603 by Gregorio Lope Madera, to prove their undoubted genuineness; and in the last century Echevarria made an attempt to revive the forgeries, whereupon the learned canon Bayer managed to have a commission appointed by Charles III. to report on their falsification. The report is indeed a curious 'Blue Book' (*Razon del Juicio seguido en la ciudad de Granada, ante Don. Manuel Doz*; folio, Mad. 1781), from which it appears that Alonzo de Castillo and Miguel de Luna, two notorious impostors, forged the writings and hid the bones and lead vessels both here and in the *Torre Turpiana*; these they soon dug up, and then revealed the rare discovery to Pedro de Castro. This archbp., worthy of Gil Blas, fell into

the trap, and actually employed the very originators of the trick to decipher the unknown characters. They professed to relate to San Cecilio, a deaf and dumb boy, who, having been cured by a miracle, came to Spain, and there went blind. His sight was restored by wiping his eyes with the Virgin's handkerchief, for which relic Philip II. sent, when ill in 1595. Some of these vouchers for the cure of San Cecilio were written in Spanish; and Aldrete, the antiquarian, narrowly escaped being burnt for saying that the Spanish language did not exist in the first century. He just escaped by affirming that San Cecilio wrote miraculously in choice Castilian because he foresaw that it would be that spoken when the writings were to be discovered.

Descending again to the *Alameda del Darro*, turn up the *Ce. de la Victoria* to the *Casa Chapis* on the r. hand, a now degraded but once beautiful Moorish villa. Observe the patio, the galleries, and the enriched window, which opens towards the Alhambra; now ascend to the *Albaicin*, and visit the church of *San Nicolas* for the view. This saint has replaced Mercury, and is the papal patron of thieves, school-boys, and portionless virgins. (See *Alicante*, p. 424). The scholars of the *Sacro Monte* here chose their boy-bishop. This church was broken into by some worthless thieves, men without honour; but "Old Nick" drove them out with his crosier. The miracle is represented in a rude picture, hung here as a notice to trespassers. One of the confessionals was lined, when we were last there, with a French paper of Venus, Cupid, and flowers; a pretty pagan pasticcio.

Some of the Moorish houses of the humble refugees from Baeza still remain here unchanged. The Albaicin has its own circumvallation. Passing out at a portal another ravine is crossed, beyond which is another suburb, also walled in by long lines, which terminate at *Sa. Miguel el alto*,

whence the view is glorious: so also is that from the tower of *Sⁿ. Cristobal*.

Turning to the l. we descend into Granada by a ravine; to the r. was the ancient Moorish *Casa del Gallo*, which was pulled down in 1817, to build a manufactory; it was a look-out guard-port: the weathercock indicated watchfulness — “fore-warned, fore-armed.” Another such house, in the valley of the Xenil, still exists: the vane was an armed Moor, whose lance veered with the wind.

“*Dice el Sabio Aben Habuz
Que así se defiende el Andaluz.*”

The Moorish proverb indicated constant “preparation,” which is no thing of modern *Granadinos*. This was a charmed talisman, and its being taken down by the Moors was thought to have entailed the Christian triumph.

Crossing the defile the walls of the Albaicin may be re-entered by a Moorish gate, above which is another called *La Puerta de Monayma*. This fine masonry tower overlooks the entrance to Granada and the *Pa. de Elvira*, which has been barbarously repaired.

Opposite is an open space; in the centre is *El Triunfo* (see p. 282), near which executions take place. Here, in May, 1831, Maria Pineda, a lady of birth and beauty, was strangled, to the horror of Granada. The age of chivalry was past: her crime was the finding in her house an embroidered constitutional flag. Pardon was offered if she would reveal her accomplices, which she refused: she died heroically, like Epicharmis the victim of Nero—but that was before the civilizing influence of Christianity. Ferdinand VII., although not cruel by nature, never, when his fears were roused, spared blood in political offences.

Maria Pineda was generally thought to be guiltless, and that the flag was placed in her house by some agent of Ramon Pedroza, a low *empleado* of

Granada, whose addresses she had rejected. Her body, in 1836, was raised and carried in state to the *Ayuntamiento*; and on the anniversary of her execution the sarcophagus is taken in solemn procession to the cathedral, where an impressive requiem is performed. A column near the *Triunfo*, with an inscription, marks the site of “her sacrifice to a longing for liberty.” She is the modern martyr saint of Granada; for liberty, not religion, is just now the order of the day.

Next visit the *Cartuja* convent, a little way out of the town to the r.; it is now suppressed, and a shadow of its previous wealth and art. The wood and marble work employed in the doors and altars of the chapel is very costly, and the pavement is in fine black and white slabs. The *Sacristia* is a beautiful saloon; observe the rich wardrobes in which the robes and dresses of the clergy were once kept. The *silver* pillars of the sanctuary attracted Sebastiani’s notice, and accordingly were replaced by painted wooden ones: then also disappeared the fine Cano pictures. He made this convent a magazine. Now all is silent; the gardens of the former recluses are overrun with weeds; the charming view over the *Vega*, which could not be defiled, is all that has escaped the invader and reformer. Those who have leisure may pursue their ride or walk to *Visnar*, a villa of the archbishop, which is deliciously situated, and overlooks the *Vega*.

Returning to the *Plaza del Triunfo*, at the corner is the *Hospital de los Locos*, founded by Ferd. and Isab., and one of the earliest of all lunatic asylums. It is built in the transition style, from the Gothic to the plateresque, having been finished by Charles V. The initials and badges of all parties are blended. Observe the *patio* and the light lofty pillars. The filth and want of management of the interior is scandalous, and yet this is one of the lions which Granadians almost force an Englishman to

visit; possibly from thinking all of us *Locos*, they imagine that the stranger will be quite at home among the inmates. See also Toledo. At the upper end of this Plaza is the bull-fight arena, and near it "*Las eras de Cristo*," "the threshing-floor of Christ," whose name is also profaned by being given to a low *Posada* near it. How different from David, who purchased the threshing-floor of Araunah because it desecrated the site of the temple; these *Eras*, however, are thought by the modern Moors to be holy ground. In the adjoining *Calle de S^{ra}. Lazaro* is a large hospital, and a true Lazar-house. Retracing our steps to the *C^{de} de San Juan de Dios*, visit the hospital founded by this saint himself. Juan de Robles was a truly philanthropic and good man, the father Paul of Spain. Consult his '*Biografia*,' by Fr^o. de Castro, Svo., Granada, 1613, and printed again at Burgos, 1621. Over the entrance is his statue, in the usual attitude in which he is painted and carved, that in which he died in 1604—on his knees, and holding a crucifix. His body was kept in an *Urna*, with pillars and canopy of silver, all of which was melted by Sebastiani as very pagan. The hospital has two courts; the outer has a fountain and open galleries; the inner is painted with the saint's miracles: in one he tumbles from his horse, and the Virgin brings him water; in another, when sick, the Virgin and St. John visit him, wiping his forehead.

Hence to *San Jeronimo*. This once superb, but now desecrated convent, was begun by the Catholic sovereigns in 1496. The chapel was designed by Diego de Siloe: left incomplete, the convent was finished by the widow of the Great Captain. On the exterior is a tablet supported by figures of Fortitude and Industry, inscribed "*Gonzalvo Ferdinando de Cordoba magno Hispanorum duci, Gallorum ac Turcorum Terrori*:" below are his arms, with soldiers as supporters. The grand *patio* is noble, with its elliptical arches

and Gothic balustrades. The chapel is spacious, but suffered much in the earthquake of 1804. The *Retablo* of four stories bears the armorial shields of Gonzalo. The effigies of the Captain and his wife knelt on each side of the high altar, before which he was buried: the epitaph is simple, and worthy of his greatness:—"Gonzali Fernandez de Cordova, qui propriâ virtute magni ducis nomen proprium sibi fecit, ossa perpetuæ tandem luci restituendæ huic interea loculo credita sunt, gloria minime consequuta." This convent was pillaged by the French, who insulted the dead lion's ashes, before whom, when alive, their ancestors had always fled. When Mendizabal suppressed the convents, this was made a barrack for Bisofio Cristino cavalry, of all whose wants that of a *grand capitain* was not the least, General Bombastes Cordova, albeit a namesake, not excepted.

We are now approaching the aristocratical portion of Granada, and the *Calle de las Tablas*. Here the Conde de Luque has a fine mansion: there is not much else to be seen in Granada. The churrigueresque *San Angustias*, on the Darro walk, has a rich Camerin of jaspers, and the *Colegiata Santiago* has a tabernacle by Diaz. Near *S^{ra}. Francisco* is a quaint old house, *La Casa de Tiros*, with a façade of soldiers and projecting arms. The convent, demolished by Sebastiani, was rebuilt, and is now the post-office. *San Salvador* was formerly a mosque; *San Juan de los Reyes*, with an old tower, was the Moorish Mezebit Teyben, and the first church consecrated by Ferd. and Isab., who left there a curious portrait of themselves. In the *C^{de} de Elvira* is the fountain *del Toro*, attributed to Berruguete, which is a libel on that eminent artist.

EXCURSIONS NEAR GRANADA.

These are numerous and full of interest to the historian, artist, and geologist. The Englishman, be his pursuits what they may, will first visit

the *Soto de Roma*, not that it has much intrinsic interest beyond that reflected on it by its illustrious owner. This property lies about 3 L. from Granada, and is bounded to the W. by the Sierra de Elvira, celebrated in Spanish annals for the defeat of the Infantes Pedro and Juan. They had advanced against the Moors with "numbers that covered the earth." After much vainglorious boasting they retired, and were followed, June 26, 1319, by about 5000 Moorish cavalry. They were entirely put to rout: 50,000 are said to have fallen, with both the Infantes. The body] of Don Pedro was skinned, stuffed, and put up over the gate of Elvira; many princes were slain, and among them the Lord of Ilkerinterrah, or England, just as Lord Macduff was wounded at the very similar affair of Ocaña. This disaster was amply avenged 21 years after by Alonzo XI. at Tarifa.

The *Soto de Roma*, or "Wood of Pomegranates," is situated on the Xenil, and is liable to constant injuries from its inundations. The estate was an appanage of the kings of Granada, and was granted in 1492 by Ferd. to the Señor Alarcon, who afterwards guarded as prisoners both François I. and Clement VII. His '*Comentarios*,' fol. Madrid, 1665, detail services of 58 years. Thus, the brightest pearl in the coronet of the first and last soldier proprietors was a prize for the broken diadem of France. The *Soto*, on the failure of the Alarcon family, was resumed by the crown, and granted to court favourites. Charles III. gave it to Richard Wall, his former prime minister. This Irish gentleman lived here in 1776. Before he came here the house was in ruins, and the lands neglected, the fate of most absentee properties in Spain, but Wall, although 83 years old, put everything into perfect order. Charles IV., after his death, granted the estate to the minion Godoy. At the French invasion Joseph, "qui faisait bien ses affaires," secured it to himself. Salamanca proved a flaw in

the title, whereupon the Cortes granted the estate to the able practitioner who settled the reconveyance; and this is one of the few of their grants which Ferd. VII. confirmed, but very reluctantly: our Duke holds it by *escritura de posesion*, in fee simple, and unentailed. It contains about 4000 acres, and was celebrated for its pheasants, which Charles V. had introduced. They were destroyed in the time of the French. The value has been enormously magnified in Spain; first from habitual "*ponderacion*," then from a desire to exaggerate the national gift, and lastly from not knowing what they are talking about.

In 1814 Sir Henry Wellesley appointed as manager the Contador of the M^{te} de Alcañices; the report of its annual value, then returned by Señores Aquilar and Conde, was "*from 700 to 800 dollars*," the real being 20,000; but the object was to cajole the Duke out of a profitable lease. He, however, intrusted the affair to Gen. O'Lawlor, an Irish gentleman in the Spanish service, who had been appointed by that government, with Alava for his colleague, to be aide-de-camp to the Duke at the commencement of the war, and in that capacity stood at the conqueror's side in all his glorious fields, and is honourably mentioned in the Dispatches *passim*. O'Lawlor having married a wealthy heiress of Malaga, settled in Granada. He had not taken possession of the "*Soto*," in the Duke's name, 3 days, before the tenants presented petitions to Madrid "impugning the right of the Cortes to grant the property to a *foreigner*:" they well knew that under the control of a friend and countryman of the Duke, the old robbery system would be changed, the rents exacted, and not *settled*, as usual in Spain, between the tenant and the "unjust steward." The petitioners were all forthwith ejected, and have since abused the credulity of the Peninsula with lies. Thus, said they, the "*Soto* is worth *at least* a million;" in Spain and out of Spain it was con-

sidered an Eldorado. Those who go there will, as in many other *châteaux en Espagne*, have all these illusions at once dispelled. The land itself is poor, and the house, this so-called "palace," in England would not pass for a decent manor farm; but much must always be discounted from Oriental grandiloquence—"Words, words, words," says Hamlet.

The whole property, in 1815, produced about 3000*l.* a year; it then declined, in common with all other estates in the Vega, in which, in 1814, wheat sold at 60 to 70 reals the fanega, and oil at 85 reals the arroba. In 1833 wheat sank to 30 and 35 reals, and oil to 30 and 35 reals. Since the recent changes everything has got worse, and as the rents decreased, the burdens increased. Under the despot Ferdinand, the conditions of the grant were respected; under the liberal constitution, every right was violated. The estate was tithe free, but when the church revenues were "appropriated," a full tithe was exacted for lay coffers. The Duke always has received a better proportionate rent than the neighbouring proprietors, the Dukes of Abrantes and of San Lorenzo, and (teste the latter) simply because *he was not robbed*. O'Lawlor put everything into repair:—twice, therefore, does the "Soto" owe its restoration to Irish care. From being deputy Capt. Gen. of the province, he was enabled to do for the estate what none but "one in authority" and on the spot could have done; without this the Duke would long have been cheated out of the whole property, as he assuredly eventually will be; yet even with all this local protection, the wheel within wheel of Spanish chicanery scarcely could be regulated. In vain did Ferd. VII., in deference to repeated complaints, order justice to be done. A son-in-law of a Granadine president, being interested in the *Junta* of the Xenil irrigation, set the king at defiance. *Se obedece pero no si cumple*, is the maxim of local authorities, who each are despots in their petty radius.

Meanwhile envy, backed by avarice, circulated every evil report against O'Lawlor; "*Está atesorando*," he is making his fortune, was the universal cry; and as most Spanish *administradores* in his place, which they coveted, would have done so, the belief in the lie was commensurate. *El ladrón piensa que todos son de su condición*. The thief judges of others by himself.

In truth, O'Lawlor has been a loser by the situation, which he held from pure love and respect to his great master: how different was his subsequent reward from that received by Alava, his colleague. The latter, because a Spaniard, was made a Lieut. Gen. in 1814, covered with orders, and promoted to embassies, while the former remains in the same condition as when the war was concluded, and that in spite of the Duke's commendations and recommendations.

No Spanish government has ever chosen, or perhaps dared, to promote him in the army or make him the Captain-General, as they feared his supposed wealth and influence. O'Lawlor, prudent for others, and economical in his habits, by an early investment of part of his wife's fortune in the most profitable lead mines of Berja, has reaped the reward of order and wise speculation. He, like his master, has long treated with contempt the floating calumnies of the "smaller deer," as *cosas de España*; but when they were published by a person of rank, whose chivalrous character is a sufficient guarantee that his ear had been poisoned with incorrect accounts, he sent *through the Duke*, who has always known his man, such an unanswerable answer as became the soldier and the gentleman.

The rambling old mansion at the *Soto* contains nothing worth seeing, the greengages in the garden excepted. The visitor, if on horseback, may cross the Xenil—that is, if there be no flood—and return to Granada by the now decayed agricultural village *Santa Fé*, the town built by Ferd. and Isab. while

besieging Granada. The miserable spot was much shattered by an earthquake in 1807. Here the capitulation of Granada was signed, and the original deed is at Simancas. It was dated at this town of "*sacred faith*," as if in mockery of the punic perfidy with which every stipulation was subsequently broken. It was from *Santa Fé* that Columbus started to discover the New World, and also to find every pledge previously agreed upon scandalously disregarded.

ASCENT OF THE SIERRA NEVADA.

The lover of Alpine scenery should by all means ascend the *Sierra Nevada*. The highest peak is the *Mulahacen*, so called from Boabdil's father. It rises 11,658 ft. above the sea. The other, *El Picacho de la Veleta*, the "watch point," although only 11,382 ft., appears to be the highest, because nearer to Granada, and of a conical, not a rounded shape. The distance to this point is about 20 miles, and may be accomplished in nine hours. Those who start in the night may return the next day. The author has been up twice; sleeping the first time *al fresco*, near the summit; and the second at the *Cortijo del Puche*, when a delicate English lady and a grave ambassador composed the party. The greater part of the ascent may be ridden; for the *Neveros*, who go nightly up for snow, have worn with their mules a roadway.

Leaving Granada, and crossing the *Xenil*, a charming view of the city is obtained from *San Antonio*. Thence skirting the *Cuesta de la Vaca*, an hour and a half's ride leads to the *Fuente de los Castaños*, and another hour and a half to the *Puche*, where the mountain is cultivated. The invigorating hill-air braces up industry, which flags in the scorching plain. Near here is *El barranco de Viboras*, the viper cleft: these snakes enjoy a medicinal reputation second only to those of Chiclana. Passing *El Dorado*, an Alpine jumble of rocks, we

mount above the lower ranges of the pinnacles, and now the true elevation of the *Picacho* begins to become manifest, and seems to soar higher in proportion as we ascend. The next stage is *las Piedras de Sn. Francisco*, whose black masses are seen from below resting on the snowy bosom of the Alp. Now commence the *Ventisqueros*, or pits of snow, from which the mountain is seldom free, as patches remain even in the dog days. These, which, when seen from below, appear small, and like white spots on a lion's hide, are, when approached, vast fields. At *El Prevesin* is a stone enclosure, built up by the *Neveros*, as an asylum during sudden storms; and here the first night may be passed, either ascending to the summit in 3 hours, to see the sun set, and then returning, or mounting early to see the sun rise, a sight which no pen can describe. The night passed on these heights is piercing cold—"the air bites shrewdly;" but with a "pro-vend" of blankets, and a good *Vino de Baza*, it will kill no one. While beds are making for man and beast, the foragers must be sent to collect the dry plants and dead underwood, of which such a bonfire can be made as will make the Granadians below think the *Picacho* is going to be a volcano, *probatum est*. No diamonds ever sparkle like the stars seen from hence at midnight, through the rarefied medium, on the deep firmament. After the *Prevesin* begins the tug of war. For the first hour there is a sort of road, which may be ridden; the rest must be done on foot. The effects produced by the rarity of the air on the lungs and body are not felt while seated on a mule; but now that muscular exertion is necessary, a greater strain is required than when in a denser atmosphere. The equilibration which supports the bones as water does the fish, is wanting, and the muscles have to bear the additional weight; hence the exhaustion.

The *Picacho* is a small platform over a yawning precipice. Now we are

raised above the earth, which, with all its glories, lies like an opened map at our feet. Now the eye travels over the infinite space, swifter than by railroad, comprehending it all at once. On one hand is the blue Mediterranean lake, with the faint outline even of Africa, in the indistinct horizon. Inland, jagged sierras rise one over another, the barriers of the central Castiles. The cold sublimity of these silent eternal snows is fully felt on the very pinnacle of the Alps, which stands out in friendless state, isolated like a despot, and too elevated to have anything in common with aught below. On this barren wind-blown height vegetation and life have ceased, even the last lichen and pale violet, which wastes its sweetness wherever a stone offers shelter from the snow; thousands of winged insects lie shrouded on that wreath, each in its little cell, having thawed itself a grave with its last warmth of life. In the scarped and soil-denuded heights the eagle builds; she must have mountains for her eyry. Here she reigns unmolested on her stony throne; and lofty as are these peaks above the earth, these birds towering above, mere specks in the blue heaven,

“Yet higher still to light’s first source aspire,
With eyes that never blink, and wings
That never tire.”

To the botanist this Sierra is unrivalled. The herbal of Spain was always celebrated (Pliny, ‘N. H.’ xxv. 8). The vegetation commences with the lichen and terminates with the sugar-cane. At the tails of the snow fields the mosses germinate, and from these the silver threads of new-born rivers issue. The principal heights of the Alpujarras chain are thus calculated by Rojas Clemente:

	Feet.
Po. Mulahacen	12,762
Po. de la Velela	12,459
Cerro de la Alcazaba	12,300
Cerro de los Machos	12,138
Cerro de la Caldera	10,908
Cerro de Tajos altos	10,890
Picon de Jerez	10,100

The geologist may take a pleasant day’s ride to the quarries from whence the green serpentine is obtained. They lie under the *Picacho de la Velela*, and belong to the M^s. de Mondejar. Ascend the charming valley of the Xenil to Senes, 1 L.: thence to Pinos, 1 L.; and to *Huecar*, 1 L. Here, where vast quantities of silk-worms are reared, while the dinner is getting ready at some private house (bring the materials with you), ride up the defile to the *Barranco de San Juan*, 1½ L., taking a Huecar guide. The green masses lie in the bed of the stream. Return to Huecar, and let both men and beasts dine.

Another morning ride will be over the cricket-looking grounds, *Los Llanos de Armilla*, to *Almendin*, and thence by the Padul road to some sandy knolls, where, from want of water, all is a desert, tawny and rugged as the few goats which there seek a scanty pasturage. This is the spot from whence Granada ceases to be seen, and hence it is called *El ultimo suspiro del Moro*, for here Boabdil, Jan. 2, 1492, sighed his last farewell. The banner of Santiago floated on his red towers, and all was lost. Behind was an Eden, like the glories of his past reign; before, a desert, cheerless as the prospects of a dethroned king. Then, as tears burst from his water-filled eyes, he was reproached by ‘Ayeshab, his mother, whose rivalries had caused the calamity. “Thou dost well to weep like a woman, for that which thou hast not defended like a man.” When this anecdote was told to Charles V., “She spake well,” observed the Emperor, “for a tomb in the Alhambra is better than a palace in the Alpujarras.” Thither, and to Purchena, Boabdil retired, but not for long. He sickened in his exile, and passing over into Africa, is said to have been killed in a petty battle, thus losing his life for another’s quarrel. Gayangos, however (Moh. D. ii. 390), has ascertained that he lived at Fez until 1538, leaving children. His posterity was long to be

traced there, but reduced to the lowest poverty, existing as beggars on the charity doled out at the mosque doors! a sad reverse of fortune, and a melancholy conclusion of the brilliant Mohamadan dynasty in Spain.

Do not return to Granada by the same road; but passing through the pretty village of *Otrusa*, cross the rivulet *Dilar* to *Zubia*, to which, during the siege, Isabella rode to have a view of the Alhambra: while she halted in the house with Claude-like miradores, a Moorish sally was made, and she was in much danger. In memory of her escape she erected a hermitage to the Virgin, who appeared visibly for her protection, and it still remains amid its cypresses. Returning home, just on entering the avenue of the Xenil, to the l. on its banks, is *San Sebastian*, a Moorish Caaba, where some say that the *Rey Chico* met Ferdinand, and did him homage, on the day of the surrender. The extraordinary *Alamo*, or tree, under which the first mass was said, stood here, but was cut down by some barbarians in 1760.

ROUTE XXIV.—GRANADA TO ADRA.

Padul	3	
Durcal	2	.. 5
Lanjaron	3½	.. 8½
Orjiba	1½	.. 10
Ujijar	3	.. 13
Berja	3	.. 16
Adra	2	.. 18

This is a ride full of artistical and geological interest, and it may be prolonged from *Adra* either E. or W. ward, without returning to Granada: or the return may be made by Motril, principally over new ground.

This excursion skirts the S. bases of the Alpujarras, the last mountain refuge of the Morisco. The sierras of *Gador* and *Contravieja* are the nucleus, which some consider to be the "Hills of the Sun and Moon" of the Moors. The entire chain is called the *Sierra Nevada* (the Himalaya or "Snowy Range" of Spain), the "Sholayr" of the Moors. The name Alpujarras is the corruption of *Al-Basherah*, "grass,"

the district of pastures, which extend W. to E., about 17 L. long by 11 broad. They are divided into 11 portions or *Taas* (Arabicè *Tâ*, obedience). This territory was assigned to Boabdil by the treaty of Granada, of which every stipulation was soon broken, and the Moriscos hunted out like wild beasts, as the Indians were by the Pizarros in the new world. The atrocities find no parallel, except in the extermination of the Protestant Waldenses in 1655, by the D. of Savoy. The Spaniards, who had before expelled the wealthy commercial Jews, now completed their folly by the banishment of the industrious agricultural Moors, thus depriving their poor indolent selves of money and industry, of soul and body alike. They found it easier to destroy and drive out, than to conciliate and convert. They thought it a proof of Roman force of character, to make a solitude and call it peace. For particulars read Mendoza's '*Guerras de Granada*.' The Moriscos were expelled, in 1610, by the feeble Philip III., a tool in the hands of a powerful church, but their resistance in these broken glens and hills was desperate; they fought *pro aris et focis*, for creed and country. It was the Affghan Ghilsee pitted against the Feringee. Most of them when expelled, went to Tetuan and Salé; there they took to piracy, and avenged themselves on all Christians by peculiar ferocity. The name of the "rovers of Sallee" is familiar to all readers of nautical forays.

Passing the *Ultimo Sospiro*, we descend from a ridge of barrenness into the basin between the sierras of Granada and Alhama: it is an irrigated garden of olives, palm-trees, and oranges. The swamp below Padul was drained by the Herrasti family, of which the gallant defender of Ciudad Rodrigo was a member. The Alpine views of the Sierra Nevada from Durcal are superb: here vast quantities of esparto and flax are grown. Passing *Talara*, whose stream tears down a wild cleft, observe the *Puente de Tablada*. Lan-

jarón is a picturesque Swiss town, whose fresh air, fruit, and mineral waters attract summer visitors from the scorching coasts. The bathing season is from May 15 to Sept. 30. The walnut, chesnut, and olive grow here to an enormous size. Below the town is a Moorish castle perched on a knoll. Popⁿ. about 3000. The peasantry are hard working and poverty stricken, while nature all around teems with fertility; the fruit and grapes are delicious, and the broken hills abound in subjects for artists, while the botany and geology is as rich as it is hitherto unexplored. A long league leads to *Orjiba*; it lies at the base of the *Picacho de la Veleta*. The *Acequia de las Ventanas* is picturesque; here are some mines, *Las Minas de los Pozos*, which were worked by the Romans. They were abandoned a few years ago, because the natives were scared by a skeleton found in them! At *Albunol* much brandy is made; the excellent wine sells at about 6*d.* for four gallons. *Orjiba* is the capital of its hilly *partido*: every possible spot is cultivated with fruit trees; the wastes are covered with aromatic shrubs. The *Barranco de Poqueira* and the mill and cascade of *Pampaneira* are very picturesque, and are worth visiting; there is a tolerable *posada*. Leaving *Orjiba*, the broken road winds up the bed of a river: *if the waters are low*, the rider should by all means go by the *Angostura del Río*. This is a Salvator Rosa-like gorge, which the waters have forced through the mountain (compare *Chulilla*). The rocks rise up on each side like terrific perpendicular walls, and there is only an opening sufficient for the river. The traveller passes, like the Israelites, through these lonely depths, into which the sun never enters: when the snows are melting, or in time of rains, the deluge rushes down the stony funnel, carrying everything before it. Such a one had occurred just before we rode through, and the wreck and ravages were visible far and wide. Emerging, the last three L. to *Cadiar*

become less interesting as the river bed widens. *Cadiar* lies about two *mountain L.* below the *Picacho de la Veleta*, and there is a chamois path over the heights to Granada. Up in the mountain is *Trevez*, where the "*Hamones dulces de las Alpujarras*" are cured; no gastronome should neglect these *sweet hams*. Very little salt is used; the ham is placed eight days in a weak pickle, and then hung up in the snow; while at *Berja* and in less elevated places, more salt is used, and the delicate flavour destroyed.

The hamlet *Trevez* (population about 1500) is situated among these mountains, and is only one L. S. E. from the top of *Mulahacen*. The whole of the *taa*, of which it is the chief place, is wild and Alpine; the trout in the river *Trevez* are delicious.

Moorish *Ujijah*, the capital of the Alpujarras, is girt with hills, and hangs over the *Adra*. Every patch of ground is cultivated; grapes grow in terraced gardens, and in such declivities that the peasants are let down by ropes to pick them, like Shakspeare's samphire gatherers. The *Colegiata* is built on the site of the destroyed Mosque; a magnificent avenue of gigantic elms, planted by the Moors, was cut down by the Vandal chapter and municipal corporation, to build some paltry offices. Spain, however, is not the only country in which similar bodies exist.

The inhabitants are half Moors, although they speak Spanish. The women, with their apricot cheeks, black eyes and hair, gaze wildly at the rare stranger from little port-hole windows, which are scarcely bigger than their heads. Three long L., by a *rambla* of red rocks, lead to *Berja*. *Alcolea* lies to the l. Here the foragers of Sebastiani butchered the curate at the very altar, scattering his brains over the crucifix; 400 persons were massacred in cold blood; neither age nor sex was spared (Schep. iii. 112). The avenger of the Morisco meted out to the Spaniards from their own mea-

sure: "how shall you hope for mercy, rendering none?"

Berja-Vergi is a busy, flourishing, and increasing town; population under 10,000. It lies under the *Sierra de Gador*, and is in the heart of the lead mines, of which many hundred are opened. Peculiar facilities are given in Spain to mining speculations (see Cartagena, p. 417). Whoever discovers a mine reports it to the Gefe; he examines the spot, and if no one has a better claim, grants a "*demarcacion*," a "marking" out of a certain extent: this is made clear by fixing boundary stones. A small rent is assigned, and so long as the lessee pays it, none can dispossess him. He, however, has the privilege of throwing up his lease whenever he pleases, and then the rent ceases. These mines are only worked while they remunerate; the ore occurs in uncertain quantities, sometimes in veins, and at others in deposits, or *Bolsadas*. Large fortunes have been made by the early speculators, who have creamed the hill and enjoyed the first sale. Now the supply has become less in the Sierra, and the market is glutted from other competing districts; the finest ore sometimes yields 70 per cent. pure lead; much was exported in the ore state for want of fuel. Latterly, some fine smelting and flattening houses have been erected on the coast, and worked with English machinery. *Berja* is full of new houses, a thing rare in Spain; in them the wives and families of the miners reside; the men are mostly lodged on the limestone hill, near the works. The Sierra is honey-combed in all directions, the shafts being sunk in an oblique direction; the working is injurious to health, affecting the teeth and bowels. The miners occupy rude stone huts; their food, and even water, is brought up to them. No women or dogs are allowed to remain on the hill.

At the edge of the Gador is an old Phœnician mine called *La Sabina*, about which infinite fables are current. The miners are ignorant and super-

stitious; working in the dark underground, they naturally are less enlightened than those Spaniards who live in the bright world. *Berja* is also full of asses and mules, on which the ore is carried to the sea-port, *Adra*, 2 L. In spite of the traffic, the roads are iniquitous: so it always was, for, says a Moorish poet of these localities, "There is no remedy to the traveller but to stop; the valleys are gardens of Eden, but the roads those of hell;" as, indeed, are most of those of Andalucia, the paradiso of poets, the inferno of donkeys.

Winding along this mule-track, down a gorge of a river, we reach *Alqueria*, and thence through sugar plantations arrive at *Adra*, Ἀδρεα, a town founded by the Phœnicians (Strabo, iii. 236). The sea has retired; it once came up to the walls of the Moorish castle. From the watch tower, *La torre de la Vela*, a tocsin rang out a summons to arms on the approach of African pirates, but now cannon and every means of defence are wanting. Population about 8000. Some lead works have been established here.

Malaga lies 27 L. to the W. of Adra.

ROUTE XXV.—ADRA TO MALAGA.

Gualchos	7	
Motril	3	.. 10
Salobreña	1	.. 11
Almuñecar	3	.. 14
Torroz	4	.. 18
Velez Malaga	4	.. 22
Malaga	5	.. 27

From Adra the leagues are long and wearisome, but we rode in one day to *Motril*. Passing the fine English smelting houses, after *La Rábita*, the sands become African. The fishermen, dusky as Moors, dwell in *chozas*, Arabic "huts made of reeds," or *Cañas*. The long range of grape hills commences near *Gualchos*, whence a very steep track amid vines leads to *Motril*, which lies below in its green vega of rich alluvial soil. It is full of fish and fruit. The amphibious agricul-

tural popⁿ exceeds 10,000. The Posada is decent, The road continues to coast the sea to *Salobreña*, the city of *Salambo* (Astarte), and once the important Moorish town *Shalúbániah*, and now dwindled to a hamlet; in the rock-built castle the Moslem guarded his treasures. It is now a ruin, and the present poverty needs no store-house.

Almuñecar is the *Maukabah*, "the gorge," of the Moors; here sugar and cotton, *Azucar y Algodon*, çucar-coton, Moorish things and names yet remain. The soil in the valley is very rich, being formed of the detritus of the hills and alluvial deposits, and under the Moor was a golden strip, and studded far beyond Malaga with towns and cities. Now *dehesas et despoblados* attest the dominion of the Gotho conqueror; for Velez Malaga, see p. 356. Those who wish to return to Granada from Motril, instead of going to Malaga, may take

ROUTE XXVI.—MOTRIL TO GRANADA.

Venez de Benaudulla	4
Rio Grande	2½ .. 6½
Pinos del Rey	2 .. 8½
Padul	3 .. 11½
Granada	3 .. 14½

Leaving Motril ascend the *Sierra de Lujar*, with fine sea views, and thence to *Velez de Benaudulla*,—Beled, "the land of the children of Audulla;" it is generally called *Velezillo*. The *Rio Grande*, a "large river" in rainy times, and a small one at others, joins the *Guadalfeo* near this hamlet: the castle is picturesque on its knoll. Now we ride on to a mill, where an artist might linger a week. The olive trees, planted by the Moors, are gigantic. Soon after the road branches, and a short cut to the r., by a wild river, leads to *Durcal*, and thence by Granada; we took this route as saving 4 L. The further and fairer goes round by the picturesque valley of *Pinos del Rey*.

The districts lying to the E. and N. E. of Adra are of the highest interest to the botanist and geologist; they are almost virgin ground, since

Bowles and other foreigners have done little more than show how much is yet to be known. The excursion is, however, one of some hardship, and it must be ridden. "Attend to the provend," and take a local guide from time to time, especially if the expedition be prolonged to the forest of *Segura* and the lead mines of *Linares*, near *Ubeda*. The following route is recommended; where an asterisk is placed, the distances cannot be exactly stated; indeed, in the mountain and forest country the leagues are conventional and mere guesswork. It will be always advisable in each place to question the cura or the alcalde in any case of difficulty.

ROUTE XXVII.—ADRA TO JAEN.

Adra	
Dalias	3
Roquetas	4
Almeria	4
Tabernas	5
Senes	4
Macael	2
*Purchena	1½
*Baza	7
*Orceira	4
*Segura	5
Hornos	3
Iznatorafe	3
Ubeda	5
Baeza	1
Linares	3
Mengibar	4
Jaen	3

Leaving Adra, and crossing the dreary sandy plains, *El Campo de Dalias*, which might easily be irrigated, is *Almeria*—Muges, Portus Magnus of the ancients, *Al-Meryah*, "the conspicuous." Under both Roman and Moor it was the "great port" of traffic with Italy and the East, and one of the richest manufacturing towns. Under its Moorish independent chief, Ibn Maymum, it was a perfect Algiers, a pirate port, whose galleys ravaged the coasts of France and Italy. Then, according to the proverb, Granada was merely its farm; "*Cuando Almeria era Almeria Granada era su alqueria*." It was taken by the Spaniards, Oct. 16, 1147, chiefly by means of the Genoese, who

were anxious to abate this worse piratical nuisance than even Tortosa. See a most curious Latin Leonine poem on this conquest. E. S. xxi. 399. *Fuit Ilion!* It is no longer, as sang its Arabian eulogist, “a land where, if thou walkest, the stones are pearls, the dust gold, and the gardens paradise.” The houses are small, the women and climate African: the popⁿ. is under 20,000. Some bustle is given to the decay since the introduction of steamers, which touch here up and down. The remains of the Moorish castle of Keyran are now called the Alcazaba: they command the town, and were repaired by Charles V., who there hung a bell to give warning of piratical descents. The port is without a mole; the vestiges of one constructed by the Moors might have suggested such a necessary improvement, and recently a pier has been projected, on paper only. The *atarazanas*, or dockyards, may also be traced. Almeria is a chief town of the district, and residence of petty authorities, who get rich by encouraging smuggling from Gibraltar: it has a cathedral. About 2 L. in the Sierra are the baths of Alhamilla; they are much frequented. There are two seasons,—from May 1 to June 30, and from Sept. 1 to the end of October. The commerce consists principally in the produce of the lead mines, and the esparto and barrilla, of which quantities grow on the plains. The *arbol de tinte*, a sort of *acacia* from which a dye is made, flourishes here. The geologist will, of course, visit *El Cabo de Gata*, the “Cape Agate,” distant 15 miles S. E. This is the ancient *Pro-montorium Charidemi*, a word derived by Bochart (Can. i. 34) from the Punic *char-adem* caput sardii, the sardonix. It is a rock formed of crystals, spars, and agates, of 8 L. by 5 L. in extent. Visit the cavern in the *Montaña del Bujo*, where amethysts are found. The *Vela blanca* is a white spot, a landmark to travellers on this windy cape, since, according to the nautical adage, “At Cape de Gat,

take care of your hat.” Other knobs have a religious nomenclature common in Spain, such as “*El Sacristan*” and *Los dos Frailes*, equivalent to our “parson and clerk,” “devil’s peaks,” &c. Those going to Cartagena, who dislike steam conveyance, may ride across the sandy coast.

ROUTE XXVIII.—ALMERIA TO
CARTAGENA.

Almeria					
Rioja	2
Tabernas	3 .. 5
Mojacar	5 .. 10
Vera	2 .. 12
Pulpi	4 .. 16
Puerto de las Aguilas	3 .. 19
Algarobillo	2 .. 21
Almazarron	4 .. 25
Cartagena	5 .. 30

This route is very uninteresting, and the accommodation wretched. The coast is studded with *atalayas*, and the plains produce esparto and soda plants. The route runs inland to *Tabernas*, leaving *Cabo de Gata* to the r.; it comes out on the sea near *Mojacar*. *Vera*—Barea, the “End” of the Tarraconese division—is a seaport from whence are exported the corn, barrilla, esparto, etc. of the rich environs. The climate is delicious, *hic ver perpetuum*: popⁿ. under 8000. Hence cross over the Almanzora by the *cortijo de Pulpi* to *El Puerto de las Aguilas*, a small place of two intersecting streets, at the foot of a rock and castle, destined by Charles III. as the port of the country up to Lorca and Murcia. A carriageable road communicates hence to Lorca, 5 L. *Almazarron* is an industrious place; popⁿ. some 5000. The land and sea afford them occupation. From the number of ruins discovered in the vicinity, this is supposed to have been the site of an important Carthaginian settlement. In the Sierra of *Almazarron* silver ores occur, while from the hill San Cristobal alum is extracted, and the red earth, *almagra*, which is used for rubbing Merino sheep, polishing mirrors, and mixed with the red rappee snuff of Seville. The friable rock is first roasted, and

then slaked. When the alum is deposited in solution, the residue after evaporation is the *almagra*, which, according to Capⁿ. Widdrington, is a silicate of iron, according to others an oxide. Much barrilla is made here, and burnt with the shrubs of these timberless plains. Crossing the *Almanzora* to the l. is the silver-pregnant *Sierra de Almagrera*, now honey-combed with miners. (See, for curious details, post, p. 419.)

ROUTE XXVII. *continued*.—ALMERIA
TO JAEN.

Leaving *Almeria* for *Macaet*, 9 L., this hill of marble lies under the *Sierra de Filabres*, whence the view over the country is singular, as it resembles a stormy sea suddenly petrified. *Macaet* is one block of white marble, whence were extracted the thousands of pillars which the Moors raised in the Patios of Seville and Granada; now, in the pining atrophy and marasmus, they are scarcely worked. *Purchena* is historically interesting, as being the town to which Boabdil retired; it was assigned him as his petty estate, and part of his alcazar still remains. For Baza, see p. 407. Thence the lover of natural history, who is not afraid of roughing it, may strike to the *Pozo del Alcon*, where the pine forests commence. Hence to *Cazorla*, which forms one point of a triangle with *Puebla de Don Fadrique*, distant 15 L. The roads are iniquitous in these tangled woods. The oaks and pines are very fine. At *Orcera* was the governmental establishment of woods and forests, whence the arsenals of Cadiz were supplied, but the noble buildings were all burnt by the French. The forest of *Segura*, *Saltus Tigiensis*, extends about 80 L. by 60. The visitor should apply to the resident authorities for permission to explore the localities, stating frankly his objects; otherwise his arrival will create an infinite hubbub, and he will be exposed to every sort of suspicion and inconvenience. The *Guadiana*, which flows into the *Guadalquivir*, is useful

for floating down timber. According to an official survey in 1751, there were then 2,121,140 trees fit for ship-building appropriated to the arsenal of Cadiz, and 380,000,000 to that of Cartagena: making every discount for Spanish exaggeration, the supply was certainly almost inexhaustible. The '*Espediente*' of Martin Fernandez Navarete, Mad. 1824, gives the number as 44,297,108. The forest is now scandalously neglected and ill-used, like most others in Spain (see Widdrington, i. 384); game of all kinds abounds, and wolves are so numerous that sheep can scarcely be kept.

Passing through a fertile well-watered country is *Ubeda*, built by the Moors with the materials of the Roman *Bætula*, now *Ubeda la Vieja*. *Ubeda* was taken by Alonzo VIII. eight days after the victory of Las Navas de Toloso. The Spaniard, writing to Innocent III., stated that it "then contained 70,000 Moors, of whom many were put to death, and the rest made slaves to build convents in Spain, and the city razed to the ground." When these Christian destroyers retired, from the usual want of means to follow up their success, the Infidels returned and rebuilt *Ubeda*. But the ill-fated town was again taken by St. Ferd. on Michaelmas-day, 1239. Hence the city arms—gules, that Archangel, with an orle, argent, of twelve lions, gules. *Ubeda* contains about 15,000 inhab., principally agriculturists.

Here the architect will find the best specimens of Pedro de Valdelvira, an architect of the sixteenth century, and second only to Berruguete. The Cathedral, once the mosque, has been built into a Corinthian temple, in a style similar to those of Jaen and Granada. Near the high altar was buried Don Beltran de la Cueva, the reputed father of La Beltraneja, the rival to Isabella. The Macenas of *Ubeda* was Fro. de los Cobos, secretary to Charles V. He brought from Italy Julio and Alessandro, pupils of Jean de Udina, to decorate his house with arabesques.

The mansion, cruelly degraded, still exists in the parish S^{to}. Tomas. He also employed Pedro de Valdelvira, in 1540, to build the beautiful *San Salvador*. The interior has been over-gilt and altered, but the exterior has fared better. Observe the *Portal del Llano*, and the entrance and inside of the rich sacristia. The convent of Dominican nuns, in the *Plaza del Llano*, was also a residence of the Cobos family. The hospital is a fine building: observe the tower, the cloister, and the minute bassi-relievi on the *retablo*. The funds have long been misapplied, and the mismanagement is complete. Visit the Lonja, and the buildings in the Exido—the “Exodus,” or place of departure for Baeza, distant 1 L. There is a profusion of water, and fertility is everywhere the consequence: indeed the whole of this *Lomo de Ubeda* is some of the finest land in the world. Under the Moors it was densely peopled, and a granary; now much is *despoblado* and neglected.

Baeza—Beatia Bæcula—is the spot where Scipio the younger routed Asdrubal (U. C. 545), killing 8000 Carthaginians, and taking 10,000 Spaniards prisoners (Liv^y, xxvii. 18). Under the Moors it became a flourishing town of 30,000 souls. It was taken and sacked by St. Ferd. in 1239, and has never been again what it was. The miserable Moors took refuge in the Albaicin of Granada.

Baeza is a handsome town. Popⁿ. about 14,000. There is a good new posada in what was the Franciscan convent. The noble buildings of the sixteenth century, and now deserted halls, bear record of former importance. The position, on a lofty *lomo*, with pure air, rich plains, and abundance of water, is well chosen. The principal edifices are the oratorio of Sⁿ. Felipe Neri, the grand patio and staircase of the university, the fountain with cariatides in the Plaza, and the cinque-cento gates of Cordova and Baeza.

The cathedral is joined with that

of Jaen, under the same mitre. It was modernised in 1587, and dedicated to the “birth of the Virgin.” This mystery is represented in a basso-relievo by Jeronimo Prado, over the classical portal. The chapel of Sⁿ. José is in excellent plateresque. It was for this cathedral that F^{ro}. Merino, one of the best silver workers of Spain (obit 1594), made a magnificent *custodia*.

But the pride of Baeza was the being the birthplace of the eleven thousand virgins, commonly called of Cologne. Vilches, in his ‘*Santuarios*,’ i. 28. 26, filches from England the glory, and claims it for *Nosotros*. These ladies, really born in Cornwall about the year 453, were daughters of one Nothus, a great lord, and the Bastard family is still among the best in the West of England. Some critics contend that the eleven thousand were in reality only twins, and by name Ursula and Undecimilla; others assert that the mistake arose from the abbreviations of an old manuscript, “Ursula et XI. M. V.,” meaning simply, Ursula and eleven martyr virgins. At the same time there must have been many thousands of them, since there is scarcely a *relicario* in Spain which cannot boast a virgin or two of them, while the numbers in Germany and Italy defy calculation. Be that as it may, it would be now not easy to find 11,000 virgins in the *cuatro reinos*, much less in Vilches, and even if they were found, not ten would be willing to prefer death to loss of chastity.

The celebrated sculptor, Gaspar Becerra, was born at Baeza in 1520.

Linares—Hellanes—is placed in a pleasant plain under the Sierra Morena, with an abundance of fertilising streams. Popⁿ. under 7000. It was celebrated in antiquity for its mines of copper and lead, which are still very productive, especially those of Los Arrayanes, Alamillos, and La Cruz. Every day new shafts are being opened; but, as at Berja, the working is very prejudicial to the miners’ health. About $\frac{1}{2}$ a L. distant is the supposed site of

Castulo or Cazlona, where mutilated sculpture is frequently found and neglected. At *Palazuelos* are the presumed ruins of the "Palace" of Himilce, the rich wife of Hannibal, and near is the site of the great battle won by Scipio (Livy, xxiv. 41). The fine fountain of Linares is supposed to be a remnant of the Roman work which was connected with Castulo. N. of Linares and about 5 miles from Carolina, in the *Cerro de Valdeinfierno* are certain ancient mines, which still are called *Los Pozos de Anibal*: the geologist may strike on to *Vilches*, a small place with 2000 souls, placed in the midst of neglected mines of copper and silver. The wild shooting in all this district of *Las Nuevas Poblaciones* is good, so also is the fishing in the *Guadalen*, *Guarrizoz*, and *Guadalimar*.

The two towns of Baeza and Linares, as is common in unamalgamating Spain, do not love their neighbour. *Baeza quiere pares, y no quiere Linares.*

The traveller may either strike up to Bailen, 2 L., or return to Granada by Jaen—2 L. to the Venta de Don Juan, and 1 L. to the dangerous ferry of Mengibar, and thence 4 most dreary L. to Jaen. See Index for details.

The communications from Granada will be found in the preceding pages: to Jaen, Route xiv.; to Cordova, R. xii.; to Seville, by Osuna, R. xi.; to Ronda, by Antequera, R. xix.; to Malaga, by Alhama, R. xxiii.; or by Loja, R. xi. There now remains the Route to Murcia and the Eastern provinces.

SECTION IV.

THE KINGDOM OF MURCIA.

CONTENTS.

ROUTE XXIX.—GRANADA TO MURCIA.

Guadix; Lorca; Murcia.

ROUTE XXX.—MURCIA TO MADRID.

ROUTE XXXI.—MURCIA TO CARTAGENA.

Mines, ancient and modern.

ROUTE XXXII.—CARTAGENA TO ALICANTE.

Orihuela; Elche; Alicante.

ROUTE XXXIII.—ELCHE TO MADRID.

ROUTE XXXIV.—ELCHE TO XATIVA.

ROUTE XXXV.—ELCHE TO ALICANTE.

ROUTE XXXVI.—ALICANTE TO XATIVA.

Castalla; Alcoy; Xativa.

ROUTE XXXVII.—XATIVA TO VALENCE.

THE petty *Reino de Murcia*, one of the smallest in Spain, contains about 660 square L. It is of an irregular shape, about 25 L. long by 23 broad, and is bounded to the E. by Valencia, to the N. by Cuenca and La Mancha, to the W. by Granada, and to the S. by the Mediterranean. It is thinly peopled, and where water is wanting is almost a desert. The irrigated portions and *Huertas*, however, compensate by their prodigious fertility. They produce the palm, orange, and carob tree. The staples are silk, soda, bass-grass, red peppers, and rich wines. The mineralogy is most interesting, especially in the mining districts near Cartagena. The chief objects worth notice are these mines and the *Pantanos*, or artificial reservoirs. The best line of route is that which comprehends Lorca, Murcia, Cartagena, Elche, and Alicante (R. xxix., xxxii., and xxxvi.). The springs and autumns are the fittest seasons for travelling; the former are all flower, the latter all fruit. Murcia was the cherished province of the Carthaginians, and was destined by them to replace their loss of Sicily, as it contained those mines which enabled the family of Hannibal to war against Rome itself. The Goths of Murcia made honourable resistance against the Moors, and their leader, Theodimir, was allowed to retain an independent sovereignty during his life: hence the province was called *Tadmir*, a word often confounded with *Tadmor*, a country of palms, which do indeed flourish here. Under the Moors Mursiah became one continuous "garden," and hence was called *El Bostan*, as well as *Misr*, Egypt, to which it was compared. When the Kalifate of the Ummeyahs was broken up, Mursiah split off into an independent state, under the Beni-Tahir family, which ruled from 1038 to 1091; after this internal dissensions led at last, in 1260, to the triumph of the Spaniards. The Moorish Murcians were reputed to be obstinate and disobedient; and the province, lying in an out-of-the-way corner, is still considered the Bœotia of the south.

In Murcia, *Murtia* the pagan goddess of apathy and ignorance rules undisturbed and undisputed. "Dulness o'er all usurps her ancient reign." The better classes vegetate in a monotonous unsocial existence; their pursuits are the cigar and the siesta. Few men in anywise illustrious have ever been produced by this Dunciad province. The lower classes, chiefly agricultural, are alternately sluggish and laborious, retaining the *Inedia et Labor* of the old Iberian. Their physiognomy is African, and many have migrated latterly to Algeria. They are superstitious, litigious, and revengeful, and even remark of themselves and province that the earth and climate are good, but much that is between them is bad. *El cielo y suelo es bueno—el entre suelo malo*. The littoral plains, especially about Cartagena and Alicante, are much subject to earthquakes, and are rendered insalubrious by salt marshes. The salt made from them is chiefly shipped to the Baltic. The *barrilla*, or soda plant, grows abundantly. There are four kinds—the *barrilla*, *algazal*, *sosa*, and *salicor*: the first is the best. It grows a low tufted spreading bush, of a greenish colour, ripening into a dull brown. The plants, when dry, are burnt on iron gratings over pits, and the saline particles sink below in a vitrified mass. An acre of *barrilla* will produce a ton of alkali. It is an exhausting crop. Alicante is the chief place of export. The *esparto*, the bass feather-grass or Spanish rush, *Spartium junceum*, *genet d'Espagne*, grows naturally in vast quantities: hence the district of Cartagena was called by the Greeks, το σπάρταριον—το ιουγγαριον πεδιον, and by the Romans *Campus Spartarius Juncarius*. The name of this "stipa tenacissima" is said to be derived from σπειρω, *conserere*. It resembles the *spear* grass which grows on the sandy sea-shores of Lancashire. This thin wiry rush is still worked up into the same purposes as are so accurately described by Pliny (N. H. xix. 2); such as matting, baskets, soles of sandals, ropes, &c. It was exported largely to Italy (Strabo, iii. 243). These are the Iberian whips of Horace (Epod. iv. 3). The rush, when cut, is dried like hay, and then soaked in water and plaited. It is very enduring, and the manufacture, as formerly, employs multitudes of women and children.

The present section will include a portion of Valencia, as Murcia is quitted near Orihuela, but the description of the Elche, Alicante, and Xativa districts will, however, come conveniently to the traveller who approaches Valencia from Granada. Murcia is ill provided with roads; even the great communication between Granada is but just carriageable. It is wearisome, and without much accommodation. The best plan will be, on leaving Granada, to make an excursion into the Alpujarras to Almeria (R. xxiv.), and then take the steamer to Cartagena. There is a good local and heraldic history of Murcia, the '*Discursos Historicos*,' Fro. Cascales, Murcia, 1621; or the new and better ed. of 1775.

ROUTE XXIX.—GRANADA TO MURCIA.

Hueter	1½	
Molinillo	3	4½
Diezma	1½	5
Purullena	2	8
Guadix	1	9
Venta de Gor	3	12
Venta de Baul	1	13
Baza	3	16
Cullar	4	20
Chirivel	3	23
Velez Rubio	3	26
Lumbeas	4	30

Lorca	3	33
Totana	4	37
Lebrilla	4	41
Murcia	4	45

This road is practicable for strong *galeras* and *tartanas*. It is better to ride it, hiring horses to Lorca, whence a diligence runs to Murcia; reserving, however, a power of taking the horses on, if preferred.

Leaving Granada by the gate of

Facalaua, a two hours' mountain ride leads to the tolerable posada at *Huetor*. Hence, passing the picturesque defiles and descents to Molinillo, and wild *dehesas*, to burnt-up *Diezma*. The arid soil contrasts with the snowy Sierra, which glitters to the r. The wastes are covered with the usual aromatic herbs (see p. 148), which, bruised by the goats' feet, perfume the loneliness. The side ways are studded with crosses, erected over sites where wine and women have led to murder. Near *Purullena*, the miserable peasantry dwell in holes or *cuevas*, excavated from the soft hillocks. Many of the loftier hills to the r. bear names connected with the silver mines of antiquity, such as *Sierra de la Mina*, *Sierra del Pozo*, &c.; indeed, all this range, down to the Sierra de Filabres and Vera, is marble and metal pregnant. In these districts, probably, were the Orospean chain; the *Opos ἀργυρον* of Strabo (iii. 220); the Mons Argentarius of Fes. Avienus. Bochart interprets the word *Orosphed* quasi *Phed*, Punicé silver.

Guadix, Acci, in its mulberry groves looks more cheerful. There is a decent posada under the town, near the gate and nice little *Alameda*. Guadix contains 9000 souls, and is a bishopric, suffragan to Granada, although it claims to have been converted by seven prelates sent expressly by St. Peter and Paul. The town is of Moorish construction, whence its name, "Wadi ash," "The River of Life." Walk up to the Plaza, with its columns of the 15th century: thence to the *Paseo de la Catedral*, and observe the view over the *Vega*. The cathedral is unimportant. The *coro* is enriched with many small statues, carved in pear wood; the *silleria* is in exaggerated plateresque: the pulpits are composed of the red and green Alpujarras marbles. Coming out towards the bishop's palace, is a Roman stone, let into the wall, and inscribed "*Colon Accis*." Hence by the *Calle de la Muralla* to the ruined Moorish castle. Observe the extraordinary character of the environs.

The whole country about the town resembles a sea, whose waves have suddenly been transformed into solid substances. The hillocks rise up fantastically into conical and pyramidal shapes: their marly sides are excavated into caves, the homes of the poor. No wonder some are called *los dientes de la Vieja*, although they are more like the jaws of a petrified colossal crocodile, than of an old woman. These localities, once covered by water, have been ploughed by the retiring floods into gullies, by which the whole district is intersected. Guadix is renowned for its knife. *El Cuchillo de Guadix* is made with a *molde*, or catch by which the blade can be fixed and converted into a dagger; admirable for stabbing, nothing can be ruder than this cutlery, which however answers Spanish purposes, and that *guerra al cuchillo*, which proved scarcely less fatal to the invader than the British bayonet (but see *Albacete* for Spanish knives). About $\frac{1}{2}$ L. from Guadix are the baths of Graena. The accommodations, as usual, are wretched; and many visitors prefer lodging in the cool caves of the hills to the hot and inconvenient houses.

Leaving Guadix, and threading a sea of pointed hillocks, sandy, earthy, and tawny, amid which the *Esparto* rush grows luxuriantly, a midday halt may be made at the poor *Va de Gor*. Ghaur means a pass in Hindee. The town lies to the r. Hence to Baza, 3 long L. The clay-built-looking city lies in a rich plain, surrounded by a country ploughed up by ravines and Brobdignag furrows.

Baza, the Roman Basti, the Moorish Bástah, is an agricultural town of some 11,000 souls: the posada is roomy and good. Fragments of antiquity are constantly found in the Vega, and are as constantly neglected or broken to pieces by the peasants, who, like Moors, think they contain hidden treasures. Baza was taken by the Christians, after a siege of seven months, Dec. 4, 1480. Isabella came in person, there, as everywhere else, the harbinger of victory.

This gentle and delicate queen possessed also the masculine virtues of our bold Bess, while a soul of Cæsar was enshrined in the form of Lucretia. She braved all hardships, hurried to every post of danger, regardless of weather or ill health, and appearing at the nick of time, like our Elizabeth at Tilbury Fort, communicated to her troops her own dauntless spirit. The Spanish artillery was under her especial management, for she perceived the power of this arm, hitherto undervalued from being worked insufficiently. She was the soul and spirit of every campaign, by providing the finance and commissariat, things rare in Spain, and recorded by P. Martyr as *belli nervos*. She pawned her jewels to pay the troops, seldom paid since. She established military hospitals, and maintained a rigorous discipline: her camp, says P. Martyr, resembled a republic of Plato's. Need it be said that her armies were victorious? for Spaniards make fine soldiers when well fed and led. She placed her battery on the site of the present *Posito*, or grain deposit, and some of her cannon remain near the rose-planted Alameda. They once were mounted before the cathedral, but were cast down when it was plundered by Sebastiani. They are composed of bars of iron, bound by hoops, and have no wheels, being moved by strong rings. The splendid Custodia was the work of Juan Ruiz of Cordova. The cathedral is unimportant, but Baza is renowned for rich red wines, the beverage of Granada. Those of the *convento* are the best, or rather were, before reform destroyed

"That happy convent, buried in deep vines,
Where abbots slumbered, purple as their
wines."

The women are among the prettiest in Spain, and, as at Guadix, are fair-complexioned. The female peasants are clad in green *sayas*, with black stripes and red edgings. With their sandalled naked feet, upright elastic step, as they carry baskets or pitchers on their heads, they are quite classical

and melodramatic. The Valencian costume now begins, and the striped *manta* takes the place of the cloak. There are two local histories: one by Gonzalo Argote de Molina; the other and better by Pedro Suæres, fol. Mad. 1696.

Hence by a poplar Alameda to *Cullar de Baza*, which lies in a ravine below its Moorish ruin, and in a valley of maize and vines. It is a straggling place of some 5000 souls: half of the dwellings are mere holes dug in the hill side, in which the rustics burrow and breed like rabbits, and they are all fur in their sheepskin jackets. Here, in August 1811, Freire was beaten to shreds even by Godinot, one of the worst of French generals, whose incapacity allowed his foe, skilled in flight, to escape (Toreno, xvi.).

Ascending a broken ridge, the miserable *Va. de las Vertientes* marks the summit from whence the "parted waters" descend both ways. *Chirivel* is in the district of flax and hemp, *lino y cañamo*. The latter, when cut, is soaked for eight days, until the rind rots: it is then beaten on round stones, and drawn through an iron-toothed machine. The whole process is unwholesome, for the offensive soakings produce fever, while the minute particles which fly off during the beating irritate the lungs and induce consumption. *Velez el Rubio* is approached by an awful league, *La del Frayle*, which is at least five miles long. The stream is pretty; and the two rocky knobs of the *Frayle* and *La Monja* are singular. *Velez el Rubio* is a poor but well-peopled place of some 12,000 souls, in a most fertile district, which also abounds in fine jaspers: the white houses lie under the castle in a picturesque hill-girt situation. Near it is the *fuelle del gato*, a ferruginous mineral water, and excellent for nervous disorders. The Posada was built in 1785 by the Duke of Alva, who owns large estates in these parts. The exterior is grand and imposing, as the interior is all want and discomfort. *Velez el Rubio*, although unarmed and unre-

sisting, was dreadfully sacked by Sebastiani in April 1810.

Now we enter Murcia, the high road to Lorca is carried over the ridge at *el Puerto*: but the traveller should make a mountain détour to the l. by the noble castle of *Xiquena*, dining at the venta on the opposite side of the river, and beyond the picturesque mills. The stone pines are magnificent. Hence to the *Pantano* of Lorca: an enormous dyke, called *el puente*, is built of a fine yellow stone across the narrow valley: it is said to be 1500 ft. high, and consists of seven ramps or *caminos*, each 12 ft. wide; thus the base would be 84 ft. thick. This effectually dams up the waters of the rivulet, which thus accumulate behind in a vast reservoir lake, and are thence doled out by hatches to the lands below, which require irrigation. These *Pantanos* are the precise Byzantine *ὕδρατια*, the *Bendts* by which Constantinople is supplied. This one was a speculation of the company de Prades, formed in 1775, by whom money was raised for the Murcian canal at $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., which, being guaranteed by Charles III., was lent readily. In 1791, Charles IV., or rather the needy, unprincipled Godoy, consulted the theologians whether this rate was not usurious. They of course assented; and a royal decree was issued reducing it to 3 per cent., and deducting the whole amount of the previously paid difference of $4\frac{1}{2}$. The dyke across the gorge was finished in 1789. It was quite filled for the first time in Feb. 1802, and gave way April 2, from the feeding stream having no separate vent, destroying everything for nearly fifty miles below. Similar was the reservoir and the destruction of the Sitte Mareb, the work of Solomon's Queen of Sheba, which swept entire cities from the face of Arabia (Sale's 'Koran,' i. 12). Such also were the natural deluges which poured through the Val de Bagnes and Martigny, in Switzerland, in 1596 and 1818, when the dam of ice gave way and let

loose the accumulated waters behind it.

Following the lines of damage for 2 L., we reach *Lorca*, Elicroca, Loreáh, built under the *Monte de Oro*, on the banks of the Sangonera, which soon falls into the Segura. Lorca is a rambling old city, but clean and with good houses: inhab. under 22,000, with a decent *Posada*. It was the Moorish key of Murcia. The castle was very strong, and is still a fine specimen, and worth visiting. The tower *Espolon*, and the long lines of walls, are Moorish. That called the *Alfonsina* is Spanish, and was built by Alonzo el Sabio, who gave the city for its arms his bust on this tower, with a key in one hand and a sword in the other, with the legend:—

“Lorca solum gratum, castrum super astra locatum,
Ense minas gravis, et regni tutissima clavis.”

Lorca is a dull, unsocial place. The streets are steep and narrow. The façade of the *Colegiata* is Corinthian and composite. The interior is dark, but rejoices in relics of its patron St. Patrick. The tower has a Murcian pepper-box dome. The old Plaza, with its arched prison, and rambling streets are picturesque. There is a tolerable Gothic church, *La Sa. Maria*. The walks are pleasant, especially the Alameda, near the river. In the *Corredera* is a pillar and Roman inscription. The graven images of Sⁿ. Vicente Ferrer (see Valencia) now begin to appear, as we approach his native province. The motto, “*Timete Deum*,” designates this herald of the Inquisition. *Lorca* was twice sacked by the French. Here, Feb. 1811, Freire fled as usual on the second approach of Sebastiani. There is a local history, ‘*Antigüedades*, &c., de Lorca,’ Pedro Morote Perez Chaecos, fol. Murcia, 1741.

There is a diligence from Lorca to Murcia. The route is arid and desolate from want of water. Totana and the mud-built Lebrilla are the head-

quarters of Murcian gipsies, whose costume is very gay and ornate. They are the innkeepers of the district. Their grand rendezvous is at Palmas de Sⁿ. Juan, where they dance the *Toca*, *Ole*, and *Mandel*. Totana is divided by these dark children of the Zend into two portions, called in remembrance of their beloved "*Safacoro*," "*Sevilla y Triana*." Near Totana commences *La Sierra de España*, in the snow of which the gipsies traffic. The town has a fine fountain, supplied by a handsome aqueduct. It contains 8000 souls, and has a *Colegiata*.

The vegetation, where there is water, is tropical: tall whispering canes and huge aloes towering up in candelabras, are intermingled with palm-trees and gigantic sun-flowers, whose seeds are eaten by the poor. The low thatched cottages of the peasants have projecting roofs, and gable-ends, on which is the cross of *Caravaca*,* the talisman of these localities, and which now supercedes the *Rostro* of Jaen; but relics in Spain are like local authorities, which have no power out of the limits of their jurisdiction.

Murcia rises out of its level Huerta of mulberries, golden maize, and red pepper. The peasants, with handkerchiefs on heads like turbans, and white kilts, look, from this contrast of linen with bronzed flesh, as dusky as Moors. The pretty women are made more so by their ballet costume of blue *sayas* and yellow boddices. The city is entered by the pleasant *Alameda del Carmen*, traversing the Plaza with its highly-worked iron balconies, and thence over the muddy, half-exhausted Segura, by a fine bridge built in 1720. The best Fonda is in the *Pa. de Sⁿ. Leandro*; the best *posadas* are the *San*

Antonio and *La de la Alhondiga*. *La del Comercio* is in C^o. de la Rambla del Cuerno. In the C^o. Mayor are two decent casas de pupilos; one kept by Juan Gutierrez, the other by Doña Maria Romero. Consult '*Discursos Historicos*,' Cascales, fol. Murcia, 1621.

A day will suffice for Murcia: it is the capital of its province, and in the centre of the fertile *Huerta*, the Moorish *al-Bostan*, "garden," which extends 5 L. in length by 3 in breadth, and is watered from a magnificent Moorish contrivance called the *Contraparada*, and by the river, which is *sangrado*, or bled to death. Silk is the staple, and red pepper powder, which is sent all over Spain. Murcia was built by the Moors, from the materials of the Roman Murgi, Murci Arcilacis. It was called Mursiah, and Hadhrat Tadmīr, the court of Theodomir, its independent Gothic prince. The Segura is the Tader, Terebis, Serebis of the ancients, the Skehurah of the Moors. The city contains about 35,000 souls, and is the see of a bishop suffragan to Toledo, who is still called *de Cartagena*, which was originally the site of the metropolitan, and since the removal the two cities have abhorred each other most devoutly.

Murcia was taken from the Moors in 1240, by St. Ferd.; it rebelled, and was reconquered by Alonzo el Sabio, who left, as a precious legacy, his bowels to the dean and chapter, *i. e.* coals to Newcastle; had he bequeathed a portion of his brains, this Dunciad see and city might have profited, for it is the dullest city in Spain, which is no trifle, and one of the driest; but whenever rain is wanted, the miraculous image of our Lady of *Fuensanta*, is brought in grand procession from *Al-*

* Caravaca lies up in the hills, 11 L. from Murcia, and is a considerable town; the castle is called *La Santa Cruz*. The city arms are a "red cow, with a cross on its back;" the origin being, that Don Gines Perez Chirinos, when very desirous, May 3, 1221, to say mass to a Moorish king of the ill-omened name Deceyt, had no cross, whereupon angels brought one down from heaven. The Moor was instantly converted. Miracles have ever since been wrought. Rings especially, when rubbed against the cross, a small fee being paid to the priest, effectually protect the wearers from illness. The peasants also imagined that the cross would protect them from Sebastiani and Soult, which it did not. Consult the history by Martin Pinero, folio, 1722.

gezares 1 L.; this spot, her sanctuary, is also a favorite holiday lounge for idlers and devout persons.

The streets of Murcia are generally narrow, and many of the houses are painted in pink and yellow colours; those of the *Hidalgos* are decorated with armorial bearings; observe, for example, the Casa Pinares, in the *Calle de la Plateria*. The city arms are six crowns with an orle of lions and castles. Visit the Alcazar, fortified in 1405 by Enrique III.; ascend the cathedral tower. This belfry was begun in 1522 by Card. Mateo de Langa, and finished in 1766. The stone chain is in compliment to the Velez family, whose armorial bearing it is; it is crowned with a dome, and is the type of Murcian belfries; it rises in compartments, like a drawn-out telescope; from the summit the eye sweeps far and wide; below lies the circular city, with flat bluish roofs, and cane pigeon-houses—a Valencian fancy. The *Huerta*, where there is water, is green; where that ceases, as beyond *Alcantarilla*, the tawny desert recommences. The plain is studded with farms and drooping palm-trees; the pointed isolated hill to the E. is the *Monte Agudo*, whence a title is taken, like our Montagu and Egremont.

The capacious episcopal palace in the plaza was built in 1768; it has been daubed with pinks and green, and is Rococo. The cathedral was begun in 1353, and altered in 1521; the façade, by Jayme Bort, is a churrigueresque. Inside observe the Gothic niches behind the *Coro*, the carved *Silleria* and organ, and the chapel, with an alto relievo, in stone, of the Nativity; the sculpture is not good, but the effect, in the dim light, is striking; opposite, in a gaudy frame, is a pretty Madona and Child; the *Retablo* is full of old carving; the stones near the high altar are picked out with gold, as at Toledo; here, in an *urna*, are the bowels of Alonzo el Sabio; and opposite, in a silver vase, are portions of the tutelar saints Sⁿ. Fulgencio and S^a. Floren-

tina, whose brother was the great archbishop Sⁿ. Isidoro. The *Sacristia mayor* has some fine dark wood-carving, of 1525; the portal is rich plateresque; the splendid plate was appropriated by the French, especially the *Custodia* and *Copon* of pure gold. The smaller silver *Custodia* escaped miraculously; it is ornamented with grapes and spiral columns, and was made by Perez de Montalto, 1677. As usual, this cathedral has a parish church annexed, it is dedicated to the Virgin, and is called *La Sa. Maria*; and in the *Ca. del Sagrario* is an excellent Marriage of the Virgin, by Juanes, painted in 1516, for Juan de Molina: see the inscription. The *Capilla de los Velez* contains some singular stone chains, the badge of the family; the portal of bluish-veined marble is enriched with statues of royal and local saints, in which figures Sⁿ. Hermenegildo, who was born at Cartagena; the interior is octagonal, and incongruous in style and ornament: observe the St. Luke writing his Gospel, by Fr^o. Garcia, 1607, and the *Pasos*, the chains and sprigs of a tree, and the gigantic skeleton. This cathedral suffered much in the earthquake of 1829, when the tower, façade, and dome of the transept were cracked.

Murcia, this Dunciad city, has little fine art; much of the carving in it and the province is by Fr^o. Zarcillo, who died here in 1781, and who, had he lived in a better age, possessed the capabilities of a true artist. In the church of *San Nicolas* is an exquisite San Antonio, carved in wood in a brown Capuchin dress, about 18 inches high, by Alonzo Cano, and inscribed: it is the gem of Murcia. The traveller may walk through the *Traperia* and *Plateria*, busy streets, with summer awnings stretched above, and sparkling dressed peasantry grouped below; here are the shops of the silversmiths and the sellers of *mantas y alforjas*, i.e. gay parti-coloured striped mantles and saddle-bags (see p. 31). The *mantas*, which are much renowned, ought al-

ways to have a knot of ribbons in the corner, which is usually added by the fair hand of a *querida*. The *Almudi*, Arabicè, "*Granary*," is still the corn magazine; the post-office and prison contain some Moorish remains; there is also a *Plaza de toros*. The favourite walks are the Carmen, with its shady seats, and the Arenal, the "Strand;" the red granite monument to Ferd. VII. is heavy, and the weirs and water-mills would be more picturesque, were the stream of a better colour. There is a good botanical garden. The ill-provided hospital of the town, like one tower of the cathedral, is only begun, and probably never will be finished.

The Murcians, although dull, are no cowards; thus in the War of the Succession, its gallant bishop Luis de Beluga beat off the Germans, and held it for Philip V. This province was never permanently occupied by the French; it was overrun by Soult's brother and Sebastiani, who came rather to levy contributions than from any military reasons (Toreno, xv.). Sebastiani was its Alaric; he, in March 1810, sallied from Granada with 6000 men; Freire, although he had 19,000 men, did not dare to face him (Nap. xiii. 6), but fell back on Alicante, where there were English to support him, as at San Marcial. Sebastiani was the first who arrived on the 23rd of April at unplundered Murcia; he pledged his word of honour that persons and property should be sacred, entered the confiding, unresisting town, "assumed royal honours, and because the municipality had not welcomed him with *salvos*, fined them 100,000 dollars; after having got together the five quintals of plate from churches, and convents, and private houses, he returned to Granada laden with plunder."

Toreno's (xi.) details of the horrors and excesses then committed in the town are fully borne out by Schepeler (ii. 537). To this fatal sack Murcia owes its denudation of wealth and art.

Sebastiani was afterwards imitated by Soult's brother, who was feasting in

the bishop's palace, when the inhabitants, headed by Martin de Cervera, rose on their plunderers; Cervera was killed, and the site of his death is still pointed out. Gen. Soult rose, panic-struck, from table, and fled, committing atrocities which cannot be related. See Toreno xvii. and Schepeler iii. 497.

There are regular diligences to and from Lorca, Cartagena, and Alicante, but to Madrid there is only *agalera*; the common carriage in these parts is the Valencian one-horsed *tartana*, which may be hired at from twenty to twenty-four reals per day, not including the keep of the driver and his horse. In the vicinity of Murcia are many mineral baths; the most frequented are those of *Archena*, *Alhama*, *El Azaraque*, and *Hellin*. This corner of Spain is the chief volcanic district of the Peninsula, which stretches from Cabo de Gata to near Cartagena; the earthquakes are very frequent. This district lies nearly in the same parallel as Lisbon, where earthquakes and volcanic rocks also occur; and the same line, if extended westward, would touch the Azores, which are also volcanic; and eastward would run through Sicily and Smyrna, both which localities present the same class of phenomena.

ROUTE XXX.—MURCIA TO MADRID.

Lorqui	3	
Ciezar	4	7
Torre	3	10
Hellin	3	13
Venta Nueva	4	17
Pozo de la Peña	2	19
Albacete	2	21
Madrid	35	56

This is a dreary, uninteresting route. The traveller must ride or get to *Albacete* as he can, and there take up the Valencian diligences. The fertility of Molino is unrivalled; the cochineal or *Nopal* is abundant; the population is agricultural, and the women busy spinners. Lorqui, near the Segura, is the site where Publius and Cneius Scipio were defeated and killed by Masinissa, 211 B.C. The Romans had

taken 20,000 Spaniards into their pay, and were deserted by their allies in the critical moment, and left to bear the whole brunt single-handed.

Ciezar rises above the river on a peninsular table; on the opposite hill are the remains of an ancient Roman town. *Hellin*, Ilunum, a town of 7000 souls, lies on the slope of the Segura chain; the new *Posada* is excellent; the Roman city was at *Binaseda*, where vestiges may be traced. *Hellin* is a tidy town, of 8000 souls, well paved, with neatly-painted houses, and an air of comfort and *aseo*; the *parroquia* is very fine, with three aisles; observe the *boveda*, supported by pillars, and the masonry and the marble pavement at the entrance; from the hermitage of San Rosario, in the old castle, the view is extensive; near *Hellin* are the mineral baths of Azaraque, and distant 3½ L. the celebrated mines of sulphur.

Hellin was dreadfully sacked by the French under Montbrun (see Schepeler iii. 495); and afterwards became the point, where Joseph, flying from Madrid, and Soult from Seville, after Marmont's rout at Salamanca, united with Suchet; the misconduct of Ballesteros, by disobeying the Duke's orders to place himself in the *Sierra de Alcaraz*, left the way open to the enemy to regain Madrid. From *Hellin* there is a wild mountain track to Manzanares, 14 L. through the *Sierra de Alcaraz*. The high road to Madrid and Valencia is entered at Pozo de la Peña; for which and Albacete, see R. ciii.

ROUTE XXXI.—MURCIA TO CARTAGENA, 9 L.

Those going to Alicante may either go direct in the diligence or they may take the diligence to Cartagena, and then the steamer: or they may ride from Cartagena to Orihuela, and then take up the Murcian diligence to Alicante, by which means they will see Elche, the Palmyra of Europe; this is the plan which we should suggest. Proceeding to Cartagena after crossing the Segura, the well-planted road soon

ascends a ridge, and passing *el Puerto*, descends into the uninteresting salitrose plain; the best *fonda* is in the C^e. Mayor; the best *posadas* are *los cuatro Santos* and *la Rosa de S^a. Antonio*.

Cartagena, *χαρχηδων ἡ νεα*, Carthago nova, was the new Carthage founded by the Barca family, when they meditated making themselves independent rulers of Spain; this name is a double pleonasm, Carthago, Karthadtha, meaning itself "the new city," in reference to old Tyre. The admirable port stood opposite to the Carthaginian coast and half-way between Gaddir, Cadiz, and Barcino, Barcelona; it was their grand arsenal; a full account of the siege is given by Livy (xxvi. 42); and a still better one by Polybius (lib. x.). It was a Ciudad Rodrigo affair, as Scipio pounced on the fortress before the enemy could relieve it; he formed his plans with such secrecy that neither friend nor foe even suspected his intention. The Carthaginians, like modern Spaniards, were quite unprepared; they had only 1000 men in garrison, never dreaming, says Polybius, that any one would even think of attacking a place reputed to be so strong. Scipio knew the importance of taking them by surprise and giving them no time for preparations; he stormed it by fording the marsh during a low tide, and took it in one day.

"All Spain was in this one city;" the booty was prodigious. Even Livy was ashamed of the enormous lying; "*mentiendi modus adeo nullus.*" Scipio's conduct as a general was exceeded by that as a man; brave as merciful, he scorned to tarnish his great glory with the dross of peculation, and in his chivalrous generosity to the vanquished, and his high-bred delicacy towards the women, deserves the signal honour of being compared to our Duke. Although the loss of this naval arsenal was the first blow to the power of the Carthaginians in Spain, their leaders, models of modern juntas, at first concealed the disaster, then attributed it to accident, and next un-

dervalued its importance, to deceive the people. (Compare the Cadiz Cortes, p. 214.)

Cartagena continued to flourish under the Romans, who now called it "Colonia Victrix Julia." All the ancient learning is collected by Ukert (i. ii. 400). The place was all but destroyed by the Goths; and Sⁿ Isidoro, who was born there in 595, speaks of it as then desolate (Orig. xv. 1). Cartagena is now a *Plaza de Armas*, and gives the name to a bishopric, although Murcia has been the see since 1219: for the ecclesiastical history and hagiography, consult '*Cartagena de España ilustrada*,' 4to., two parts, Leandro Soler; and '*Discursos*,' Fr^o. Cascales.

Cartagena is now much decayed; it scarcely contains 30,000 inhabitants, instead of the 60,000 of 1786, when Charles III. endeavoured to force a naval establishment. This was so reduced, that Toreno records, when the war of independence broke out, there was not even lead for bullets in this far-famed arsenal; the few unserviceable ships were only saved by our Capt. Hargood, after infinite difficulties, raised by the officials, who suspected him of evil motives. Here were fitted out those fleets which were crushed at Cape St. Vincent and Trafalgar. The authorities as usual are shy of admitting foreigners to spy into their nakedness; while, like the Moors at Laraiche, the arsenal of Western Barbary, they pretend that they exclude Christians for fear they should learn their unrivalled art of gunnery.

As Laraiche, once the port of the Saltee rovers, the terror of the Mediterranean, is now full of emptiness, so is Cartagena, and both are true emblems of fallen Barbary and Spain; like at La Carraca and El Ferrol (see Index), every thing here that man has made is now changed for the worse. The port, scooped out by the mighty hand of nature, "impenso Naturæ adjuta favore" (Sil. Ital. xv. 220), alone remains the same; owing nothing to the care of man, neither can it be spoilt by his neglect; it is the best on

this coast, and was ranked with July and August by the admiral of Philip II., when the monarch demanded which was his safest harbour; here even the navy of England might ride. It is accurately described by Virgil (*Æn.* i. 163); "Est in secessu longo locus," &c. The hills which fringe the bay render it land-locked, while the island *La Isleta* defends the narrow entrance: this is also called *La Escombrera*, a corruption of the ancient name *Scombaria*, from the scombri or mackerel from which such famous pickle was made (Strabo, iii. 239).

The best street in Cartagena is the *Calle Mayor*. There is plenty of good red marble for ornamental purposes; the traveller will be pained when he walks round the silent quays and parade at the head of the harbour, and beholds the fine marine school, a building better than its pupils. The hospitals, arsenals, rope-walks, foundries, and dock-yards are things that were; the last were pumped out by the galley-slaves. The details of Townshend and Swinburne, eye-witnesses, recall the hell under earth, and the murderous system of the Carthaginians, described by Diod. Sic. (v. 360).

The port of *Cartagena* is now much deserted, as there is no navy, and commerce prefers Alicante. The fish of this coast is excellent, especially the *folado*. The catching the tunny, and the export of barrilla, and mining, are the chief occupations of the population. A glass manufactory has recently been established by an Englishman; for although nature furnished abundantly the raw materials of sand and alkali, the *Cartageño* never dreamt of combining them.

Cartagena, during the Peninsular war, being defended by the English, was, like the similarly circumstanced Cadiz, Tarifa, and Alicante, never possessed by the French in spite of all their numbers and efforts. The town is dull and unhealthy, and the water brackish. The swamp *el Almojar* is left undrained, to breed fever and pestilence. The stone used in

building is friable, and adds to the dilapidated look. The traveller may ascend some of the heights for the view, either *Las Galeras* or *La Atalaya*. The alcazar was built in 1244 by Alonzo el Sabio, who gave the city

for arms "that castle washed by waves." However torpid man and water, the element of hatred against their neighbour Murcia burns fiercely: they never have forgotten or forgiven the removal of the see.

We are now in a metal-pregnant district, and Murcia at this moment is mining mad: the Spaniard, not ill-disposed in the abstract to Mammon worship, has caught a new infection from the foreigner in its practical exhibition. Those who care not for these matters, may pass on to p. 420; but some account of these mines, ancient and modern, may interest others who love either to "speculate," or to dig up the ore of the past from the rubbish of oblivion. Here the antiquarian will find the identical shafts of the Carthaginians reopened and at work, after a discontinuance of so many centuries: and the same districts are again made busy by this, the ancient source of wealth and industry.

It is the singular fate of Spain to have long supplied the world, both ancient and modern, with the precious metals. She herself was the Peru of antiquity: she enriched Tyre and Rome with bullion from her own bosom, as she in later times did Europe from her Transatlantic possessions. The Phœnicians were the first to discover her metallic wealth, and they long kept the secret to themselves with a jealous precaution and closely guarded monopoly, which their descendants imitated in regard to their golden colonies of the New World. The merchants of Tyre found the natives of Tarshish (the south of Spain) precisely in the same condition as the aboriginal Indians were in, when afterwards discovered by the Spaniards: they were totally unacquainted with the conventional value of the precious metals as a representative of wealth, for no mention whatever is made of coin. They treated them simply as materials for the construction of the meanest utensils, for mangers and water-vessels (Strabo, iii. 224). The Phœnicians carried bullion away in such quantities, that when their ships were freighted to the full they made their anchors of silver (Diod. Sic. v. 358, Wess.): the coasts of Palestine were encumbered therewith, so that in the house of Solomon (who traded with Hiram) everything was of gold and "silver was accounted nothing" (1 Kings x. 21). The very next verse shows that all this came from Spain. Hence the possession of this country of gold, the source of the sinews of war, and the secret of power, soon became the bone of contention among nations (App. 'B. H.' 482). The fame of the Romans was spread over the East, in consequence of "what they had done in Spain, the winning of the mines of silver and of gold which is there" (1 Macc. viii. 3). It was natural that everything which regarded this subject should interest the avarice of Roman adventurers, who, says Diodorus Siculus, flocked to Spain in the hopes of suddenly becoming rich, just as the Spaniards did to Peru and Mexico; accordingly, there was no want of authors on Spanish metallurgy. The works of Posidonius, the chief authority, have been lost, but it was from them that Strabo and Diodorus Siculus derived their principal information: we also refer the antiquarian to the 33rd book of Pliny, and to his beautiful exordium on the fatal greediness for gold, the "*profunda avaritia*" of his countrymen, and the quantities extracted. Posidonius, according to Strabo (iii. 217), was so dazzled with the subject, that he departed from his ordinary prose, to indulge in poetical exaggeration; he adventured on the pun, that Plutus, not Pluto, lived beneath the Spanish soil. Strabo goes on to say, that men would bore down to the lat-

ter to dig up the former. Even this cautious geographer warms when enlarging on the wealth of the Peninsula. No tale could, in fact, be too exaggerated for the credulity, the avarice, and the golden visions of the reading public of Rome, who thought that the streets of Spain were paved with gold, just as the modern Romans think those of London now are. The Tagus was said to roll over golden sands, while the ploughshare of the Gallician turned up clods of ore (Justin, xliv. 3). The Iberian names of these interesting lumps, *Palas*, *Palacranas*, *Baluces*, have been preserved, while the rest of the dictionary has perished. It is still true, as was remarked by Strabo (iii. 210, 216), that those portions of the Peninsula where the soil is most barren are the most fertile in the precious metals.

Those who have read of the murders committed in the S. American mines by the Spaniards, and of the myriads of poor Indians wasted, blood, bones, and all, as *machinas de sangre*, will be satisfied, on comparing the recorded iniquities committed here by the Carthaginians, that the Punic taint, when gold is in the question, has remained unchanged in their descendants. The accounts given by Diod. Siculus of the mode of working the mines of Egypt (iii. 181) and of Spain (v. 359) prove, from the identity of practical details, that the Phœnicians introduced the Oriental system. Nothing could exceed the cruelties exercised in both countries on the *ergastula*, the gangs of wretched miners, who were composed of captives and criminals; they toiled day and night, naked, and urged on with the lash, until death came as a welcome deliverer. In the mines near Cartagena 40,000 men were thus employed at once (Strabo, iii. 220), and the daily returns of silver amounted to 25,000 drachma; and one mine alone, called *Bebulo*, produced to Hannibal three cwt. of silver daily (Plin. 'N. H.' xxxiii. 6). The mines were drained by hydraulic machines, *κοχλῆαι*, the invention of Archimedes, and imported from Egypt, just as the steam-engines are now brought there from England, for the Spaniard never was a mechanician. Shafts were burrowed into the mountains, by which rivers were turned off; they are distinguishable from the Moorish by being *round*, the latter are *square*. Job (xxviii. 7) alludes to these Phœnician tunnellings, the remains of some of which are still thought to be traceable at Rio Tinto, and the S^o. Spirito, near Cartagena. These shafts, the Greek *ορυγματα*, *Συριγγαι*, and Roman *Cuniculi*, were called by the natives *arrugia*, in which, and its Greek corruption, the Iberian or Basque root *ur*, "water," is evident. The wells, *pozos*, were called *agangas* and *agogas*, for the Romans, mere military conquerors, preserved, nay derived, these technical terms from their more ingenious predecessors, just as the Gotho-Spaniard adopted the nomenclature of the Moor, and the French do now from us in the arts of steam and the rail.

The Iberians, like the modern Spaniards, were rude and careless manufacturers; they took the *raw* material just as bountiful nature offered it to them, and left to the stranger the processes of artificial perfection. Thus their bullion was exported, as now, in pigs, or simply "spread into plates" (Jer. x. 9). How little all the processes of separation and amalgamation were known may be inferred from the Saguntines having simply melted their gold and silver with lead and brass, in order thereby to render it useless to Hannibal (App. 'B. H.' 435). It has also been ascertained that even 12 per cent. of silver is yet to be extracted from the ancient slags, *escoriales*, left by them, so imperfect was their system of smelting. It would appear that the advanced metallurgical science of Egypt and Phœnicia, from whom the Jews learnt their processes even of reducing and dissolving gold (Exod. xxxii. 20), was not kept up by the colonists of Carthage. For Spanish church plate, see p. 125; Index, D'Arphe, Becerril, and Valladolid.

The Carthaginian labourers in these districts were then, as now, very poor;

the ore was dug up by a sweat of blood, and modern Spaniards have always neglected the surer source of wealth, agriculture, which lies on the surface of their fertile soil; they have, like Orientals, loved to gamble; buoyed on by their imaginations, and readily believing what they eagerly desired, they have sighed for sudden acquisition of riches, for some brilliant treasure accident, and have thus lost the solid substance in the attempt to catch at a glittering shadow. The want of fuel is a serious objection; thus the juxtaposition of English iron and coal has won the Spaniard's gold, to whom the angry gods denied these gifts, while they granted richer ores. Industry, again, is wanting, the alchemy which converts these baser substances into precious things, and solves the doubt of the Roman philosopher, "argentum et aurum proprii Dei an irati negaverint dubio."

The Moorish invasion led to the discontinuance of the working of these ancient mines; this portion of the Peninsula became a scene of domestic and foreign warfare, and when the Moor was at last conquered, the almost simultaneous discovery of the New World threw into the lap of Spain a virgin source of unexhausted wealth: it was no longer worth while to expend heavy labour and capital on the long-neglected mines at home, when the supply could be so well procured elsewhere, and they were closed in 1600 by a royal order. Latterly, since the loss of the Transatlantic colonies, much attention has been directed to these former sources of treasure. The government of Ferd. VII. exerted itself in these mining enterprises, but much was paralyzed by the civil wars: now that public tranquillity is in some measure restored, the spirit of speculation has revived; foreign capitalists have poured in with foreign science and machinery, and even the Spaniard, cautious as he is in embarking his hoard in any commercial adventure, joins in this race for gold. It plates over their most inveterate national and even religious antipathies. He co-operates with Jew and Gentile, for the Rothschilds, wise as their king Solomon, have again sent forth their agents to Tarshish, buying up the bullion and making advances for new operations. These are chiefly directed by Englishmen and Frenchmen. Even the coals used for smelting are brought from Newcastle.

Some remarks have been made at *Berja*, p. 399, on the peculiar mode of working mines in Spain. The decree of Ferd. VII., July 4, 1823, on the subject, has been thus abridged by Mr. Walton in the *Polytechnic Magazine*, No. IV.: "It was thereby declared that all metals and precious stones under ground are in the right of the crown, and, consequently, that no one is entitled to dig for them unless by special licence. It was, however, at the same time enacted, that every Spaniard or foreigner is at liberty to seek and acquire possession of any mineral deposit or vein, whether situated on crown lands or those belonging to individuals and corporations, entailed or otherwise, provided, in case of failure, he makes good to the proprietor any damage thereby occasioned. In order to obtain possession, application is made to the district inspector, accompanied by a specification of the mine solicited, which, once admitted and registered, the party interested, within ninety days, is held to open a shaft upon, to at least ten *varas* or yards deep. On receiving notice that this preliminary formality has been complied with, the inspector, accompanied by a public notary and witnesses, proceeds to the spot, measures the ground and fixes the bounds, when the formal act recording these circumstances and embodying the specification, delivered to the applicant, becomes his title to legal possession. Each *pertinencia*, or sett, is fixed at 200 *varas* in length, and 100 in breadth, which cannot afterwards be divided; nor can two contiguous setts be granted to the same individual, excepting, first, when a new vein has been discovered; secondly, in case works are resumed which had previously been abandoned; thirdly, when a

company of at least three persons has been formed; and fourthly, provided a legal transfer of the property has been made. In case new veins are discovered, or abandoned works resumed, one party may hold three setts, and if for the use of a company, as many as four.

"These grants are made for an unlimited period, and so long as the grantee complies with the obligations enjoined in the ordinance, the property thus acquired is held sacred, and the possessor can dispose of it as best suits him. The works of no mine, once opened, can be suspended without previous notice to the inspector, nor is any mine considered at work which has not at least four persons employed upon it internally or externally. Miners are allowed to use the waters of adjacent springs and streams for their own purposes, and also to procure in the neighbouring forests such timber for props and fuel as they may require, provided the owners are indemnified. On the same principle, additional ground may be obtained to construct the corresponding works, offices, and dwellings. With the exception of iron mines, each sett, of the dimensions above named, is annually to pay to government, dues equal to 1000 reals, or 10*l.*, and each furnace establishment 500 reals for every 100 square varas of ground occupied, besides 5 per cent. on all ores smelted. The right of possession acquired in the manner above stated is lost, first, in case works have not been commenced within the ninety days specified; secondly, when the same have been suspended without due notice; thirdly, when, after due notice, they have been suspended for a period of four months consecutively, or eight months in the course of the year, excepting a war, plague, or famine should have intervened; and fourthly, when, by the labour being withdrawn to the surface works, the underground ones have been allowed to become flooded. The right to the buildings erected is also forfeited when the furnace and other sheds are left unroofed, or otherwise impaired in such a manner as not to answer the ends for which they were destined.

"Excepting the mines reserved for the crown, all others were declared open to public competition; and further, that as all mining establishments are under the special protection of government, those carried on for account of foreigners should be exempt from reprisals in case of war; and besides, that such foreigners as in that contingency might happen to be therein employed should not be molested, but retain possession, and be allowed the disposal of any property thereby acquired. A Mining Court or Board was also ordered to be established in Madrid, composed of one director general, two general inspectors, and a secretary, experienced in this department, upon whom the decision of all contentious matter relating to it was finally to devolve, and who, besides, were to be the immediate channel of communication with the government, and take charge of the crown mines. It was further ordained, that inspectors should be appointed in suitable districts; and finally, as the laws previously passed upon the subject were no longer in force, it was determined that all matters relating to the working of mines and the reduction of ores should be regulated by an organic law, which made its appearance on the following 8th of December, consisting of 192 clauses, and divided into five parts"—the object being to render the mining department independent of other legal jurisdictions, and simplify every judicial process.

The mineralogist is referred for additional information to the '*Historia Natural*' of Bowles; the '*Comentarios de las Ordenanzas de Minas*,' Ant^o. Xavier de Gamboa, folio, Mad. 1761, translated by Richard Heathfield, Longman, 1830; also '*Registro de las Minas de la Corona*,' Tomas Gonzalez, 2 vols. Mad. 1832; and '*Minero Español*,' Nicacio Anton Valle, Mad. 1841. "Favoured by this new code, and encouraged by the pledges held out by the government, a mining mania seized upon the Spaniards in almost every part of the kingdom, more

especially in Murcia, Andalucia, and Asturias. Secluded cliffs and dells were eagerly explored, and wherever surface indications pointed to treasure concealed underneath, bores were made and pits dug to determine the nature and ascertain the most economical method of extracting it. Works traced to the ancients were revisited, old traditions revived, and wherever appearances warranted the experiment, licences were obtained for digging. Owing to the scarcity of money, coupled with the extreme caution observed by those who, amidst so many political convulsions, had still been able to preserve their little stock safe in their coffers, it was found difficult to procure the means requisite to commence active operations, the principal capitalists holding back, notwithstanding schemes to all appearances capable of being rendered highly remunerative were submitted to them. In consequence of this distrust, recourse was had to the medium of associations, with very small capitals, the shares issued by which, in the outset, were almost exclusively taken by persons among the working classes, such as artisans, muleteers, bakers, and small shopkeepers."

The mines near Cartagena were discovered by a poor weaver of that city named Valentin, who under the pretence of shooting passed his days in the *Sierra de Almagrera*, about 2 L. from *Cuevas de Vera* (see p. 401): here, near a ridge or dip called *el Barranco Jaroso*, he found what he imagined, and correctly, to be a precious ore; specimens of which he carried to Granada and Cordova to be assayed, when it proved to be galena or argentiferous lead: being utterly without money, he at last confided his secret to a fellow tradesman and townsman named Soler, equally ignorant as himself. These two continued for four years digging and delving, but never venturing to call in a professional adviser, for such is Spanish mistrust. At last Valentin died poor and unrequited. *Cosas de España!* while Fugger, the weaver of Ausburg, rose to be a noble and a Cræsus by his minings (see p. 291); and the Carthaginians of old raised a temple to *San Aletes*, who discovered these identical ores (Polyb. x. 10). Soler now formed a club of twelve friends, who made a purse of about 100*l.*, and proceeded to obtain a legal grant of the site, and then employed a competent engineer: on the 21st of April, 1839, a lode was discovered about 50 feet below the earth. This *bonanza* or godsend was called *La Carmen*, in honour of the Virgin, as sole dispenser of the bounties of heaven. The shares soon rose from 150 dollars to 60,000. Indeed 1800 arrobas of 25 lbs. each were raised per day, even with the rudest machinery. This sudden acquisition of wealth, the fond dream of the Oriental and Spaniard, now attracted thousands of competitors. "So eager were miners to open works upon the *Sierra Almagrera*, that, according to a copy of the survey, published last year, 98 setts had already been allotted upon it; the whole now presents a busy scene; what seven years ago was a wild and dreary waste is now studded with buildings, traced into roads, crowded with labourers, and nine smelting furnaces erected upon it. To complete the works, a draining company has been formed for the purpose of opening an adit, now nearly completed. The outlet is on a level with the sea, and the line will communicate with that part of the Sierra which contains the principal mass of ore, a distance estimated at 2200 yards.

"It appears from an official report that in April, 1843, as many as 128 smelting works had been established upon the coast, viz., at Marbella 3, Mijar 1, Malaga 2, Motril 2, Adra 2, Alqueria 1, Berja 10, Dalias 16, Roquetas 1, Rica y Felix 14, Almeria 41, Garrucha 1, Villaricos 5, Aguilas 5, Lorca 1, Almazarron 1, Cartagena 14, Alicante 6, Valencia 1, and Barcelona 1. Of these, six were then worked by steam power and the rest by water. Eight are on British and four on French account. Of the number above quoted, four smelt iron, one copper, and the rest argentiferous lead. The quality of the ore varies,

in some places yielding only 25, and in others 50 and 75 per cent. of metal, with a proportion of from two to eight ounces of silver in the quintal. Owing to the distance of water from the mines, and the want of good washing machines, the ore has usually been sold to the smelter at the pit's mouth, with great disadvantage to the miner. The process of washing was also for a long time most defective; but an improved method has lately been introduced by a Mr. Brunton, of Eaglesbush, Neath, who has taken out a patent in England, Spain, and other countries, for what he calls his 'Separator,' the principle of which is founded upon the unchangeable laws of gravity. From an official document it appears that in March, 1843, the several smelting works in the Cartagena district obtained, by means of 70 operations, 170,000 oz. of silver. The works now afford employment to upwards of 50,000 families, and such is the general movement that the aspect of the country has entirely changed." Large quantities of this silver are sent to France in the pig shape, and are returned to Spain coined into five-franc pieces, whereby a handsome profit accrues to the former country.

Among the finest refining establishments in these districts may be named *La Britannica* and *La de San Juan*, at Alicante. The amalgamation works of *San Isidoro*, at Escombrera, and *La Regenadora*, at Almazarron, deserve notice. A new custom-house has been opened at *Porman*—Portus magnus—solely for these galena mines. The bonanzas of *La Esperanza*, *La Observacion*, and *Emilia*, of San Gines, on the Rico Cerro de Oro, may be visited: at S^o Spirito was discovered, in 1841, a Carthaginian shaft, supported by masonry. However, the talk of this angle of Murcia is about ores, and the traveller will hear of nothing else: every day some new association is formed, some new ground broken. These, and all other particulars, will be learned from his consuls at Cartagena and Alicante, or any respectable merchant or resident.

ROUTE XXXII.—CARTAGENA TO ALICANTE.

The coast road is 18 L., and very indifferent. Cabo de Palos, the S.E. Cape of Spain, lies 6 L. to the E., and is the termination of a ridge of hills. The track passes by the shallow landlocked lake, *la encanizada de Murcia*. The ride to Orihuela is 9 L., over plains which produce the *Esparto*, *Barrilla*, *Palmito*, and *Orozuz* (liquorice). Crossing the ridge at the *Va de San Pedro*, the basin of the Segura is entered, and the province of Valencia, the peculiarities of which are described at the head of Sect. V., and which the traveller will do well to refer to now.

Orihuela, the Auriwelah of the Moor, still looks oriental amid its palm-trees, square towers, and domes. It was the Gothic Orcelis, and was well defended after the battle of the Guadalete. Theodoric here made a

stand, and by dressing up the women as soldiers on the ramparts (compare Tortosa), obtained excellent terms from Abdelaziz, and retained his sovereignty for life, being called Tadmir Ben Gobbos, the Son of the Goth (Conde, i. 50). There is a local history by F. Martinez, 1612.

Orihuela was made a bishopric in 1265, and is suffragan to Toledo. The principal buildings are the Cathedral, which is small and overcharged, the *San Francisco*, the *Colegio de los Predicadores*, with cinque-cento windows. It is a long straggling over-churched town, inhabited by wealthy proprietors and agriculturists: popⁿ under 26,000. It has a theatre, university, *casa de niños espositos*, a nobly-placed cathedral, a portion of its ancient walls, and some charming alamedas. The best point of view is from the *Monte del Castillo* and the *Colegio de Sn. Miguel*. The Segura divides the town, and fertilizes one of the richest plains

in the world: the vegetation is gigantic, and the oleanders are absolutely trees. According to the proverb, the corn plains of Orihuela are independent even of rain: *Llueva o no llueva, trigo en Orihuela*. Alicante is distant 9 L., and there is a diligence. The maritime strip is sandy, and studded with brackish lakes (*lagunas*), from which salt is extracted.

Leaving Orihuela, to the r. rises the metal pregnant ridge *El rico cerro de oro*. The tropical country and climate are very remarkable: the dusky peasantry in their white *bragas* and striped *mantas* look like Greeks; the thatched cottage of Murcia now gives place to long, low, white, flat-roofed Eastern buildings, with few windows, and girt by beauteous palm-trees. *Callosa* lies to the r., under its castle-crowned rock. This district is very subject to earthquakes; thus one in March, 1829, destroyed many villages, and particularly *Torre Vieja*, near the sea, and its *laguna*. San Emigdio, the especial tutelar against *los temblores de tierra*, has since been rather in disrepute. 3 L. from Orihuela, on the l., is *Crevillente*, long the lair of the Ladrón Jaime, the hero of those charming writers our friends Huber and Lord Carnarvon. He surrendered to Don Jose Miste, on solemn promise of pardon and promotion for himself and company, whereupon Don Jose hung him forthwith, and put his head up at Crevillente over the prison, and then shot the rest of the gang, *Cosas de España*.

There is only one *Elche* in Europe: it is a city of palms; the Bedouin alone is wanting, for the climate is that of the East. There is a good local history, '*Illice*,' Juan An^{to}. Mayans y Siscar, 4to., Valencia: 1771. *Elche*, *Illice*, lies about 2 L. from the sea; here winter is unknown; the town is flourishing, and contains some 25,000 souls. There is a decent posada; the city is divided by a ravine, over which is a handsome bridge. The view here is extremely oriental: the reddish

Moorish houses, with flat roofs and few windows, rise one above another. To the l. is the *Alcazar*, now a prison, but all around waves the graceful palm. The best church is the *Sa. Maria*; the masonry is excellent, and the portico fine; the Tabernacle is made of precious marbles. From the tower the enormous extent of the palm plantations can alone be understood: they girdle the city on all sides, many thousands, nay ten thousands in number; some are of a great age; they are raised from dates, grow slowly, each rim in the stem denoting a year. The males bear white flowers, which blossom in May; the females bear fruit, which ripens in November. The dates are inferior to those of Barbary, although shipped at Alicante, and sold as such by the respectable trade. They are much used as fodder for cattle. When ripe, they hang in yellow clusters underneath the fan-like leaves, which rise, the umbrella of the desert, like an ostrich plume from a golden circlet. The palm-trees are decreasing: the barren ones yield a profit by their leaves, which are tied together and blanched, as gardeners do lettuces. Thus 12 fine stems are obtained from each, which were worth a dollar in Spain and Italy for the processions of Palm Sunday, and as certain defences all over Spain against lightning, if blessed by the priest who sells them; they are then hung in the house balconies, and are cheaper, at least, if less philosophical, than a conductor made of iron.

There are diligences from Elche to Alicante and Murcia.

Those going from Elche to Madrid without visiting Alicante must ride to Albacete, 24 L., that is, until the royal railroad, which is projected on paper, be completed.

ROUTE XXXIII.—ELCHE TO MADRID.

Monforte	4	
Monovar	2	.. 6
Va. de las Quebradas . .	3	.. 9
Yecla	2	.. 11
Venta Nueva	2	.. 13
Monte Alegre	2	.. 15
Va. de la Higuera . .	1	.. 16

Pretola	3	..	19
Pozo de la Peña	3	..	22
Albacete	2	..	24

The picturesque road enters the Sierras by the basin of the river Elche, and passes the *Pantano*, of which there are several in these districts. The sides of the hills are terraced into gardens. After a narrow gorge, the road ascends to the *Pedreras de Elche*, and thence down to *Monforte*, in its pleasant valley, with its once strong mount fort, now a ruined castle; thence entering a broken country to *Monovar*, a flourishing town built on a slope. Near it is the *charco amagro*, a salt mineral water, excellent for cutaneous diseases. 3 L. S.E., near *El Pinoso*, is the celebrated *Cerro de la Sal*, an entire ridge of salt, hard as crystal, and of variegated colour. It extends E. and W. nearly 2 L., and rises 200 ft. No geologist should omit to visit this extraordinary spot, which rivals Cardona and Minglanilla. 2 L. to the N.W. of *Monovar* is a lake called *Salinas*, which occasionally overflows and fills the atmosphere with fever.

The road now re-enters Murcia, and, emerging from the hills, arrives at *Yecla*, a large town of 11,000 souls, built under the *Cerro del Calvario*, from the ruined castle on which height the view is splendid. The district was peopled by the Romans, and vestiges of their buildings are yet to be seen at *Marisparra*, now a farm, where antiquities are constantly found, and as constantly neglected and destroyed.

Monte Alegre contains 2500 souls, has a good Posada, and a ruined Moorish castle, on the hill *Serratilla*. Now we enter one of the richest grain portions of Murcia. To the l. of the *Venta de la Higuera* is the salt lake, much frequented for cutaneous disorders. After *Pretola* or *Petrola*, the high road is reached (See R. ciii.).

Those going to Valencia from Elche, without visiting Alicante, have the choice of two picturesque roads; they may ride to *Almansa*, and there take

the diligence, or, which is far better, proceed by *Xativa*.

ROUTE XXXIV.—ELCHE TO XATIVA.

Monforte	4	..	7
Elda	3	..	10
Villena	3	..	13
Fuente de la Higuera	2	..	15
Moxente	2	..	19
Xativa	4	..	19

Leaving *Monforte* the wild road winds over *las Salinetas*, amid rocks of reddish marble, through the fruitful valley of *Elda* and *Petrel*; although scarcely two miles apart, the inhabitants of these two places keep up the ancient hatred of Christian and Moor. The Petrelians, although speaking Valencian, abhor the Eldanians, who speak Castilian, and hold themselves only as descendants of conquerors and old Christians.

Passing the *Pantano* and *Sax*, which rises on its conical hill, and is famous for its bread, the route runs along the frontier of Murcia; the hills abound in aromatic plants, and such is their traditional fame, that Moorish herbalists even yet occasionally come here to gather simples. This broken frontier country is full of points of defence, and hill forts: it was the scene of sundry skirmishes between Suchet and Sir John Murray, and discreditable alike to both. At *Biar*, to the r., the latter lost his guns, which (as at *Tarragona*) he thought a "trifle," and "rather meritorious," to use the contemptuous expression of the Duke, writing about these performances (Disp. Aug. 8, 1813).

Villena is placed in a fertile plain under the *Cerro San Cristobal*; the streets are narrow and winding: it contains 7500 souls. This is the place which Lord Galway was besieging when he was inveigled into fighting the rash battle of *Almansa*. The ruined castle is still a grand object: this town was so ferociously sacked by Montbrun, that the '*V. et C.*' xxi. 4, are obliged, by way of extenuation, to describe some of the

regiments as little better than bandits. Montbrun, in Jan. 1812, had been detached from Marmont by the order of Buonaparte, Nov. 11, 1811: by this blunder Marmont was weakened, and beaten by the Duke, while Montbrun, like Ney at Quatre Bras, was marched and counter-marched for nothing: he arrived too late to aid Suchet, and failing in intercepting Mahy, after the rout of Valencia, attacked Alicante, and was signally repulsed by the English: he retired, venting his spite by burning and plundering everything, a trade he had learned under Massena at Santarem. He was sent to his last account by a bullet at Moskowa, Sept. 7, 1812.

At the *Fuente de la Higuera*, which is an important strategic point, Jourdan, Soult, and Suchet, after the rout of Salamanca, met with their retreating forces, and held a council of Olympus, how best to get back into France; when Ballesteros, by refusing to obey the Duke's orders, opened the way for them to Madrid (Disp. Nov. 1, 1812).

From this place the road branches off to the l.; it leads over the Puerto *Almansa* to the high road to Madrid (see R. ciii.), while to the l. another runs to Xativa by Moxente. *Montesa* lies to the l.; this was the chief residence of the commander of the order of this name, founded in 1319 by Jaime I., and into which the Templars, persecuted by Philippe le Bel and Clement V., were received. The magnificent castle was injured by an earthquake, March 23, 1748. For the history of this order consult '*Montesa Ilustrada*,' Hippolyto de Samper y Gondejuela, 2 vols., folio, Valencia, 1669.

ROUTE XXXV.—ELCHE TO ALICANTE.

The plain, about half way, is divided by a ridge, and the pass *el Portichon*; *Alicante*—Lucentum—lies under its rock-crowned castle, and is not seen till closely approached. It is defended by a strong outwork, *el Castillo de Fernando*, which was built in 1810 by

the advice of the English, who paid for it, like the Cortadura of Cadiz; and like Cadiz, Alicante being also defended by our fleet and men, it never was taken by the French. Gen. Montbrun came up to the walls, and was most handsomely beaten back by the English. Thus Alicante—the Cadiz of the E. coast—was saved in its hour of need by those troops which, in their times of confidence, the natives refused even to admit.

The best inns are *la Cruz de Malta*, *el Leon de Oro*, on the P^a. del Mar, and *el Vapor*, en la P^a. del Muelle. *Alicante* is a purely mercantile place: it is much addicted to smuggling, especially on the wild coast near Benidorme. It is one of the great inlets of English goods from Gibraltar; hence, as at Malaga, the secret of its patriotic *pronunciamentos*. The moment liberty is proclaimed the public till is robbed, the authorities dispossessed, and vast quantities of prohibited goods introduced: the steamers, French and Spanish, which touch here, also do much business in this line.

Alicante is the residence of an English consul, and of some English merchants, who will give all information to the mineralogist: they import much salt fish, *bacalao*, and export wine, almonds, coarse raisins—the *lexias* of *Denia*—and potash, for the linens of Ireland. The wines are rich, with a rough taste combined with sweetness: they are used to doctor thin clarets for the British market. The celebrated *Aloque* is the best, and ought to be made from the *Monastrel* grape: however, the *Forcallada Blanquet* and *Parrell* are used indiscriminately, and hence it is said the name "*A lo que saldra*." The *Huerta* is very fertile; it is best seen from the tower at *Augues*. The olives, especially the *grosal*, are fine, the carob trees numerous and productive. The farms are very Moorish, with hedges of canes tied up with the esparto: that of the M^{te}. de Beniél, at *Peñaferrada*, is worth visiting; the *Huerta* is irrigated from the artificial

Pantano de Tibi, and to the E. by the *Azuda* of Sⁿ. Juan de Muchamiel. This work, as the word *sudd* denotes, is purely Arabic; the *compuestas*, or hatches, are ingenious. Here the succession of crops never ceases. There is no winter; one continual summer reigns in this paradise of Ceres and Pomona: but the immediate environs are arid and unproductive, and the swampy coast towards Cartagena breeds fevers and dysenteries, which the immoderate use of the *Sandia* or water melon encourages.

Alicante contains about 25,000 souls; its trade is no longer what it was. This key of Valencia rose in consequence of its castle, which protected it from the Algerine pirates: Philip II. added works, employing the Italian engineer Christobal Antonelli. The rock is friable; the black chasm was blown asunder by the French in 1707, after Almansa, when Gen. Richards and his garrison were destroyed by the mine. The castle is not in any order, and the touchy officials, as elsewhere, are jealous in letting prying foreigners into it. The city bears for its arms this castle on waves, with the 4 bars of Catalonia. The under town is clean and well built; the port is a roadstead rather than a harbour; it lies between the capes La Huerta and Sⁿ. Pablo. The view from the mole head is pretty; a fixed light is placed there 95 feet high, which may be seen at a distance of 15 miles. The *Colegiata* is dedicated to San Nicolas, the papal Hermes, and god of traders and thieves. He (our "old Nick") is much worshipped in Spain, where his disciples are numerous. He is the patron of Alicante, and is the portioner (or was) of poor virgins, and a model of fasters; for, according to Ribadeneira (iii. 28), when a baby he never, during Lent, sucked before the evening, and only once on Wednesdays and Fridays (see *Granada*, p. 390).

The first stone of this his church was laid in 1616 by Agustin Bernardino: the fine white material came from the *Sierra de Sⁿ. Julian*: the noble dark

portal was built in 1627. If this church were not blocked up by the Coro, it would be a superb specimen of the Herrera style. The houses of the bishop, of the C^o. de Altamira and M^s. de Angolfa, may be looked at. The latter has a gallery of tolerable pictures: *pero no todos son ruysseñores*.

Alicante, in March, 1844, was the theatre of Don Pantaleon Bonet's abortive insurrection; this caricature of "Boney" was shot in the back with 23 officers by Roncali, a fit pupil of the C^o. de España, and, as usual in Spain, without the form of a trial. Comp. Moreno, Estella, and Durango.

ROUTE XXXVI.—ALICANTE TO XATIVA.

The high road to Madrid passes through *Monforte* and *Yecla*: a coast road is contemplated to Valencia by Denia. There are 2 routes to Alcoy, and thence to Xativa, 13 L.: that to the r. passes *Busot*, with its celebrated mineral baths, and reaches *Xijona*, 4 L.; built like an amphitheatre on a shelving hill, with a fine castle. It contains 4800 souls, and has 2 good streets looking over its gardens. The honey is delicious, and much used in making the celebrated *Turrone*s de *Alicante*, the almond-cakes or cheeses—*typos*—the French *Nourgat*. The Spanish women, as those in the East, are great consumers of *dulces* or sweetmeats, to the detriment of their teeth, stomachs, and complexions: but the goddess of beauty herself, Aphrodite, had a liquorous tooth, and piled honey and sweet wine on her *τυπον* (Ody. T. 68): *cheese-cakes*, therefore, are a classical cosmetic. The road to the l., however, is to be preferred: it must be ridden: after 2 L. the mountain passes are entered, whence amid almond groves to the *Pantano de Tibi*, a magnificent dyke, which dams up the torrents of a mountain gorge: walk on the top of this vast wall or breakwater, which is 150 ft. high and 66 ft. thick: above is the lake-like reservoir, below bold masses of warm rock, with here and

there elegant stone pines. Hence, amid rocks of reddish marbles to the straggling Tibi, which hangs with a Moorish castle on an arid hill: to the l. lies Castalla.

Here, July 21, 1812, while the Duke was defeating the French at Salamanca, did Gen. de Lort, with 1500 men, utterly put to rout 10,000 Spaniards under Jose O'Donnell, who, not choosing to wait for the arrival of the Anglo-Sicilian army, formed the usual plan of surrounding the French, in order to catch them in a net; he, as usual, was caught by these Tartars, for De Lort opened the ball by ordering a few bold dragoons to charge the bridge of Biar, where the Spanish artillery were strongly posted; but, as at Somosierra, this *Procella equestris* overwhelmed them instantly. Gunners and men turned, and the whole army ran away; then, had not Col. Roche, with a few English, manfully checked Mesclop at Ibi, Alicante itself must have been lost; Roche entered that city and was received with almost divine honours. Maldonado (iii. 277) ranks this saving San Roque with Paulus Emilius and the heroes of the classics, which indeed he was, when compared to the Blakes, Cuestas, and *Nosotros*, who, in the words of the Duke, "were the most incapable of useful exertion of all the nations that I have known, the most vain, and at the same time the most ignorant of military affairs, and above all, of military affairs in their own country" (Disp., Aug. 18, 1812).

This Bœotian nook of Spain was the favoured resort of another sort of non-descripts, the military agents sent to Spanish juntas by the British government, the Greens, Doyles, &c. *fortemque Gyam, fortemque Cloanthum*. While the names of Hill and Picton are unknown, the Murcian echoes heavily repeated those of Don Carlos and Don Felipe, and others who here played the first fiddle, and being the distributors of English gold and iron, were worshipped by the recipient Spaniards, who soon discovering the weak side of

these agents, set them on horseback and covered them with flattery, ribbons, and titular rank, which cost, what they really were worth, nothing. These rambling missionaries, being selected from almost subalterns, thus found themselves by the sport of fortune converted into generals and ambassadors; the heads of these nobodies became turned with new and unused honours, they caught the national infection, and their reports became inflated with the local exaggeration and common nonsense. They were not altogether uninterested in keeping up a delusion which secured the continuance of their employment, and prevented their relapse into pristine insignificance; and their rhapsodies became the sources of information on which Frere, the English ambassador, relied; and like him, our cabinet turned an inattentive ear to the prophetic doubts, and stern, unpalatable truths of Moore and Wellington, who saw through the flimsy veil of *documentos* and professions, and knew the real weakness and utter incapability of self-defence. Napier has properly exposed the absurdity of these missions, on which the Duke placed small reliance. He was anxious that they should be discontinued, or at least put under his orders (Disp., May 3d, 1812); he well knew that they did more harm than good, by fostering foolish hopes and absurd expectations both in Spain and in England.

At Castalla, April 13th, 1813, a battle took place between Suchet and Sir John Murray, in which neither commander evinced a particle of talent; both were inclined to retreat, which fortunately Suchet did first, as Soult did at Albuera, and thus Murray, like Beresford, remained master of the field. The French now claim this "affaire" as their victory, while the Spaniards call the battle theirs, omitting all mention of the English (Paez, ii. 87); but in truth it did no credit to either one or the other.

Ibi is a red, warm-looking hamlet, nested amid its olives, and overlooked

by a castle. *Alcoy* lies 2 L. up the valley. This day's ride is full of Italian scenery, stone pines, cypresses, and figs in autumn drying on reed stretchers, amid terraced groves of almond trees. *Alcoy* lies in a funnel of the hills, built on a tongue of land hemmed in by 2 streams. The N.E. side is Prout-like and picturesque, as the houses hang over the terraced gardens and ravines. The town contains nearly 20,000 souls, and is busy and commercial; it is filled with coarse woollen and paper manufactures. Here is made the *papel de hilo*, the book which forms the entire demi-duodecimo library of nine-tenths of Spaniards, and with which they make their *papelitos*, or economical little paper cigars. The *peladillas de Alcoy*, or sugar plums made of almonds, are excellent.

Alcoy being in the centre of many roads, is well placed for trade and military strategics. Suchet held it as the key of the district. The medicinal botany is very rich, and Moorish herbalists come here even to this day. *Alcoy* is filled with new buildings, a novelty seldom seen in inland Spanish towns, where, as in the East, decay is the rule, and repairs the exception; the lower classes have the air of operative misery peculiar to our English manufacturing men; they wear also "shocking bad," round hats, which give them a pauper Irish look; nor are the courtesies and salutations of high-bred Spain so frequent; so much for the civilization of the loom and beaver.

A league more, along a pleasant river, leads to *Concentaina*, another industrious town, with a square Moorish tower, Franciscan convent, and weeping willows; beyond rise the Sierras de Mariola and Muro, above a plain studded with villages. Crossing the ridge to the l. is *Adzaneta*, and thence 3 L. to *Xativa*.

The diligence inn is very good, so are the baths, and refreshing after the long ride; while the reader of Ariosto may fancy himself in the identical hotel where the fair Fiametta, the Ma-

ritornes, played her prank on Giocondo and his companion after they had quitted Valencia "ad albergare a Zattiva" (xxviii. 64).

Xativa, or San Felipe, was the Roman *Setabis*, so celebrated for its castle and linen. The fine handkerchiefs were all the fashion at Rome, and were considered equal to those of Tyre, from whence the art was introduced. An ancient inscription records this Phœnician foundation: "*Sætabis Herculeâ condita diva manu.*" Bochart (Can. i. 35) derives the name from the Punic *seti-buts* tela byssi, "the web of fine flax." It was also called *Valeria Augusta* by the Romans, and *Xativa* by the Moors, from whom it was taken in 1224, by Jaime I. He termed it one of the *eyes* of Valencia, being the key to the S., as Murviedro was to the N. Don Pedro, in 1347, made it a city, and gave it for arms a castle with his band gules and the four bars of Catalonia: for the old coinage, see Florez 'M.' ii. 555.

Xativa, in the War of Succession, was stormed by the French, under the false ferocious Asfeld, with overwhelming forces and flushed by the victory of *Almansa*. It was defended by the people and "only 600 English;" a type to Zaragoza, every house was defended with "unrivalled bravery and firmness." After 23 days' struggle the last holds surrendered, then Asfeld proceeded to butcher "the priests, and trees were not sufficient for his victims." Berwick next ordered the city to be razed, "in order to strike terror into the minds of the people." The very name of *Xativa* grated in his ears, and was changed for San Felipe. The English soldiers continued to hold the castle, until starved out; they then surrendered on honourable conditions, every one of which were "shamefully violated by the victors" (Mahon, vi.).

Xativa now contains about 15,000 souls. The rivers Albarda and Guadamar dispense fertility; the climate is delicious, the plain a paradise of

flower and fruit. The *Colegiata*, dedicated to San Feliu (see Gerona), was built in 1414, and has a fine dome and an unfinished portal. At the altar of Sⁿ. Gil is blessed, every Sept. 1, the holy *hinojo*, or fennel, to be carried round to all houses: see (i. 10) 'Viaje Literario,' by Villanueva, Mad., 1803, a useful volume as regards the ecclesiastical antiquities of Xativa. The *Reja del Coro*, in black and gold, and the pink marble *Baldaquino* of the altar, deserve notice: observe N^a. S^a. de la Armada, a singular virgin of great antiquity; also N^a. S^a. de Agosto, rising from a sarcophagus, supported by gilt lions. The Gothic façade of the *Hospital* is very rich and remarkable: in the *calle* de Moncada observe the palace of that family, and the *Ajimez* or window divided by thin, lofty marble shafts, which is quite Valencian. The Alameda, with its palm-trees, is shady and Oriental: in the suburbs ascend the zigzag cypress-planted terraces of the *Monte Calvario*: the view is charming; from thence the grand castle will be seen to the best advantage. Next ascend the castle, taking the *Campo Santo* in the way, and the hermitage San Feliu, said, under the Moors, to have been a Mosarabic temple: observe the horseshoe arches, the ancient pillars and jaspers, inside and outside, and the Roman inscription, near the font, "Fulvio L. F." Near the convent *El Mont Sant* is a Moorish cistern. The castle is of a vast size; the *Torre de la Campana* at the summit commands the panorama of the garden of Valencia, which, with all its glories, lies below. The fertile plain is green as the sea, and is whitened with quintas sparkling like sails. To the r. is the lake of Albufera and the blue Mediterranean: Valencia glitters in the middle distance, backed by the towers of Murviedro (*Saguntum*).

In this castle were confined the Infantes de Cerda, the rightful heirs to the crown, but dispossessed by their uncle, Sancho el Bravo, about 1284.

The Duke of Medina Celi is their lineal descendant. Here also did Fernando el Catolico imprison the Duke of Calabria, the rightful heir of the crown of Naples. That ill-fated prince surrendered to Gonzalo de Cordova, who swore on his honour, and on the sacrament, that his liberty should be guaranteed. No sooner did he touch Spain than every pledge was broken. This is one of the three deeds of which Gonzalo repented on his death-bed: but Ferd. was the real culprit; for in the implicit, obedience of the old Spanish knight, the order of the king was paramount to every consideration, even in the case of friendship and love (see the beautiful play of 'Sancho Ortiz'). This code of obedience has passed into a proverb—*Mas pesa el Rey, que la sangre*: and even if blood were shed, the royal pardon absolved all the guilt—*Mata, que el Rey perdona*.

Here also was confined the infamous Cæsar Borgia, also a prisoner of Gonzalo's, and to whom also he pledged his honour: the breach of this pledge was his second act of which he repented when too late.

The Borjas were an ancient family of Xativa: here in July, 1427, was born Rodrigo, afterwards Alexander VI.; he was son of Jofre who lived in the *Plaza de los Borjas*: they long monopolised the see of Valencia, after Alonzo de Borja became its bishop in 1429; it was then raised to be an archbishopric by Innocent III., and Rodrigo was named by his uncle, Calixtus III., the first primate: when he too became pope, July 9, 1492, he appointed (Aug. 31) his natural son Cæsar as his successor to this see, which after his renunciation he bestowed on his kinsman Juan de Borja, and again when he died, appointed another relation, Pedro Luis de Borja. Thus five of this family held this wealthy see in succession. These Spanish popes Calixtus III. and Alexander VI. scandalised even the Vatican with jobbing, *empeños*, nepotism,

avarice, lust, and bad faith and venality:—

“Vendit Alexander claves, altaria, Christum,
Emerat ille prius, vendere jure potest.
De vitio in vitium, de flamma transit in
ignem,
Roma sub Hispano deperit imperio.”

The crimes of the Borgias figure in the recent work of Alexandre Dumas: the family, however, produced a celebrated saint, as if by way of compensation for its *Santità* Alexander VI. For the miracles of this Sⁿ. Francisco de Borja, see his ‘*Heroyca Vida*,’ fol. Mad. 1726.

At Xativa also was born, Jan. 12, 1588, Josef de Ribera, who going *young* to study at Naples, was therefore called by the Italians “the little Spaniard,” *Lo Spagnoletto*. He became the leader of a gloomy although naturalist school, and was a painter-monk, formed by taste and country to portray the church-militant knights of Santiago, the blood-boltered martyrdoms, attenuated ascetics, and ecstatic Faquirs of the province of Sⁿ. Vicente Ferrer, the fore-runner of the Inquisition.

ROUTE XXXVII.

XATIVA TO VALENCIA.

Carjajente	2½	..
Alcira	1	.. 3½
Algemesi	1	.. 4½
Almuzafes	2	.. 6½
Catarroja	2	.. 8½
Valencia	1	.. 9½

There is a regular diligence. The road runs over a rich extent of rice-grounds and gardens. All plains are wearisome to the traveller, and especially when, from edges and fences, he can see nothing. The sun and muskitos are terrible. The rice-grounds commence at Alcira. Now the peculiar character of Valencia is not to be mistaken in the coloured tilings or *azulejos*, the costume, the reed-fences, and the *Algarrobas* hanging outside the Ventas; but the people are poor in the bosom of plenty. At *Cilla* the Madrid *arrecife* is entered; at the *Cruz del Campo* the city jurisdiction commences: the infinite votive crosses denote the frequency of the assassin stab, for which the Valencians are notorious. For Valencia see next Section.

SECTION V.

VALENCIA.

CONTENTS.

The Kingdom ; Character of Country and Agriculture ; Character and Costume of the People ; History ; and Works to Consult.

VALENCIA.

ROUTE XXXVIII.—VALENCIA TO
DENIA.

The Albufera ; Denia.

ROUTE XXXIX.—VALENCIA TO MUR-
VIEDRO.

Chelva ; Portacœli ; Segorbe ; Murviedro.

ROUTE XL.—VALENCIA TO TARRA-
GONA.

Almenara ; Peniscola ; Morella ; the Ebro.

TOURS IN VALENCIA.

The S. portions will be found described in the last pages of Sect. IV. The towns are few ; Elche, Xativa, the Albufera, and Route xxxix., are the leading features. The Summers are intensely hot ; the Springs and Autumns are the best periods for travelling. Valencia is a charming Winter residence.

THIS, although one of the smallest provinces in Spain, yields in fertility and delight to none. If the poets of antiquity placed their Elysian fields on the banks of the Bætis, the Moors, with no less justice, placed their Paradise in the *Huerta*, or the garden of the Turia. Over this they imagined Heaven to be suspended, and that a portion of it had fallen down on earth—*Cœlum hic cecidisse putes*. This *Reino* is very mountainous : it consists of 838 square leagues, of 20 to the degree, and of these only 240 are level land, being chiefly the maritime strip, which extends in length about 64 miles. It is defended from the cold central table-lands by a girdle of mountains, which act not only as a barrier against the winds, but are magazines of timber and fuel, and reservoirs of snow (an article of absolute necessity), and sources of rivers. Of these the principal are the Turia, Jucar, Millares, Segures, Palancia, Albayda, and that of Alcoy.

The width of the province varies from 6 to 20 L. ; it is narrowest near Orihuela and widest in the centre. The valleys of the Jucar and Turia, and all the intervening hollows between the mountain spurs, are very fertile, especially the Campo de Liria and the Vega de Segorbe. The mountains abound with marbles and minerals. Cinnabar is found in the Crevicta, between Artana and Eslida, iron in many places, marbles and jaspers at Cervera, lead at Xeldo near Segorbe. The roads are good, and the Inns, when kept by Catalans, superior to those of the out-of-the-way portions of the Peninsula.

The *Huerta* extends about 25 L., and is the heart of the kingdom. For con-

sumptive patients Valencia is far superior to Italy; there is a most delicate softness in the air, which is so dry withal, that salt undergoes no change. Frosts are almost unknown, whilst the sea breeze tempers the summer heats, and the fresh mountains offer verdurous retreats. Summer here is no mistake: it may be calculated on as a certainty from May to September, which never can be done in England, a climate of chance and accident. The Flora of Valencia is that of a natural hot-house; in colour and perfume it is unrivalled. The *Huerta*, most truly the garden, is irrigated by the Turia, or Guadalaviar, Arabicè *Wadalabyádh*, the white river. This great vena porta is so drained or bled *sangrado*, that when it reaches the capital it is almost as dry as the Manzanares is at Madrid in summer. The Moors have bequeathed to the Valencians their hydraulic science, by which they exercised a magic control over water, wielding it at their bidding: they could do all but call down the gentle rains from heaven, that best of all irrigations, *agua del cielo, el mejor riego*. The net-work of artificial canals is admirable. The *canal del Rey* on the Jucar near Dutilla, and the whole water-system about Aljamesí, deserves the examination of engineer and agriculturist. The Moorish influence is nowhere more marked than here: many of the villages (as near Ronda) retain the name of the "Beni" or "children" of their tribe. The Arragonese, more commercial than the Castilians, wisely left well alone, and did not, after their conquest, alter or persecute, as was done in Andalusia and Estremadura, and until 1610 Valencia really was cultivated by Moors, and therefore scientifically. It is by no means so easy to irrigate these plains as it might seem, for although apparently level, the real levels are very unequal; sometimes the water must be raised by aqueducts, at others it has to be depressed, and sunk in subterraneous channels.

The whole system of artificial watering is Oriental and Moorish, as the still existing technical names and machinery prove: thus the common and most picturesque *noria* (Arabicè, *anaoura*) is the Cairo *sákiyeh*, or large water-wheel, which, armed with jars, descends into the well, and as it rises discharges the contents into a reservoir. The Egyptian "*shadoof*," the pole and bucket, or galley-pump, such as is seen in our market-gardens near Hammersmith, is also very frequent.

In the *Huerta* of Valencia, a main-trunk artery or principal canal, "*mucanalin*," supplies all the smaller veins, *acequias*, "*ciquia*," of the circulation: this is managed in a reticulated net-work of minute ramifications, and dams, *azudas*—*sudd*. The idea is simple, but the execution is most difficult; and often the greatest triumph of the hydraulist is where his works are least apparent. The chief object was to secure a fair distribution, so that none should be left dry, none overflowed. Thus, when the engineer ceased, the legislator began, and both were Moorish. The supply was divided into days of the week and hours of the day. The owner of each plot knew his appointed period, and was ready to receive his share. Since water here, as in the East, is the life blood of the soil, and equivalent to fertility and wealth, the apportionment becomes a constant source of solicitude and contention. Similar instances are recorded in the Old Testament, and rivalry has been well derived from *Rivus*, the bickerings about water-brooks; so wells in Genesis xxvi. were named *Esek*, contention, and *Sitnah*, hatred. Accordingly, in this irritable climate, where the knife is always ready, precautions have long been taken to keep the peace. The regulating tribunal, *de los acequeros*, or *del riego*, said to have been instituted by the Moor, Alhaken Almonstansir Billar, was wisely retained by Jaime I. It is truly primitive and Oriental: seven syndics or judges are chosen by each other, out of the yeomen and irrigators, the *labradores y acequeros* of the *Huerta*; they sit at 12 o'clock every Thursday, in the open air, on benches at *La puerta de los*

apostoles, at "the gate" of the cathedral; all complaints respecting irrigation are brought before these Solomons and decided in a summary way. There must be no law's delay, for water here gives daily bread, and if the suit went into our Court of Chancery, land and cultivators would be ruined; time accordingly is saved by prohibiting the use of pen, ink, and paper; there are no bills and answers, no special pleadings. In this—oh rare court of common sense!—no attorneys are allowed to practise, no barristers are allowed to offuscate the plain matter-of-fact. The patriarchal judges understand the subject practically, and decide without appeal; the discussion is carried on *viva voce* in public and in the "*Lemosin*," or the dialect of the people: consult for curious details the *Memorias* of Fr^o. Javier Borrull. Thus irrigated, the rich alluvial plains, which bask in the never-failing irritating sun, know no agricultural repose; nothing lies fallow; man is never weary of sowing, nor the sun of calling into life. The produce, even where the land is poor, is almost incredible under this combined influence of heat and moisture, and the Valencian, with all his faults, is hard-working and industrious, and, like his soil and climate, full of vitality. Thus, in one year, four, nay five, crops are raised in succession. The *Huerta* is a garden of continuous spring and summer; winter scarcely is known, and consists rather in rain than in cold. Rice, *arroz*, Arabic *arroz* (*oryza*), is the great cereal staple. The annual produce is estimated at 12 million *arrobas* (25 lb.), the average price of which may be taken at 3s. the *arroba*, or about 1½d. per lb. The stalks shoot up from tufts into most graceful ears; as heat and water are absolutely necessary for this grain, many portions of Valencia are admirably calculated by nature for this culture, since the rivers, which in some places are sucked up, reappear in marshy swamps, or *marjales*, and in lakes, of which the *Albufera*, "the Lake," is the most remarkable. In these *arrozales*, or rice-grounds, the sallow amphibious cultivator wrestles with fever amid an Egyptian plague of mosquitos, for man appears to have been created here solely for their subsistence. The mortality in these swamps is frightful; few labourers reach the age of 60. The women are seldom prolific, but the gap is filled up by Murcians and Arragonese, who exchange life for gold, as there is a fascination in this lucrative but fatal employment; so closely and mysteriously do the elements of production and destruction, plenty and pestilence, life and death, tread on the heels of each other. The culture of rice was introduced by the Moors; the grain enters largely into the national cuisine of the Valencians, their *pilafs* and *pollos con arroz*, yet it is by no means so nutritious as wheat, or even potatoes. These rice-grounds, from the injuries they do the public health, have long been opposed by the legislature, thus so early as 1342, the conversion of dry lands into *arrozales* was prohibited; and, moreover, the water necessary for one acre of rice-ground is sufficient for seven acres of garden cultivation.

The province produces good wines, which, when of a certain age or *rancios*, are excellent. It also is rich in oil, barrilla, esparto, hemp, flax, cochineal, and fruits, especially figs, almonds, dates, oranges, and grapes; of these last the "*Valentias*" are made: they are a coarse raisin, exported from Denia, and called there *Lejias*, from the lye in which they are dipped. The honey is also delicious; from this and almonds is made the celebrated sweetmeat *el turron*; silk is another staple, and the *Huerta* is covered with the white mulberry, "food for worms." The loss of S. America dealt a heavy blow to the silk interests, and the invading troops wantonly cut down the mulberry-trees; many have since been replanted. The sequestration of convents and appropriation of church property also deprived the silk-mercer of his best customer, the church, which required rich brocades and dresses for the altar. The *Raso* and black silk, for

Mantillas and *Sayas*, is equal to anything made in Europe. The profusion of mulberries has rendered the purple colour of the fruit, the *morada*, a favourite one with the painters of Valencia, and the makers of *Azulejos* and stained glass, just as the rich brown *olla colour* of Seville was with Murillo in Andalusia, or the *chorizo* tint with Morales in Estremadura. Valencia is deficient in animal and cereal productions; corn and cattle are brought from the Castiles and Aragon; both men and beasts eat the *garrofas* or sweet pod of the *Garrofal*, *Algarrobo* (Arabicè *el gharoob*); this is the carob-tree (*Ceratonia siliquestrus*), or St. John's locust-tree, on which the forerunner is by some supposed to have lived, and not on the insect locust. These pods and husks, which ripen early in August, were the food of the prodigal son, and are everywhere hung up like kidney beans outside the *ventas*, as signs of the neat accommodation within. The *cacahuete*, or *pistachio*, is abundant; so also is the *chirimoya*, a tropical tree. The over-irrigation diminishes the flavour of vegetables, which lose in quality what they gain in quantity, "*Irriguo nihil est elutius agro.*" Hence the proverb allusive to the aqueous unsubstantial character of Valencian men, women, and things: "*La carne es herba, la herba agua, el hombre muger, la muger nada.*" This is a mere play upon words, for these etherial women are much more than nothing, and the cuisine is excellent. Those who eat the national "*Pollo con arroz*" (see p. 70 for the receipt) will never talk about the mere "idea of a dinner," facetious tourists to the contrary notwithstanding: as for the women, they will speak for themselves. The lower classes in the *Huerta*, who toil under an African sun, live on water-melons, cucumbers, and *gazpacho*, without which their "souls would be dried away" (Numb. xi. 6).

The sea-coast, like that of the W. of the Peninsula, is the terror of mariners; yet it is not the iron-bound barrier which fronts the fierce Atlantic, but a low sandy line, fringing the quiet Mediterranean, still it is open and portless. The whole line is studded with *Torres y Atalayas*, which have been raised as watch-towers against the African pirates (see p. 238). The population of this province is on the increase, although the Castilian and Frenchman have done everything to reduce it to the solitude of Andalusia and Estremadura. About the year 1610 more than 200,000 industrious Moorish agriculturists were expelled by Philip III. In the next century Valencia, having espoused the Austrian side in the war of succession, was all but exterminated by the French in 1718, and her liberties taken away; but Philip V. could not unfertilize the soil. The population recovered like the vegetation: and however since trampled down by the iron heel of Suchet's military occupation, it has kept pace with subsistence; now the province contains more than a million inhabitants. Competition renders the peasant poor amid plenty; but he is gay and cheerful, his mind and costume are coloured by the bright and exciting sun, which gilds poverty and disarms misery of its sting. The fine climate is indeed health and wealth to the poor; it economises fire, clothes, and lodgings, three out of the great four wants of humanity. Since the death of Ferd. VII. numbers have emigrated to the French possessions in Algeria, weary of the impoverishing civil wars.

The upper classes are among the most polished of Spain, and the Valencian has always distinguished himself in art and literature. Under the Moors this city was the repository of theological science; under the Spaniards it boasts of San Vicente, whose miracles have employed the Valencian artists; and of the learned divine Juan Luis Vives, the Spanish Bacon, who, however, lived and *learnt* in Oxford, and was a friend of Erasmus. Valencia also is proud of her poet Christobal Virues, and of Guillen de Castro, the dramatist; while her Juanes, Ribalta, Ribera, Espinosa, Orrente, and March form a school of painters second only to that of Seville. In the last century Valencia took the lead in

critical learning, and produced Mayans, Sempere, Masdeu, Cavanilles, while her printers Salva, Cabrerizo, Mallen, and Monfort were worthy of such authors. Valencia was the first place in Spain where printing was introduced, viz., in 1474, and in latter days the volumes from the presses of Monfort vied with those of Baskerville and Bulmer, Bodoni and Didot.

The lower classes are fond of pleasure, the song and the dance, their "round-about," *rondallas*; the national air is called *la fiera*. They dance well, and to the *tamboril* and *dulzayna*, a sort of Moorish clarionet requiring strong lungs and ears. The vulgar dialect is the Lemosin; it is less harsh than the Catalan, which some have attributed to the admixture of a French *Auvergnat* idiom introduced by the number of volunteers of that nation who assisted Don Jaime in the conquest of Valencia; for this dialect consult ' *Diccionario Valenciano y Castellano*,' Carlos Ros, 8vo., Val^a. 1764; or the more modern ' *Vocabulario Valenciano Castellano*,' Justo Pasto Fuster, Val^a. 1821. Ros also published a collection of local proverbs, ' *Tratat de Adages*,' 8vo., Val^a. 1788.

In darker shades of character the Valencians resemble both their Celtiberian and Carthaginian ancestors; they are perfidious, vindictive, sullen, and mistrustful, fickle, and treacherous. Theirs is a sort of *tigre singe* character, of cruelty allied with frivolity; so blithe, so smooth, so gay, yet empty of all good: nor can their pleasantry be trusted, for, like the Devil's good humour, it depends on their being pleased; at the least rub, they pass like the laughing hyena, into a snarl and bite: nowhere is assassination more common; they smile, and murder while they smile. The *Cruz del Campo* is indeed a field of crosses, records of the coward stab, and the province has been called *Un paraíso habitado por demonios*. The Pontiff Alexander VI. and his children Lucretia and Cæsar Borgia were Valencians. Under great names, which here cost nothing, these *delinquentes honrados* were a disgrace to male and female nature: Lucretia had the beauty without the chastity of her namesake, and Cæsar the ambition of his: he was the incarnation of his father's bad faith and thirst for gold and blood; his chosen *Sicarios* and bravos were Valencians; their leader, Miquel de Prats, has bequeathed his name to the armed companies of *Miquelites* (see p. 41). The narrow streets of Valencia seem contrived for murder and intrigue, which once they were; consequently, in 1777, a night-watch was introduced, and the first in Spain; the guardians were called *Serenos*, "clears," from their announcing the *usual* fine nights, just as our Charleys ought to have been termed "cloudies." The Valencians are great drivers of mules and horses, and many migrate to Madrid, where the men are excellent *Caleseros*, and the women attractive venders of delicious orgeat and iced drinks. Like the Andalucians, although wanting in essentials and necessities, they are rich in what in England are luxuries and the superfluous; they may not, like people who live in our Fore streets, have carpets, votes, trial by jury, beef, beer, breeches, 'Punch' and the 'Examiner,' but they have wine, grapes, and melons, ices, songs, dances, and the guitar, love fans and melodrames in churches gratis; and they are happy: but life in Saturn or Jupiter is probably not more different than in Exeter and Valencia.

The physiognomy of the Valencians is African: they are dusky as Moors, and have the peculiar look in their eyes of half cunning, half ferocity of the Berbers. The burning sun not only tans their complexions, but excites their nervous system; hence they are highly irritable, imaginative, superstitious, and mariolatrous; their great joys and relaxations are religious shows, *pasos*, pageants, processions, cars, *Comparsas y Rocas*, and acted miracles; these melodrames the clergy supplied without stint. Formerly no less than 150 mum-

meries took place every year; the dramatized legends and the “*Miracles de Sn. Vicente*” ranked first in these “*Fiestas de calle*,” or street festivals, in which little children play a great part, dressed like angels, and really looking like those creatures of which Heaven is composed. The *Dia de Corpus*, or procession of Christ present in the Sacrament, is the grand show; in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries it was the *sight* of Spain, and was accordingly brought out to amuse princes, whenever they chanced to be in Valencia. This *Piadosa curiosidad*, as Villanueva calls it (*Carta* xii.), was gratified, among other instances, by Alonzo V. of Arragon, in 1426; Carlos V., in 1528; Felipe II., in 1586; and in our time Ferd. VII., the beloved, having expressed a pious curiosity, the incarnate Deity, *locally present*, as they believe, was paraded out to amuse such a mortal. Since the suppression of convents and church-appropriation, the expense of these exhibitions is defrayed by pious subscriptions, and by the many *Cofradias y Hermandades*, the exact *Sodalities* of the Pagans (see p. 112). One of the most powerful was in honour of the *correa*, or leather strap which the Virgin gave to St. Augustine, thereby supplanting the cistus of Venus.

The Valencian San Vicente de Ferrer led the way in preaching the crusade against Jew and Moor. He renewed the cruel bigotry and persecution for which this Eastern side of Spain was notorious in the age of Diocletian; his disciples took as an example the principles recorded in the inscription copied at Tera by Masdeu (*H. C. v. Inscript.* 353), when a temple was raised to the *Mother of the Gods*, on account of the suppression of “Christian superstitions,” or that found in Spain and quoted by Muratori (i. 99), in which Nero is praised for having cleared the country of robbers and those who preached this “*novam superstitionem*.” Their ancestors, bigoted then as now to female worship, spurned the *new* Christian religion, just as the votaries of *La Virgen de los Desamparados* do the *new* Protestant doctrine, which refuses the transfer of adoration and salvation from the Son to the Mother. San Vicente only repeated the argument of the Spanish pagan in Prudentius (*Per. v.* 24) against new gods and rituals.

The Valencians always adhered to their “old” gods which had a legal settlement, and were most intolerant of any competing deity, never admitting into their Pantheon any rival. Having taken the name of *Roma* for their city, they imitated its exclusiveness (*Cic. de Leg.* ii. 8); for the Romans attributed plague to the worship of foreign gods (*Livy, iv.* 30), and burnt the mass books of strange religions (*Livy, xxxix.* 16), just as Ximenez did the Koran: in vain in 1715 the government wished to introduce at Valencia the Madrid saints’ days and calendar, in order to preserve some degree of unity and uniformity in the *soi-disant* one and the same faith and practice: what was the reply?—“*no parecia cosa conveniente introducir aqui Santos INCOGNITOS y excluir a los NATURALES y algunas festividades ab antiquo celebradas*” (*Villanueva, ii.* 160). They refused to exchange their *native* saints and *household* gods for strange ones. Their patron was San Vicente, not San Isidro: what’s Hecuba to them? Nor are such religious feelings, deep-fanged like trees rooted on the tomb of Geryon, to be plucked up without drawing blood. Thus even religion is local in Spain, the worship of the Virgin alone excepted; she is the tutelar of Valencia, and the first book ever printed in Spain was here and in her honour. ‘*Obres o Trobes—de lohor de la Sacratissima Verge Maria*,’ 4to., 1474; and Villanueva (i. 108) prints in 1803 a *Te Deum Marial*, in which she is thus acknowledged to be *their* goddess. *Te Matrem Dei laudamus, te Dominam confitemur, te dominationes honorant Angelorum—Dominam; Tu es Regina cœlorum, tu es Domina Angelorum—tu es nostra interventrix—Fiat misericordia tua, Domina, super nos, ut tuæ*

mansuetudini grati simus; in *te, Domina, sperantes*, perfruamur tuis aspectibus in æternum. Again, the Valencian University was the first in 1530 to swear to defend her immaculate conception.

The male costume is antique, pagan, and Oriental: the men wear the hempen sandal, or *alpargata*, called also *espartinies*, and their legs are either naked or covered with stockings without feet; these Greek leggings, grieves, the *media Valenciana*, are a common metaphor for a Spanish student's purse. The white linen drawers are very classical, and are called *calces de traveta*, *bragas*, or *sarahuells*, the original Arabic name; their type is the *Κυπαρσος* of the Greeks, which survive in the Romaic foustanelli. These *bragas* are the *braccæ* of the Celtic Gaul, the kilt, *breeks*, breeches, which Augustus, when at Tarragona, put on in order to please the natives, as George IV. did the kilt at Edinburgh, thereby displeasing the Lowlanders. Augustus, however, set the fashion, and they became so wide that sumptuary laws were passed to curtail these broad-bottomed extravagancies. The Maragatos in the Vierzo continue to offend, "more honoured in the breach than the observance." These *bragas* somewhat resemble the bragon bras of Brittany. Their waists are girdled by a gay silken sash, *faja*, the Roman *zona*; the upper man is clothed with a velvet or gaudy jacket, *jaleco*, with open shirt-sleeves; over the shoulder is cast the *manta*, the many-coloured plaid, which here does the duty of the Castilian *capa*; on the head, and long, lanky, red Indian-like hair, is bound a silk handkerchief, which looks in the distance like a turban. These *bragas*, and the *manta* of every stripe and hue, are exactly what Tacitus has described (H. ii. 20)—*Versicolore sagulo braccas*, tegmen barbarum. It is the precise "coat of many colours" mentioned in the Old Testament (Gen. xxxvii. 3) (see also p. 31).

The Valencian women, especially the middle and better classes in the capital, are by no means so dark complexioned as their mates; like Lucretia Borgia, they are fair and false. They are singularly well formed, and are among the prettiest and most fascinating in all Spain; they sit at work in the open streets, and as they wear nothing on their heads but their hair, "their glory," they have to us a dressy look. Their ornaments are most classical; the roll of hair, *el moño*, is pierced with a silver-gilt pin, with knobs, the *acus crinatoria* of Martial (ii. 66); it is called *aulla de rodete*; the silver-gilt comb is the *pinteta*, and one of a singular triangular shape is called *la pieza*, *la llase*; this is frequently engraved with the great local Diana—*Na. Sa. de los Desamparados*; the cross is called *la creu*. As they are very superstitious, talismans and small penates, or idols of saints in silver, are sold in great quantities, as also little hands and horns, the old phallic antidote to the evil eye, *el mal de ojo*, which is dreaded by the Roman Catholics here as much as among the Pagans, Moors, and Neapolitans (see pp. 35, 160).

The collector of topography and local history will find an ample field in the many tomes which treat of Valencia and its province and worthies; happy, thrice happy, he who sees on one goodly shelf clean and perfect copies of the '*Coronica*' of Pero Anton Beuter, 2 v. fol., Valencia, 1546-51; or the edition 1 v. fol., Val. 1604; the '*Chronyca*' of Martin de Vicyana, black letter, 1 v. fol., Val. 1564; '*Anales del Reyno de Val.*,' Fr^{co} Diago, fol., Val. 1613; the '*Historia*,' by Pero Anton Beuter, 1 v. fol., Val. 1538; the '*Historia*,' by Gaspar Escolano, 2 v. fol., Val. 1610-11; '*Sagrario de Val.*,' Alonzo del Castillo Sorlozano, 1 vol. duo., Val. 1635; '*Lithologia*,' Joseph Vicente del Olmo, 4to., Val. 1653; '*Resumen Historial de Val.*,' Esclapes, 4to., Val. 1738. And for the worthies, '*Escritores del Reyno de Val.*,' Vicente Ximeno, 2 v. fol., Val. 1747-9; '*Biblioteca Valenciana*,' Justo Pastor Fuster, Val. 1827,—both of which

are most excellent works; '*Elogio funebre de los Valencianos*,' Pujalte, 8vo., Val. 1813; '*Viaje Literario*,' Joaquín Lorenzo Villanueva, v. 1 and 2, 8vo., Mad. 1803. The *Manual* by José Garulo, 1841, is a useful guide. For Natural History, the excellent '*Observaciones*,' Ant^o. José Cavanilles, 2 v. fol., Mad. 1795-7, with a very accurate map of the province. Consult also Ponz, vol. iv., and '*España Sagrada*,' viii.

The name of Valencia, this town and province of unsubstantial disrepute, is fondly derived from, or considered equivalent to, ROMA, because *Ρωμη* in Greek signifies power, as Valentia does in Latin, for *Estos muy valientes (con los dientes)* love a finely sounding name, which hides inefficiency under a manly epithet. Thus, because for a wonder Valencia was not taken in 1843 by the Esparterists, owing solely to the treachery of Zabala, the wishy-washy citizens, insensible to ridicule, petitioned to be called "magnanimous." Valencia was founded by Junius Brutus for the veterans who had warred under Viriatus (Livy, ep. lv.). It was destroyed by Pompey, and when rebuilt became a "Colonia," and the capital of the Edetani. It was taken from the Goths by the Moors under 'Abdu-l-'aziz, son of Musa Ibn Nosseyr, in 712, and was annexed to the kingdom of Cordova; when the Ummeyah dynasty fell to pieces, it threw off its allegiance in 1056. The Christians, as usual, took advantage of these intestine dissensions between rival rulers, and Alonzo VI. placed Yahya on the throne, and surrounded him with Spanish troops under Alvar Fanez, a kinsman of the Cid. This created an insurrection, and a rebel chief, one Ibn Jehaf, murdered Yahya. Thus a pretext was afforded for Spanish interference, and the celebrated guerrillero, the Cid, aided by the local knowledge and influence of Alvar Fanez [may Allah show him no mercy! say the Moors], took Valencia, which capitulated after a siege of 20 months, A.D. 1094-5. The first act of the Cid, whose perfidy and cruelty is the theme of the Arabian annalists (see Conde Xedris, 165, and more fully 'Moh. D.' ii. Ap. xxxix.), was to burn Ibn Jehaf alive on the great plaza. Here he ruled despotically until his death in 1099. The Moor, Oct. 25, 1101, dispossessed his widow Ximena, but Valencia was retaken Sept. 28, 1228 (others say Sept. 29, 1239), by Jaime I. of Arragon, and was brought into the Castilian crown by Ferdinand's marriage with Isabella, being inherited by their grandson Charles V.

Valencia flourished under the Austrian dynasties, and opposed the French claim in the war of succession, in consequence of which it was robbed of its liberties and gold by Philip V. The remembrance of past ill usage, and the dread of future, induced the populace to rise instantly on the news of Murat's excesses of the *Dos de Maio*, 1808. Then the national character of the Valencian broke out, and the tree of patriotism and independence, watered everywhere else with blood, was inundated in this land of irrigation: 363 inoffensive French residents were massacred, June 5, 1808, in the *Plaza de toros*, butchered to make a Valencian holiday; the mob, nothing loth, were goaded on by the canon Balthazar Calvo, a Sⁿ. Vicente Ferrer redivivus; the few French who escaped were saved by an Englishman, Mr. Tupper, and this while the *Moniteur* was ascribing every horror in Spain to *la perfide Albion*. Moncey advanced in June with 8000 men, and had he not loitered the 25th at the Venta de Buñol, Valencia, utterly without means of defence, must have fallen. In the town all was cowardice and confusion: the generals and nobles wanted both hearts and heads; but while they fled, their vassals combated, as at Zaragoza, Seville, and elsewhere; the "stuff" of a nation was found in the lower classes, and a monk named Rico, poor in money but rich in valour, was the true *Rico ome* or *valiant* leader, while the nominal chief, the Marques de la *Conquista*, was both a fool

and a coward, and Marquis of *Defeat* should have been his title; but Spanish titles, whether of Peace or Victory, must frequently be taken in the reverse of their apparent signification, in a land where all are noble save nobility.

Rico animated the populace, and Moncey was beaten back, retiring with great loss on Almansa, and there, had the C^o. de *Cervellon* shown either courage or brains, not one of the enemy could have escaped. Subsequently the Junta of Valencia neglected everything but intrigue, and no preparations were made for future resistance. Then Blake, after courting defeat near Murviedro, fell back on the city instead of taking up a position near it, and on Suchet's advance, the poor pedant concluded his inglorious career by surrendering with 20,000 men and 390 guns; "misfortunes to be attributed," said the terse Duke (Disp., Jan. 20, 1812), "to Blake's ignorance of his profession and Mahy's cowardice and treachery." Suchet now, like the Cid, violated the whole capitulation; he was pledged that no man should be molested, but no sooner was he master of the city than he put to death all who had most distinguished themselves in the national cause: "Nous versions le sang des moines, avec cette rage impie, que la France tenait des buffoneries de Voltaire, et de la démente athée de terreur," says Chateaubriand. Suchet continued his executions through all the province, from which in 38 months he extorted 37 millions of reals, while his bombs and pickaxes created irreparable loss to literature and the fine arts. The Duke, at Vitoria, repaired the failures of Blake before Valencia, and Suchet evacuated the impoverished city July 5, 1813; then Fr^o. Javier Elio entered with his troops from Requena, and welcomed Ferd. VII., who arrived here April 16, 1814; and then first hearing of Buonaparte's downfall determined to upset the Cortes. He found a tool in this Elio, who during the struggle had been a time-server, and so disgraced at Biar and Castalla as to be suspected, says Napier (xxi. 1), of a treacherous understanding with the French. He was rewarded by being made Captain-General of Valencia, where he signalised himself by persecuting his former friends, by whom he was murdered when the constitution was proclaimed in 1820. *Cosas de España*.

VALENCIA. The inns are numerous and good: *Posa. de las Diligencias*, P^a. de Villaraza; *Fonda de Europa*, de la Paz o Union; *Fa. de las Cuatro Naciones*: the *Casas de Pupilos* are indifferent; the best is in the C^o. de Caballeros. Among the best tradesmen are, Booksellers, *Mallen*, *Cabrerizo*, C^o. S^o. Vicente. Milliners, *Tadea Daisi*, P^a. S^a. Catalina; *Lopez Hermanas*, C^o. Zaragoza. Shoemakers, *Fro. Alos*, C^o. de Caballeros. Tailor, *Josef Ortiz*, C^o. de Zaragoza. Hairdresser, *Tiffon*, C^o. de Mar. Pastrycooks, *La del tros alt*. Cafés, *del Sol*, C^o. de Zaragoza; delicious *Orchátis* are sold, el Mercado, and en el Palau. The baths are good, especially those of Espinosa, and in the "Hospital." Valencia is well supplied with shops; the *Plateria* should be visited, as the

silver flowers made for the hair are peculiar, and still more so are the ornaments à la antique, made for the peasants.

Valencia del Cid is the capital of its province, the see of an archbishop, the residence of a captain-general, formerly a viceroy, and has an *audiencia* or supreme court of justice, a university, theatre, *Plaza de Toros*, museo, and two public libraries, etc. It is a cheap well-supplied city, for here fish, flesh, fruit, and green herbs abound. The society is easy and agreeable, the climate delicious, the winter-shooting first-rate; the population, including the suburbs, reaches 120,000. It has a cathedral and fourteen parish churches; the countless convents, first plundered in the war, are now suppressed. The city in shape is almost circular; the

Turia flows along the N. base of the battlemented walls: the sandy bed of this exhausted river is crossed by five wide bridges, which serve as viaducts in time of inundations. The walls built in 1356 by Pedro IV. are very perfect. Walk round them. There are eight gates; some with their towers and machicolations are very picturesque: that of *El Serranos*, begun in 1349, and of *El Cuarte* 1444, are used as prisons. Outside the latter is the *Plaza de Toros*, and the highly interesting Botanical Garden; and here the French under Moncey were repulsed by Rico and Tupper. The city inside is very Moorish and closely packed: it has very few gardens within the walls; the streets in general are narrow and tortuous, and the houses lofty and gloomy-looking.

Those who land only for a few hours from the steamer, may obtain a rapid general notion of the best parts of Valencia by getting a guide to take them this route: Start from the great door of the cathedral, passing down the C^o. de Zaragoza into the C^o. S^o. Martin and S^o. Vicente, coming back to the C^o. S^o. Fernando, to the Mercado; thence by the C^o. del Cuarte and Caballeros, turning to the l. by the C^o. de Serranos, and going out at the gate to the banks of the Turia; thence to the Puerta del Real, crossing over and following the Alameda, and recrossing at the Puerta del Mar to the Glorieta, and then back again to the Grao. The streets are in some cases left unpaved, in order that the scrapings may furnish manure for the *Huerta*: all this is managed by *El tribunal del repeso*, whose president is the exact Roman *Ædilis* and Moorish Almotacen. For excursions to the *Grao* and elsewhere hire a *Tartana*, the common Valencian vehicle, which resembles a dark green covered taxed cart; the type is the Oriental or Turkish *Araba*. It may be compared to a Venetian gondola on wheels, and, like that, although forbidding-looking, often contains a deal of fun, like mourning coaches when the

funeral's done. The name is taken from a sort of felucca, or Mediterranean craft. Good riding horses may be hired at *El meson de Teruel*.

The first thing which the Cid did on capturing Valencia, was to take his wife and daughters up to a height, and show them all its glories.

*"Ala las subió, en el mas alto lugar
Miran Valencia como yace la cibdad."*

Ascend, therefore, the cathedral tower, *El Micalete*, or *del Miguelete*, so called because its bells were first hung on St. Michael's Feast. This is an isolated octangular Gothic belfry, built with a brownish stone 162 ft. high, and disfigured by a modern top. It was raised in 1381-1418 by Juan Franck (see the inscription), and was intended to have been 350 ft. high; the panorama is very striking, nay, to the northern children of the mist and fog, the bright sky itself is wonder enough, it is a glimpse of the glory of heaven, an atmosphere of golden light which Murillo alone could paint when wafting his Blessed Virgin into Paradise. The air is also so clear and dry that distant objects appear as if quite close. By taking up the map of the town by Fr^o. Ferrer, the disposition will be soon understood. The streets are so narrow that the openings scarcely appear amid the irregular close-packed roofs, of which many are flat, with cane cages for pigeons, of which the Valencians are great fanciers and shooters. The spires rise thickly amid blue and white tiled domes; to the N. are the hills of Murviedro, Saguntum; the *Huerta* is studded with *Alquerias*, farm-houses, and cottages, thatched like tents. In the Micalete is the great bell, *La Vela*, which, like that of the Alhambra, gives warning of irrigation periods.

The cathedral, *El Seo*, the See, was built on the site of a temple of Diana. This the Christian Goths dedicated to the Saviour; the Moors substituted their Mahomet, and now the Mariolatrous Valencians have restored it to a

female goddess as before. It was raised to metropolitan rank, July 9, 1492, by Innocent VIII.; Rodrigo de Borja, afterwards Alexander VI., being the first archbishop. The suffragans are Segorbe, Orihuela, Mallorca, and Minorca. The edifice is one of the least remarkable of Spanish capitals; it has also been modernised inside and outside, and in both cases without much taste. It was begun in 1262 by Andres de Albalat, the third bishop. The original edifice was much smaller, extending only to the chapel of S^a. Fr^o. de Borja; it was lengthened in 1482, by Valdomar; but as the height of the first building was preserved, now it appears low and disproportioned to the length. The original style was Gothic, but the interior was Corinthianised in 1760 by Ant^o. Gilabert; the principal entrance is abominable, the concave form is in defiance of all architectural propriety. It was modernised by one Corrado Rodulfo, a German, and is a confused unsightly jumble of the Corinthian order, with bad statues of the local goddess, gods, and *Divi*, S^a. Vicente de Ferrer, S^a. Luis Beltran, and others, by Ignacio Vergara, a pupil of Bernini. The Gothic interior has three aisles, with a semicircular termination behind the high altar. The transept and fine *cambrorio*, built in 1404, are the best portions: here are two Gothic gates, one of the apostles, the other of the archbishop (observe the fourteen heads of founders of Valencian families), whose palace lies outside to the r.: behind the circular end is the celebrated chapel of *Na. Sa. de los Desamparados*.

The great lions are the paintings by Juanes, Ribalta, Orrente, and others. The Corinthian *Silleria del Coro* is carved in walnut; this with the bronze portal were given by the Canon Miedes. The elaborate *Trascoro* was wrought in alabaster about 1466, although it scarcely appears so old. A variety of holy subjects in low relief, six on each side, are set in eight reddish pillars

with gilt Corinthian capitals; the high altar was unfortunately modernised in 1682. The original *Retablo* was burnt on Easter Sunday, May 21, 1469, having been set on fire by a pigeon bearing lighted tow, which was meant to represent the Holy Ghost in the religious melodrama. The *altar mayor* was restored in 1498 in exquisite silver work by Jaume Castellnou, the Maestro Cetina, and Nadal Yoo, but most of the bullion in 1809 was stripped off and melted. The painted door pannels, once framed with plate, escaped, and of these Philip II. well remarked, that if the altar was of silver they were of gold: they are painted on both sides and in a Florentine manner, and have been attributed to Leonardo da Vinci, or at least to his pupils Pablo de Aregio and Franc^o. Neapoli, 1506. Villanueva (i. 39), however, thinks them to be the works of Felipe Paulo de S^a. Leucadia, a Burgundian artist. They were ordered and paid for by Rodrigo Borja in 1471, who, whatever his vices, was a magnificent prince, as his decorated chambers in the Vatican still evince. Observe particularly the Nativity, Ascension, Adoration, Pentecost, Resurrection, and the Ascension of the Virgin. The walls were painted in fresco by P. de Aregio and Fr^o. Neapoli; but all was destroyed in the barbarous "improvements" of Archbishop Cameros in 1674-82.

Next observe the painted doors behind the altar, especially the Christ seated: this grand work has been injured by the key, and the friction of opening and shutting. Here are preserved the spurs and bridle of Jaime the Conqueror. Part of the old *Retablo* exists and is put up in the *Capilla de San Pedro*. At the *Trasaltar* is an elegant tomb, with plateresque ornaments and pillars; observe in the superb painted windows the rich greens of the centre one, and the purples and scrolly gold-work of the others. Near the *Puerta del Arzobispo* is the chapel of S^a. Vicente Ferrer; observe two fine pictures of him and his model and

master, the ferocious Dominick. Over the door of the *Sacristia* is a grand "Christ mocked before Pilate," in the Venetian style. In the *Ante Sacristia* is a "Christ bearing his cross," equal to Sebⁿ del Piombo; also a "Deposition," ascribed to Jean Belino, and a "Conversion of St. Paul:" in the *Sacristia*, modernised in white and gold, is a "Saviour with a Lamb," an "Abraham and Isaac," by Espinosa, and a truly Raphaelesque Holy Family, by Juanes, in which St. John gives the Saviour a blue flower. Observe also a crucifix of ivory, which once belonged to Sⁿ. Fr^o. de Sales.

The *Relicario*, once rich in relics and gold and silver, was much thinned in 1809 of the latter. The bullion, however, was mere dross compared to *Las Reliquias*, as described by Villanueva (ii. 22), especially a tooth of San Cristobal, big as an ass's, which was adored every July 10, a particular holiday, inasmuch as the Jewish synagogue at Valencia was plundered on that day in 1391, and the Hebrews massacred, Sⁿ. Cristobal being seen on the house-tops encouraging the bloodbonds of Sⁿ. Vicente Ferrer. Villanueva gives an engraving of this noble molar, for the benefit of posterity, in case the original should decay. Yet when alive the good ferryman must have had a new set of teeth every year, or a mouth better furnished than alligator's; for there was scarcely a *relicario* in Spain which could not boast of a noble grinder. But the clergy know the full value of a good masticator, which is more precious in a canon's jaw than the pearl in Cleopatra's ear. The glorious custodia of 1452 was melted during the war. The emphatic relic is *el santo calix*, the identical cup used at the last supper, of which so many are shown in different orthodox *relicarios*. This one was brought from the monastery of *San Juan de la Peña*, but it was broken in 1744 by a clumsy canon named Vicente Trigola. A solemn festival and service was performed to this relic

Aug. 31; and Agⁿ. Sales, in 1736, wrote a volume to prove its authenticity and power of working miracles. Besides the usual assortment of bones, is the head of S^o. Tomas, which was taken every year in grand procession to revisit his body, in which the *Socos* convent formerly rejoiced. The fine crucifix by Alonzo Cano, once in the *Socos*, is now in the cathedral. Inquire also particularly in the *sacristia* to see the *Terno*, and complete set of three *frontales*, or coverings for the altar, which were purchased in London by two Valencian merchants, named Andrea and Pedro de Medina, at the sale by Henry VIII. of the Romish decorations of St. Paul's. They are embroidered in gold and silver, are about 12 feet long by 4, and represent subjects from the life of the Saviour. In one—Christ in Limbo—are introduced turrets, evidently taken from those of the tower of London. They are placed on the high altar from Saturday to Wednesday in the Holy week. A *terno* is only used on grand *funciones*, when a *Missa de tres* is celebrated by a *Presbitero en casulla* and two *Diaconos en dalmaticas*. There is also a *paño de pulpito*, *de atril*, a *frontal*, and a *palla* to cover the *patena* or top of the sacramental cup. In the altar de Sⁿ. Miguel is a Virgin by Sassoferrato, and above a fine Christ holding a globe. Inquire also for a "Virgin" and superb portrait of the priest Agnesio by Juanes; his "Baptism of the Saviour," over the font or *pila*, is very fine. The expression of patience and devotion in the Son's face is very remarkable. In the *Capilla Sⁿ. Luis*, is the tomb of Archb. Ayala, 1566; the prelate lies in his robes: the fresco paintings are by Josef Vergara, and bad. The *Ca. Sⁿ. Sebastian* contains several paintings by Orrente, of which observe the tutelar saint, the masterpiece of this Valencian Bassano. Ribalta when told that he was going to paint it, said, "then you will see a fine *Santo de lana*," alluding to his *sheepish* style. The Sepulchres of

Diego de Covarrobias, obt. 1604, and Maria Diaz, his wife, are fine. The *Ca. de Sn. Pedro* was modernized in 1703; the altar is churrigueresque; the walls were painted by the feeble Palomino, and the cupola by the more feeble Canon Victoria. Observe the exquisite "Christ in a violet robe with the chalice" by Juanes. The square old Gothie saloon was built in 1358 by Pedro Compte. Observe portions of the alabaster screen, which originally formed the *Reto.* of the high altar; the "Entombment" by Ribaltá; the "Christ bearing his Cross" and the Raphaellesque "Holy Family" by Juanes, are glorious pictures. Inquire for the portrait of "*El Beato Ribera*," and the "*S^o. Tomas de Villanueva*," both by Juanes. The *Sala Capitular* has also been modernised, in white and gold, with pinkish marble pillars. The *Ca. de Sn. Fro. de Borja* is painted in fresco by the poor Bayeu and Goya.

Leaving the *Puerta de los Apostoles*, is an incongruous modern brick building stuck on to the cathedral, the old gate contrasting with an open circular white Ionic erection, which, with its double gallery, looks like a *Plaza de toros*; an arched passage leads to the gay and gaudy chapel of *Na. Sa. de los Desamparados*, the Virgin of the Unprotected, the great Diana to whom, when not protected by allies, the Blakes and Mahys applied in times of danger, instead of putting their own shoulders to the wheel. "Beautified" in 1823, it was built in 1667, on the site of a temple to Esculapius, whose practice has now past to this Minerva Medica: numerous pagan votive tables evince the success of her prescriptions as in the days of Tibullus (iii. 27).

"Nunc, dea, nunc succurre mihi, nam posse
mederi
Picta docet templis multa tabella tuis."

But as Diagoras said, there would be many more if all who were *not* cured offered also (Cic. 'N. D.' iii. 37). An image of this Virgin is judiciously placed in the Valencian hospital, *El*

General, as the *Medicos de Valencia*, according to the proverb, have *luengas faldas y poca ciencia*. Among the infinite names and attributes of the Virgin none is more common in Spain than that of *los Remedios* (but see p. 173). The chapel is a gaudy oval, enriched with marble pillars and gilt Corinthian capitals: the dome was painted and puffed by Palomino, in his own book (ii. 296). He inscribed it "Non est inventum tale opus in universis regnis." The subject is the "Coronation of the Virgin by the Trinity;" the execution is below mediocrity: the *sagrada Imagen* is placed under a superb camarín of jaspers; every knee in Valencia bows down to the "Queen of Heaven," who is sumptuously arrayed, and is one mass of pearls and precious stones, rings, and trinkets. This palladium was "graven" in 1410, by order of the Spanish antipope Luna, Benedict XIII., who destined it for the chapel of a lunatic asylum. During the war it was created by the sane Valencians *Generalisima*, just as Teresa of Avila was made Commander-in-Chief by the Cortes of Cadiz, which refused to appoint the Duke. When the French entered Valencia, this Virgin was wearing the three gold bars, the emblems of the rank of Captain-General. The Marques de los Palacios, commander of the city, took no other steps of defence than laying his baton at its feet. The image was then carried in pomp round the walls, the whole population exclaiming, "the divine mother will protect us." Much reliance was also placed on lighted candles, as two placed before *La Madonna* having escaped a bomb, a Spanish colonel assured the inmates that the Virgin would save Spain because the number two signified perseverance. See for curious details Schep. iii. 437, 488. But "their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands; they that make them are like unto them, and so are all such as put their trust in them." (Psalm cxv. 4.)

The prelate's palace is close to el Seo: it once contained a fine library, formed by Don Andres Mayoral: the chapter library was also very rich in medals, antiquities, and liturgical codices, with a fine one from the old Abbey of Westminster, all of which were during the French occupation made food for bombs, and fuel for camp kettles. Next visit the fine saloons in the *Casa Consistorial*, or the Audiencia, a noble Doric pile: the view from its balustrades is fine: in a splendid saloon inside the silly Valencian junta sat: observe the *azulejos*, the portraits of Jaime I., deputies, &c. The Audiencia has a jurisdiction over 956,900 souls. The trials amounted in 1844 to 2928, being about one in every 390.

The *Calle de Caballeros* is, as its name implies, the aristocratic street. The character of these Valencian houses is anything but unsubstantial, as they have an air of solid nobility: a large portal opens into a patio, with arched colonnades, which are frequently elliptical; the staircases are remarkable for their rich banisters, and the windows are either Gothic or formed in the *ajimez* style, with a slender single shaft dividing the aperture; the long lines of open arcades under the roofs give an Italian lightness. Whenever a house is now taken down it is obliged to be set back, with a view of widening the streets; the rebuilt mansions are uniform and commonplace, with rows of balconies. Of the most remarkable houses observe the fine specimen "*La Casa de Salicofras*, with noble patio and marble colonnade. The upper *corredor* is charming, with slender *ajimez* pillars. Observe the portals and doorways. Another good house is in the *C^e. Cadirers*: observe that of the *M^s. de dos Aguas*, *Pa. de Villaraza*, which has a grotesque portal, a fricasee of palm-trees, Indians, serpents, and absurd forms, the design of one Rovira and the work of Vergara. In the house of the *C^e. de Cervellon*, near the *Puerta del Mar*,

Ferd. VII. was lodged on his return from France.

The vast mansion of the *C^e. de Parcent*, *C^e. de Carniceros*, contains some good pictures: observe the Adoration of Shepherds, a St. Catherine, Christ breaking the bread at Emmaus, by Ribalta. The *M^s. del Ráfol* has also a collection: observe the San Pedro Pascual, a head of Christ, Morales, 2 Dominican Monks Plucking Flowers, a Crucifixion, San Bernardo, Isaak and Abraham, all by Ribalta; also his portrait by himself. San Vicente Preaching, Juanes. None should omit visiting the collection *del Peluquero*, Plaza S. Vicente. This hair-dresser, Pedro Perez, has filled his house with an *omnium gatherum* of art and antiquity. The pictures are not of a high class, although all the geese here are swans. The Spanish and Celtiberian coins were good until the perruquier polished off the venerable ærugo, lathering and shaving them as it were; a common fate in Spain (see p. 284). This numismatic Figaro is, himself, however, like old Tradescant, the most curious of his rarities. (For the ancient coinage of Spain, see some remarks, Madrid, *Biblioteca Nacional*). This Figaro of taste has recently laid aside his razors, having been appointed "*Conserge*" to the Academy of Nobles Artes of San Carlos, *Pa. de las Barcas*, where are some second-rate objects of art. A barber, however, is a personage in this land of Figaro (see p. 177); Suchet, too, who shaved Valencia pretty well, began life as 'prentice to a perruquier.

The *Colegio de Corpus* or *del Patriarca* is a museum of Ribaltas. It was founded in 1586, and finished in 1605 by the Archbp. Juan Ribera, a scion of that powerful family of Seville. He is generally called "*El Santo Ribera*," having been canonized in 1797: he died in 1611, aged 78, having been primate of Valencia 42 years: see the engraved stone in the middle of the transept. His life has been written by F^{ro}. Escriba, 4to. Val.

1612, and by Juan Ximenez. The noble Corinthian chapel of the college was built by Anton del Réy, after, it is said, a plan of Herrera. It is somewhat dark, the windows being small; the walls again, like in the temples of Babylon (Baruch vi. 21), are "blackened through the smoke" of the "incense offered to the queen of Heaven" (Isa. xlv. 25), *nigra fœdo simulacra fumo*; but the daylight was purposely excluded by desire of the founder, who wished to give the impressiveness of religious obscure to the mysterious ceremonies performed here, which show the best in their own dim shadow. None should fail to attend the *miserere* on a Friday morning, as it is the most impressive religious service of Spain: exactly at half-past ten the darkling chapel is rendered darker by drawing blinds over the windows and shutting the doors, to exclude also the idle trifler: the whole space above the high altar is now covered with a purple pall, the colour of mourning; none stand near it save the silent quiresters; next an aged priest approaches and prostrates himself, then all kneel on the ground, and the solemn chant begins. At the first verse, the picture above the altar descends by a noiseless unseen machinery, and the vacancy is supplied by a lilac veil with yellow stripes; as the chant proceeds, this is withdrawn, and discloses one of a faint grey, which when removed, discovers another of deep black, and then after a lengthened pause another and the last. The imagination is thus worked up into a breathless curiosity, which is heightened by the tender feeling breathed out in that most beautiful of penitential psalms. Then at once the last veil of the temple is as it were rent asunder, and the Saviour appears dying on the cross; a sepulchral light is cast on the brow on which a sweat of agony seems to mantle, while "the shadow of death hangs on the eyelid" (Job xvi. 16). It is the reality of the Crucifixion, and is too harrowing to be long looked at; but soon a distant

quire of silvery voices strikes up, and the pall is closed again over a spectacle which is not to be profaned by irreverent or lengthened curiosity. However the well educated Protestant may know that all this is borrowed from Pagan antiquity, yet he cannot but be deeply affected by the scene: what must not be the feeling of a sincere Roman Catholic, and still more if poetry be added to faith? to the illiterate native, who reasons through his eyes, and is taught to bow down to graven images, this must be the crucifixion itself.

These many curtains, these "hangings" (2 Kings xxiii. 7), and their gradual withdrawal, are described by Apuleius (Met. xi. 252), "*Velis reductis in diversum*;" and still closer by Tertullian, in his first chapter ad *Valentinianos*! where the phallic idol was revealed: "*nihil magis curant quam occultare, quod prædicunt—tantam majestatem exhibere videatur quantam præstruxerunt cupiditatem; sequitur jam silentii officium, attenté custoditur quod tardé invenitur; cæterum tota in adytis divinitas, tota suspiria epoptarum, totum signaculum revelatur.*" Some have read instead of the "sighs of the admitted eye-witnesses," *tot siparia portarum*, "so many curtains of doors;" but either reading is equally applicable to what takes place on this occasion in Valencia.

The sculptor, Catholic or Roman Catholic, should examine this crucifix as a work of art; and by application to the rector, and a fee to the *sacristan*, it can be seen in the afternoon, when the chapel is closed to the public; get a ladder and lights, and then will be revealed the ropes and contrivances by which all this solemn scene-shifting is managed. The carving is one of the finest in Spain, but nothing is known of its origin. It belonged to the founder, and was placed here by his express order. To us it appeared to be Florentine, and of the time of Jean de Bologna. The material is a dark wood; the feet, extremities, and anatomy are

very fine. If, as Apuleius says (Met. xi. 250), the *simulacra* of the ancients were *spirantia* or life itself, this is indeed a graven image of death.

The whole church deserves a careful inspection, as here Ribalta is properly to be estimated: in the first chapel to the l. is one of his masterpieces, and painted in a style between Titian and Vandyke; "San Vicente de Ferrer visited on his sick-bed by our Saviour and Saints;" he rises on his pallet, his expression of humble gratitude contrasts with the kindness and sympathy exhibited towards him; the light is unfortunately bad. Next pass to the high altar, which is a superb pile of green marbles and jaspers; the crucifix is concealed by a grand "Last Supper" by Ribalta; the head of an Apostle with a white beard is equal to any thing painted by the old Venetians; the Judas in the foreground is said to be the portrait of a shoemaker by whom Ribalta was worried; above the Supper is a charming "Holy Family," also by Ribalta; the child is painted like Titian: in the small recesses on each side of the altar are two fine pictures on pannel in the style of Juanes; in that to the r. our Saviour is at the column, in that to the l. he bears his cross. The cupola is painted in fresco, with martyrdoms and miracles of San Vicente, by Bartolomé Matarana (Kill Frog). The picture in the *Capilla de las animas* is by F. Zuccaro. The body of the founder is preserved in a sarcophagus, and lies clad in episcopal robes, with a crosier between the legs; the gold and silver ornaments were stripped off by the French: the features are pinched and wasted; the gorgeous copes and trappings mock the mouldering mummy: in the *Ca. de S. Mauro* is another of these melancholy relics.

The *Sacristia* is fine, and was built by Geronimo Yavari. The wardrobes with Doric ornaments are good; in an inner room is the *Reliquario*; the bones, &c. are arranged in rows like an anatomical museum. The French

removed the gold and silver settings. The spectator kneels while the showman points to each, and an assistant draws out the items as by rote. This exhibition usually takes place after the Friday *miserere*, and destroys all devotional sentiment; it is a farce after the tragedy. Observe, however, a small altar painted by Juanes, and the picture of a dead prelate with Satan and an angel contending for his soul, which belonged to *El Santo Ribera*, and was always kept in his room as a *memento mori*. Notice also an ivory and a bronze crucifix of Florentine work. The *Sala Capitular* contains a few pictures, but the light is very bad. The Doric cloisters, with an Italian marble colonnade, were erected in the Herrera style by Guillem del Rey; Suchet converted them into a magazine or receiving-house. Observe an antique Ceres, which has been bunglingly repaired. Here are 4 pictures by Joannes Stradanus, The Ascension, Birth, Supper, and St. John; they are kept covered, except on *el dia de Corpus*. Next ascend by a noble staircase to the library: over the door is a statue of Hercules. Those books, which escaped the modern Omars, are put away in handsome Ionic cases, for the banquet of worms. Here are some portraits of Spanish kings, &c., and in a sort of chapel a good copy of the *La Madonna de la Scodella* of Baroccio. The rectoral lodgings are also upstairs, and contain fine pictures; inquire for a portrait of Clement VIII., and for that of the founder, an intelligent old man with long pointed nose and square beard; it is by Juan Zariñeña: also for a Christ in the garden of Olives, by Ribalta; and by the same master a superb Christ at the column, painted in the style of Sebastian del Piombo: observe also a Christ bearing the cross by Morales, and a noble picture of a *Beata* in a brown dress, by Ribalta; the best time to see these interesting objects is of an afternoon, but ladies are not admitted; thus the ungallant priests of the temple of

Hercules at Cadiz warned off female trespassers, coupling them, *que cochinos!* with swine. Sil. Ital. iii. 22.

"Fœmineos prohibent gressus, ac limine Sætigeros arcere sues." [curant,

Formerly travellers who wished to scourge themselves (see San Gines, Madrid), found every accommodation, after *Las Oraciones*, in the church of *La Congregacion*; now this is converted into a college for officers, to whom the mention of these previous practices is unpleasant. That fine church, built in 1736, by one Tosca, has been given to the clergy of S^o. Thomas, and has some tolerable pictures: but the Virgin is not by Leonardo, as is here pretended.

Since the suppression of the convents a national museum has been established in the former *Carmen*, where the great Valencian school may really be studied and appreciated: it contains 600 or 700 pictures. The chief painters to be observed are Vicente Juanes, the Spanish Raphael, who was born at Fuente de la Higuera, 1523, ob. 1579; then Fr^o. de Ribalta, who is the Spanish Domenichino and Sebastian del Piombo combined; he was born in Castellon de la Plana about 1551, died at Valencia 1628, and is buried in the *San Juan del Mercado*: he was the painter of San Vicente de Ferrer, i.e. a local painter of a local subject; just as Murillo was of the *Concepcion*, so worshipped by Sevillians. There is a grand specimen of Ribalta in Magdalen Chapel, Oxford, although even his name has not penetrated into those cloisters, and the picture is ascribed to an artist with whose works it has not even a remote resemblance: the maudlin syllogism runs thus:—Morales was a Spanish artist, and painted "Christ bearing the Cross;" this "Christ bearing his Cross" was taken in a Spanish ship, therefore it is by Morales.

Another great Valencian, Josef Ribera (Spagnoletto), was pupil of Ribalta: he was born at Xativa, 1588, and died at Naples, 1656, where he led the Hispano-Neapolitan school. He

painted cruel martyr subjects in a decided Caravaggio style of marked shadows and lights (see p. 428). Jacinto Geronimo Espinosa, the best of a family of painters, was born in Cocentaina, 1600, and was also a disciple of Ribalta: he died at Valencia, 1680, and is buried in San Martin: he imitated the Carracci school. Pedro Orrente, the Bassano of Spain, was born at Monte Alegre about 1560, and died at Toledo, 1644: he principally painted cattle and adorations of shepherds: although he was a mannerist he coloured well; he was the master of Pablo Pontons, whose pictures are seldom seen out of Valencia, and of Esteban March, a painter of battle-pieces, who died here in 1660; both these imitated the Bassanos through Orrente. The Zariñenas are another Valencian family of painters of second-rate merit. Valencia has produced no great sculptor.

Among the best pictures by Juanes are 3 "Salvadores," especially that from *So. Domingo*, in a violet dress: this is the favourite *morada* or mulberry-colour; a magnificent Sⁿ. Fr^o. de Paula, in a brown dress leaning on his staff, from *Los Minimós*. Observe Ribalta, Sⁿ. Vicente preaching, from *So. Domingo*; Sⁿ. Francisco, from *Los Capuchinos*; a Cardinal, by Espinosa; a Holy Family; a St. Jerome; an Assumption, from *Sⁿ. Domingo*; a Sⁿ. José from *Los Agostinos*: observe, by Alonzo Cano, the pictures which were in the Cartuja of Portacœli; by Orrente, the fine St. Jerome, as a cardinal, from *El Temple*; by El Bosco, the 3 singular pictures from *So. Domingo*—the Crowning with Thorns, the Christ at the Pillar, and in the Garden. In the *Capilla de la comunión de los Santos*, is the celebrated *Concepcion* of Juanes, brought from *La Compania*; the Virgin appeared in person to the Jesuit, Martin de Alvaro, and desired him to have her painted exactly as he then beheld her. He applied to Juanes, giving all the details of the vision; the artist after

many failures, by the advice of Alvaro, confessed and went through a long religious exercise, and then produced this picture; the Virgin when it was finished descended from heaven and expressed herself satisfied. Charles IV. wished to remove it to Madrid, when he founded her order, but refrained from fears of a popular outbreak. The figure is colossal, but the expression is meek and innocent: on each side are emblems and mottoes allusive to her manifold perfections.

Visit the church of *San Martin*; over the door is a bronze equestrian statue of the tutelar dividing his cloak; it weighs 4000 lbs., and the horse is heavier. In the interior is a grand Dead Christ, lamented by the Marys, by Ribalta, and a crucifixion over a *Retablo*. In the *San Nicolas*, originally a Moorish mosque, the frescoes are by Dionis Vidal, a pupil of Palomino. The church is disfigured by stucco abortions. Calixtus III. was curate here, and his medallion is placed over the principal entrance. Observe a Last Supper, by Juanes, kept under a case, which is also painted in 6 smaller subjects connected with the creation of the world and birth of our Saviour; behind the altar is a grand Christ, and in the *Ca. de S^a. Pedro*, the martyrdom of that Dominican, by Espinosa, one of his best works, and painted in a Bolognese manner. The *Escuela Pia*, a tolerable seminary, was built in 1738 by the Archb. Mayoral: the rotunda is very noble, but has been injured by lightning. The green marbles of Cervera used here are rich: observe the *San Antonio*, a fine picture by Ribalta, painted something like Guercino. The saint in black holds the child in his arms, while an angelic quire hovers above.

The *Puerta del Cid*, by which he entered, is now in the town, and near the gate *el real*; it is built into the *Temple*, where was the tower called *Albiflat*, on which the Cross was first hoisted. It once belonged to the Templars, and was given to the order of Montesa in

1317: ruined by an earthquake in 1748, it was rebuilt in 1761, by Miguel Fernandez. The portico is fine: observe the circular altar, with choice jaspers and gilt capitals, under which is the Virgin's image, and the doors leading to the *Presbitero*; in this edifice the *Liceo artistico* hold their meetings. Suchet plundered the *Temple* of much plate, and made it into a custom-house. The numerous convents of Valencia, like most of the churches, were tawdry in decoration, for in no place has churriguerism done more mischief; whole Cuenca pine forests were carpentered into deformity and plastered with gilding. A fondness for stucco ornaments is another peculiarity of this unsubstantial city.

The principal plaza, called *El Mercado*, is in the heart of the city, and contains its only fountain: here the Cid and Suchet executed their prisoners without trial or mercy. The market-place is well supplied, and the costume of the peasants is very picturesque. Here is the *Lonja de Seda*, the silk hall, a beautiful Gothic building of 1482: observe the windows, medallions, and battlements. The saloon is magnificent, and supported by spiral pillars like cables: this is the Chamber of Commerce; observe in a pretty garden attached to it the beautiful Gothic windows, medallions with heads and coronet-like turrets. The staircase of the *Lonja* is good. The window ornaments and armorial decorations were mutilated by the invaders. Opposite to the *Lonja* is the church of the *Santos Juanes*, which also has been disfigured with heavy overdone ornaments in stucco and churrigueresque. The much admired cupola is painted in fresco by Palomino, and although puffed in his own book (ii. 290), is a poor performance; S^a. Vicente figures like the angel of the Apocalyps. The *Retablo*, by Muñoz, is bad; the marble pulpit was wrought at Genoa by one Ponzanelli.

The *Plaza de Sa. Catalina* is the mart of gossip, like the *Puerta del Sol*

at Madrid. The fair sex returning from mass make a point of passing through it to see and to be seen. The hexagon tower of the church, built in 1688, is disfigured by windows and rococo pillars and ornaments. The Gothic interior has been ruined by stucco. It was made a straw magazine by Suchet, who tore down and destroyed the glorious altar *de los Plateros*, painted by Ribalta: the adjoining *Plaza de las Barcas* is nothing more than a wide street. Close by is the *Colegio*, founded in 1550, by S^o Tomas de Villanueva, archbishop of Valencia; inquire for the grand picture by Ribalta, of the prelate surrounded by scholars, parts of which are as fine as Velazquez. The *Santo* was buried in S^a Agustin (*El Socós*), and his sepulchre is a noble monument.

The N.E. corner, between the gates *El Real* and *del Mar*, is full of interest. On the *Pa. de la Aduana* is a huge red brick Doric pile, built for Charles III. by Felipe Rubio, in 1760, as a custom-house: absurd tariffs and the smuggler having rendered it useless, it was, like that of Malaga, converted into a manufactory of cigars, the only active commerce and flourishing handicraft of tobacco Spain. The sad drawback to Valencia is the want of a good seaport as an outlet for her productions. The *Paseo de la Glorietta* was laid out and planted in 1817 by Elio, who converted into a garden of Hesperus a locality made a desert by Suchet, who razed 300 houses to clear a glacis for the adjoining citadel. When Elio was massacred in 1820 by the Constitutionalists, because a royalist, they selected this very garden for his place of execution, and the mob wished to tear up even the trees and flowers, because planted by an aristocratic hand (compare San Lúcar).

When Ferd VII. was restored to his full power in 1823, Elio was restored to his rank and honours, and his name figured for years afterwards in the Spanish army-list; and being dead,

although immortal, was probably far from being the worst of his brother generals. Death has long been defied by the powers in Spain; the Inquisition perpetuated infamy, and the absolute king guaranteed honour, beyond the grave. Elio, *El delincuente honrado*, although defunct, was thus held out to his surviving comrades as an example of successful jobbing at court and incapacity in the field.

The citadel was built by Charles V. to defend Valencia against Barbarossa. The Glorietta, with its fountains and statues, is a delicious promenade, and frequented by the fashion and beauty of the town; of course the traveller will go there at the proper hour. On the N. side is the *Plaza de S^o Domingo*. The convent was founded by Jaime I., who laid the first stone; it was once a museum of art of all kind, but Suchet's damages were frightful. It is now occupied by the captain-general, and the church and chapels are converted into store-rooms for the scanty artillery and ammunition: the pictures were removed to the Museo; it once was the Lion of Valencia, and still deserves a visit. Observe the Doric portal and statues. The chapter-house and cloisters are in excellent Gothic; the latter, planted with orange-trees, and surrounded with small chapels, was the burial-place of the Escala family, whose sepulchre was most remarkable on account of the costume of two armed knights. Suchet, who bombarded Valencia from this side, destroyed the exquisite windows and shattered the noble belfry. In the *Ca. del Capitulo*, supported by four airy pillars, S^a Vicente Ferrer took the cowl. His chapel by Ant^o Gilabert is a pile of precious green and red marbles, jaspers, and agates. The chapel of San Luis Beltran, where his body, uncorrupted of course, was kept, was adorned with pillars of a remarkable green marble; here were the beautiful tombs of the monks, Juan Mico and Domingo Anadon. The chapel of the *Virgen del Rosario* was all that gold and de-

coration could make it, and contrasted with the severe sombre Gothic of the *Capilla de los Reyes*, founded by Alonzo V. of Arragon. Here are the Berruquete sepulchres of Rodrigo Mendoza, obt. 1554, and Maria Fonseca his wife. The superb railings were torn down by Suchet's troops, who also burnt the noble library.

San Vicente is the tutelar of Valencia, and none can understand Ribalta without some knowledge of his hagiography, which has given much employment to the pencils, chisels, and pens of Spaniards. Consult his life by Vicente Justiniani, Val. 1582, and his '*Milagros*,' F^{co}. Diago, 4to. Barcelona, 1600; ditto, Juan Gabaston, 4to. Val. 1614; '*Historia de la vida Maravillosa*,' Valdecebro, 4to. Mad. 1740; or the '*Sagrario*' of Solorzano (see p. 435), from which we shall now briefly extract. San Vicente is called the St. Paul of Spain, and is the "glorious apostle," the "magnus Apollo" of Valencia. He is often painted flying in the air, like the winged angel in the Apocalyps, with an inscribed scroll, "timete Deum," while mitres and cardinals' hats lie neglected on the ground, alluding to his repeated *nolo Episcopari*. Miracles preceded his birth, for his father was an *honest Escribano*, i. e. attorney. His mother when pregnant heard a child barking in her womb. Thus Pliny (N. H. viii. 41) mentions a pagan dog speaking, but not in a woman's belly; and Livy (xxiv. 10) tells us that a babe in utero matris exclaimed *Io triumphe*. So the mother of the bloody Dionysius dreamed that she produced a *Satyriscus* (Cic. de Div. i. 20). So Hecuba and the dam of the Inquisidor St. Domenick dreamt that they were pregnant of fire-brands. San Vicente's mother, instead of consulting a *sage femme* in this uterine dilemma, went for advice to the Bishop Ramon del Gasto, who assured her—a compliment to her sex—that she would produce a "mastiff who would hunt the wolves of heresy to hell." The babe was whelped in 1350

in the *Calle del Mar*, where an oratorio still marks the sacred spot. He became a monk of the persecuting Dominican order, and soon a leader of these *Domini Canes*, those bloodhounds of the Inquisition. He then commenced an itinerant preaching crusade against the Jews (see Toledo). He agitated even Ireland, travelling there on an ass. He was followed by a pack of disciples who, *credite posteri*, whipped each other for their mutual solace and benefit. Spain, however, was his "best country;" here he converted 100,000 heretics. He preached a crusade of blood and confiscation to a fanatic people whose dark points of character are envy, hatred, cruelty, avarice, and intolerance. Thus they gratified their worst passions ostensibly for the sake of religion, and the foulest crimes that could disgrace human nature were travestied into acts of piety. St. Vicente still is the schoolmaster of Valencia. Visit his *imperial* college, which is well managed. He was a true Valencian; such Ribera was in painting, Borgia and Calvo in practice. He died in France, April 5, 1418, aged 60: his miracles pass all number and belief. He began working them as soon as he put on the cowl. His first essay was on a mason, who, tumbling from a house-top as Vicente was passing by, implored his aid. "Nay," replied the humble monk, "I dare do nothing without first having the permission of my superiors." He returned to the convent, obtained leave, and then came back and saved the mason, who in the meantime had remained suspended in mid-air, arrested in his fall by an emanation of power unknown to San Vicente himself: but see Salamanca. The saint afterwards cured the sick, expelled devils, raised the dead, had the gift of prophecy, and predicted the papacy of Calixtus III., who rewarded it by making him a saint, a natural *empeño* or job, which most Spaniards will always do for a *paisano*. He lived and died a virgin, having continually kicked the devil out of his

cell whenever he came in the shape of a pretty woman; he never washed or wore linen, and as he slept in his woollen clothes, which he never changed, his odour of sanctity spread far and wide, and three days after his death his fragrancy converted many Frenchmen from their sins—may Suchet, too, take benefit thereby; he was always refusing mitres; the Virgin constantly visited him in his cell, and when he was sick, the Saviour, attended by St. Francis and St. Domenick, came to comfort him. The events of his life and miracles still form the religious melodramas of Valencia. He was baptized in S^a. Esteban, and here his “*Bautismo*” is still regularly performed, by appropriately dressed characters, every April the fifth, not first. His “*miracles*” are represented in the open streets, where altars are erected to him; these exhibitions on the *Mercado*, *Tros Alt*, and *Plaza de la Congregacion*, are the most extraordinary, but they must be seen to be credited; and all this under the reformed “*ilustracion*” of Spain in 1845. St. Vincent of the Cape is also a Valencian tutelary: his prison in the *Pa. de la Almoína* was renewed in 1832. He was put to death in S^a. Tecla, C^o. de Mar. The exterior of his prison or *gruta* is adorned with jaspers: observe his marble statue. In this church is also a miraculous image, *El Cristo del Rescate*, which is prayed to when rain is wanted, and the glass falls.

The new church of *San Salvador* possesses the miraculous and much-adored image, *El Cristo de Beyrut*, which is described by all local historians as made by Nicodemus; many Jews have been converted by the blood and water which issues from its wounds. It navigated by itself from Syria, and worked its way up to Valencia against the river stream. (Compare Santiago, and *El Cristo de Burgos*.) A monument, erected in 1738, marks the spot where it landed. Consult the work of J. Bau. Ballester, Val. 1672, on the undoubted facts and miracles of this image. Garulo's garrulous manual

mentions many convents, etc., which we in mercy omit, but the sight-seer, if not weary, may look at some pictures in *San Andres*, and by Juanes in the *Retablo* of San Bartolomé, and in S^a. *Pedro y Nicolas*. He is buried in S^a. *Cruz*, in the first chapel to the r.; here are some paintings by his daughter. Observe also a grand *Paso N^a. Señora del Carmen*, which has a rich *cofradia* to defray the *culto* and candles. In S^a. *Esteban* is the adorable and miracle-working body of S^a. Luis Beltran: he was born close by, where there is an oratory, at which *divine service* is performed on his holiday. Valencia is indeed, as Schiller described pagan Greece, *Engötterte*, or studded with gods and goddesses; and Cicero, could he behold this restoration of his Pantheon, would merely change a few names: still here is “*numerus Deorum innumabilis*,” still “*plures quoque Joves*,” i. e. many St. Vincents, still “*Dianæ item plures*” whether of Carmen or Desamparados (see his remarkable passages, ‘*De Nat. D.*’ i. 30; iii. 16, 22).

There is a good new theatre in the C^o. *de las Barcas*, with a handsome room, in which, sometimes, an Italian opera is performed. There are two public libraries; one in the university, the other in the archiepiscopal palace. There are some books and natural history at the *Sociedad Economica*, P^a. *de las Moscas* (and mosquitos figure largely inside and outside): the public archives are in the *Jesuitas*. The hospitals of Valencia are very well managed for Spain; at *El general* are baths, &c. The *Casa de la Misericordia*, or poor-house, is a fine edifice, tenanted by miserable inmates, and like *La In-chusa* adjoining the hospital, with its starving foundlings, excites feelings of pity in all but the officials (see p. 271). But funds and bowels are wanting in a country which itself is a pauper. The arms of the city are the four bars of Catalonia, with a bat, indicative of vigilance, *a quien vela, todo se revela*, a device altogether forgotten during the war by the local *junta*.

Valencia is celebrated for its *Azulejos*. The best shops are in the *Ce. nueva de Pescadores*, and near the *Ce. de Rusafa*; many subjects are kept ready-made, and any pattern can be imitated. The richest colours are the blues, blacks, and purples. The clay, of a chocolate brown, is brought from *Manises*. The white varnish is given by a mixture of barrilla, lead, and tin: the ovens are heated with furze, and the clay is baked three days and three nights, and requires four days to cool.

Valencia abounds in pleasant walks. The circuit of the Moorish *tapia* walls offers an open space to the equestrian and pedestrian. These walls are well seen, as they have not been built against. Some of the gates, with their towers and machicolations, are picturesque. Those of *el Cuarte* and *Serranos* are used as prisons. The latter was opened in 1238 by Jaime I. The towers were built in 1357: it was remodelled in 1606, and it is the *Carcel del Corte*, the Newgate. It leads to the river, or rather the river bed, for, excepting at periods of rains, like the *Manzanares* at Madrid, it scarcely suffices for the washerwomen. The massy bridges and their strong piers denote, however, the necessity of protection against occasional inundations. Thus the *Puente del Mar* was carried away in the flood of Nov. 5, 1776, although the bridges are protected by heavy statues of river gods and local tutelars. In the dip, at *La Pechina*, pigeon shooters resort for *El tiro de las palomas*, a favourite pastime of Valencians, who now, for want of Jews and Moors, persecute the fowls of the air: there is a cockpit near the *Pa. Mosen Sorell*, and cock-throwing outside the gate *Sn. Vicente*. Observe near *La pechina* an inscription found here in 1759; "*Sodalitium vernarum colentes Isid.*" This was a *cofradia* to Isis, which paid for her *culto*. Change but the word *Isid* into *Carmen*, and how little matters would be altered in *substance* (see p. 112). There is a treatise on this inscription, by Agustin Sales, Val. 1760.

Valencia once abounded in inscriptions, most of which were buried in 1541 under the bridge *Serranos*, by a priest named Juan Salaya, because *pagan*. The next bridge, walking to the r., is that of *La Trinidad*, built in 1356; then comes the *Real*, the Moorish *Jerea*, which fell in, and was restored by Charles V. Crossing over was the site of *El Real*, the royal residence of the viceroys, which was pulled down in the war, and the space since converted into a pleasant plantation. The river now divides the *Glorieta* from the long avenues of the delightful *Alameda*, whose shady overarching branches continue to *El Grao*, the *gradus*, or steps, to the sea. This agreeable drive is the lounge of the natives, who flock here in the summer for the sea-bathing. Vast sums of money have been expended, since 1792, in the attempt to make a port of this bad sandy roadstead, which is much exposed to gales from the S. and the S.W., but the French invasion arrested the good work. The *Muelle*, or mole, was to be pushed forward in two piers, with towers and batteries at each extremity, *están por acabar*. The *temporada de los Baños* is a gay period. The baths are thatched with rice-straw. The road is then thronged with *tartanas*, which convey all sexes to their immersion, hissing hot like horseshoes. The *Grao* waters are said to soften the female heart, and to cure confirmed sterility.

Of all the rascally tribe of watermen the boatmen of the *Grao* are the most unconscionable. Those who arrive or depart by the steamers are advised to make a previous bargain; the proper charge per person is a *peseta*.

It was from the *Grao* that Christina embarked, Oct. 12, 1840; a victim to gallo-doctrinaire schemes of centralization, at the expense of local and municipal *fueros*, the last remnants of the chartered liberties of Spain. So Christina of Sweden departed from the north—*Christina senza fede, Regina senza regno, Donna senza verguenza*.

Spain, however, is the land of the unexpected and accidental; accordingly the self-same Christina relanded at Grao March 4, 1844, and was welcomed by some as a modern Cleopatra, by others as a Zenobia.

Those returning to Valencia should enter by the *Puerta del Mar*; here once stood *El Remedio*, which, with the splendid sepulchres of the Moncada family, has disappeared, scheduled away by ruthless reform.

An excursion should be made from Valencia to Denia, visiting the Albufera lake, and returning by Alcira, where the rice-grounds and acequias are highly interesting. The towns are very populous; the fertility of the soil is incredible. It is a land of Ceres and Bacchus, Flora and Pomona, while the sea teems with delicious fish.

ROUTE XXXVIII.—EXCURSION FROM
VALENCIA.

Cilla	2	
Sueca	3	.. 5
Cullera	1	.. 6
Gandia	4	.. 10
Denia	3	.. 13
Gandia	3	.. 16
Carcajente	4	.. 20
Alcira	1	.. 21
Aljamesi	1	.. 22
Valencia	5	.. 27

This celebrated lagoon, the *Albufera*, Arabic "the lake," commences near Cilla, and extends about 3 L. N. and S., being about 10 L. in circumference. It narrows to the N., and is separated from the sea by a strip of land. A canal which can be opened and shut at pleasure communicates with the sea. It is fed by the Turia and the *Acequia del Rey*. It swells in winter and is then a complete preserve of fish and wild-fowl. The fishermen dwell in *chozas*, exposed to agues and mosquitos, and from which *Na. Sa. de Buena Guia*, their patroness, cannot protect them. Sic te diva potens Cypri. Seventy sorts of birds breed here; the small ducks and teal are delicious, especially the *Faja*. There are 2 public days of shooting, the 11th and

25th of Nov., when many hundred boats of sportsmen harass the water-fowl, which darken the air. The *dehesa*, or strip between the lake and sea, abounds with rabbits and woodcocks *gallinetas*. There is not much difficulty in getting permission to shoot on other besides these public days. This lake and domain, valued in 1833 at 300,000*l.*, is a royal property, and was granted to Suchet by Buonaparte, who created him a *Duc* by the title of Albufera, in reward for his capture of Valencia. The English Duke, at Vitoria, unsettled the conveyance, and rendered this water Suchet another of the aqueous nonentities of Valencia, which he had pretty well *raséd, razziaed*, and *Sangradoed*, alike after his pristine barber, as his later barbarous habits; *tonsoribus notum*. Ferd. VII. would have confirmed the gift to a destroyer, although he made difficulties about the *Soto* of Granada which had been granted to his saviour, to whom this *albufera* was contemplated being given, had not the Valencians raised objections. Charles IV. had made it over to the minion Godoy, as he had also done the *Soto de Roma*.

Sueca is in the heart of the rice country, *Las tierras de Arroz*. So is *Cullera*, which is built on the Jucar, crossing which the hills come down to the sea. The land through the *Huerta* of Gandia and Oliva is a perfect Eden of fertility. The sea teems with fish, of which the *Parejas del Bou* are fine eating. Sugar also is raised here. At the village *Dayemus* is a Roman tomb, inscribed thus, "Bebixæ quietæ."

Denia, the capital of its *Marquesato*, is a *plaza de armas*, but utterly destitute of any means of defence: pop. above 3000. The sea by retiring has almost ruined this once celebrated port; now, near the *Torre de Carrus*, carob trees rear their stems in the place of the masts of ships, when Sertorius made it his naval station (Strabo, iii. 239). Denia lies under the rock *el Mongo*, which rises about 2600 feet above the sea, and from whence the

views are most extensive; one of the ancient names was *Emeroscopium*, and derived from this peep of day look-out for pirates; the present name is a corruption of *Dianium*, for here was erected a celebrated temple to Diana of Ephesus, who now is supplanted by *La Virgen de los Desamparados*. The *Huerta* is covered with vines, olives, fig and almond trees; the great traffic is in the *Denias* or coarse Valentian raisins, which are so much used in England for puddings, being inferior to those of Malaga; the latter are dried in the sun, while the former are cured in a lye, whence they are called *Lexias*. The Mongó slopes down to the Cape San Antonio, and at its back 1 L. from Denia is the picturesque town of *Jabea*, pop. about 3500, which the lovers of Claude Vernet and Salvator should visit: indeed, the whole *Marina*, like the coast of Amalfi, is a picture: you have a beauteous sky, blue broken headlands, a still deep green sea, with craft built for the painter skimming over the rippling waves, and a crew dressed as if for an opera ballet; then inland are wild mountain gorges, mediæval turrets and castles, rendered more beautiful by time and ruin: the geology south of Denia is very interesting, especially the stalactical grottos: visit particularly that at *Benidoleig* 1 L. S.W.; the *cueva* lies about half a mile outside of the village: the mouth looks N. and is a grand natural portal: take torches and a local guide. In the bowels of the earth is a curious lake.

The coast on rounding Cape Sⁿ. Antonio is broken by headlands, of which those of Sⁿ. Martin, Monayra, and Hifac or Ayfac, are the most remarkable; in the bay is *Calpe*, a small Gibraltar, distant 3 L. by land from Denia; it was the site of a Roman town: antiquities and mosaics are constantly discovered, and as constantly neglected or destroyed. At the *Baños de la Reyna*, between two promontories, are the remains of a Roman fish-pond. From Calp to Gandia there is a wild

inland route through the hills, by Benisa, Alcanall, Orba, Sagra, and over the ridge of Segarria to Pego, and then crossing the Bullent or Calapata river to Oliva. From Gandia the road turns off to the left over the hills, through Barig and Aygues to Alcira.

The district of Alcira is admirably irrigated; the high road passes through an "isolated" tract (Gesirah—Island, Alcira), round which the rivers Albayda, Sellent, Gabriel, and Requena flow into the Jucar. The *Acequia del Rey* passes from Antella by Alcudia into the Albufera. The hydraulic system is admirably imagined and executed. The parish church of Al-jamesí has a good *Retablo*, and pictures by Ribalta—a Last Supper, and subjects relating to Santiago.

Those proceeding N. by steam, should previously make an excursion inland, while those who are going by diligence to Tarragona may ride to Murviedro, and there take up the coach, having secured their places for the number of days in advance.

ROUTE XXXIX.—VALENCIA TO
MURVIEDRO.

Liria	4
Chelva	5
Segorbe	5
Murviedro	6

On quitting Valencia we strike into the rich *Campo de Liria*. *Manises*, where the clay for the *azulejo* pottery comes from, lies to the l. *Liria* is a large town: pop. under 10,000, and principally agricultural: the *huerta* is exceedingly fertile, while the hills feed flocks of sheep and goats. Liria was built in 1252, by Jaime I., on the site of a Roman town, Edeta, destroyed in the wars of Pompey and Sertorius, of which a portion of a reservoir yet remains. Liria gives a ducal title to the Duke de Alva, who represents the D. de Berwick. In the handsome Parroquia, observe the *coro* placed round the *presbiterio*, as it always should be. The naves, transept, and dome were designed by the Jesuit

monk Pablo de Rajas, and built by Martin de Orinda; the classical façade with statues of the St. Vincent's Virgin, &c., is by Thomas Estevé, 1672; in the inside observe a Concepcion by Espinosa, 1663. *Liria* is best seen on the 29th of Sept., as Michaelmas Day, the feast of the Archangel, attracts the peasants in their classical dresses; the *Eremitorio* on his mountain is also much visited: the broken hills and glades are favourable to devotion and love (see p. 121).

At *Benisano*, a village below *Liria*, and near the high road, are the ruins of the castle in which François I. was confined until July 20, 1525. He was landed a prisoner after Pavia, at the Grao, on June 29th, and was allowed to remain only two days in Valencia.

In the neighbouring hills of Sⁿ Miguel and Barbara are singular marble quarries: from the hermitage of Sⁿ Miguel, the view of the plains and sea is delicious. An excursion should be made to the now suppressed Cartuja of *Porta Cœli*. It lies in the opposite hills near Olocau, and is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ L. from *Liria*, and 4 L. from Valencia, and commands a fine view of the plain and sea. It was founded in 1272 by the bishop, Andres de Albalat. It was once a museum of art. Here Alonzo Cano took refuge after the death (murder?) of his wife. He carved for the monks a crucifix, now lost, and painted the "Nativity," and "Christ at the Pillar," now in the Museo of Valencia. The convent is desolate, yet the picturesque wooded mountain situation is unchanged. The superb aqueduct is of the time of the Catholic sovereigns. The "*vino rancio*" is excellent. From *Liria* to *Chelva* the direct road is through *La Llosa*. It is better to turn off to the l. and visit *Chestalgar*, near the Turia, where are some remains of a Moorish aqueduct. All this district, up to 1609, was inhabited by industrious Moriscos. At *Chulilla* is the *Salto* or leap of the Turia, which is an extraordinary scene: the river has cut its way through per-

pendicular walls of mountains. Re-entering the *Campo*, and keeping the Turia on the l., is *Chelva*, a rich village; popⁿ. 4500. In the *Rambla de los Arcos* is a fine Roman aqueduct: the arches which span the defile are rare bits for the artist. One portion is injured, the other nearly perfect. The *Campo de Chelva* is very fertile; the "*Pico*" hill is singular.

From *Chelva* it is better to retrace the route to *La Llosa*, and thence to *El Villar*, for the circuit by Alpuente and Yesa is tedious; then strike into the *Lacobas* hills famous for rich marbles: a cross road of 5 mountain leagues leads to Segorbe. At *Alcubas*, 2 L., which is in the heart of the rugged country, the road branches and leads W. through Oset to *Andilla*, distant about 3 L.; this hamlet of 700 souls has a very fine parish church, and some noble pictures by Ribalta. The *Retablo* is classical, and enriched with statuary and *Basso Relievos*; the inside of the shutters are painted with the following subjects—the Visitation of the Virgin, her Presentation, S^a Ana and Sⁿ Joaquin, and the Circumcision; the outsides with—the Dispute with the Doctors, a Riposo, the Birth and Marriage of the Virgin. These were executed in Ribalta's best period. Ponz (iv. 194) prints some curious details as to the erection and prices of this fine *Retablo*, which is buried in these lonely regions. 1 L. from *Andilla* is Canales; the villagers exist by supplying the snow, of which so much is used in Valencia, from the Bellida hill.

Returning to Alcubas, about half way in the hills is *La Cueva Santa*, or a deep cave, in which is a sanctuary of the Virgin. The chapel is below, the rock forming the roof, and you descend by a staircase. This holy grotto is visited on the 8th of Sept. by the peasantry from far and near, as those of Delphi and Trophonius were by the Pagans.

Segorbe, Segobriga Edetanorum, is a well built town, contains about

6000 souls, and rises above the Palancia, surrounded by gardens, which, under a beneficial climate and copious irrigation, are incredibly fertile. The view from the rocky pinnacle above the town is charming. Segorbe was taken from the Moors by Don Jaime in 1245. There is a history of the cathedral by Fro. de Villagrasa, 4to. Valencia, 1664. The edifice is not remarkable. There is a *Retablo* of the Juanes school, and a good cloister. Parts of the ancient castle and walls were taken down to build the *Casa de Misericordia*. The limpid *Fuente de la Esperanza*, near the Geronomite convent, like that of Vaucluse, gushes at once a river from the rock, and the water has a petrifying power. *San Martin de las Monjas* has a Doric façade; inside is the tomb of the founder Pedro de Casanova; inquire for the fine Ribalta, the descent of Christ into Hades. In the *Seminario* is the tomb of the founder Pedro Miralles; his effigy kneels on a sarcophagus, on which some of the events of his life are sculptured. Near the town is the suppressed Carthusian convent of *Val de Cristo*, with its picturesque paper-mills. Unresisting and defenceless Segorbe was sacked by Suchet, March, 1812.

For the high road to Zaragoza, through Xerica, Teruel, and Daroca, see R. cvii. and cvi.

Murviedro lies on the Palancia. The long lines of walls and towers crown the height, which rises above the ancient Saguntum. This city was founded 1384 years before Christ, by the Greeks of Zacynthus (Zante) (Strabo, iii. 240), and was one of the few emporia which the jealous Phœnicians ever permitted their dreaded rivals to establish on the Peninsular coasts. It was formerly a sea-port, but now the fickle waters have retired more than a league. No Spanish city has been more described by the ancients than Saguntum. Being the first frontier town, and allied to Rome, and extremely rich, it was hated by Hannibal, who

attacked and destroyed it. The obstinacy and horrors of the defence rivalled Numantia, and, in our days, Gerona. Sil. Italicus (i. 271) gives the sad details. The town perished, said Florus (ii. 6. 3), a great but sad monument of fidelity to Rome, and of Rome's neglect of an ally in the hour of need; but Saguntum was revenged, as its capture led to the second Punic war, and ultimately to the expulsion from Spain of the Carthaginian. So, in after-times, the taking of Zahara led to the conquest of Granada and final ejection of the Moor. Saguntum was taken in 535 u.c. See also Pliny, iii. 3; and read on the site itself Livy, xxi. 7.

Saguntum was rebuilt by the Romans, and became a municipium. Whatever it was once, now it is almost a matter of history, as the remains have been ever since used by Goth, Moor, and Spaniard, as a quarry above ground. As with Italica, near Seville, mayors and monks have converted the shattered marbles to their base purposes: with them the convent *San Miguel de los Reyes*, near Valencia, was partly constructed, and the walls of the castle of Murviedro repaired. A few mutilated fragments are here and there imbedded in the modern houses; so true is the lament of Argensola:—

“ Con marmoles de nobles inscripciones
Teatro un tiempo y aras, en Sagunto
Fabrican hoy tabernas y mesones.”

The name Murviedro (Murbiter of the Moors) is derived from these *Muri veteres*, Muros viejos; the *La vieja* of Spaniards, the *παλαια* of Greeks. (See Cordova, p. 299). Fragments of the once famous red pottery are found, with many coins: the mint of Saguntum struck 27 specimens (Florez, ‘M.’ ii. 560). The modern town is straggling and miserable, and contains about 5000 inhabitants, agriculturists and wine-makers. The great temple of Diana stood where the convent of La Trinidad now does. Here are let in some six Roman inscriptions relating to the families of Sergia and others.

At the back is a water-course, with portions of the walls of the Circus Maximus. In the suburb S^o. Salvador a Mosaic pavement of Bacchus was discovered in 1745, which soon after was let go to ruin, like that of Italica. The famous theatre is placed on the slope above the town, to which the orchestra is turned; it was much destroyed by Suchet, who used the stones to strengthen the castle, whose long lines of wall and tower rise grandly above; the general form of the theatre is, however, easily to be made out. The Roman architect took advantage of the rising ground for his upper seats. It looks N.E. in order to secure shade to the spectators, thus seated in *balcones de sombra*, as at a modern bull-fight, and who, like in the Greek theatre at Taorminia, in Sicily, must have enjoyed at the same time a spectacle of nature and of art, for the panorama is magnificent. The local arrangements are such as are common to Roman theatres, and resemble those of Merida. They have been measured and described by Dean Marti; Ponz, iv. 232; in the 'E.S.' viii. 151; and in a small work in Latin and Spanish by Josef Ortiz, dean of Xativa. Read them not, dear reader! it is a sin to crush the poetry of the scene with such carpenter details, with those disquisitions on vomitories by which a Roman Cicerone makes one sick in the Coliseum, and disenchant the illusion by illustrating the rich spirit with water.

Ascending to the castle, near the entrance are some buttresses and massy masonry of the old Saguntine castle. The present is altogether Moorish, and girdles the irregular eminences like that of Alfarache, the key to Seville, as this is to Valencia. The citadel, with the towers San Fernando and San Pedro, is placed at the extreme height, and probably occupies the site of the Saguntine keep described by Livy (xxi. 7). Suchet stormed the fortress from this side, and was beaten back in every direction. Up in the Castle there is not much to be seen: it is ram-

bling and extensive. There are some Moorish cisterns, built on the supposed site of a Roman temple. There is a remarkable echo, and a few fragments of sculpture. These, neglected as usual by the inæsthetic governors, were mutilated by Suchet's soldiers. The views on all sides around are very extensive, especially looking towards Valencia from the governor's garden.

This most important and almost impregnable fortress is the key of Valencia, which never can safely be attacked from this side while it remains untaken; yet, although ample time and warning of coming calamities were given, neither Blake nor the Valencian junta took any steps to render it tenable; the cannon were not even mounted. Luis Andriani, the governor, was, however, a brave man, and everywhere repulsed the French attacks, in spite of most inadequate means. Suchet's only chance was the winning a decisive battle, and a Fabian, defensive policy must have caused him to retreat. If Blake had only done nothing, Valencia was saved; but he was determined, like Areizaga at Ocaña, to "lose another kingdom by the insatiable desire of fighting pitched battles with undisciplined troops, led by inexperienced officers." *Ipsè dixit* (Disp. Nov. 27, 1811).* Accordingly, Blake marched from Valencia with 25,000 men, and attacked Suchet, who had less than 20,000 in the plain, Oct. 25, 1811. Before the battle he made every disposition to ensure its loss; and during the engagement, like Areizaga at Ocaña, lost his head, and, as Toreno states (xvi.), entailed defeat on his unhappy troops, victims to their leader's "ignorance of his profession." Blake very soon fled with his whole army under the very eyes of the garrison,

* Schepeler (i. 420) although an ultra partisan of Blake's, corroborates this *axiom*: he admits that his hero and Cuesta "eurent en commun *la manie*, de se faire battre en bataille rangée," and assigns as a reason that they thought it beneath their dignity as generals to fight anything but general engagements.

who caught the infection and capitulated that very night, unworthy children of Saguntine ancestors, and forgetful of the *religio loci*. The loss of Valencia was the result (see p. 437).

The communications between Valencia and the other provinces are numerous; for those S. with Alicante and Murcia see R. xxxiv., v., vi., and vii. The steamers communicate with Alicante and Cadiz. With Madrid there are two routes. One, R. ciii., that taken by the diligences, runs through Almansa. The 2nd, R. civ., which passes through Cuenca, is nearer and by far the most interesting. It is not good, although practicable for carriages to Requena, to which there is a diligence. When the long-commenced line is completed, and the works at Cabrillas have latterly been much advanced, diligences will probably be placed on it: for Cuenca and its localities, so attractive to the fisherman and geologist, see Index. The communications with Zaragoza, through Teruel and Daroca, are found in R. cx. and cxi.

There are two means of getting to Tarragona and Catalonia; one by the steamer which sails to Barcelona, arriving in about 24 hours, the other by the diligence. The Ebro divides the provinces of Valencia and Catalonia; those going to Zaragoza by Tortosa will stop at Amposta, and then proceed by R. xli.

ROUTE XL.—VALENCIA TO
TARRAGONA.

Albalat	2	
Murviedro	2	4
Almenara	1½	5½
Nules.	1½	7
Villa real	2	9
Castellon de la Plana	1	10
Oropesa	3	13
Torreblanca.	2	15
Benicarló	3	18
Vinaróz	1	19
Amposta	4½	23½
Perelló	4	27½
Hospitalet	3½	31
Cabrills	2½	33½
Tarragona	3	36½

This is the regular diligence road; it coasts along the Mediterranean, and

is not particularly interesting. A couple of days may be spent at Tarragona, in which and its vicinity are many objects of interest.

On leaving Valencia to the r., amid its palms and cypresses, is the once celebrated Geronomite convent, *San Miguel de los Reyes*, once the Escorial of Valencia. It was built in 1544 by Vidaña and Alonzo de Covarrabias for Don Fernando, Duke of Calabria. This ill-fated heir to the throne of Naples surrendered to the Great Captain, relying on his word of honour, and was perfidiously imprisoned for ten years at Xativa by Ferdinand. He was released by Charles V., and appointed Viceroy of Valencia. He raised this convent for his burial-place, and endowed it splendidly. The Doric and Ionic cloisters savour of the Escorial; the effigies of the founder and his wife were placed at each side of the high altar, but the convent was utterly sacked and desecrated by Suchet, who burnt the precious library, while Sebastiani bought the lands for less than one-fourth of the value, and even this he did not quite pay. A trial took place in Paris in 1843 between him and the heirs of one Crochart, a French paymaster, who speculated in these joint investments. The curious evidence lifted up a corner of curtain, and revealed how these things were managed under the empire.

Passing the convent to the l. is Burjasolt, the favourite country resort of the Valencians: here are some curious Moorish *mazmorras*, or caves for preserving corn, which here retain the primitive Basque name *Silos*, *Scilo*, an excavation (see p. 383). Passing *Albalat*, *Puig* lies to the r. near the sea; here Jaime I. in 1237 routed the Moorish king Zaen, and in consequence captured Valencia. We now approach the sites of Blake's disgrace, by which the Spaniards lost this capital on the same field where it was won by their better led ancestors. Crossing the Palancia, and leaving Murviedro, under the spurs of the *Sierra de Espadan*, is

Almenara, *Arabice* the lantern, the pharos, or place of light, with its ruined castle on a triple-pointed hill, on which once stood the temple of Diana, to which the sea formerly reached. A stone pyramid, with four coats of arms, marks the jurisdictions of four bishoprics—viz. Tortosa, Mayorca, Valencia, and Segorbe. Here, July 27, 1710, the English, under Stanhope, completely routed the French, under Philip V. The allies were inferior in number, and the Archduke and Germans refused to advance, like Lapeña at Barrosa; cries of shame resounded in the British ranks, and Stanhope threatened to withdraw from Spain, as the Duke did after Talavera: but the English bayonet charge was irresistible, and the French ran in every direction. Philip escaped by mere accident: his baggage was taken, like Joseph's at Vittoria. "Had there been two hours more daylight," wrote Stanhope, "not a Frenchman would have got away." So wrote Wellington after Salamanca, Marlborough after Ramillies.

The good road continues winding through hills, amid vines, carob trees, and aromatic shrubs, to *Nules*, a town of 3500 souls, surrounded with walls, with regular streets and gates. *Villa Real* was built by Jaime I. as a "royal villa" for his children. The octagon tower of the tasteless *Parroquia* is remarkable. This town was fearfully sacked by the armies of Philip V. After crossing the Millares by a noble bridge, built in 1790, we reach *Castellon de la Plana*, of "the plain," so called because Jaime I., in 1233, removed the town from the old Moorish position, which was on a rising $\frac{1}{2}$ a L. to the N. It is a flourishing place, in a garden of plenty, fed by an admirable acequia, and very uninteresting. Popⁿ. 15,000. Here Ribalta was born, March 25, 1551. The churches and convents once contained some of his finest works. In the Sangre, a church disfigured by modern stucco, some of these paintings were abandoned to dust and decay. The *Sepulcro* is so called from a tomb

at the high altar which was sculptured by angels. In the modernised *Parroquia*, which has a good Gothic portal and tower, is a "Purgatory" by Ribalta. The *Torre de las Campanas* is an octagon, 260 feet high, and built in 1591-1604. These towers or belfries are very common in Arragon and Catalonia, to which we are approaching; indeed, the towns, peasants, and products along this route are very like one another: *ex uno disce omnes*.

The road now passes the aromatic spurs of the *Peña Golosa* hills, emerging near Cabanes. Near Oropesa, whose fine castle was dismantled by the French, are the remains of a Roman arch. Traversing the plains of *Torreblanca*, we reach *Alcalá de Gisbert*, a tortuous town with a fine *Parroquia*, which has a classical portal and a good belfry of masonry, erected in 1792. On emerging from a gorge of hills, the promontory of Peniscola, with its square castle on the top, appears to the r., looking like an island or a peninsula.

Peniscola, Peninsula, is a miniature Gibraltar; it rises out of the sea, in accessible by water, about 240 ft. high. It is connected with the land by a narrow strip of sand, which sometimes is covered by the waves. It surrendered to Jaime I., who ceded it to the Templars; and a portion of their church yet remains. At the dissolution of this order it was given to that of Montesa. Here Pope Luna, Benedict XIII., took refuge after he was declared schismatic by the Council of Constance, and from Dec. 1, 1415, to Jan. 29, 1423, surrounded by his petty conclave of four cardinals, fulminated furious bulls against his enemies. *Peniscola* is supplied with a fountain of fresh water, the one thing wanting to Gibraltar. There is a singular aperture in a rock, through which the sea boils up; which is still called *El Bufador del Papa*. *Peniscola* is a miserable place. It is a *plaza de armas*, but wretchedly kept up. The castle was strengthened for Philip II. by his Italian engineer Antonelli. It

was scandalously betrayed to the French in Feb. 1810. One Pedro Garcia Navarro was appointed governor by Blake, because anti-English; according to Schepeler, iii. 450, he had also a pretty wife, a not uncommon cause of promotion in Spain. Suchet intercepted a letter filled with suspicions against England, which the *afrancesados* encouraged by stating, whenever we wished to repair or garrison a fort neglected by the Spanish authorities, that our object was to keep it for ourselves. Accordingly Suchet opened a correspondence with this second Imaz (see Badajoz), and obtained the fortress. Navarro was made a member of the Legion of Honour, in reward for having been false to his king and his country. Sed honores non mutant mores; see the Duke's masterly summary on this *Españolismo* (Disp. Aug. 29, 1811): "I am convinced that the majority of the officers of the Spanish army would prefer submitting to the French to allowing us to have anything to say to their troops;" and his surmise is fully borne out by Jose Canga Arguelles, who in his '*Observaciones*' (i. 129) decidedly states that they would have selected in the alternative, the Eagle for their guide and master.

Benicarló, popⁿ. 6000, is a walled town with a ruined castle and a sort of fishing port called *el grao*, but like most of these towns, is miserable amid plenty; being a residence of poor agriculturists, the streets are like farm-yards. The church has its octangular tower. This district is renowned for red and full-flavoured wines, which are exported by Cette and the Languedoc canal to Bordeaux to doctor poor clarets up to the vitiated taste of England; a good deal also comes to us to concoct what the honest trade properly call *curious* old port. Much brandy is also made and sent to Cadiz. During the vintage the mud of these towns is absolutely red with grape-husks, and the legs of the population dyed from treading the vats. Nothing can be more dirty, classical, and unscientific than the *modus ope-*

randi. The *torcular*, or press, is most rude; the filth and negligence boundless. Everything is trusted to the refining process of Nature's fermentation, for "there is a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will."

Vinaróz is a busy old sea-port on the Cervol: it has crumbling walls, and an amphibious population of some 8500 souls, half-peasant half-sailor. The sturgeon and lampreys are excellent. Here Vendome, the descendant of Henry IV., and a caricature of his virtues and vices, died of gorging the rich fish, *parejas di Bru*, a death worthy of a man whose habits were only fit for the pen of a St. Simon or a Swift. Philip V. removed the body of Vendome to the Escorial: to him indeed he owed his throne; and Villa Viciosa in some degree redeemed the crushing defeat which he had received from Marlborough at Oudenarde. The bay is open and unsafe. The *Chalupas* are picturesque, and truly Mediterranean craft.

Morella lies $9\frac{1}{2}$ L. to the W. of Vinaróz, through La Jana $3\frac{1}{2}$ L. It is the capital of its hilly *partido*, and being on the frontier of Arragon and Valencia, becomes an important fortress in war time. The climate and vegetation is no longer that of the warm plains, and the people are wild, rude peasants. It is a scrambling city of 6000 souls, built like an amphitheatre, and girdled by Moorish walls and towers; it rises up in tiers to the point of the hill, which is coroneted by its castle. *Morella* has a noble aqueduct. The arrangement of the *quire* in the *Iglesia Mayor* is singular, being raised on arches and pillars; thus the general view is not cut up; the clergy ascend by a staircase which winds round a column. In the *S^a. Juan B^a.* is a picture of *San Roque*, by Ribalta. This strong place surrendered to Suchet after the fall of Mequinenza, without even the shadow of a defence. *Morella* was the chief hold of the Carlist Cabrera, who here, in 1838, twice defeated the Christinos under Oraa and Pardiñas, but it was

bombarded and taken by Espartero in 1840.

Leaving Vinaróz, and crossing the Cenia by a fine bridge built by Charles IV., Catalonia is entered, as the harsh dialect and red woollen caps announce. This is the district of the "truces Iberi," the most ferocious of ancient Spaniards: nor are they much changed; the dangerous road to *Amposta* is infamous in robber-story. The traveller will pass the two rude stone crosses where, Oct. 30, 1826, the murder was committed of which the "young American," Mr. Slidell—the Commodore Mackenzie of the brig *Somers* and mutiny execution—gave such a true and affecting account. The poor lad was named Ventura Ferran, and was killed with 28 stabs, "each a death to nature." Carlos Nava, the Mayor, had his brains beaten out with a stone: the culprits were three vile *Rateros* or footpads.

San Carlos de la Rápita was built by Charles III. The road continues to coast the beach, with carob-planted hills to the l., and the Salinas, or port *de los Alfaques*, to the r. These are the "chops," of the Ebro, as *Al-fakk* in Arabic signifies a jaw. A canal is destined to connect the river with the sea, for its natural mouth is dangerous, from a long reef and sand-bank. A fine road leads to *Amposta*, a miserable, aguish, muskito-plagued port on the Ebro, with some 1000 sallow souls. The Ebro, which eats its turbid way through these levels, is the largest of the rivers which flow eastward in the Peninsula. It rises in the valley of *Reinosa*, meanders in a tortuous direction through the basin between the Pyrenean and Idubedan chains, and disembogues by many mouths into the Mediterranean, after a course of 120 L. A communication by means of a canal has been contemplated between this river and the Duero. The Eber is the *Ιβηρ Ιβηρος*, the Iberus, Hiberus of the ancients, a name in which Spaniards, who like to trace their pedigree to Noah, read that of their founder Heber. Bochart considers the word to

signify "the boundary," *Ibra*, just as it is used in the sense of the "other side" in Genesis xiv. 13; and this river was, in fact, long the boundary; first between the Celts and Iberians, and then between Romans and Carthaginians. Others contend that this river gave the name to the district, *Iberia*: Iber, Aber, Hebro, Havre—signifying in Celtic "water." Thus the *Celt-Iber* would be, the Celt of the River. Humboldt, however, whose critical etymology is generally correct, considers all this to be fanciful, and is of opinion that the Iberians gave their name to the river. It formed, in the early and uncertain Roman geography, the divisional line of Spain, which was parted by it into Citerior and Ulterior; when the Carthaginians were finally subdued, this apportionment was changed (see p. 470).

On leaving miserable *Amposta*, the Ebro is crossed in an inconvenient ferry-boat. The road continues over a muskito-infested plain. *Tortosa* appears in the distance to the l. The traveller soon approaches the sea amid gorges of rocky hills, the immemorial lairs of robbers and pirates. Having been always and long a frontier-disputed border between Celt and Iberian, Roman and Carthaginian, Moor and Christian, the blood-fattened soil is pregnant with armed men—those *latrofactioso* weeds which civilization has yet to eradicate. The sea-coast and villages are defended against sea-pirates by towers (see p. 238). The costume of the women changes: many protect their arms from the plague of flies by a sort of mitten, or rather a Valencian stocking without feet. Their earrings are truly Moorish, and so heavy that they are suspended by a thread round the ear: during meals, maid-servants, with flags made of the *Palmita*, or with fans painted with flowers, and silvered handles, drive away the flies. These are the classical *muscaria*—the original fan, and are described by Martial (xiv. 67), and such are the *Manásheh* of the Arabs.

Approaching *Perelló*, the uncultivated plains are covered with aromatic herbs; after which a gentle ascent leads to the gorge, or "*Coll de Balaguer*," a chosen robber lair. The *Barranco de la Horca*, the "ravine of the gibbet," connects the vocation and its end. Above, on an eminence, is a hermitage dedicated to *N^a. Señora de la Aurora*, a rare pasticcio of female goddesses: the view is charming. Fort Sⁿ. Felipe, the key of the gorge, was taken by some English sailors, June 7, 1813. A magazine exploded, and thus Sir John Murray was saved the additional disgrace of spiking his guns, and retreating (see Biar; Tarragona, p. 472). The locality is highly Salvator Rosa-like, both land and sea-ways, until the road emerges into a cultivated plain. *Hospitalet* is so called because founded by an Arragonese prince for the reception of way-worn pilgrims; it is strengthened with a square and machicolated tower. Now the vineyards recommence, and continue to fringe the coast for 30 L. The red wines are strong, the muscadels de-

licious. Much brandy is also made, which is sent to Cadiz to convert bad St. Lucar wine into "pale and golden" sherry: during the time of the slovenly vintage, all these villages are redolent with wine, and stained with the blood of the grape. *Cambrils* is a vinous town, popⁿ. 2000; here the palm and aloe flourish. It was inhumanly sacked in 1711 by the troops of Philip V., under the cruel M^s. de los Velez. Approaching *Villa Seca*, the busy town of *Reus* sparkles to the l., while, in front, Tarragona lords it over its fertile *campo*,—seated on a rock-built eminence, the tiers of wall and bastion rising one above another, while the cathedral seems the donjon-keep of the imposing outline. The shipping come close under the mole to the r.; while the aqueduct connects the mass with the *Fuerte del Olivo*, on the other side. Passing the *Francoli*, either through it or over a narrow Moorish-looking bridge, Tarragona is entered by the modern gate of San Carlos. For Tarragona see next Section, p. 470.

SECTION VI.

C A T A L O N I A.

CONTENTS.

The Principality; Character of the Country and Natives, their Commerce and Smuggling; History; and best Authors to consult.

ROUTE XLI.—AMPOSTA TO FRAGA.

Tortosa; Mequinenza.

ROUTE XLII.—TORTOSA TO TARRAGONA.

TARRAGONA.

Reus and Poblet.

ROUTE XLIII.—TARRAGONA TO BARCELONA.

Arbos; Ordal.

BARCELONA.

ROUTE XLIV.—BARCELONA TO GERONA.

Montserrat; Manresa; Cardona; Urgel.

ROUTE XLV.—URGEL TO MONTLUIS.

Puigcerdá.

ROUTE XLVI.—URGEL TO TARASCON.

ROUTE XLVII.—URGEL TO BONAIGUA.

ROUTE XLVIII.—URGEL TO GERONA.

Ripoll; Vich.

ROUTE XLIX.—BARCELONA TO PERPIÑAN.

Hostalrich.

ROUTE L.—BARCELONA TO PERPIÑAN.

Mataró; Gerona; La Bispal.

ROUTE LI.—GERONA TO ST. LAURENT.

ROUTE LII.—GERONA TO PERPIÑAN.

Figueras.

ROUTE LIII.—FIGUERAS TO ROSAS.

The most interesting Routes are xliv. and those in the Pyrenees; the Springs and Autumns are delicious on the coast; but the mountain districts should only be visited in Summer.

THE principality of Catalonia—*Cataluña*—constitutes the north-eastern corner of the Peninsula: in form it is triangular, with the Mediterranean Sea for the base. It is bounded to the N. by the Pyrenees, W. by Arragon, S. by Valencia. It contains about 1000 square L., and a population exceeding a million, and increasing. The sea-board extends about 68 L., and to the north is girdled by the spurs of the Pyrenees. The coast opens to the S. after the bay of Rosas, but is destitute of good harbours. It is a province of mountains and plains. The former to the N.W. are covered with snow, the lesser hills with wood, the valleys with verdure, and each is watered by its rivulet. This barrier between Spain and France is intersected by picturesque and tangled tracts, well known to the smuggler. One high road by Gerona passes into France: the only other high roads run to Zaragoza and Valencia, and are good. It is in contemplation to make a new *Carretera* from Barcelona to Madrid, by Mora del Ebro, and Molina de Arragon: thus a distance of 100 miles will be saved between the

capital and its Manchester. There is some talk of a railroad from Mataró to the frontier, and of another to Tortosa. Meanwhile commerce drags its circuitous route either by Almansa and Valencia, or by Calatayud and Zaragoza. The active and industrious Catalans are amongst the best tradesmen, innkeepers, and carriers of Spain; indeed "*Vamos al Catalan*" is equivalent in many places to going to a shop. The transport of manufactures has raised up a tribe of *Caleseros*, *Carreteros*, and *Arrieros*, as well as of *Venteros*, at whose taverns they put up: long habits of traffic have accustomed them to the road, its wants and accommodations. The diligence system of Spain commenced here.

The principal rivers empty themselves into the Mediterranean. They are the Fluvia, near Figueras, the Ter near Gerona, the Llobregat, near Barcelona, and the Francolí, near Tarragona: but the Ebro is the grand aorta, receiving in its course a host of tributaries. The Cenia divides this province from Valencia, and with it we may be said to leave the *tierra caliente*, or the hot zone, which extends to the S.E. from Andalucia. The climate and productions now vary according to the elevations: the hills are cold and temperate, the maritime strips warm and sunny; but whether climate or soil be favourable or not, the industry and labour of the Catalan surmounts difficulties, and the terraced rocks are forced to yield food, *De las piedras sacan panes*, while in the valleys, by patience, the mulberry leaf becomes satin. The Tarragona district, as in the days of Pliny, produces wines, which, when *rancios*, or matured by age, are excellent; the best of those are of *Benicarló*, and the delicious sweet malvoises of *Sitges*. Nuts, commonly called Barcelona nuts, are also a great staple. The *Algarroba*, or carob-pod, is the usual food for animals, and sometimes for men. The cereal productions, except near Urgel, are deficient, and, as well as cattle, are supplied from Arragon. The abundance of sea-fish, however, compensates; and this pursuit renders the Catalans some of the best sailors of Spain. The principality abounds in barrilla, especially near Tortosa. Marbles and minerals are found in the mountains, with jaspers and alabasters, and the finest at Tortosa and Cervera. Iron is plentiful in the Pyrenees, and coal at Ripoll and Tortosa. The salt mountain of Cardona is quite unique. There are eight cathedral towns, of which Tarragona the metropolitan, and Barcelona are the most interesting. Catalonia has never produced much art or literature; commerce and the utilitarian have been the engrossing pursuits, especially during the last four centuries. The objects best worth seeing are the Pyrenees, the salt mines of Cardona, the convent of Montserrat, and the town and antiquities of Tarragona. The ecclesiastical architecture partakes more of the Norman-Gothic than is usual in Spain.

The Catalans are not very courteous or hospitable to strangers, whom they fear and hate. They are neither French nor Spaniards, but *sui generis* both in language, costume, and habits; indeed the rudeness, activity, and manufacturing industry of the districts near Barcelona, are enough to warn the traveller that he is no longer in high-bred, indolent Spain. Remnants of the Celtiberian, they sigh after their former independence; and no province of the unallegamating bundle which forms the conventional monarchy of Spain hangs more loosely to the crown than Catalonia, this classical country of revolt, which is ever ready to fly off: rebellious and republicans, well may the natives wear the blood-coloured cap of the much prostituted name of liberty. They and their country are the curse and weakness of Spain, and the perpetual governmental difficulty. Catalonia is the spoilt child of the Peninsular family, to which, although the most wayward and unruly, the rest of the brood are sacrificed. The Catalans, intensely selfish, have little sympathy with the other provinces; while their active, enduring, and turbulent character renders them more than a match for their passive

indolence. However rude their manners, *it is said* that when well-known, they are true, honest, honourable, and rough diamonds. Their language is suited to their character, as they speak a harsh Lemosin, with a gruff enunciation. The '*Diccionario Manual*,' by Roca y Cerdá, 8vo., Barcelona, 1824, is a useful interpreter between the Spanish and Catalan. The Catalonians, powerfully constituted physically, are strong, sinewy, and active, patient under fatigue and privation, brave, daring, and obstinate, preferring to die rather than to yield. They form the raw material of excellent soldiers and sailors, and have always, when well commanded, proved their valour and intelligence on sea and land. Commerce and freedom, which usually enlighten mankind, have never extinguished their superstition; thus Barcelona alone, in 1788, contained 82 churches, 19 convents, 18 nunneries, besides oratories, etc. (Ponz, xiv. 7). These fierce republicans and defiers of the sceptre have ever bowed abjectly to the cowl and crosier; like the Valencians, while they tremble to disobey a monk-enjoined form, they do not scruple to kill a man; but their ancestors were the first to deify Augustus, while alive. They set an example of servility to Spaniards, who at last were despised, even by Tiberius, for erecting temples to him (Tac. An. i. 78, iv. 37).

The Catalonians, under the Arragonese kings, during the 13th century, took a great lead in maritime conquest and jurisprudence. Trade was never thought here to be a degradation until the province was annexed to the proud Castiles, when the first heavy blow was dealt to its prosperity. Then ensued the constant insurrections, wars, and military occupations, which crushed peace-loving commerce. To these succeeded the French invasion, and the loss of the S. American colonies. The former export trade has consequently dwindled down, with the exception of Cuba, to the home market, and there it is met by the competition with France and England. Catalonia is to the former what Gibraltar is to the latter, that is, the inlet of contraband goods. "Everybody smuggles," (see p. 323), especially the custom-house officers, commissioners, and preventive guards. The plea of "protecting the infant manufactures of the country," by heavy duties, against foreign wares, is the official cloak under which prohibited goods are clandestinely introduced. The English import into Spain about a million and a half in value, and take at least double, in wine, oil, fruit, and other Spanish produce; hence the exchange is usually in favour of Spain. The French manage things better; they sell about three millions, and purchase about one and a half.

The manufactures of Catalonia are not much more than a blind, as is proved by Marliani, and all who understand the subject; nor can they supply one-third of the national consumption. If the number of spindles alleged to exist here were true, Spain ought to consume more than double the raw cotton that she really does. The Catalans are the advocates of total prohibition; and what has it availed them? In spite of bounties and protections, their manufactures are, as they always have been, quite second-rate compared to those of France and England. Our trade with Barcelona, the commercial capital of Spain, was once extensive, but now it scarcely exists beyond sending coal and machinery, for the French have completely ousted us; indeed many Catalans are not much more than agents for the smuggling French goods, which are frequently introduced with counterfeit marks, and as if of Spanish manufacture. Once abolish the prohibitory system, and both these interests would fall to the ground. To the N. of Spain, thus hermetically sealed, one-third of all the cotton goods of France are sent. Open the trade, and give a fair stage and no favour, then England, with her cheaper and better wares, must get the lion's share—*hinc illæ lacrymæ!*—hence these powerful, rich, active, and well-organised interests oppose every mention of commercial treaties or alterations of

tariffs. A Gallo-Catalan conspiracy bribes the government commissioners, tampers with their reports, purchases the venal press, and if all that fails, threatens, as an *ultima ratio*, a rebellion. The whole Peninsula suffers, and is pauperised and demoralised, from these intrigues, for a commercial tariff is the only remedy which might drag this ill-fated country from her financial slough of despond. Such a change would infinitely more benefit Spain than England; and yet the monopolist opponents re-echo the old story, old as the time of Philip IV., that the “golden trade” of Spain is of *vital importance* to England; and that a treaty is urged on by us to save *our* people from absolute starvation. This nonsense is disseminated by legions of *commis voyageurs*, gentlemen who hate razors, truth, and soap, and who now invade Spain; for to them this commerce is indeed of vital importance; but England, that “nation of shop-keepers” forsooth, sends no travellers for commissions, bribes no newspapers, nay, it would seem as if Spain’s custom were beneath the notice of our princely merchants.

Meanwhile (for the crime of absurd tariffs, sooner or later, is visited on the offender), the Spanish treasury is the real loser, and *finance* is, and always has been, the dry-rot, the weakness of the *bisoño* misgovernment; however, to abuse free trade and Manchester is just now the staple of Catalonian conversation, which is neither amusing nor conciliatory to the stranger. Wherever society is engrossed with bales, dollars, and envy, it assumes the worst form of counting-house second-rate. Catalonia is, therefore, no place for the man of pleasure, taste, or literature. The lower orders are brutal, when compared to the frivolous Valencian or the gay Andalusian; nor have they the good manners of the high-bred peasant of the central provinces. Their costume, like their painted stuccoed houses, is rather Genoese than Spanish. The men wear long loose cloth or plush trousers of dark colours, instead of the Valencian *Bragas* or Andalusian *Calzones*. These trousers come so high up to the armpits that they are all *breeches* and no body, therein alone differing from the French *sans-culotte*, whose cap and revolutionary qualities are identical with theirs. The gay silken Spanish sash, *faja*, is, however, indispensable. Their jackets are very short, and hang in fine weather over their shoulders. In winter they wear a sort of *capote*, or *gambote*, which supplants the Spanish *capa*. Another peculiarity in the head gear is that they neither wear the *sombrero gacho* of the S., nor the *montera* of the central provinces, but a *gorro*, or red or purple cap, of which the Phrygian bonnet was the type; the end either hangs down on one side or is doubled up and brought over the forehead. As their complexions are cadaverous, their faces generally unshorn, and their expressions harsh and high-treasonable, this Robespierre blood-coloured cap of liberty fits them well; the wearers are fond of broils, are gross feeders, and given to wine, which they often drink after the fashion of the Rhytium and phallovitrobolic vessels of antiquity; they do not touch the glass with their lips, but hold up the *porron*, or round-bellied bottle with a spout, at arm’s length, pouring the cooled liquor into their mouths in a vinous parabola; they never miss the mark, while a stranger generally inundates either his nose or his neckcloth. The women are fit to marry and breed Catalans. In general they are on a large scale, neither handsome nor amiable. They lack the beauty of the *Valenciana*, the *gracia y aire* of the *Andaluza*. The ordinary costume is a tight boddice, with a handkerchief *mocado*, or a serge *manto* on the head. Their amethyst and emerald earrings are quite Moorish, and so large and heavy as to be supported by threads hung over the ears. The better classes are better dressed. The ladies, however, frequently wear caps under their *mantillas*, a heresy in true Spanish costume, and only done in Seville by invalids. Besides a local unintelligible language, the Catalonians have local coins, *ardites*, weights, and measures, differing from the Spanish,

and perplexing the stranger; and they usually reckon by *pesetas*, not *reals*, which represent the old *libra catalana*, the French *livre* or franc.

The history of Catalonia is soon told. France, from the earliest period, here began her aggressions, and the Celtic Gaul invaded and harassed the Iberian. The border races at last united, by a compromise rare in the history of rival neighbours, into the *Celtiberian*, which, partaking of both stocks, inherited the qualities of each, and became the most aurivorous, cruel, perfidious, warlike, and brave population of the Peninsula. Catalonia was the first conquest of Rome; and here that empire, raised by the sword, first fell by the sword, for by this province the Goths also entered Spain, and it still bears the record in the name *Gothalunia*. The Goths were welcomed by the people oppressed by the rapine and extortion of Roman governors, and bands of *Bacaudæ* or *Bagaudæ* rose against them, as in our times against the French; the Goths were dispossessed by the Moors, or rather the Berbers, the real ravagers of the Peninsula; these in due time were beaten by the Spaniards, aided by the troops of Charlemagne, whose principle was to uphold all who were enemies to the Kalif of Cordova; when the Moslem was driven back beyond the Ebro, the reconquered province was divided into departments or *Veguerias*, and governed by deputed counts. The national liberties were secured by a code of *Usages*, and the people were represented by local parliaments, or *Universidades*. The sovereignty became hereditary about 1040, in the person of Ramon Berenguer, who allied himself with the French and Normans; hence the introduction of their style of architecture. Catalonia was united to Arragon in 1137, by the marriage of Ramon Berenguer IV. with Petronila, the heiress of Ramiro el Monje; and both were incorporated with Castile by the marriage of Ferdinand with Isabella, being inherited by Charles V., their grandson.

Always hankering after former independence, Catalonia has never ceased to be a thorn to all its foreign possessors. It rebelled against Pedro III. of Arragon, in 1277 and 1283; again in 1460, against Juan II., by espousing the cause of his son Don Carlos, and afterwards by declaring itself a republic, which was not suppressed until 1472. It yielded only a surly allegiance to the Austrian dynasty while in vigour; but in 1640, seizing on Philip IV.'s infirmity as its opportunity, it threw itself into the arms of Louis XIII., who proclaimed himself Count of Barcelona, taking, in 1642, Perpignan, the great object of Richelieu, and thus depriving Spain of Roussillon, her north-eastern bulwark, at the moment when she lost her western in Portugal. This insurrection, put down in 1652, was renewed in 1689. Louis XIV., at the peace of the Bidasoa 1660, guaranteed to Catalonia her liberties, which his grandson Philip V. abolished altogether, having previously carried fire and sword over the ill-fated province. Then was laid on, as a punishment, a heavy income-tax, in lieu of all other Spanish imposts, but this, by unfettering commerce, proved to be a saving benefit, since the native industry expanded once more. In our later times there never has been an insurrection, whether for the French or against them, whether for a Servile or Liberal faction, in which the Catalans have not taken the lead. They have espoused every opinion and cause, constant only in a desire to rebel, decentralize themselves, and regain their former liberties and monopolies. The Catalan, placed between two fires, and alternately the dupe and victim of Spain and France, has no reason to love his neighbours, although willing to side with either, whenever, as the case may be, it suits his private and local interests. This has always been a marked, and perhaps necessary policy on the Pyrenean frontier, and is the result of *position*. Thus Munuza, the Berber chief of Cerdaña, and Amoroz, the Emir of Huesca, sided with the French against the Cordovese Moors. Thus at Gerona the townsfolk

allied themselves alternately with Pepin and Soleyman. Thus at Zaragoza they called in Charlemagne, and then when delivered from their enemy, turned round against their protectors, refusing to admit them into their walled towns, violating every promise, attacking them when returning home, and abusing them afterwards, just as the Spaniards in our days behaved to their English deliverers: see La Coruña. Nowhere does fear and hatred against France rankle in reality so deeply as in Catalonia. “Nulle part ailleurs,” says Foy (iv. 137), “les pères ne transmettent aux enfans plus de haine contre les Français leurs voisins. Ils leur reprochent de les avoir entraînés pendant le 17^{me}. siècle, dans les révoltes continuelles contre les Rois d’Espagne, et de les avoir abandonnés ensuite au ressentiment d’un maître outragé.” It was always so from the time of the Celts, and never burnt stronger than under the Goths. Bishop Julian, in Wamba’s time (A.D. 672), does not mince matters or words, in his stinging records of the perfidy, atheism, and terrorism of the French invaders (E. S., vi. 536). Such truths, if now told, would be resented as positive libels, but those who will compare the many subsequent transactions, whether under Louis XIV., the Republic, Buonaparte, or Louis Philippe, will find that a something remains unchanged and unchangeable in national character, conduct, and consequences. The Berber-like Catalans may just now seem friendly to their neighbours, in order to use them in abetting their anti-commercial opposition to Esparterist treaties; but give them both time and full swing, and they will return to their fear-engendered hatred. The French can no more play on the Catalan guitar, than the blundering meddlers in Hamlet could govern the stops of his pipe, and the honest smuggler will eventually bring things to their true level.

The best authorities on Catalonia are ‘*Chroniques de Espaya*,’ Miguel Carbonell, Bk. Lr. fol. Barcelona, 1547; ‘*Historia de los Condes*,’ Fro. Diago, fol. Bar.^a 1603; ‘*Coronica*,’ Geronimo Pujades, fol., Bar.^a 1609; or better far the new edition, 8 vols. 4to., Bar.^a 1829-32; ‘*Historia*,’ Bart.^e Desclot, fol., Bar.^a 1616; ‘*Idea del Principado*,’ Josef Pellicer, 8vo., Antwerp, 1642. For Philip IV.’s wars, the ‘*Historia de los Movimientos*,’ by Fro. Manuel de Melo, 4to., Lisboa, 1645, or the Sancha edition, Mad. 1808. Also ‘*Anales de Cataluña*,’ Narciso, Felju de la Peña y Farell, 3 vols. fol., Bar.^a 1709; also, the ‘*Memoirs of Duplop*.’ For the wars of succession, Lord Mahon’s excellent history. For commercial history, ‘*Memorias sobre la Marina*,’ Arit.^e Capmany, 4 vols. 4to., Mad. 1779-92; and ‘*ElCodigo o Libro del Consulado*,’ 2 vol. 4to., Mad. 1791, by the same able author. For the ecclesiastical, Florez, ‘*E. S.*,’ xxiv., Parte i. 2; and for Roman inscriptions, the ‘*Syloge*’ of Josef Finestres.

Those who enter Catalonia from Valencia (R. xl.), may, if going to Zaragoza, turn off from Amposta (p. 459) joining the Barcelona high road either at Fraga or Lérida (see R. cxxvi.). This cross route is scarcely carriageable; it is better to ride it.

ROUTE XLI.—AMPOSTA TO FRAGA.

Tortosa	2	
Jerta	2½	4½
Pinell	2	6½
Miravet	2	8½

Mora de Ebro	2	10½
Asco	2	12½
Flix	1	13½
Tayá	3	16½
Mequinenza	3	19½
Fraga	3	22½

Ascending the banks of the Ebro we reach Tortosa, a picturesque scrambling old town placed on a sloping eminence, and parted by a cleft or *barranco*; it rises grandly with its fortified walls, castle, and cathedral, over the river. It has an imposing look when seen

from the *Roquetas*, on the opposite bank. To the l. is the outwork *Tenajas*, a suburb, and the castle; above are the forts San Pico and Orleans. The Ebro is subject to inundations, and the bridge of boats is contrived to meet these risings and falls. Small ships come up from the Mediterranean; the quay has been compared to the Ripa Grande of Rome. The river higher up ceases to be navigable on account of *La Cherta*, the fall of which sometimes is 15 feet, and like that of old London Bridge.

Tortosa contains between 10,000 and 11,000 souls; the *posadas* are very bad; it is a dull town, with narrow streets. The houses are marked with the local character of solidity; the territory around is very fertile in fruit, wine, oil, corn, and green herbs; it is watered with numerous *Norias*. Vast quantities of soda are made; the fish is excellent, especially the sturgeon and lamprey. The hills abound with coal, minerals, and marbles, and the magnificent jaspers of Tortosa; the *montes reales* produce fine pine timber. The wild-fowl shooting in the salt marshes, all the way down the Ebro, is first-rate.

Tortosa, Dertosa, is of extreme antiquity; it was an important city of the Ilercaones, and was called by the Romans "Julia Augusta Dertosa," whence the modern name. It had a mint. The coins are described by Cean Ber. 'S.' 30, and Florez. 'M.' i. 376; for the history, see 'E. S.,' xlii.

According to Martorell the local annalist, Tubal first settled at Tortosa, Hercules followed, and then St. Paul, whose local name here is San Pau, and who here instituted as bishop Monseñor Ruf (Rufus, Ep. Rom. xvi. 13). Be this as it may, it is certain that under the Moors Tortosa became, in the words of the conqueror, "*gloria populorum et decor universæ terræ*," and was the key of the Ebro and of this coast, just as Almeria was in the south. It was besieged in 809 by Louis Le Débonnaire, son of Charlemagne, who

was beaten off. He returned, however, in 811, and captured the town. It was soon recovered by the Moors, and became a nest of pirates, and a thorn to Italian commerce. Hence Eugenius III. proclaimed a crusade against it, and the place was taken in 1148, *nominally*, by the Spaniards under Ramon Berenguer, but in reality by the Templars, Pisans, and Genoese, who fought and gained the battle, just as they had previously done at the S. pirate port of Almeria. The Spaniards were in utter want of everything, although Ramon had taken even the sacred plate of the churches of Barcelona. The Moors made a desperate attempt, in 1149, to recover Tortosa, and nearly succeeded, for the inhabitants, reduced to despair, meditated, like the Saguntines, killing their wives and children. One husband, *splendidé mendax*, revealed the plan to his spouse, who collected and armed all the women, and, encouraged by the Virgin, managed that the foe should be deceived by the report of an arrival of relieving troops: the women then mounted the battlements, while the men sallied forth and routed the Moors. Don Ramon Berenguer, in consequence, decorated them with a red military scarf, the order of *La Hacha*. The considerate monarch also permitted these Amazons to receive dresses free from duty, and at marriages to precede the men.

Tortosa was taken by the French under Orleans (afterwards the Regent), July 15, 1708, who compelled the garrison, in defiance of the laws of civilized warfare, to enlist in the French service. This bulwark of Valencia and Catalonia surrendered shamefully in the recent war. Gen. Lilli (Conde de Alacha), who had fled, worthy of his title, from the rout of Tudela, was in command there in July, 1811, with 7179 men. This veritable *lache* had made no sort of preparations for defence; nay, untaught by the past, he even neglected the S.E. approaches, by which the French had entered in 1708.

Suchet arrived in December, 1811, and, as usual, bombarded the town. A feeble resistance was made, for the women of old were even wanting. Alacha, in the hour of danger, lost what his friends call his head; and such was the indecent haste to surrender, that three white flags were waving at one and the same time, hoisted by separate parties. Thus were lost, on the 1st of January, 1812, all the magazines supplied by the English. Alacha was tried for cowardice, condemned to death, and pardoned by Ferdinand XII., like the La Peñas, &c. Quidquid multis peccatum, inultum.

The Gothic cathedral occupies the site of a mosque, built in 914 by Abdu-r-rahman, as a Cufic inscription preserved behind the *Sacristia* recorded. The name of the tower, *Al-mudena*, is an evident corruption of the *Al Mueddin*, or the summoner of the faithful to prayers. The cathedral was dedicated to the Virgin in 1158-78, by the Bp. Gaufredo. The chapter was formed on a conventual plan, the canons living in community after the rules of the order of St. Augustine; this arrangement was confirmed in 1155 by Adrian IV. (Breakspeare, the English pope), and the identical curious bull is printed in the 'E. S.' xlii. 303. The present cathedral, raised in 1347, has a fine approach, but the principal classical façade, with massive Ionic pillars, has been modernised, and with its heavy cornice is out of character with the Gothic interior; there also the demon of *churruquerismo* has been at work. The E. end terminates with a semicircular absis. The *Coro* is placed around the high altar, and not in the central nave, as is more usual. The *Silleria*, with rich Corinthian ornaments, "poppy-heads," and saints, was carved by Christobal de Salamanca, 1588-93. The ancient pulpits with basso relieves deserve notice. The beautiful *reja del coro* was raised by Bp. Gaspar Punter, and is enriched with jaspers and Berruguete details. The iron

reja to the high altar is equally remarkable: the modern overdone organs are sadly out of character. The cathedral is full of precious marbles, especially the chapel of the *Cinta*, but the paintings on the cupola, and the style of architecture, are beggarly, when compared to the materials. The baptismal font is said to have belonged to Benedict XIII., who also gave his golden chalice to the chapter. The *relicario* is rich in bones, for the invader only removed the gold and silver mountings. Observe in the *Capilla de Sa. Candia*, the inscriptions of the tombs of the four first bishops, Gaufredo, ob. 1165; Ponce, ob. 1193; Gombal, ob. 1212; and Ponce de Torrellas, ob. 1254: observe also the tomb of Bp. Tena. Look at the portal leading to the cloister and its five statues. A small portion, also, of the original conventual building yet remains, and a curious old chapel with red and green pillars. Adrian VI. was Bp. of Tortosa.

The great Palladium of the cathedral and the city is the *Cinta*. The history of Tortosa, by Fr. Martorell de Luna, 12mo., 2 vols., Tortosa, 1626, is mainly dedicated to this girdle, which the Virgin, attended by St. Peter and St. Paul, brought down in person from heaven in 1178, and delivered herself to a priest, whose name and the why and wherefore are unknown; there is, however, a poem on the subject in Latin and Spanish by José Beltran y Ruis. This happy idea was borrowed from the *Cistus* of Venus and the *cingulum* of Claudia (Lactantius, 'Or. Er.' ii. 7); and Prato, in Italy, can also boast its *Sacra cintola*. The *Cinta* appears to those who lack faith to be nothing more or less than a Catalan *Redecilla* of brown silk: that, however, which the Virgin gave to Simon Stock was a leather strap, like the *Correa* bestowed by her on St. Augustine. A grand mass is performed to this *Cinta* every second Sunday in October. The gift was declared authentic in 1617, by Paul V., and to justify his infallibility it works every sort of miracle,

especially in obstetric cases. It is brought out to defend the town on all occasions of public calamity. It failed in the case of Suchet, although combined with some of the oil from the lamp of S^a. Candia. She and S^a. Cordula were two of the 11,000 virgins, and are patronesses of the cathedral and Tortosa. This oil rivals Macassar, and cures tumors in the neck, or *Lam-parones*, like S^a. Engracia's at Zaragoza, while S^a. Cordula keeps down inundations of the Ebro. In the spring of 1822 the *Cinta* of this modern Minerva Medica was brought in solemn procession to Aranjuez, in order to facilitate the accouchement of the two infantas. *Vocata partubus Lucina veris adfuit.*

"Montium custos nemorumque Virgo,
Quæ laborantes uero puellas
Ter vocata audis."

The Barbary Moors have a cannon at Tangers by which a Christian ship was sunk, and across this their women sit to obtain an easy delivery. In all ages and countries where the science of midwifery has made small progress, it is natural that some spiritual assistance should be contrived for perils of such inevitable recurrence as childbirth. The panacea in Italy was the girdle of St. Margaret, which became the type of this *Cinta* of Tortosa. This was resorted to by the monks in all cases of difficult parturition. It was supposed to benefit the sex, because when the devil wished to eat up St. Margaret, the Virgin bound him with her sash, and he became tame as a lamb. This accoucheur sash also produced others, and in the 17th century it had multiplied so exceedingly, that a traveller affirmed "if all were joined together, they would reach all down Cheapside;" but the natural history of relics is too well known to be enlarged upon. The arms of Tortosa are a castle and the Virgin standing, holding the *Cinta*, with the motto, *Amparanos a la sombra de tus alas*: see also Moya, '*Rasgo*,' p. 333.

The *Colegio*, founded in 1362 by Bart^e. Ponz, was improved in 1528,

and confirmed as a college in 1545: the elegant and classical cloisters are Doric and Ionic, with medallions of royal personages from Ramon Berenguer downwards, wrought in a fine Arragonese style. In the church of S^a. Juan is the grand sepulchre and kneeling figure of Bishop Jⁿ. B^a. Veschi, obt. 1660; here also is a miracle-working crucifix: with all these supernatural aids, the chief miracle is how the French have so often and so easily taken Tortosa.

Here, in 1836, Nogueras, Mina readily consenting, put to death, in cold blood, the old mother of Cabrera, to revenge his defeat by her son. The recollections of the ancient sex of Tortosa might here, at least, have saved one female victim. Well said the old Cid—

"Con Mugeres teneis manos!
Por Dios! bravos Caballeros!"

This unmanly act was received with shouts of disgust in England, and of applause in Spain. Nogueras, to quiet our representations, was disgraced *pro formâ*; but the act was lauded by the press of Zaragoza, whose national guard petitioned to have the "prudent and vigorous" officer reinstated in command, which he was; and he was actually, in 1843, the favourite popular candidate for the representation of Madrid, and he would well and truly have represented the majority of his constituents (compare Durango). The old lady died like a man, and was a true daughter of the former Amazons of Tortosa, and mother to brave sons. But in all times the women of Spain have distinguished themselves in fight and death. The heroines of Appian (B. H. 499) were truly represented by the maids of Zaragoza. In the last war, next to the monks, the women were among the best and bravest; they often stood to the breach when the Alachas ran away.

Leaving Tortosa the road continues along the basin of the Ebro to Mora, a town of 3500 souls, which had two singular local tribunals, called *Del*

Bayle, of the Baili Bailiff, and "*Del Prohombre*," of the Prudhomme, granted by Juan Conde de Prades, in 1400. They acted as checks on each other, for such is the *divide et impera* of Spain's distrustful misgovernors. *Flir* is girdled by the Ebro in a bosom of fertility. The irrigation is managed by a canal, which is supplied by a large *Noria*, water-work. There is a good quarry of stone, which was used for the new front of the Tortosa cathedral. The corn of Arragon is drawn from hence down the river in boats for Catalonia. *Mequinenza*, with about 1500 souls, rises boldly over the Segre and Ebro, which it commands; here is a ferry-boat. The castle, once the palace of the M^s. de Aitona, crowns the steeps; inaccessible except to the west, it was of great importance in the War of Succession, as forming a central point between Lérida and Tortosa. It was besieged as a key of the Ebro, in May 1811, by Gen^l. Musnier, and was defended by Manuel Carbon with 1200 men; but on the 4th and 5th of June the French got into the town, which they sacked and burnt, and the castle capitulated on the 8th. Suchet, the same evening, sent a detachment against Morella, which surrendered at once in the general panic; and thus these keys were won. *Mequinenza*, which afterwards protected Suchet's retreat, was gained by stratagem. One Juan Van Halen deserted from the French, bringing away their cypher; forged orders were thus made out by the Baron de Eroles, whereby the governors of Lérida, *Mequinenza*, and Monson were deceived, and the places recovered from the enemy.

Now the road branches off, to Fraga 3 L., and to Lérida, after passing the Segre, 7, through Aitona, 3 L. from *Mequinenza*. For the communication between Zaragoza and Barcelona, by Fraga and Lerida, see R. cxxvi.

ROUTE XLII.—TORTOSA TO
TARRAGONA.

Venta de los Ajos . . .	2
Al Perelló	3 .. 5

Hospitalet	3 .. 8
Cambrils	2½ .. 10½
Reus	1½ .. 12
Tarragona	2 .. 14

There is much talk of a railroad from Tortosa to Barcelona; meanwhile mules perform the office of locomotives. For Perelló, see R. xl.; and Reus, p. 476. The best inns at Tarragona are those of Jose Ardits, *La Fontana de Oro*, on the Rambla, and *El Meson Nuevo*, C^e. de S^a. Carlos, where the diligences and galeras put up. The best works to consult are '*Grandezas de Tarragona*,' Luys Pons de Ycart, 12mo. Lérida, 1572; the '*E. S.*,' vols. xxiv. xxv.; for the coinage, Florez, '*M.*' ii. 579; and for the Roman inscriptions, Cean Ber. '*Sumo*.' 8.

TARRAGONA, rising above the Francoli and the sea, on a rock 760 feet high, was selected by the Phœnicians as a maritime settlement, and called *Tarchon*, which Bochart interprets, a "citadel;" and such ever has been, and still is, the appearance and character of this "*Arce potens Tarraco*." The Romans, however, who never understood either the Iberian or Punic languages (Cicero de Div. ii. 64), just Latinised the original names of places. It was conveniently situated for communication with Rome, and was made the winter residence of the Prætor: its natural advantages are unchanged. The fertile plain and "*aprica littora*" of Martial (i. 50. 21), and the wines of "*vitifera Lale-tania*," the rivals of the Falernian, still remain as described by Plin. '*N. H.*' xiv. 16, and Mart. xiii. 118. The brothers, Publius and Cneius Scipio, first occupied Tarragona, which Augustus raised to be the capital. Here he wintered (26 B. C.), returning from the Cantabrian campaign; here he issued the decree which closed the temple of Janus. The Ebro previously had been the line which divided Spain into two provinces, into the Citerior and Ulterior, but Augustus, when the Peninsula was finally subdued, re-

arranged it into three provinces, viz.—the Bætican, Lusitanian, and Tarragonian. The latter he reserved for himself, giving the other two to the senate; but the necessity of keeping the army in the N. to repress the restless Cantabrians and Celtiberians, virtually secured to himself the lion's share and the real power over all three. His greatness was reflected on the capital; it was called Tarraco, "*Colonia victrix togata turrita*," togata being equivalent to imperial, since the *gens togata* were the lords of the world. It was made a *conventus juridicus*, or *audiencia*; had a mint, and temples to every god, goddess, and tutelar, as now. The natives erected one to the emperor, "*Divo Augusto*," thus making him a god while yet alive, and the language used in our days to Ferd. VII. equalled this Iberian deification. But it was only lip-service: thus, when Augustus departed out of sight, he was out of mind, and a palm-tree grew from his neglected altar; and when they sent to inform him of this omen of victory, he drily replied "How little you must have sacrificed on it to me" (Quintilian, 'Inst. Or.' vi. 3. 77). This temple was afterwards repaired by Adrian, and the fragments in the cloisters of the cathedral *are said* to have belonged to it. The city and port were taken by the Goths, but not destroyed; for it also became their capital, had a mint, and here a council was held, Nov. 6, 516. It was utterly destroyed by the Moors under Tarif, who like true Oriental annihilators "made of the city a heap" (Isaiah xxv. 2), and the ruins remained uninhabited for four centuries. The Metropolitan dignity, removed by the Goths to *Vich*, was restored in 1089. Tarrakuna, or rather the site, in 1118 was granted by San Oldegar of Barcelona, to Robert Burdet, a Norman chief, a warrior, as his Norse name *Burda*, to fight, explains. His wife, Sibylla, during her husband's absence, kept armed watch on the walls, and beat back the Moors. The city grew to be

a frontier fortress, and nothing more; for Christian commerce centred at Barcelona, while Moorish traffic preferred Valencia.

Tarragona, in the War of Succession, was taken by the gallant Peterborough. It was invested by Suchet in May, 1813, and was defended by Contreras. The land-key of Tarragona is the fort on the *Monte Olivo*, which was gained on the 29th, while the Spaniards were changing the garrison, a traitor having revealed to the French an entrance by the aqueduct, which was left unsecured; thus David got into the stronghold of Zion by the "gutter" (2 Sam. v. 8). The lower town was stormed and taken June the 21st, and the upper on the 28th. The women and children who crowded to the English boats, the Spaniards refusing to embark them, were mowed down by grape-shot, as at Lérida. The horrors perpetrated by the troops on entering the wretched city, surpass anything ever recorded in barbarian warfare. The blood curdles at the authentic details given by Southey (ch. 38) and Schepeler (iii. 425). Suchet ordered and encouraged every atrocity, for with cold-blooded premeditation he had threatened "to intimidate Spain by the destruction of an entire city, and he boasted of his horrors; but no man ever carried out the system of terror more systematically or ferociously than Suchet. See Lérida.

The fatal loss of Tarragona was much owing to the misconduct of Campoverde outside and the Spanish governor Contreras inside, who from jealousy of Sarsfield sent him away with his relieving troops at the most critical moment. It was fairly shared by some of the English, for in June Skerrett had been sent with 1200 British troops to assist the garrison: had they been landed, Suchet would not have dared even to attempt the storm; but, as Napier scornfully remarks (xiii. 6), the "surf, and the enemy's shot, and the opinion of Doyle and Codrington" prevailed. The soldiers were

kept on board, and thus the army and navy of England remained idle spectators of the untoward event, their hesitation at once cheering on the French and dispiriting the Spaniards. Tarragona again witnessed French success and British disgrace; for in 1813, when the Duke was advancing a conqueror into France after Vitoria, he ordered Sir John Murray to attempt Tarragona by a "*brisk attack*," in order to create a diversion and prevent Suchet from marching to aid Soult. Murray, with 14,000 men and the identical artillery which had breached and won Badajoz, sailed, May 31, from Alicante, and arrived June 3 before Tarragona. The citadel was defended by Bertolletti, with only 1600 men. Time was now everything, yet Murray paltered, and Suchet advanced to the relief; at the first idle report of which Murray raised the siege. The indignation of the army was so great that personal insult was offered to him: he forthwith re-embarked, and with such haste that he left behind him his heavy guns and stores, Adm. Hallowell in vain having begged a delay only of six hours to remove them; Murray, unconscious of shame, quietly going to bed and sleep. "The best of the story is," said the Duke, "that *all parties ran away*: Maurice Mathieu ran away, Sir John Murray ran away, so did Suchet." Murray made light of his disgrace, and talked of his guns as "*old iron*," which it was his habit to abandon, as at Biar; colours, at that rate, are but bits of bunting. The loss of this battering-train crippled all the Duke's future operations, compelled him to blockade instead of laying siege to Pamplona, and thus gave an opening to Suchet to advance on his flank in Arragon; and had he been free from jealousies of Soult, combined they might have arrested even Wellington himself in the Pyrenees. The repeated defeats suffered there by Soult single-handed compelled Suchet to evacuate Tarragona, and Aug. 18 he finished his desolating

career by blowing up the chief fortifications. The wretched city has never recovered his visitation: unsightly is the ruin and painful the recollections, and to none more than the Englishman when he reflects on those miserable ministerial mediocrities by whom the energies of this country were misdirected; what excuse can be found for those who, having the choice of a Hill, Picton, Cole, Pakenham, Graham, etc., could select on this E. side men whose whole careers, civil and military, had before been a failure, as ever after.

TARRAGONA is still a *plaza de armas*, by name at least, for it is entirely unprovided: the town contains about 11,000 souls; in the time of the Romans it exceeded a million. It consists of an upper and under town; the under is protected by a range of bastions fronting the Francoli, the port and mole, while an inner line of works protects the rise to the upper town. A wide street, the Rambla, runs at this point almost N. and S., and is defended to the sea-side by the bastion *Carlos V.* The upper town is girdled with ramparts and outworks: that of the memorable *Olivo* should be visited for the view of Tarragona. The walk round the lofty ramparts is striking; even the ruins bear the impress of Cæsar; part of the bases of the enormous Cyclopean walls near the *Quartel de Pilatus* have been thought to be anterior to the Romans. Pontius Pilate, by the way, is claimed by the Tarragonese as having been born here, and his notions of justice savor much of Spanish *Justicia*. This edifice, said to have been the palace of Augustus, was half destroyed by Suchet, and since has been made a prison, the common fate here of lordly edifices of olden times. The bossage work resembles that of Merida and Alcantara; the thickness of the walls in some places exceeds 20 feet. The size of the stones is colossal, and commensurate with the greatness of those who planned and executed this edifice: how different from our act of parliament bricks:

but the Romans did not build on leases for ninety-nine years, and a ground-rent. Many remains of antiquity are constantly found at Tarragona, and as constantly either reburied or mutilated; a few fragments of low art (see p. 107), and among them an Apollo, are huddled away in the *Academia* among other "old stones." Ship loads of antiquities, it is said, were carried off by the English in 1722, and Florez (E. S. xxiv. 2) is grateful to the foreigners for having thus preserved what the *abandono y ignorancia* of his countrymen would have let perish. It is worth while to walk out of the gates of San Antonio and Merced to look at the old walls and striking views of this desolate old town of other days.

Leaving the *Puerta de Sa. Clara*, near the Bastion del Toro, which Suchet ruined, and close to the sea-shore, are a few misshapen remains of what once was an amphitheatre; they have always been used as a quarry, and especially to construct the ancient mole, which was erected by the chapter in 1491, by Arnau Bouchs. The present is the work of one John Smith, a gentleman not easily to be identified. The port at best is bad, and became worse during Suchet's rule, when it was neglected and the accumulations not removed, for a harbour was of small use to him when the English fleet were masters of the "French lake." Since the restoration little has been done, as the port of Salou is more convenient for the merchants of Reus. Tarragona exports nuts, of which vast quantities are gathered in the *Selva de Avellanas*. Portions of a circus 1500 ft. long, but now built over, are to be traced between the bastion of Carlos V. and S^o. Domingo. The site was partly excavated and ascertained in 1754 by an Irishman named Coningham. The stupendous walls near the *Pa. San Antonio*, which overlook the sea, deserve notice. Ancient Tarragona was used up in rebuilding the modern town, as may be seen at the end of the

Rambla in the *Almacen de Artilleria*; and the Roman inscriptions imbedded here and elsewhere are so numerous, that the walls are said to speak Latin. Observe No. 13, *Ce. Escrivanias viejas*, the window and lintel made up of Roman remains, and the singular Hebrew-like inscriptions. There are others also in the courtyard of the archbishop's modern palace and in the cathedral cloister. The bossage stones in the *Campanario* and walls of the cathedral prove that they once belonged to former edifices.

Two ancient monuments situated at a distance from the town have therefore escaped somewhat better: about 1 L. on the road to Lérida to the r. is a superb Roman aqueduct. It spans the dip of a valley from which the loftiest arches rise 96 ft. high; they are double, 11 below and 26 in the upper tier; they diminish in height as they ascend the slopes; the length is 700 ft. The water runs partly underground nearly 20 miles from the "Pont d'Armentara." This aqueduct is called *El Puente de Ferreras*, and by the vulgar *Del Diablo*, giving as usual all praise to "the Devil," as pontifex maximus. In this respect, however, the real devils in Spain were the clergy, as the *Puentes del Obispo, Arzobispo, Cardenal*, etc. best prove: they were truly *Δαίμονες*, or as San Isidoro interpreted the word *Δαίμονες*, skilful and intelligent, and to knowledge they added wealth and beneficence. The church then raised what the revolutionary vandal has since pulled down. The view from above is charming; the lonely rich ochry aqueduct looks truly the work of those times when there were giants on the earth. It was ruined by the Moors, and remained so upwards of 1000 years, until repaired by the Archb. Joaquin de Santiyan de Valdivielso. He died in 1783, leaving funds to complete the work; he was, like Archb. Tenorio, a restorer of bridges, but what he repaired, Suchet destroyed, who broke it down near the Olivo:

his injuries have since been set to rights. See also Merida and Segovia.

Make another excursion 1 L. to the W. of Tarragona, along the sea coast, to a Roman sepulchre, called *La Torre de los Escipiones*, although the real place of their burial is quite unknown. The picturesque road runs amid pine-clad hillocks, which slope down to sheltered bays, where fishermen haul in their heavy nets, and where painted barks sleep on the lazy sea; on the ridges above bird-catchers spread their toils. The monument lies close to the road; two injured figures, in mournful attitudes, stand on the front; the stonework is much corroded: an alabaster inscription was taken down by Card. Ximenez; in that which remains the word *perpetuo* is just legible, as if in mockery; nature, indeed, is perpetual, while man and his works perish, like the memory of a guest who tarrieth but a day. The view towards Tarragona is ravishing; here the beauty of the present is heightened by the poetry of the past. The rock-built city slopes with its lines of wall down to the mole, which is studded with white sails; the vapory distant hills and the blue sea peep through vistas of the red branches of the pines, and glitter through the dark velvet of their tufted heads, and then the sentiment, the classical Claude-like feeling inspired by the grey Roman tomb, whose magnificent inutility worries our calculating capital-scaping and cemetery-compagnied age!

The cathedral and the fortifications are all that deserve notice in modern Tarragona; the former partakes much of the Norman character; the approach, as is usual in Catalonia, and like that of the semi-Norman Amalfi, ascends by a flight of steps from the busy market-place. The effect has been well calculated; as the *high* altar in Spain is raised by steps above the level on which the congregation kneel, so this temple rises above the town: thus everything tends to elevate the priest above the people; they look up to him

and his dwelling, until the transition from a material *superiority* soon passes to one moral and spiritual.

The façade rises to a triangle, with a truncated point; the rose window is superb; it was commenced in 1131 by St. Oldegar, aided by Robert Burdet, who went especially into Normandy for his garrison and architects. Thus, as in Sicily, where his contemporary and countryman Roger employed Norman and Saracenic workmen, a fusion of style is produced, which is to be traced here in the round low arches, the billet and zigzag ornaments in the cloisters, and the circular machicolated end of the cathedral, and its style of towers. The Normans were bitter foes to the Moslems, first, because both were invaders, and secondly, because they had clashed in Sicily and Spain. The northmen never forgot their repulse by Abdu-rahman (see p. 240), and they readily allied themselves with the Catalans, passing either from Sicily in ships, or through France from Normandy. Their impression, however, was short-lived, and the unrecruited race died away, or was assimilated with the more polished people whom they had subdued.

The archives of the cathedral, once among the most complete and curious, were burnt by Suchet; fortunately, an abstract of them had been made in 1802 by the learned canon Domingo Sala, which he permitted us to peruse; that, doubtless, has since perished. The large deeply recessed pointed portal, with the apostles on the sides under Gothic niches, is the work of Cascales, 1375; the façade is earlier, and was finished in 1280 by Archb. Olivella, who retired to the monastery of Cornalbau stinting himself of everything to save money for God's work, instead of making a purse for his family, like a married Protestant prelate. The iron-plated doors, the strange hinges, knockers, and copper *bullæ* were added in 1456, by Archb. Gonzalo, as his arms denote: he lies buried on one side, and to the l. a prelate of

the Medina Celi family. The doorway is divided by a figure of the Virgin and Child, and above is the Saviour, with popes and emperors praying: this singular work is attributed to Bartolomé, 1278. The interior of the cathedral is simple and grandiose; the *Pila* or baptismal font is a Roman bath, or sarcophagus, found in the palace of Augustus; the grand *Retablo* was constructed of Catalonian marbles, by Pedro Juan and Guillen de Mota, in 1426-34. The Gothic pinnacles were once painted and gilt; the principal subjects of the basso-relievos are from the martyrdom of S^a. Tecla, the tutelar of Tarragona; her grand festival is held on the 23rd of September: she was converted by St. Paul, to whom she consecrated her virginity; thereupon Thamiro, to whom she was to have been married, brought an action for this breach of promise; the judges ordered her to be burnt alive, "to terrify other women;" she came unhurt from the furnace, and was then exposed to lions, who only licked her feet, and next to the rage of bulls, and lastly to the lust of soldiers, who resisted a temptation difficult to their habits; after this miracle she took to preaching, and is reckoned the first of female martyrs. No one knows how her body came to Tarragona; at all events, when Pedro IV. wished to seize some of the church property, she gave him such a box on the ear, "*una palmada*," as killed him dead (Ribad. iii. 81), *asi el amor vengia sus agravios*, in spite of the proverb that ladies' hands do not hurt, *manos blancas no ofenden*:* but thus Ceres at Miletus punished the sacrilegious soldiers of Alexander (Val. Max. i. 2). Some popes, influenced by an unworthy jealousy against female

preachers, have pronounced a *few* of her miracles to be apocryphal; but the Tarragonese believe in them all, and pray to her in all difficulties. She has, of course, her chapel here, which was modernised in 1778. It is very rich in red marbles, Corinthian pillars, and poor sculptured relievos of her history by one Carlos Salas. Observe the tomb and costume of the Archb. Olivella.

The gorgeous windows in the transept were painted by Juan Guarsh, 1574; the elegant Gothic chandeliers are modern, and were made at Barcelona; the *Silla del coro* is excellent, and carved in 1478 by Fr^o. Gomar and his son. Observe the archbishop's throne and the *reja*; the organ, one of the best in the province, was designed by Canon Amigo, of Tortosa, a great *amateur*, in 1560. Many tombs here are extremely ancient; behind the altar is that of Cyprian, a Gothic archbishop, 683; observe those in the l. transept, in chests resting on stone corbels; the dates range from 1174 to 1215; several of the deceased were killed in these foray periods (Hugo de Cervellon, Vil-ladez, Moltz, &c.). The *Ca. del Sacramento*, with its noble and truly classical Corinthian portal, was built in 1561-86 by the Archb. Agustin, the first of modern coin collectors, from a design of his own, corrected by the Canon Amigo; he died in 1586, leaving this chapel, and S^a. Tecla, his sole heir; there he is buried; his fine tomb is the work of the celebrated Pedro Blay, 1590; the chapel was originally the refectory of the canons when they lived in community; the roof has been thought to be Roman. Suchet used it as a magazine; the marble *Reto.* is filled with paintings by Isaac Hermes, 1587. Of the sculpture, the Aaron and Melchizedec are by Albrion and Nicolas Larraut, 1588; the bronzes of the *Sagrario* are by Felipe Volters, 1588.

In the r. transept near the *altar del So. Cristo*, observe the rude and most antique ships and crosses let into the walls; the badge of the cathedral is a cross in the shape of an Egyptian Tau.

* By the way the Spanish hand female is one of the ugliest and least white in Europe. It is, as Rosalind says, "a leathern hand, a stone-coloured one, a *huswife's* hand," and it is the result of the latter. The constant habit of embroidering hardens the finger points; not that their *palmada* would on that account be the less effective.

The chapel *de la Virgen de los Sastres*, the Tailors' Virgin, is very ancient; so is that under the organ, erected in 1252, by Violante, wife of Don Jaime, to her sainted sister Isabel of Hungary. The *Ca. de Sⁿ. Juan* and that of Sⁿ. Fructuoso, a tutelar of Tarragona, obiit 260, were erected by Pedro Blay; another local tutelar is Sⁿ. Magin, who when alive dwelt in a cave, was brought in to the Roman governor like a wild beast, was executed, and since has worked nothing but miracles, which were detailed in 1770 by Florez (E. S. xxv. 177): no wonder that the Junta in 1808 chose him for their Captⁿ. General. He is still prayed to in cases of deafness, bad eyes, and *El mal Frances*. The fine Raphaellesque paintings in the chapel de la Magdalena were destroyed by the French; the *terno*, which, like that of Valencia, is said to have belonged to St. Paul's of London, escaped, and is used at Easter. There is also some fine Flemish tapestry with which the pillars are hung, or *colgado*, on grand festivals. Among the tombs observe, near the altar, that of Juan de Aragon, Patriarch of Alexandria, ob. 1334; the expression is, perhaps, too smiling: near the *Sacristia* is that of Archb. Alonzo de Aragon, obt. 1514: observe also that by Pedro Blay, of Archb. Gaspar de Cervantes Gaete, who was at the Council of Trent. The allegorical statues are fine; observe that of Archb. Pedro de Cardona, and his nephew's, Luis, also archbishop, with the elegant scrollwork and children; finer still is that of Archb. Juan Teres, under a Corinthian pavilion, by Pedro Blay. The cloister is a museum of antiquity and architecture. Ascend the terrace of a canon's house to obtain a view of the truncated towers of the cathedral, their strange windows, the machicolations of the circular end, the rich projecting Gothic chapel, and the square transept with rose window. In the cloisters below, the pointed windows are divided by smaller round-headed Norman arches, while in the space above are

circular openings with Moorish ornaments; they were much defaced by the invaders. Observe the cornice of chequer and billet mouldings, with a fringe of engrailed arches resting on corbels or crockets of heads; observe the romanesque capitals and fantastic carvings, among them a rat and cat funeral; the Norman zigzag or chevron is remarkable. In the walls are embedded fragments of Roman sculpture, said to be portions of the temple of Augustus; observe also a Moorish arch, of a Mihrab or oratory; the cuphic inscription states that it was made by Giasfar, for the prince Abdala Abdu-r-rahman, "the servant of God — of the compassionate," in the year of the Hegira 349, A.D. 960. Among the sepulchral inscriptions is one A.D. 1194 to Raimundus Boneweworte (? Bonaparte), hujus ecclesie præpositus: another inscription "*8th Company*" comes home to every English reader. The central garden is quaint; a coarse alto-relievo with mythological figures, is used as a seat, "old stones." Near the cathedral is the *Quartel del Patriarca*, formed out of a Roman edifice, and much injured by Suchet. Behind the cathedral is a very ancient little church called Sⁿ. Pablo; observe the engrailed cornice, the rose window, and antique doorway.

EXCURSIONS TO REUS AND POBLET.

There is a daily diligence of the Catalan company to and from Reus, 2 L. This modern busy manufacturing town, is in perfect contrast with desolate decaying Tarragona. *Reus* is the capital and the centre of its rich and highly-cultivated *campo* or *comarca*. The older portion of the town was built in 1151; the more modern rose during the last century, when many enterprising English settled there and established a commerce in wines, brandies, and leathers, the firm of Harris taking the lead. The new portion, with its wide plazas and streets, glaring in summer and cold in winter, contrasts with the tortuous lanes of the earlier

town. There is a theatre and decent inns and cafés, for it is a busy place with its silk and cotton works. Pop. above 25,000. Monday is the best day to go to Reus, as being the market; the sea-port is Salou, and the rival and bane of Tarragona. Reus during the war was impoverished by the exactions of Macdonald, and its trade ruined by the English blockade.

Another excursion may be made on horseback to Valls and Poblet. Valls is a thriving town of 8000 souls; here the Spaniards were completely beaten, Feb. 24, 1809, by St. Cyr, and Reding, the real hero of Bailen, received his death-wound; the disheartened troops abandoned artillery and everything, when the wretched town was most brutally sacked. On the same plains, Jan. 16, 1811, Sarsfield revenged this disaster, and routed Gen. Eugene and an Italian detachment of Macdonald's, a fact, as usual, entirely suppressed by Buonaparte.

3 L. from Valls is Montblanch, and about 2 L. more lies the once celebrated Cisterian monastery of *Poblet*, which is placed at the entrance of the rich valley *La Conca de Barbara*, and was the Pearl of the "Shell." There is a history of it in four vols., by Jayme Finestres; and a description of its former glories, by Ponz, xiv. 220. In the time of the Moors, a holy hermit named Poblet retired here to pray; an Emir, when hunting, caught him and put him in prison; the angels of heaven having broken his chains 3 times, the Moor repented, and granted him all the territory of Hardeta; when the Christians reconquered the country the body of Poblet was revealed, in 1149, by miraculous lights. Ramon Berenguer immediately built the half-fortress convent, which was finished in 1480, and confirmed to the clergy who discovered the holy bones, the whole of the extensive Moorish grants. The convent was enormously rich, and lorded over countless villages; among their rights was the *derecho de Pernada*, the bridal night of their female serfs,

and down to 1808 the village of Verdu paid the monks seventy libras in commutation thereof (Toreno, xvi.) It became the Escorial, the burial-place of the Arragonese kings, and afterwards of the dukes of Cardona, who repaired the sepulchres and church in 1660, employing the brothers Grao, architects of Manresa; this resting-place of royalty was entirely ravaged by the invaders, who violated the graves as they did those of St. Denis and Leon, and their example was not lost on recent *revolucionarios*, as in 1835 the remains which Goth and Gaul had spared were outraged by the mob. A decree was passed in 1840, ordering the translation of the ashes of Berenguer III. to the cathedral of Barcelona; but Spanish decrees are obeyed usually for a month all but thirty days. Now everything hastens to decay; still the long battlemented walls are very picturesque, and the cloisters impressive. In the first enclosure were the statues of S^{ta}. Bernardo and his martyr sisters, Marta and Gracia, whose legends were carved on the altar by Pedro Gueijal, 1529: he also executed the rich carvings of the *coro*. At the back of the altar is a pretty oval chapel, with fine marbles, sculptured angels, and bas reliefs. The grand objects, however, were the sepulchres which had this remarkable peculiarity: several of the deceased kings having two effigies, one representing the monarch armed or arrayed in royalty, the other, as clad in the garb of a deacon or a monk; this is truly characteristic of the mediæval Spaniard, half soldier, half monk, a crusading knight of Santiago; his manhood spent in combating for the cross, his declining years dedicated to religion. No country has ever produced more instances of kings retiring to the cloister, nor of soldiers resigning the sword for the crucifix, and washing off the blood from their hands, making their peace with God, after a life of battle in his cause. Of the kings with these double effigies were Jaime the Conqueror, Alonzo II., Ferd.

I., and his sons Juan II. and Alonzo V.: others were laid side by side with their queens; *e. g.* Pedro IV. with his three wives; Juan I. with his two: the church was, in fact, a tomb-house; some were arranged on each side of the high altar in kneeling positions; others were recumbent under niches, with rich armorial decorations below; among the best as works of art were those of Alonzo V. of Arragon and I. of Naples, obit 1458. The statues of Justice and the Virtues were fine; that of the Infante Enrique, obit 1443, kneeling under a Doric screen, was remarkable for the sculptured weeping children; the tombs of the Folchs, the restorers of the church, were also remarkable. In the sarcophagus of Ferd. I. a vast number of royal remains were put together indiscriminately by his grandson, Ferdinand the Catholic, so shrunk was the greatness of those for whom, when living, the world was too small. Many of the early monks were buried in the *sala capitular*, under flat tombs. This monastery is now in a deplorable state of neglect, having been exposed to popular fury at the recent suppression, therefore we have used the *past tense* in our description: but let no artist or antiquarian fail going to Poblet, or forget at dinner to drink the rich red wine *del Priorato*.

ROUTE XLIII.—TARRAGONA TO BARCELONA.

Torredembarra	2	
Vendrell	2	.. 4
Villafranca de Panades	3	.. 7
Vallirana	3½	.. 10½
Barcelona	3½	.. 14

There is a regular communication by diligences and steamers; the road by land soon crosses the Gaya thus accurately described by Lord Wm. Bentinck, "The river, having no water in it, and being only impassable from the steepness of its banks, is passable for infantry everywhere" (Disp. Aug. 25, 1813). Passing that to the r. is a picturesque ruined castle and *atalaya*;

then Altafulla, with its square tower on the sea; and Torredembarra, with its octangular keep. In this rich district the olive and vine flourish, and irrigation is managed by the Moorish *Noria*. The Roman arch, the *Arco de Bara*, is the next object; it is much injured, and the statues gone: it is best seen from the Barcelona side; the inscription ran, "Ex testamento L. Licini, L. F. Serg. Suræ consecratum." At Vendrell, with its dragon-fly-winged windmills, the country becomes densely peopled.

Arbos is placed on a hill, with a splendid view; the town was one of the first places sacked by the French, under Chabran, who burnt the village and the villagers alive in it (Schep. i. 223). Soon the panorama opens over Villafranca and the skeleton mountain of Monserrat with jagged outline: at Olerdola, which lies to the r., are some Roman tombs cut in the rocks; at the entrance of Villafranca is a monument to the memory of Wm. Hanson, killed in the late war. *Sidges*, famous for its sweet wines, lies on the coast about seven miles to the r.

Villafranca de Panades is a walled and flourishing town, of some 5500 souls: it was founded by Amilcar, and was the earliest Carthaginian settlement in Catalonia; it was retaken from the Moors in 1000, by Ramon Borel, and, being a frontier of a disturbed district, was declared free, and highly favoured, in order to entice settlers—hence its name. The *Rambla* is a pretty walk. The *Parroquia*, a fine specimen of masonry, has a noble nave; the lofty belfry or Catalanian tower is crowned by a bronze angel.

The Panades district is very fertile; the fine road soon enters the grey rocky hills and aromatic underwood; ascending to the *Cruz de Ordal*, Barcelona glitters in the distance. Here a magnificent bridge spans the ravine; this was the important point which Sir Fred. Adam did not secure, and thereby did secure defeat. Lord Wm. Bentinck moved, Sept. 5, 1813, from

Villafranca: Adam, on the 12th, reached Ordal, and although warned of the French advance, left this, the only approach open. Gen. Mesclop crossed the unguarded bridge by moonlight, and a confused retreat ensued. Adam fell back on Bentineck, who was driven by Suchet to Arbos. A thousand men and four guns were thus lost, and the great plans of the Duke were again deranged as by the bungler Murray at Tarragona. He feared that "Suchet would tumble" his opponents beyond the Jucar, and meditated coming himself in person to set all to rights. The road descending from these disastrous hills reaches *Molins del Rey*, a whitewashed town backed by vine-clad slopes. The *Llobregat*, *Rubricatus*, flows in a muddy, reddish stream under a long, solid, heavy, red-stoned bridge.

Here, Dec. 21, 1808, Gen. Chabran routed Vives and Reding, the former only coming up to see his troops in full retreat. Nothing but this defeat could have enabled St. Cyr to relieve Barcelona, or have saved the French from utter ruin, for they were at that moment driven to the last extremities. Then and there, patriots lost all the arms and stores supplied by England nominally to the Spaniards, but in reality to the invaders.

Now begins the dusty high road to Barcelona: the dial, emblem of the Catalans' knowledge of the value of time, is now placed on most of the stucco and painted houses. This primitive clock, which is rather for the benefit of the passenger outside than of the inmates, is peculiar to this city of Barca. The dial, of Chaldean origin, (2 Kings xx. 11), was not introduced into Rome until after the first Punic war (Pliny, 'N.H.' vii. 60). The women sit in the open air making lace: the peasants are all trousers, and their loaves are those of Brobdignag, some weighing 30 lbs. They are either snoring in their carts, or drinking out of *Porrones* at the *Ventorillas*, or singing,

as drunken Trinculo says, "a tune of a catch played by nobody."

Barcelona soon opens in view, with its lines of walls and fortifications, and its Catalonian towers. It is admirably situated on a rich "*pla*" or plain, girdled by fresh hills, and irrigated and fertilised by the river *Llobregat*, and the canals *Condal y Real*. These advantages are counterbalanced by the town being a *Plaza de Armas*. The garrison precautions impede free ingress and egress; the place is exposed to sieges, and its proportions, limited by the outworks, cannot be extended to meet a growing prosperity; hence, in addition to their turbulent rebellious tendencies, the Barcelonese have always been anxious to pull down their French-erected fortifications, which are a bridle in their mouth: whatever, just now, may be their Gallic predilections, they have no wish to imitate the re-Bastillement of Paris.

BARCELONA is one of the finest and certainly the most manufacturing city of Spain. It is the Manchester of Catalonia, which is the Lancashire of the Peninsula. Compared, however, to the mighty hives of English industry and skill, everything is petty.

The *Rambla* divides the old city from the new; it runs nearly N. and S. It once was a streamlet, *La Riera den Malla*, of the "Mall," which bounded the W. wall of Barcelona. The word *Rambla* is Arabic *Ramla*, a sandy heap: it properly means a river bed, which often in Spain being dry in summer is used as a road. The channel was on the extension of the city taken in, like the Boulevard of Paris; now it is the great aorta, and a charming walk planted with trees like the *Unter den Linden at Berlin*, and on it the traveller should lodge: here is the theatre, the post-office, the diligence office, and the bureau for passports, the best shops, and most gape-seed. The hotels are numerous and very good, for the Catalans are the best innkeepers in Spain; they are clean, busy,

and among the least bad cooks; and, although rude, unsocial, and unfriendly to strangers, the Barcelonese among themselves are fond of gaiety, feasting, and masking.

The best inns are the *Cuatro Naciones*, charge 35 reals per day; the *Falcó*, opposite the theatre; the *Grand Oriente*: the *Caballeros*, C^o de la Bocaria, is not bad. The minor *Posadas* are called *Hostals*. The *Casas de Huespedes* or *Pupilos* are ill adapted for ladies, and not often frequented by foreigners. The warm baths, C^o de S^o Francisco, are good; in the C^o Cordal are others and portable, which are sent wherever they may be ordered.

There is a useful *Guia* published by Sauri, C^o Ancha, which is in imitation of our Court Guides and directories, and a capital map of the streets and the vicinity published in 1818 by Ant^o Monfort.

Among the best tradesmen may be named—*tailors*, Bolinger, Amigo, Constanceaux, who live on the Rambla, and Ribera, C^o Escudillers; hair-dresser, Villaronga, same street; *milliners*, Maria Chavany, Rambla, also Ferraris and La Dotti; *booksellers*, Sauri, C^o Ancha, Brusi, C^o Librería, Piferer, P^a del Angel; *jewellers*, Ortels, Soler, &c., they all live together in the Plateria, which everybody should visit. The muskito nets of Barcelona are excellent; let none going to Valencia omit to buy one at Amigo y Sauri, C^o Corders. There are constant communications by steam (office C^o de la Merced), and by diligences (Rambla, No. 101), in every direction. For excursions to the smaller towns, each locality has its *Hostal*, its inn of call, at which the *Galeras*, *Carrabas*, and muleteers are always to be heard of. These matters changing from day to day are pointed out in the “*Guia*,” and may be learnt of the waiters or at the British consulate. The best works on Barcelona are the ‘*Historia de los Condes*,’ Fr^o de Diago, f^o, Barcelona, 1603; the ‘*Trofeos y Antigüedades*,’

Juan de Dios Lopez, 4to., Barcelona, 1639; Florez, ‘E.S.’ xxix.; ‘*Disertacion*,’ Isidoro Bosarte, 8vo., Madrid, 1786; Ponz, xiv.; and the admirable ‘*Memorias*,’ and ‘*Libro del Consulado*’ of Capmany.

Those who are in a hurry and wish at once to commence sight-seeing may turn on to p. 485.

Barcelona, according to local annalists, was a Laletanian city, and founded, of course, by Hercules, and 400 years to a day before Rome. It was certainly refounded 235 B.C. by Amilcar Barca, father of Hannibal, and thence called *Barcino*. It became the Carthago Nova of the N. coast, and the combined military and maritime genius of the Carthaginians was long transmitted to their descendants. The Punic city was small, and only occupied the hill Taber, now the site around the cathedral. In 206 B.C. it was made a colonia by the Romans, and called “*Faventia Julia Augusta Pia Barcino*.” It was, however, quite eclipsed by Tarragona, the Roman capital, and by Emporiæ, a busy Greek sea-mart. It was taken about 409 by the Gothi-Alani,³ rose in importance, and coined money with the legend *Barcinona*; two councils were held here in 540 and 599.

When the Moors utterly destroyed Tarragona, Barcelona, awed by the example, capitulated; it was kindly treated, and became a new metropolis. The Moorish or rather Berber governors alternately sided with the French and with the Cordovese, as suited their local interests. Thus they refused to admit the former when called in as allies, and resisted Louis le Débonnaire two years; he took it in 801, after a siege, of which there is a contemporary poem by Ermoldus Nigellus.

After many changes and chances during the 8th and 9th centuries, in 878 it was ruled by an independent Christian chief of its own, whose 12th descendant dropped the title of Count of Barcelona, on assuming that of King

of Arragon. It was always prosperous under its native princes; and during the middle ages, like Carthage of old, was the lord and terror of the Mediterranean. It divided with Italy the enriching commerce of the East, and trade was never held to be a degradation, as among the Castilians; accordingly, heraldic decorations are much less frequent on the houses. The merchant's mark was preferred to the armorial charge. The Catalans were at peace and free, for the Moorish struggle was carried on far away in the S., and they were protected by municipal charters and *fueros*; their commercial code dates from 1279, and *El consulado del mar de Barcelona* obtained the same force in Europe, as the *Leges Rhodice* had among the ancients. It was then a city of commerce, conquest, and courtiers, of taste, learning, luxury, and the Athens of the troubadour. Here, April, 1493, did Ferd. and Isab. receive Columbus, after his discovery and gift of a new world. But the Castilian connexion, with its wars, pride, and fiscal absurdities, led to the decay of Barcelona, and it soon discovered the danger; thus when Charles V. came there, he was only received as their nominal king, and Navagiero (p. 4) describes their liberty as amounting to licence; even murderers could not under some circumstances be arrested. The citizens were then as now monopolists, greedy of gain, and opposing foreign commerce by heavy duties and port-charges.

They were intolerant of the yoke of Castile; thus, in 1640, they rose against the taxation and violation of their usages by Philip IV., and threw themselves into the arms of France. After 14 months' siege, Oct. 13, 1652, the city surrendered to the Spaniards, chiefly through the misconduct of La Mothe Haudaincourt, a French general. Barcelona, after having seen Roussillon severed from Catalonia, began to suspect French friendship, and in the War of Succession espoused the Austrian cause, and the citadel Monjuich

was surprised, Oct. 9, 1705, by Lord Peterborough, one of the most brilliant feats of that chivalrous commander, the Don Quixote of history, and Barcelona surrendered on the 13th of September.

When Marlborough was disgraced, and Bolingbroke sold England and Spain to France, Barcelona was basely deserted, and left alone to combat her two powerful neighbours. The troops of Philip V. bombarded the city on the 7th May, 1714, when one-third was laid in ruins. Then was established by the citizens a "Court of Conscience," whose executioners, called *Matadores* (a pleasing metaphor from the bull fight), put to death all on the slightest suspicion. Louis XIV. now sent Berwick with 40,000 men, whilst an English fleet, under Wishart, blockaded their former allies. The city refused to yield unless their "*fueros*" were secured, and was therefore stormed by the French, Sept. 11; a white flag was hoisted, but in vain, for Berwick applied the torch himself; and when the sword, fire, and lust had done their worst, all the privileges guaranteed by France were abolished by Frenchmen (Mahon ix.). Buonaparte in our times obtained Barcelona by perfidy; he knew its importance, and called it the "first city" and key of Spain; one which "could not be taken, in fair war, with less than 80,000 men." In Feb. 1808, he sent Duhesme with 11,000 men in the character of allies, who desired, as a "proof of confidence and harmony," that his troops might alternately mount guard with the Spanish; this granted, on the 28th he seized the citadel, having drawn out his soldiers under the pretence of a review; Ezpeleta, the Captⁿ. Gen^l., at the same time giving up the fortress of Monjuich. Compare Figueras and Pamplona. Yet in spite of the iron yoke of the French, the Barcelonese, by their deputy Jaime Creux, steadily opposed giving military command to the Duke, for like the Cadiz merchants they suspected commercial treaties would result from any additional

power bestowed on their delivering ally. Ever restless and wavering, the Catalonians in 1827 rose in favour of Don Carlos; and Ferdinand VII. came in person, like Philip IV., to appease them. Since his death, Barcelona has taken the lead in all insurrections, against every established authority. Gen. Lauder opened the ball by opposing Christina, in 1834; soon after Barcelona "pronounced" for Espartero in 1840, and against him in 1841-2-3: the low populace, especially in the Sⁿ. Jaime quarters (the S^t. Giles's), being always ready to raise the banner of revolt. A difficult language, rude manners, a distrust of strangers, and proneness to revolution, render this a disagreeable city. Nor can it, unless great changes take place, continue to be a really manufacturing commercial town. Sieges damage the buildings, impoverish the citizens, and encourage the worst tendencies of the savage *populacho*, until the peace-loving arts migrate to localities of greater repose, and the crime of rebellion entails its own well-merited punishment. Reus probably will be benefited, as Santander was at the expense of turbulent and oft-besieged Bilbao.

To all but commercial travellers a few days will suffice for Barcelona. The most amusing periods are Christmas and the New Year, when all are dancing and eating, especially a sort of wafers called *Neulas*, and the almond cakes *Turrones*. Jan. 17 is the day of Sⁿ. Antonio Abad, the patron of the lower Catalans and pigs; then all quadrupeds are blessed. Muleteers and asses perform the *tres toms*, a procession three times round his church: observe their costume and the huge *Tortells*, a sort of loaf which is hung to their saddles. Feb. 12 is the festival of the Diana of Barcelona, S^a. Eulalia, when all the world goes out to dine, dance, and play the *Sortija*, at Sarriá; the *torna boda* is repeated on the ensuing Sunday. The Carnival of Barcelona is the most amusing of Spain, then the *Rambla* is a masquerade out of doors,

while Thursday, "*Dijous gras*," is celebrated gastronomically. On the first day of Lent, Barcelona goes out of town into the country to "bury the Carnival," "*enterrar al carnestoltes*." The evening show, at the *Puerta del Angel*, of the returning thousands is most interesting; here are to be seen the costume and manners of the Catalan, male and female, *potus et exlex*.

Masquerading is almost of absolute necessity to Spaniards, and especially to the intelligent Catalonians, whose capital is the head-quarters of the mask; not even in the despot days of the C^o. de España, when the coward rulers were tremblingly alive to any assemblages, and apprehended treasons while people only thought of mirth, were these time-honoured buffooneries prohibited at Barcelona.

The *Carnival*, as in Italy, is almost a religious duty. This bidding adieu to flesh-eating is called in Spanish *las carnes tolendas*; the institution is most ancient, and is alluded to as *carnis privium* in the Mosarabic ritual. It is a preparation of moral and physical cachexia, on which the homilies and fastings of Lent are to operate. In despite of sundry abuses, "mix'd dance and wanton mask and midnight ball," propinquity of the sexes, tow and fire brought into juxtaposition, it would be easier to put down the *Semana Santa* itself. Nor are masqueradings confined solely to the period of the *Carnival*; they form, like the bull-fight, part of all public rejoicings, whether the birth of an Infanta or the celebration of a tutelar saint. Masqueradings are to the monotonous-lived Spaniard what the saturnalia were to the Roman slaves, an out-pouring of all their pent-up gravity, dull routine, economy, and etiquette. All ranks and ages plunge into the temporary delirium with the genuine and boisterous mirth of school-boys let loose to play, which is heightened by its contrast between previous restraint; and to do the grave Don justice he does on these occasions make a complete ass of himself. However,

the disease is not chronic, for all parties, after having fooled themselves to the top of their bent, return seriously to common sense and bore.

The *Rambla* like the Corso at Rome is the favourite spot for the day masquerades at Barcelona; but these tricks and cheats do not show so daintily as by a blaze of candles, which, as in their church mummeries, lights up tinsel, and gives a semblance of reality to pasteboard and waxen images, which no more can stand the test of the searching sun than of truth. Generally the masking takes place at night, which adds to the illusion of a tawdry dress and painted visor. The pit of the theatre is boarded over level with the stage, and the whole interior thrown open to the public, with a communication continued to some neighbouring café. The excellence and high breeding of the Spanish character are conspicuous in these moments of freedom and disguise, where liberty, long unaccustomed liberty, hovers on the verge of licence; there is no excess in refreshments, no violence or rudeness of behaviour, no coarseness of language, no breach of decorum, no offensive remarks towards the authorities, who, even if unpopular, mingle unmasked among the motley crowd. All meet to be amused, and with a sincerity and good-nature that forgives the ever fond display of precaution in Spain, when the staff of the alguazil and the sparkling bayonet of the sentinel would affright timid, innocent mirth, like the skeleton of the Egyptian banquet. It is a remark of Warton's on the old masquerades of our Henry VIII., that it was no part of the diversion to display humour or character, their chief aim was to surprise by the exaggerated oddity of the visor, or the singularity and splendour of the dresses. Thus few attempt in Spain to sustain a character. One unvaried question is addressed to all in one unvaried squeak, "*me conoces?*" (dost thou know me?) always in the familiar tu—a question which, when addressed to a

stranger, who would not know them without any disguise, is somewhat difficult to answer. The individual thus ingeniously tormented is then saluted with *adios, Hermoso!* adieu, my pretty one. These interesting interrogations in the midst of a tremendous squeeze recall the remark of Madame de Staël on our intellectual London assemblies: "*dans vos routs le corps fait plus de frais que l'esprit.*" It will readily be imagined that there are squeaks and questions—*φανατα συνετοισι*—which are perfectly intelligible, fraught with wit, pregnant with meaning, and sweeter than the strains of Farinelli himself. Spanish nationality shows itself in the dresses, for few characters are assumed unconnected with themselves or their history. They are Romans, Goths, Moors, Spanish knights, Don Quixotes, or arrayed in the picturesque costume of their different provinces, especially the *Majo* of Andalusia, a dress which is hoisting the signal of fun and frolic, of "*sal canela y requiebros.*" A happy trick was played off on the custom-house officers of a barrier, by a party which entered on horseback masked, and in the full costume of the Andalusian contrabandistas, and laden with a large cargo; such it really was, and a considerable booty was smuggled into the city undiscovered. No attempt to ridicule anything connected with government or religion would be tolerated, nor is it ever thought of. Among the Romans, even these awe-inspiring matters were made subject to masquerading mockery. No women are allowed to assume the male attire, which in the days even of Juvenal was infamous. The fair Spanish sex generally verify the sneer of Pope, that "most women have no character at all;" which is the most insipid of all characters according to La Bruyère. They are simply guided by what they think the best becoming to their air and figure. Roguish black eyes sparkle beneath spiritless, lackadaisical, fixed-featured, varnished masks; and pretty little feet in embroidered Cin-

derella slippers, peeping like mice from beneath the deep-fringed *basquiña*, are not attempted to be disguised. When the face of Spanish woman is covered, her heart is bared, for a mask gives courage, and conceals a blush, then prudery flings aside her fetter. Their disguises are sedulously concealed beforehand, lest some Marplot should spoil the jest by breach of confidence. Those who know the town and are known in it, if they can brave a confessional, go unmasked, and meet plenty of good-natured friends, who tell them their *pecadillos* and *relacioncitas*, yet all in a good-humoured way, quite parliamentary, and meaning no offence. Husbands and wives keep sedulously apart, for if recognised together they would become a butt to the malice of the masquerade, and be informed of all those little family secrets which are so often and happily known to all the world except the parties the most interested. Masquerades given in private houses are conducted with much caution; a confidential friend is placed in the "*zaguan*," or door-porch, to whom the Coryphæus of each arriving party, "*la comparsa*," unmasks and gives the number of those introduced under his wing, and for whom he is responsible. In spite of all precautions, accidents will happen in the best regulated families, and wolves do steal in in the fleeces of Merinos. Many houses are open to receive masks on the same evening in different parts of the town, and the company go from one to another, with tambourines, castanets, and guitars, dancing and singing, "*quien canta, sus males espanta*;" and certainly if misfortune has a good ear it may be well scared with such incantations: all these pleasures of grown-up childhood are cheap at least, if not innocent. Those who "receive," provide very little refreshment, unless they intend to be covered with glory, "*salir muy lucido*," space, light, and a little bad music, are sufficient to constitute a *funcion de carnaval*, to amuse these merry, easily-pleased souls, and satisfy their frugal

bodies. To those who by hospitality and entertainment can only understand eating and drinking, food for man and beast, such hungry proceedings will be more honoured in the breach than in the observance, but these matters depend much on latitude and longitude. The stomach faints and the spirits flag in our dull, damp, chilly, seacoaly country, the renowned land of beef, beer, and liberty. "Liberty" (according to Lord John Russell) "is a poor substitute for a fine climate," and we will venture most respectfully to add, for a good carnival at Barcelona.

Easter Monday is, as everywhere in Christendom, a grand holiday, then all the city goes either to Coll or Gracia. April 23 is the day of St. George, the tutelal of Catalonia, when a flower fair is held near the *Audiencia*, to which the fairer sex resort, themselves the fairest flowers. Nowhere is *El dia de Corpus* observed with more magnificence. Sⁿ. Juan, July 25, Sⁿ. Pedro, June 29, Santiago, July 25, and all the festivals of the Virgin, are grand holidays. Nov. 1, "All Saint's Day," is kept by eating *Panellets*, which are raffled for in *Rifas* in the streets; the next day is sacred to the dead; all the living go to visit the "*Cementerio*" outside the walls (see p. 168). Dec. 21 is the fair of Barcelona, and is frequented by the peasantry from far. Here the artist will sketch the pretty *payesas* and their *mocudos* and holiday dress: the *Rambla* is then filled with men and turkeys, and the Bocaria, Call, Plateria, and Moncada streets, with booths and purchasers. A *Plaza de Toros*, outside the P^a. del Mar, was only built in 1833; for the Catalans, being Gotho-Normans rather than Moors, were not much addicted to Andalusian Tauromachia, but since the present *constitucion y ilustracion* nothing has progressed more than a love for this humane and civilized pastime, and the Catalans have caught the universal infection.

Barcelona possesses more European establishments than most Spanish cities, and they are better conducted. The

merchants, by travelling abroad in search of machinery and new inventions, have imported also some parcels of the sensual civilization of the foreigner, wares for which there is small demand in the more temperate, frugal, and poverty-stricken cities of the interior.

The new prison, built in 1838-40, is admirable, and a model in a land where Justicia and the consequent Carcel have long been no credit to humanity and civilization. The *Casa de Caridad*, or poor house, was founded in 1799, and became necessary from the impoverishment of all classes, the results of a war with England which caused the blockade of the port. Here, in an admirable classification, rare in Spain, more than 1000 poor, men, women, and children, are employed. The *Casa de Misericordia* is an asylum for destitute females. Barcelona can boast Lancasterian schools, an asylum for the blind, which elsewhere is the street; a *Liceo*, an *Academia de Buenas Letras*, and some well-conducted hospitals, especially the “*general*,” there is also a good “*Biblioteca Nacional*,” Riera de Sⁿ Juan, open every morning; in this are collected the remnants of the Conventual libraries, of which thousands of volumes were destroyed by the patriotic mob; there is another smaller library, the “*Episcopal*,” on the *Rambla*. The new theatre is good, although the lighting is bad and the odour worse, for the atmosphere is impregnated with the filthy fumes of a garlic-fed audience; the edifice was built on a suppressed convent; now the farce and fandango have supplanted the monastic melodrama. There is sometimes a second-rate Italian opera.

Barcelona is the capital of its province, the see of a bishop, the residence of the Capt. Gen. and other authorities, and the seat of an *audiencia*. Here also reside consuls of most foreign nations. The population has reached 140,000, nay more, but it has been diminished by recent troubles and civil war.

To understand the localities, the traveller should ascend the cathedral tower, and then walk through the beautiful promenades with which Barcelona abounds; first, for the interior is the unrivalled *Rambla*; then, for the land side, the *Muralla de tierra*, which is both a walk and a drive. Commencing at the *Puerta de Sa. Madrona*, below are the rich gardens of Sⁿ Beltran, with the road to Monjuich and the fresh fountains of Trobada, Satalia del Gat, and Pesetas. The Madrid road issues from the P^a. Sⁿ Antonio; beyond, the gardens and “torres” extend to Sarriá; at the *P^a. del Angel*, a noble walk, made in 1824, by Campo-sagrado, leads to Gracia. The road to France issues from the *P^a. Nueva*: outside to the l. is a wide extent of densely peopled garden district, to the r. the citadel, and beyond this the *Cementerio* with its catacomb niches and a chapel built by a Florentine named Ginesi. Near the P^a. Nueva, begins *El Paseo Nuevo*, or “*El Lancasterin*,” so called from its founder the Duque de Lancaster, who placed there his own and his wife’s venerable busts, all chin and nose, on a fountain. The avenues are shady, and the stone seats commodious. The nereids, tritons, and sculpture are poor as regards art, but well-intended, and in harmony with falling waters. The garden “*del General*,” at the other end, was laid out by Castaños, in 1816, with flower beds, statues, ponds with swans, aviaries, and objects of delight to the rising Barcelonese and their nurses. The walk on the seaboard, on the mural terrace or rampart, *La Muralla del Mar*, is, as at Palermo, the fashionable morning and evening lounge, sunny in winter, and freshened by the sea breeze in summer. The modern *Plaza del Mar* opens to the Mole, to the Plaza de Toros, and Genoese-looking Barceloneta. The *P^a. del Palacio* is the resort of the official, military, and commercial classes. The environs of Barcelona are delightful. The sea and town form the base of a

rich plain, girdled by hills, which rise to a mean height of 700 ft., from whence the river *Besos*, and the tributaries of the *Llobregat* descend; this "*Pla*" is studded with "*Torres y Huertas*," which extend from the city walls to *Gracia* and *Sarrià*, the Hampstead and Clapham of the merchants; vast multitudes go there on the holidays to eat and dance. Among the city boxes, *El Laberinto* and that of *Señor Anglada*, both near *Horta*, are the most charming; *calesas* and carriages are always to be had at the *Puerta del Angel*, to make excursions, either over the *Pla* or to the Baths, *Las Caldas de Montbuy*, which were taken in 1844 by *Isabel II.*: the season is both in spring and autumn; the waters contain muriate and sulphate of soda.

The streets in the older part of the town are narrow and tortuous: they are being gradually widened as repairs become necessary. The demolition of convents has afforded additional space: the new streets are built in imitation of those in the *Rue Rivoli* at Paris, with arcades and shops, rather than after the old Catalan character.

Visit the *Plateria*. The form of many of the ornaments worn by the peasants is quite antique, although the work is very rude and coarse. Observe the huge earrings of amethysts, the "*Ar-racadas*" (a pure Arabic word and thing), and the "*Joyas*," made with emeralds and coloured stones. The botanist, ornithologist, and artist will, of course, visit the *Borne*, or market behind the *Sa. Ma. del Mar*. There all sorts of vegetables and fruits, and birds of sea and land, are sold by picturesque "*Payesas*." The ichthyologist will pass to the *Pescaderia*, opposite the *Aduana*, where the finny show is magnificent. The new market *Bocaria* is built on a modern plan, on the site of the convent *San José*—a Covent-garden.

The principal Roman antiquities are to be found in the oldest portion of the town; they are but fragments, having for 15 centuries been ill-treated by

Goth, Moor, and Spaniard. In the *Calle del Paradis* are some columns built up by houses, which are supposed to have been the termination of the aqueduct from *Collcerola*, of which an arch remains in the *Ce. de Capellans*: there are 6 in one house; 1 is seen in the *Patio*, 3 in a room, and 2 in an upper garret, to which the antiquarian should mount. The older and anile analysts have, as usual, called them the tomb of *Hercules*, *Ataufus*, &c. In any other country the buildings which conceal this colonnade would be cleared away. Opposite the *Puerta de Sa. Lucia* of the cathedral, in *Casa 15*, called *del Arcediano*, are some Roman inscriptions, and a good sarcophagus with hunting reliefs, now used as a water-tank, as in the *Alhambra*. A better marble, with a Roman female here called *Priscilla*, and a head of a *Bacchus*, exist in the *Casa del Pinos*, *Pa. Cucurella*. The plateresque cinquecento ornaments of this ancient mansion deserve notice, but they have been barbarously whitewashed. In the house of *Señor Bails*, *Ce. Sn. Pedro Baja*, is a good sarcophagus, used also as a tank; in the *Academia de Buenas Letras* is a collection of mutilated antiquities, of no great merit: a *Proserpine* is the best. Some Roman sewers, cloacas, or *clavequeras*, still exist in the *Ce. de la Boqueria* and that of *Junqueras*: in the *Gefatura Política*, on the staircase, is a colossal female foot, said to be *Juno's*.

In the church of *Sn. Miguel* is a blue and white Mosaic pavement, with tritons and marine subjects, and hence considered to have belonged to a temple of *Neptune*; others have thought it the work of Greek artists of the 13th century. It has been barbarously mutilated by steps, tombstones, and modern erections. This church is of great antiquity, having been altered in 1002: the font appears to be part of an ancient candelabrum. The principal portal, with a statue of the tutelary, is a mixture of the Norman and Saracenic styles: observe the square pilasters

adorned with flowers and vases. There is also a Roman inscription to one Licinius, let into one of the walls. In the *Fonda del Sable* is a sculptured marble of a low period of art: nothing, however, is more rare than Greek or any good sculpture in Spain (see p. 107).

The Moors were not long masters of Barcelona, and their works have disappeared. In the *Ce. de los Baños* are some of their baths. This elegant edifice has been converted by the Barcelonese into a stable and receptacle of filth: they might, however, easily be cleared out, and thus remain a specimen of a cleaner people.

The churches are very ancient; some are of singularly elegant Gothic, and many have the square and polygonal belfry. The cathedral *la Seu* or *Seo* rises on the highest part of the old town, and is built on the site of a previous Pagan temple. The chapter nestled around the mother church, in the excellent houses of the *Ce. del Paradis*; thorns and brambles have lately sprung up in their Eden. This cathedral is a type of the ecclesiastical architecture of Catalonia: its characteristics are the elevated flight of steps at the approach, the belfry towers, the lofty roof, supported by slender elegant piers, the splendid painted glass, the semi-circular colonnade which girdles the high altar, and below it the chapel crypt, with its elliptical arch; a profusion of Saracens' heads are used as bosses and corbels. The infusion of a Norman style cannot be mistaken. The principal façade *está por acabar*, being only painted in stucco, which is a disgrace to the chapter, who for three centuries received a fee on every marriage, for this very purpose of completing it. The original cathedral was built by Ramon Berenguer I., on the site of one older, and dedicated to the cross. The present one was begun in 1298. The *coro* and pulpits are of a good Gothic; the organs are of sober-coloured wood, with Saracens' heads beneath. The *Retablo Mayor* is composed of a dark stone, with pointed

arches, and blue and gold ornaments; the pillars which cluster around it, forming an open semi-circular frame, instead of the usual solid walls, have a very light and elegant effect. On each side is a spiral pillar of red marble, supporting an angel with a torch: the series of connecting gilt arches is delicate and singular; the chapels round the altar are *churrigueresque*, and filled with bad *Retablos*, sculpture, and overgilding. In a chapel crypt below the high altar, like the sepulchre of St. Peter's at Rome, *lies*, or is said to lie, the body of *Sa. Eulalia*, the "well-speaking" Diana of Barcelona, but who is often confounded by ignorant infidels with her virgin martyr namesake of *Merida*. The authentic life of the Catalan Lady is written by Ramon de Ponsich y Camps, 4to., Madrid, 1770: she was put to death Feb. 12, 304, by Dacian, when her soul ascended to heaven visibly in the form of a dove: her body was miraculously revealed in 878 to Bishop Frodoyno by its perfume. This, however, is quite in accordance with the well-known natural history of dead monks and nuns in Spain, and it was by a "Divine odour" that Venus revealed herself near Carthage (Virg. *Æn.* i. 408), who of course was the type of the modern goddess of a city founded by a Barca. The prelate carried the sweet corpse to the cathedral. The present chapel was finished in 1339 by Jayme Fabra, and the body was then placed in it, July 6, and very appropriately *Die Veneris*, 2 kings, 3 queens, 4 princesses, cardinals and "smaller deer" countless attending (see *Camps*, p. 456). Their sculptured heads form the fringe of the elliptical arch above the descent; the sepulchre was raised on spiral pillars of antique jaspers with Corinthian capitals, taken from some Pagan temple. The curious inscription round the rim is given in the 'E. S.,' xxix. 320. The silver lamps were thought Pagan and unnecessary by the French.

The original body of *Sa. Eulalia* is the gem of Barcelona; the number of

miracles it has worked, and is working, is quite incredible :

“*Esta es Eulalia, la de Barcelona,
De la rica Ciudad, la joya rica!*”

Thus, June 1, 1844, when Isabel and Christina arrived at Barcelona, at half past ten at night, sea-sick and tired, they, instead of going to bed, remained until twelve o'clock worshipping S^a. Eulalia.

The sacred plate of the cathedral was very ancient and magnificent. The chapter paid to the invaders 40,000 libras Catalanas to preserve it, who took the money first, and the plate next, *væ victis!* The fine Custodia alone escaped, which all lovers of old plate should examine. On the base is represented the entry of Juan II. into Perpignan, Oct. 28, 1473, after he had defeated the French besiegers.

Ramon Berenguer, and his wife Almodis, are buried near the *Sacristia* : their tombs were restored in 1545. Observe also the gallery above the piers, with a pretty engrailed border beneath : in this cathedral the order of Montesa was instituted, July 22, 1319. Here, in 1519, Charles V. celebrated an installation of the Golden Fleece, the only one ever held in Spain, and in truth that Burgundian order passed away with the Austrian dynasty, although since improperly usurped by the Bourbon successors (see Segovia). The arms of the Knights Companions, and of our Henry VIII. among them, are blazoned on the stalls. The lover of painted glass will be lost in the splendor of the windows of this cathedral.

San Oldegar lies buried in his own chapel to the r. on entering : observe his tomb and also his statue in the *trascoro*, with marble reliefs of the Martyrdom of S^a. Eulalia, set in a Doric frame-work. Sⁿ. Oldegar was a Frenchman, and died in 1137 ; his body was miraculously discovered about 500 years afterwards quite fragrant as usual, and uncorrupted all but the tip of the nose (see ‘E. S.’ xxix. 277). He was thereupon made a saint

by Innocent XI. in 1675, and since has been the tutelar, and intercessor of the Catalans : he is invoked in cases of childbirth, and loss of speech in women : he also, from fellow-feeling, miraculously improved the noses of some harriers. His biographies, besides that in the ‘*España Sagrada*,’ are numerous and entertaining ; select that by Ant^o. J. G. de Caralps, 4to., Barc^a, 1617, or an earlier in 8vo., by Jaime Rebulloso, Barc^a, 1609.

The cathedral has two noble towers, the arched support of that with the clock deserves notice : the great bell was cast in 1393 : the panorama from the summit is glorious ; flocks of pigeons, as at Valencia, fly about, being forced to do so by their proprietors on the house-tops, to make them air themselves. Near the door of ascent is the light Gothic cloister with its faded frescoes and pleasant court of oranges ; let in the walls are some curious sepulchral stones, dating from the 12th to the 14th century. Here was the canonical aviary in which certain sacred geese were kept like those of the Roman capitol, previously to recent reforms, which consumed them.

Observe the sculptured effigies of tailors with their shears, and boot-makers with their boots. The guild of the latter, *el gremio de los Zapateros*, in 1208, were benefactors to the cathedral. Descending the great steps is their *casa*, covered with symbols and Sⁿ. Marcos, whom they here prefer to our S^t. Crispin. The merchants of Barcelona have never been ashamed of their calling ; the rich *guilds* blazon the emblems of their trades, as the proud pauper Castilian does his armorial quarterings. To the r. of the cathedral steps is the Gothic *Almoyna*, the canon’s *Almonry* ; near the cathedral is the *Plaza del Rey*, and the ancient palace of the Gothic kings. It was given in 1487 by Ferd. to the Inquisition ; just as he had granted the royal residence to them at Zaragoza, in the hope that loyal associations might induce obedience to this new

tribunal, which he destined to be an engine of police and finance. It afterwards became the palace of the Viceroy, and then a convent and prison.

Second, and closely analogous to the cathedral, is the church *la Sa. Ma. del Mar*, erected on the site of a chapel of the Goths. Inscriptions near the S. door record the date of the rebuilding, 1328; it was finished in 1483. The style is very elegant, the piers airy and lofty; the painted glass very rich, in greens, blues, and reds. The gilded royal pew faces the overgrown overdone organ. Observe the semicircular framework of pillars that surrounds the high altar, which, unfortunately, has been modernised with red marbles, gilt capitals, and tawdry sculptured angels and the Virgin; to the r. is a good statue of S^a. Alejo, and in the *Respaldo del Coro*, some pictures by Viladomat, representing the passion of Christ.

S^a. Pablo del Campo, so called because once outside the town, like our St. Martin's-in-the-Fields at Charing-cross, is most ancient: it resembles the S^a. Pablo at Tarragona (p. 476), as well as some of the primitive churches in Galicia. It was built in 913 by Wilfred II., as an inscription let in the wall near the cloister shows. Observe the small double clustering pillars with engrailed arches, the Norman romanesque capitals of boars, griffins, and leaves. It is extremely curious, although despised by most Barcelonese, and brutally used by the constitutionalists in 1820: hence the bad modern repairs in the church, which were very clumsily executed when the buildings etc. became a seminary for theological students.

S^a. Pere de las Puellas was built in 980 by Count Sunario after the same style as S^a. Pablo, when the earlier church, erected by Louis le Débonnaire, was destroyed by Al-Mausúr. Observe the singular capitals, in one of which the prickly pear is introduced: the women, when at mass in this low dark church, muffled in their white *mantalinas de Punta*, look like

the dead in shrouds. The ecclesiastical archæologist will visit *Sa. Ana*, built in 1146, in the form of a cross, by Guilermo II., patriarch of Jerusalem, and in imitation of the church of the Sepulchre; unfortunately, the transept and *Presbiterio* have been modernised. *S^a. Jaime*, built in 1394, has a noble nave. *S^a. Cucufat* was rebuilt in 1297, on the spot where he was baked, hence called *del horno*. This Catalan St. Lawrence is worshipped as a mediator by the multitude, who call him S^a. Cugat del Rech; he was martyred by Dacian, July 25, by being broiled on a gridiron, or rather *devilled*, for the legend specifies "mustard and vinegar" among the ingredients of the torturer (see Ribad. ii. 374); his prayers having put out the fire, he was then beheaded; his body was found at St. Denis, and given by Louis le Débonnaire to protect Barcelona from the Moors; part of it was also taken to Santiago to strengthen that city. No wonder that the Barcelonese should rebuild this tutelar's church in 1827.

The single nave at *S^a. Just y Pastor* (see Alcalá de Henares), is very fine: it was built in 1345 on the site of an earlier church; it possessed many privileges, *e. g.* in disputed cases of duels, sailors' wills, and Christians cheated by Jews. *S^a. Agustín* is a modern edifice, built in 1750, and of no merit, although much more admired by Spaniards than these venerable piles. *Sa. Ma. del Pi*, second only to S^a. Ma. del O of Triana (see p. 283), has a noble single nave, a rich portal, and fine tower: it was built in 1380. In the *Capilla S^a. Miguel* is buried Antonio Viladomat, the only painter of whom Catalonia can boast; he was born 1678, obt. 1756. The last ray of Murillo lighted on his pallet: his style is simple, his drawing correct, and his colouring rich and natural. His works are seldom to be met with out of Barcelona, and there they are neither valued nor taken care of; but no great town possesses fewer pictures than this

rich mart of money-making tasteless traders. The finest works of Viladomat, 20 in number, and representing the life of St. Francis, were placed in the noble cloisters of his convent, and were burnt by the Reformers in 1835. These cloisters, when we saw them, were also filled with curious tombs of the 12th, 13th, and 14th centuries; the sepulchres of the Arragonese royal family, which stood on each side of the altar, were destroyed by the constitutionalists in 1823. Sⁿ. Francisco is said himself to have visited this convent, and his cell was shown in a small *patio*, and inscribed "Cella Fratris Francisci de Assisi, anno 1211."

The architect and antiquarian must examine among the public and private buildings the *Casa de Dusai*, Calle del Regomir, as the rich courtyard with its classical pillars and sculpture, has been ascribed to Daniel Formet. In the house of the *Cardonas*, near the *Bajada de Sⁿ. Miguel*, is another fine *patio*. Observe also the staircase, the elaborate roof, the spiry pillars, window decorations, carvings, and coats of arms. *El Palau Ce. dels Templaris*, belonged first to the Templars, and then it became the palace of the wives of the Counts of Barcelona. The chapel was public, and marvelously endowed with papal indulgences, because the prow of the galley *Victoria*, in which Don John of Austria commanded at the battle of Lepanto, was placed there. The *audiencia* or *diputacion*, founded in 1365, was rebuilt in 1609 by Pedro Blay, in the Herrera style: the front is much admired, but, as usual, it is disfigured by square port-hole windows. Here the "Regente" or chief justice presides; his jurisdiction extends over 1,471,950 souls: 3903 persons were tried in 1844, which gives an average of one in 377. The ceiling and portraits of the Condes in the court or *Sala* deserve notice: here are the archives of Arragon, which are the finest in Spain, coming down from 874; they are very complete and well arranged, and are mines of his-

torical information yet to be explored: there are 8000 volumes. The original court-yard is preserved, with precious specimens of elegant Gothic work. The public is admitted to see the saloons on St. George's Day, free gratis; but a silver key at all times secures admission. The *Casa consistorial*, built in 1369-73, possesses an equally beautiful *patio*: observe the twisted pillars, the rich details of windows, doors, and the Doric façade of the front which overlooks the garden. The towers of the Bishop's Palace are said by some to be Phœnician, but they are probably mediæval. Opposite Sⁿ. *Agustin* is an elegant Doric portal of the Herrera period. The *Aljamia* or Jew's quarter extended from the *Pa. de la Constitucion* to the *Ce. del Call*. The rich inhabitants were massacred and their houses destroyed in Aug. 1391, by the mob, maddened by the preachings of Sⁿ. Vicente de Ferrer (Valencia, p. 448).

The Capt. Gen. lives in the "*real Palacio*," on its Plaza. The edifice was built by the city in 1444 for a cloth-hall, "*Halla des draps*," in those times when the English brought their wools to Barcelona and took back manufactured cloth; *tempora mutantur*: but in 1514, when foreign wars destroyed trade, this hall was turned into an armoury, until Philip IV., in 1652, confiscated the building to punish the rebellious citizens, and made it the residence of his viceroy; afterwards it was enlarged and modernized by Count Roncali. This *plaza* was much exposed to the bombardments of Sept. 1843, especially the *Casa Lonja*, the exchange, once a superb Gothic pile, and built in 1383; this gem was modernised in 1770 by the corporation, who employed a French architect, whose improvements were so bad that even the municipality were ashamed, and pulled them down in their turn. The existing pile was reared in 1772 by Juan Soler; it is heavy, has many façades, a Tuscan portal, and arched terrace; a noble Gothic-pillared saloon

in the interior has fortunately been spared: the *patio* contains some second-rate marble statues of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, by Messrs. Bover and Olive: the Neptune and dolphins of the fountain are by Messrs. Traves and Sola, and the statues on the fine staircase of Commerce and Industry are by one Gurri. In the large saloon are a Laocoon and an Arragonese soldier, by Campeny, and two gladiators by Bover, but the whole lot are very ordinary. The frescoes in the *Sala de Sesiones*, the portrait of the Queen, and the statues by Campeny, are executed in a style which neither resembles Michael Angelo nor Raphael. Inside and outside everything bespeaks mediocrity of art, notwithstanding the gratuitous schools which are opened here, and the lectures which are delivered at the expense of the *Junta de Comercio*.

The adjoining *aduana* was built in 1792, by Count Roncali; here is the Tuscan again, and heaviness *ad nauseam*; the vexations it entailed on the designer caused his death in 1794. Since the Norman-Gothic period, Barcelona, like Cadiz, has produced few eminent men. In early times the Jews were by far the most pre-eminent. Among men of literary merit may be cited Masdeu the antiquarian, and Capmany the political economist.

The port of Barcelona opposite this plaza is spacious, but never was very good, as it is exposed to the S., and is subject to be choked up by deposits from the river. A mole was begun by the Spaniards in 1439, but it was carried away by the sea; they then employed, in 1477, one Stacio, an engineer, from Egypt, whose work has been strengthened from time to time. The breakwater, made of stone from the quarries of Monjuich, was improved in 1802, by John Smith and Timothy Roch, arcades ambo. During the war, when the Mediterranean became an English lake, the port, like that of Tarragona, being useless, was neglected by the

French and almost ruined. Vast sums have since been laid out in cleansing it, and a steamer employed for that purpose. Here, Jan. 17, 1543, the first steamer ever made was launched, by Blasco de Garay, in the presence of Charles V., but his treasurer, one Ravago, a poor red tapist, opposed the invention, which fell to the ground. In 1830, when English steamers first navigated the Guadalquivir, the time bills announced that "a mass was said before starting" in the dangerous, heretical locomotive.

The port is guarded to the l. by the "*Ciudadela*" and the fort *San Carlos*. The former was erected by the French under Philip V., as a Bastille to terrorize the citizens. In a military point of view it is of no great value, being commanded by Montjuich; but it was destined to oppress, not to protect. The king, in order to erect this citadel, razed, in 1715, 37 streets, 3 churches, and 2000 houses. The form is pentagonal, laid out after the system of Vauban. There is a spacious esplanade, barracks, and chapel inside, designed by Roncali: it will contain 8000, but was garrisoned in 1808 by only 20, *cosas de España*. This citadel is an abomination in the eyes of the town'sfolk; it is a bridle in their mouths, and prevents the city's increasing to its full commercial growth: hence the attempts to pull it down. The *cortinas del Rey y de la Reyna*, which face the town, were demolished in Oct., 1841, when the municipality, having first promised Zabala to protect it, actually led the way in the destruction, each member carrying away a stone in triumph.

In order to compensate for the district destroyed by Philip V., the M^{rs}. de la Mina built, in 1755-75, the submarine suburb called *Barceloneta*. The streets run in straight lines; the houses are low and red, and tenanted by shipbuilders, dealers in marine stores, fishermen, and washerwomen. The architect was one Pedro Cermeño. The church, S^o. Miguel, is built in defiance of the

beautiful exemplars of better times; and the worthless sculpture, by one Costa, is worthy of San Telmo, the Spanish Neptune. The tomb of the Marques, by Juan Henrich, is heavy; but his portrait, in marble, is graced by a flaming epitaph: "In acie fulmen, in aulâ flamen."

The eminence *Monjuich* commands Barcelona to the right. It was the *Mons Jovis* of the Romans; the *Mons Judaicus* of the middle ages, being the residence of the Jews; and some strangely-inscribed tomb-stones are yet to be seen underneath it. The present name may be derived from either of the former appellations. The reddish hill was once covered with houses. It is approached by a fine zigzag road constructed by Roncali. The superb fortifications are very strong, shaped in an irregular pentagon, and well provided with cisterns and casemates. The panorama, with the prostrate city at its feet and mercy, is magnificent. It was from the batteries that Barcelona was bombarded in the "Lesseps" insurrection, 1842; and again in the *Pronunciamento* of 1843. The *Atarazanas*, or arsenal, were constructed by Jaime the conqueror, for the royal navy, and finished in 1243. The foundry was added in 1378; a portion of it yet remains. The rambling establishments and barracks cover a large space, and have been erected from time to time. The *Sala de las Armas* would hold 30,000 muskets, were they supplied from Woolwich: there is, as usual, much jealousy in allowing foreigners to see the beggarliness of these empty boxes. The heraldic arms of Barcelona are or, 4 bars gules, with St. George's cross argent. These were the bearings of the old counts; and are said to have been assumed by Wilfred *el velloso* (he had hair on the soles of his feet): after a battle with the Normans he drew his bloody fingers over his shield—a truly soldierlike blazon; *cruor horrida tinxerat arma.*

COMMUNICATIONS WITH BARCELONA, AND EXCURSIONS.

There is much talk of *railroads* to Tortosa, Mataró, and Zaragoza by Lérida; meanwhile there are frequent and good public conveyances on the high roads which centre in Barcelona: see those to *Valencia* by Tarragona, R. xl. and xliii.; that to *Zaragoza* by Lérida, R. cxxvi.: and those to *Perpiñan* by Gerona, R. xlix. 1. There are regular steamers also, which ply up the coast to Marseilles in about 24 hours, and down to Cadiz, touching at the principal maritime cities between each *terminus*.

No one should omit to make the excursion at least to Monserrat and Cardona. Those proceeding to Zaragoza may secure their places the six days beforehand, and having visited the salt-mines, strike off from Manresa, and take up the diligence on the high road at Igualada. Those going to France, and wishing to see the Pyrenean portion of Catalonia, may extend the excursion to Urgel, falling into the high road either at Figueras or Gerona.

ROUTE XLIV.—BARCELONA TO URGEL.

Molins del Rey	3	
Martorell	2	5
Monserrat	3	8
Manresa	4	12
Suria	4	16
Cardona	3	19
Solsona	3	22
Oliana	3	25
Orgañá	5	30
Urgel	4½	34½

This tour, full of interest to the artist, angler, and sportsman, can only be ridden. From Urgel it may be extended into the Spanish Pyrenees (see Index). As the accommodations are alpine take local guides, and attend to the provend. The summer months are best for this excursion. The mountain roads are bad and intricate. In the plains a tedious communication is kept up by *galeras* and *carabas*, but few stranger tourists ever adventure into

these inhospitable hills, nor even if they did, would their wants or wishes be thought of: Spain and her things are prepared for Spaniards alone, who would rather the foreigner staid away than came.

The traveller should leave Barcelona by the *Puerta de Sa. Madrona*, as the guns of Monjuich salute the rising sun; retrace the route to Molins del Rey (p. 479). At *Martorell*, Tolobris, is the singular bridge over the turbid Llobregat, which is attributed to Hannibal by the learned, and to the devil, as usual, by the vulgar (see p. 473). The pointed centre arch, which is very steep and narrow to pass, is 133 feet wide in the span, and is unquestionably a work of the Moors, but the triumphal arch is as certainly Roman, and however corroded by time, the foundations are perfect, and wrought with the precise bossage masonry of Merida and Alcantara. According to an inscription, it was built by Hannibal, 535 u.c., in honour of Amilcar. It was restored in 1768 by Charles III. Passing the Noya, which flows down from Igualada into the Llobregat, the mountain skeleton Monserrat rises nobly out of its wooded base: the convent, with its cypresses and gardens, is soon seen in the midway height. *Esparraguera*, popⁿ. 2500, is a dingy, dirty town, of solid houses. The window ornaments and fine projecting-roof soffits are quite Arragonese. The high road to Zaragoza keeps to the r. through Colbato and Bruch: the latter is the site where the Catalan peasantry first defeated the French. Schwartz was sent, June 5, 1808, by Duhesme to terrorise Manresa, because there the standard of Catalan resistance had first been hoisted. The blundering Swiss lost a day at Martorell; thus time was given for the *somaten*, or tocsin, to be rung, and the armed peasantry collected, headed by a merchant named Fr^o. Riera. The Catalan *guerrilleros* were called *Somatenes*, from this bell, and they were always renowned for the unwarlike warfare of border foray; for such is the meaning of another of their names, *Al-*

mogavares, frontier soldiers, from the Arabic *Al-mughâwar*, "the dusty one," like the modern partisan *El empecinado*, the *Bemudded*. Living in mountains and smugglers, they have always been the best defenders of their highland *raya*; thus every invader, the Celtic Gaul, the Roman, the Goth, and the Frenchman, have had to fight their way through them, while all who invaded Spain from the south, whether Phœnician, Carthaginian, or Moor, have merely made a *promenade militaire*,—so different was the feeble resistance of the gasconading Andalusian. The Somatenes opposed Schwartz, who, taking fright at a drummer boy's tattoo, and fancying that he was met by regular troops, fell back when he ought to have advanced. The Catalans pursued him to Esparraguera, which the French burnt and sacked. Duhesme, in alarm, now recalled Chabran from Tarragona, and, remembering his conduct at Arbos, chose him as his fit instrument to burn Manresa. Chabran, like Schwartz, was encountered June 11, at Bruch, by the Catalans, and beaten. He fled, pursued by the peasants up to the walls of Barcelona. Thus the popular *guerrilla* derived confidence at its birth, soon, alas! to be damped by the cowardice and incapacity of the Vives, Campoverdes, and other *regular* generals. Esparraguera was again sacked by Chabran, who burnt it in his retreat, as he had Arbos in his advance.

Visit without fail the parish church, which is handsome, with a good tower; in it is the miraculous image of the Virgin, recently brought down from her "high place," having been for nearly 1000 years the Palladium of Monserrat. Volumes have been written on this graven image and the miracles it has worked. Formerly it was absolutely covered with jewels; these have been stripped off by the French invaders and Spanish constitutionalists, and what now glitters is not gold. For the authentic legends, consult '*Compendio Historico*,' Juan de Vilafane, fol., Mad., 1740, p. 349; the

'*Coronica*' of Antonio Yepes, vol. iv.; and the '*Compendio Historial*,' Manuel Texero, Barcelona; and 'E. S.' xxviii. 35.

The image was made by St. Luke, and brought to Barcelona in the year 50 by St. Peter. In 717 the pious Goths hid it away from the invading Moors in the hill, where it remained until 880, when some shepherds were attracted to the spot by heavenly lights and singing angels; thereupon the bishop of Vique came in person, and being guided by a sweet smell, found the image in a cave, but it refused to be moved; whereupon a small chapel was built on the spot, in which it remained 160 years. A nunnery was then founded, which in 976 was converted into a Benedictine convent. Benedict XIII. (Luna; see *Peníscola*) raised the abbot in 1410 to the dignity of the mitre. In 1492 further privileges were granted by Alexander VI. (Borgia). These popes, of Arragonese and Valencian origin, delighted in doing a little *local empeno*, or job.

The image rested on the primitive altar nearly 700 years, until a new chapel was built in 1592, to which it was removed, July 11, 1599, by Philip II. in person: there it remained until 1835, when the convent was suppressed, and it was brought down. It is rudely carved out of dark wood, and holds the child in its lap. "None, however," says the '*Compendio*' (p. 28), "can dare to look at it long," and the monks, in dressing and undressing it, always averted their eyes (*Villafane*, 355): so the radiancy of Hecate's image dazzled all beholders (*Pliny*, xxxvi. 5). Equally brilliant were the Virgin's dresses and trinkets, which rivalled those of Delphos; for the pious endeavoured to conciliate a female intercessor by those gifts which are most agreeable to the sex, forgetting the lowly simplicity which formed the sweet essence of the blessed Virgin when alive; however, here the favours which the image bestowed in return were commensurate with the rank of the donor and the value of the present: thus to Margaret,

daughter of Charles V., the image bowed its head. So the pagan statue of Memnon, in Egypt, *twice* saluted Sabina, the wife of Adrian. Blessed souls frying in purgatory were got out to a dead certainty, if their living relations only caused masses to be said and paid for (*Comp^o* 101). Thus, in 1740, the soul of Pedro Coll, a day-labourer in life, and transported in death for 14 years to fire and brimstone, was rescued, and appeared visibly, "like a piece of burnt toast" (*Comp^o* 106). Night and day, lights blazed before the graven image, in 74 precious lamps, which the French removed as positively pagan.

The grand miracle was the most ancient of all, but this is usual, for in proportion as the people were ignorant, grosser cheats were palmed upon them by the cunning monks, thus how poor and flat is Dr. Wiseman's hagiography, to the rich and truly golden legends of old Voragine. Towards the end of the ninth century the devil entered the body of Riquilda, daughter of Wilfred *el velloso*, so the father sent her to Juan Guarin, the hermit of the Virgin's cave, who was renowned for expelling the Evil One. The temptation was too great; and in one moment the exorciser cancelled a chastity of a century's duration. The dread of discovery of his first crime led to the perpetration of a second, and he next cut the throat of his violated victim, and fled to Rome. There the pope ordered him to go back on all fours, and never to look up until pardoned by Heaven. Juan became a *βοσκος*, a grazing monk, until the hair on his body grew thicker than even on the shaggy count's sole. He then lost the use of speech, and became altogether an ourangoutang. At last Wilfred, when out hunting, caught him, and transported him into a zoological den, where he remained the full term of seven years, when a voice from heaven told him to look up; he did so, and, as in a fairy tale, at once recovered his human form and senses, and became again a saint: thus, in the poetical mythology of the an-

cients, the cup of Circe, *i. e.* brutal sensuality, converted man into a beast. Guarín now led the count to the mountain, where Riquilda re-appeared alive, with only a red rim on her throat, which, according to Villafane (p. 357), was like a necklace *de grana*, and rather becoming than otherwise. Some Catalan theologians contend that her virginity was miraculously restored, which, if true, is the only instance even in Spanish legends; at all events, she became the first abbess of the convent. Other historians are satisfied that Juan also was innocent, and that the devil, who had assumed his form, was deceived by an imaginary Riquilda, which the image of the Virgin had made out of a cloud, just as Ixion was deceived by a nebulous Juno. Those who have read the 'Guardian' (No. 148) will find all this miracle forestalled by the Orientals in their Santon Barsisa. But consult the true and authorised 'Historia verdadera de Juan Guarín,' 4to. Barcelona, 1778.

The curious may collect some of the early catalogues of the miracles worked by the *Virgen de Monserrat's* image, which were printed for pilgrims, and sold by the monks. The most authentic is the '*Libro de la Historia y Milagros*,' compiled by Pedro de Burgos, abbot from 1512 to 36. We possess the black letter edition, Barcelona, 1550, in which only 288 miracles are reported. They increased so daily, that new editions were called for in 1605, 27, and 71. No wonder the monks, as says Risco, writing in 1774 (E. S. xxviii. 43), became the Virgin queen's "own regiment, and the hermits her advanced sentinels and skirmishers;" nor had the Evil One, until the French invasion, the slightest chance.

The extraordinary mountain is called Monserrat, *quasi* "Mons Serratus," *Πριωνωτος*, and it is, indeed, jagged as a saw. The legends say that it was thus rent at the moment of the crucifixion. It rises an isolated grey mass, being some 8 L. in circumference. The pinnacles range about 3300 ft. high.

It is chiefly of pudding-stone. The outline is most fantastic, consisting of cones, pyramids, buttresses, nine-pins, sugar-loaves, which are here jumbled by nature in a sportive mood. Justly, therefore, did the convent bear on its seal a cluster of hills, crowned by a saw, a crosier, and a mitre. More than 500 different plants grow here. The box-trees are magnificent: from these the monks carved spoons, which, stained with red, were sold to the lean pilgrims to assist digestion; as nothing eaten out of them ever disagreed, such spoons might grace a lord mayor's feast. On the Virgin's day, Sept. 8, sometimes 3000 people went up to her shrine. The Catalans believed that this high place was selected as the throne on earth for the queen of heaven and angels. There are many ascents, all easy, and fitted for monastic corpulence and inactivity, but the roads to convents and places of pilgrimage have always been made smooth in Spain, while commerce toiled on muleback.

As the heights are gained, the views become more extensive; they sweep to the sea, to Manresa, and the Pyrenees. Here and there, perched like nests of the solitary eagle, are the ruins of former hermitages, burnt by the enemy. The extensive convent is placed under a tremendous rocky screen, on a sort of esplanade, overlooking the Llobregat, which flows deep below. The ride from Barcelona takes from ten to twelve hours. As we reached the portal, the vesper bell of the monk, and the distant gun-fire booming from Monjuich, told that the sun was set, and another day numbered with the past. We were received (compare San Yuste) by the hospitable monks, who had a separate range of buildings to lodge pilgrims and strangers gratuitously. Now reform has swept away both monk and welcome, although a sort of accommodation is to be had, being paid for, from a person placed to show the present abomination of desolation.

On one side of the entrance *Patio*, is part of the old edifice, and some

crumbling sepulchres; the ruined cloisters, gardens, walks, are overrun with nettles; as above these rise rocks of a terrific perpendicular, a mass was always said to the Virgin to prevent their falling on the convent, which a portion once did, and destroyed the infirmary: the chapel is now desecrated. The *Retablo* was carved by Esteban Jordan; the magnificent *Reja* is by Christobal de Salamanca, 1578. On this site, in 1522, Loyola watched before the Virgin, previously to dedicating himself to her as her knight, and the founding his order of Jesuits: he laid his sword on her altar, which was long preserved among the most precious relics, second only in efficacy to the bones of San Juan Guarin, which we had the felicity to behold.

A morning should be devoted to scrambling about the mountain, and examining its geology, botany, and picturesque scenery. The hermitages were once 13 in number; each was separate, and with difficulty accessible. The anchorite who once entered one, never left it again. There he lived, like things within a cold rock bound alive, while all was stone around, and there he died, after a living death to the world, in solitude without love, the torture of Satan, according to S^a Teresa; yet they were never vacant, being sought for as eagerly as apartments are by retired dowagers in Hampton Court. Risco says that there were always a dozen expectants waiting in the convent the happy release of an occupant. Each hermitage had its name, and some were appropriate, such as the *Magdalen* and San *Dimas* the good thief. To be a hermit, and *ἰδιόφυτος*, that is, left to live after his own fashion, exactly suited the reserved isolated Spaniard, who hates discipline and subjection to any superior.

Mons^r. Laborde (i. 17, 1st ed.), after describing what these hermitages then were, calls on "the man of taste, and the philosopher, to offer homage to *art, religion, and nature*, far from evil passions; where hermits and birds of the

air, elevated from the earth, breathe the pure atmosphere of heaven, and live the life of angels."—"L'entrée de ces lieux n'est permise qu'aux âmes pures." These sentimentalisms were omitted by Mons^r. Bory in the 2nd edition: *nous avons changé tout cela*—his countrymen, in the meantime, had been there, bringing fire and crime into these abodes of peace and religion, and this repeatedly, for they owed a republican grudge to Monserrat, because the monks had afforded a hospitable asylum to their countrymen clergy who emigrated in 1792. In the *Lettres de Barcelona*, Paris, 1792, p. 123, a philanthropical "*Citoyen*" deplores the reception given here to the *Parti Prêtre*: he enlarges on the sacred plate, eyeing it with a philosophical reflection, "how well it would melt in France," a hint which was afterwards duly acted on.

In the war of the invasion, during an absence of the French, the Monserrat was fortified by Eroles and the Soma-tenes, and being a natural citadel it was made a mountain magazine. Suchet, in July, 1811, gained the height, when his soldiers amused themselves with hunting the hermits like chamois in the cliffs, and having butchered them, proceeded to the convent, plundered the altars, hung the monks, robbed even the poor pilgrims, and then burnt the fine library. Monserrat had been the Subiaco of Spain, and the press from whence some of the earliest works issued in the 15th century.

The loss of this "Holy hill," and strong place of refuge, was attributed by Eroles to the same untoward Col. Green, who again, as at Tarragona, according to Napier, carried off the cash, the sinews of war. Thus, in Monserrat, all the arms and stores provided by England for the Spaniards, were, in reality, furnished to the French, while the moral injury was even greater, for the *prestige* of the Palladium was gone; its capture operated on the superstitious Catalans, who, believing that their Queen of Heaven had deserted them, surrendered to the

French. The populace may indeed be animated by the promise of supernatural assistance, but when Juno, Hercules, and stocks and stones fail, despair is the natural reaction.

The traveller should visit the ruined hermitages of Sta. Ana, Sⁿ. Benito, not forgetting *La Roca estrecha*, a singular natural fissure; the highest and most interesting of all is the San Jeronimo. Here the eye sweeps over Catalonia like a map. Lofty as it was the armed man toiled up, to "rob the hermit of his beads," and injure his grey hairs. These retreats, like the Lauras of Cordova (see p. 302), satisfied the Oriental and Spanish tendency to close a life of action by repose, and atone for past sensualism by mortification. It is the necessary recoil of a system in which the physical predominates over the intellectual; for when office, command, and occupation are gone, when age diminishes powers of usefulness and enjoyment, there is nothing to fall back on, no escape from the laborious lassitude of having nothing to do: hence these abodes of penance, which offered a new excitement when old stimulants ceased to act, never wanted a tenant, since in all ranks, habits, and intellects of Orientals and Spaniards, many always have been, and are to be found, eager to withdraw, youth, love, and war being at an end, from the drouth, tumult, glare, and weariness of the world, to shelter themselves under the shadow of the great rock. This *desengaño* or disenchantment, this finding out the "stale, flat, and unprofitable" vanity of vanities of this world's cheat, is peculiarly Spanish, and has led thousands into solitude—oft the best society—to contemplate calmly the approach of death, and prepare for it as it approached nearer. Woe to him who too late repents! Thus the empire and ambition sick Charles V. retired to San Yuste, and bartered crowns for rosaries away: indeed, those who had been the most eager to obtain worldly greatness were the first to renounce it when acquired, and their

fierce joy of the pursuit buried in the grave of possession. Many, doubtless, were less sincere, and hid, under the mask of retirement and contempt of the world, their wounded vanity and disappointed ambition. The self-love and pride of the Spaniard pretends to every thing, and where failure is the result he endeavours to salve it over by any excuse, but that of self-unworthiness; yet they could not fly from themselves, nor get rid of their indwelling companion—the worm that never dies. Many, again, who had waded through gore to foreign conquest, and through perfidy to place and power, fled from their cankered heaps of strangely achieved gold to cleanse their bosoms from the perilous stuff, and to wash their hand from the blood and soil of manhood. To some these retreats were indeed the only safe asylum, except the grave, from the execrations and revenge of mankind. Such hearts may indeed be broken, but like the shivered ice or crystal, are never to be warmed or softened. These lonely crags, and their unspeakable solace of solitude, were most congenial to all really wounded spirits here: the earth was at their feet, while their hopes and affections were set on things above. Thus they parted in peace, weaned from the world, "to mourn o'er sin, and find for outward Eden lost, a Paradise within."

Nor can anything be more impressive than the *Religio loci*, which these mountain solitudes inspire, *presentiorem aspiciamus deum*. Oh, sapient Vatican! deep fathomer of the wants and weakness of human nature, how thy wise framers have provided a *tabula post naufragium*, a *senectutis nidulus*, which is wanting to our hastily-constructed refugeless Protestantism, which rejects rather than woos approach, which appeals to our strong head and cold reason, not to the broken heart and warmest feelings. The roofless cells are now untenanted: France has set her altar-overturning mark on everything, except the mountain masonry

and the sunsets of nature. They are indeed glorious: down to darkness goes the orb of fire, and his last rays gilding the ruins enhance the melancholy sentiment, where

— “ No godly Eremité,
Such as on lonely Athos, now is seen
Watching at eve upon the giant height
Which looks o'er waves so blue, skies so
serene.”

From the convent to Manresa is a picturesque ride of 4 L.; the descent is alpine, amid rocks, pines, and aromatic shrubs. After entering a vine-clad country the road ascends the Llobregat: at Castellgali, near its junction with the Cardener, is *La Torre de Breny*, a fine Roman monument, the origin and object of which are unknown, for the interior evidently was never destined for habitation: the masonry is solid and well preserved. Observe the frieze and cornice richly adorned with flowers and scroll work, and two lions in the act of pouncing upon a human figure.

Manresa soon appears: it was the Roman *Minorisa* and capital of the *Jacetani*: the *Posada del Sol* is tolerable. Manresa, one of the most picturesque cities in Catalonia, is the chief town of its fertile well-irrigated district: it contains 13,000 busy cloth-making souls, and a *Seu*, which, without being a cathedral, is in dignity higher than a *colegiata*, being presided over by a *Pavorde*, a dignitary equal to four canons: this name is derived by some from the French *Prevôté*.

Manresa, once a rich and manufacturing town, was the first to ring out the *Somaten*—the tocsin bell—after the *dos de maio*: hence Duhesme twice sent there his incendiaries Schwartz and Chabran, who were both repulsed at Bruch; but March 30, 1811, Marshal Macdonald came in person with the torch of the furies, and set the example by firing his own quarter, riding to a height to enjoy, like Nero, the “ beautiful sight.” More than 800 houses, with churches and manufactories, were burnt; nor were even the hospitals

spared, and in vain the physicians produced to Gen. Salme the actual agreement, signed by French and Spanish commanders, that the asylums of suffering humanity should be sacred. The sick were torn from their beds, the wards sacked and burnt, “ many patients were butchered, and even children in the Orphan asylum infamously abused.” See for historic details, Southey (28), Toreno (xv.), and Schepeler (iii. 402), for the horrors committed cannot be described. But they met with their reward, for the *Somatenes* and peasants, when they beheld the face of heaven reddened with indignation at this blood and incendiaryism, rose in arms, and the perpetrators fled, losing many in their disgraceful retreat (Nap. xiii. 4). The Catalan knife avenged Manresa, and the blackened ruins yet remain a silent but crying record of the past, and a warning for the future.

The *Seu*, or *colegiata*, was a noble church, but the enemy smashed in much of the superb painted glass, overturned the pulpits, and made the chancel a cavalry barrack. The edifice is built of a brown stone, with a fine belfry-tower and open crown-like termination; the exterior of the *Coro* is divided by Gothic niches, and painted with bishops and saints in a coarse fresco. The high altar, with its jasper crypt chapel, and the usual Saracens' heads under the organ, are imitations of the *Barcelonese* type. The font is very elegant: observe the rose window and painted glass with the Ascension of the Virgin; the rich red and blue colours are splendid. Manresa is a quaint scrambling town, with tortuous streets and old-fashioned houses. The views are charming; from the narrow old bridge the cathedral rises grandly above river-cascades, ravines, rocks, gardens, cypresses, walls, and buildings. The *Cueva de San Ignacio* is the great lion, and the view from the esplanade is glorious. The jagged *Monserrat* towers in the distance, from whence the Virgin smiled continually at the saint while doing penance in his cave. The convent is of the bad period

of 1660, with Ionic decorations—angels and churriguerismo—fit architecture of a corrupt and corrupting order. The portal of the *Cueva* was left unfinished in consequence of the expulsion of the Jesuits. The cave is lined with marbles and poor sculpture, by Carlos Grau: observe at the altar the saint in this cave writing his book, and his first miracle, the saving a boy's fowl from a well, at the bottom of which, no doubt, truth still dwells; the pulverised stone of this cave is given in cases, where we prescribe Dover or James's powders; here also is his crucifix, from whose wounds blood streamed forth, a very common occurrence with the images of antiquity (Livv, xxii. 36, et passim).

Ignacio Loyola was born in Guipuzcoa in 1491. He began life as a soldier, and was wounded by the French during the siege of Pamplona in 1521. He was cured by St. Peter, who came down from heaven on purpose (Ribad. ii. 387). During his illness he read the lives and legends of saints, and went mad as Don Quixote did by perusing chivalrous romances. He determined on a spiritual knight-errantry, and, first, did penance a year in this cave, the Virgin having actually reconceived him (Ribad. ii. 408). Having dedicated himself to her at Monserrat, he went to Paris, collected a few disciples, and proceeded to Rome to ask for Papal permission to found his society, our Saviour "appearing to him in person, to promise his assistance."

Loyola, an enthusiast, yet sincere, was a tool in the hands of the crafty Diego Laynez, Acqua Viva, and Xavier Salmeron: they formed the truly Spanish code of the *disciplina arcana*, or constitutions which embody the principle of the mystery of iniquity: these, which it was given out were corrected by the Virgin herself, appealed to the sympathies of Spaniards, the then dominant people, and were based on the old Castilian military and monastic obedience. "They enlisted soldiers into

the camp of Mary," to combat against civil and religious liberty, which the Bible in the hands of Luther was giving to mankind. Their object was to uphold Popery, not Christianity; to revive the crusades, to restore to the tiara in the new world what it was losing in the old. As printing, which gave wings to the Bible, was shattering the fabric of the Vatican, the Jesuits monopolising the lever of *education* became missionaries abroad, tutors and teachers of the rising youth at home, and thus not only disarmed knowledge of its power, but made it minister to its own suicidal destruction, and be a tool for the carrying on that implacable, exterminating contest, which it has ever warred, wars, and will war against civil and religious liberty. Accordingly the active, intellectual Jesuits infused a new life into the fat indolence of the monastic system. They raised cheerful, gorgeous temples, and abjured the gloomy cowl and routine of the cloister, now getting obsolete. Men of this world rather than of the next, they adopted a purely mundane policy, of the earth, earthy. Everything was based on implicit obedience and military discipline: they removed heavy responsibility, which depresses the soul, and placed it on velvet. They created unscrupulous agents; their education was the teaching men *not* to think; they required a slavish obedience of the intellect, and left the understanding without freedom, the heart without virtue: their redeeming merit, however, says Brillat Savarin, was the discovery of the turkey, and its introduction to the truffle; but gastronomy owes everything to the church.

Their nomenclature and regulations were also military. The order was a "*compania*," a *company*, the *standard* was "a material heart bleeding, and crowned with thorns." They were *commanded*, not by a Prior, but a "*General*." Bad faith—*nulla fides servanda est hereticis*—and an insatiable lust for spiritual and temporal power, and the axiom that the end justifies the means,

were their principles. The shrewd old man of the seven hills saw the value of his new and most exclusive allies, his personal body-guard; for the Jesuits were subject to no diocesan jurisdiction, but to him alone. They were constituted by a bull in 1540. The order rapidly extended. Loyola commanded his legions for 15 years, and died July 31, 1556, aged 63. He was canonized by Gregory XV., March 12, 1622. It has been calculated that the Jesuits' property in Spain, under Charles III., was worth more than three millions sterling: quiet and gentle as doves, and cunning as serpents, they were too deep to offend by the ostentation of their power, and were satisfied with the reality.

Loyola, who laid his iron sword on the altar at Monserrat, gave a more powerful weapon to Rome: there was its handle, while its point was everywhere. The subtle Jesuits soon became too mighty for kings, and even popes; and the order was annulled July 21, 1773, by Ganganelli. The Jesuits were expelled from Spain, March 31, 1767, under circumstances of singular Punic perfidy and Iberian cruelty. How Aranda managed the blow with Charles III. is detailed by Blanco White, 'Doblado Letters,' p. 445. Yet Jesuitism, it has been said, may feign death, but it never really dies, its immortality is secured in the weakness of human nature.

No artist ever painted the demure, oily, sly, and stealthy grimalkin Jesuit like Roelas; Ribalta imitated Sebastian del Piombo, and took the Schidoni look of these "men in black from under the ground;" his favourite subject was the sepulchral vision of Loyola, when the Saviour appeared to him bearing his cross, bidding him go to Rome and be of good cheer, ego vobis Romæ propitius ero. Loyola took for the costume of his order the usual dress worn in Spain by the secular clergy, which consists of a black gown and a huge hat, a yard long, turned up at the sides. It is the dress of Don

Basilio in the Marriage of Figaro; none, however, can understand the fine arts of Spain, as connected with the Jesuits, without reading his church-authorized life, '*Vida del Santo*, Nieremberg,' Mad. 1636, 3rd ed. There are many others; one by H. L. Ortiz, fol., Sevilla, 1679; and another by Fr. de Mattos, fol., 1718.

There is a history of *Manresa* by Juan Gaspar Roig, 4to., Barcelona, 1692; and of its saints by Juan Gemes, 8vo. 1607.

Those who are going to Zaragoza, and only intend visiting the salt-mines at *Cardona*, must allow two days from Manresa to go and return: then they may ride to Igualada to take up the diligence, leaving Monserrat on their l. hand. This wild ride took us the better part of an October day: a guide is necessary. Passing through the straggling village of Guardiola, amid vines and pine-groves, the track winds sometimes along the beds of streams, at others over a Scotch-looking country. The peasantry are poor and laborious; the farm-houses solid. Passing the miserable Odena, with its marble rocks and polygonal tower, we reach the high road to Arragon, through which the Zaragoza and Barcelona diligences pass at the clean town of Igualada (R. cxxvi.).

The road from Manresa to Suriá is tolerable: it runs through a wild country, where pine-trees are mingled with vines. *Suriá*, an ancient-looking, unwhitewashed town, rises on a hill over the Cardener, up whose valley the route winds. A similar country continues, until, ascending a stony rise, *Cardona* appears, with its castle towers and long lines of fortifications, straggling town, cypress gardens, and arched buildings. The celebrated mine lies below the town, to the l., before reaching the bridge. It is an absolute mountain of salt, emerging in a jagged outline, nearly 500 ft. high; it differs from Minglanilla, as being on the surface: these are the *αλες ορυκτοι* mentioned by Strabo (iii. 213). The salt

Pinnacles shoot forth from a brownish earth, like a quarry of marble dislocated by gunpowder. They are inexhaustible, and are admirably adapted to the indolent owners, as requiring no other labour beyond taking what Providence has prepared in its perfect chemistry. The colours of these saline glaciers vary extremely, and are brilliant in proportion as the weather is clear. When the sun shines they look like stalactites turned upside down, and are quite prismatic, with rainbow tints, and reds and blues. It is a Sindbad valley of precious stones. Some of the grottos look like fairy cells, lined as it were with preserved fruits, sparkling with crystalised sugar. There is a peculiar mixed colour, which is called *arlequino*. The traveller should visit the *furad mico*, the hole of the squirrel, which is said to be a mile in depth. The miners make little articles of this salt, as is done with the fluor spars in Derbyshire. These in the dry air of Spain never liquify, which they do at once on being brought to damp England.

Crossing the Cardener by a good bridge, we ascend to Cardona—Ubeda—a town of some 2800 souls. This strong hill-fort was never taken by the French: thus in 1711 it beat back Philip V., and again in Oct. 1810 it baffled Macdonald and his incendiaries, who fled as from Manresa, harassed by the infuriated peasantry. It has a Gothic *colegiata*, dedicated to S^r. Vicente, in which are some sepulchres of the Cardona family, whose ancient but now degraded palace yet remains. In the citadel is the chapel where San Ramon Nonat, one of the greatest of Catalanian saints, died. He is the tutelar man-midwife of Spain, and divides practice with the *Cinta* of Tortosa. He is called *Nonat* because, like Macduff, he was “from his mother’s womb untimely ripped,” *non-natus*. He was thus not-born in 1198, became a monk, was called *el Santo fraile*, and was made a cardinal by Gregory IX. He cured women who were beaten by

their husbands; and one rainy day gave his red hat to an old beggar, whereupon the Virgin appeared and offered him a chaplet of roses, which he ungallantly declined; thereupon the Saviour came in person to give him his own crown of thorns (Ribad. ii. 603). He died at Cardona, in August, 1240, the angels attending his couch. In spite of the hot weather, his body for 15 days afterwards perfumed the whole castle. A quarrel now arose as to who was to have and keep his remains. This was thus settled by King Jaime: He ordered the corpse to be put on a blind mule, and to remain for good wherever the animal might depose it. In these times, when the possession of a relic attracted pilgrims and pious benefactors, such a sure source of income was always a bone of contention among the local clergy. Mules and asses constantly play an important part in Spain, being judiciously called in as arbitrators. It only occurred to the wag Aristophanes to *imagine* such an absurdity (Ran. 159), as a ludicrous comparison, *ovos αγων μυστηρια* (compare Daroca).

The blind brute being laden with Don Ramon, proceeded with its burden, the church bells ringing of their own accord as it passed, which Spanish bells often do (see Velilla). It rested at Portell, the place where he was *not* born, and there the body now is. A convent was forthwith founded, and was much visited by pious females, who constantly returned cured of barrenness. Thus Nonat both removed sterility and facilitated parturition. Benedict XIII., who had no objection to help a local legend, canonised him in 1414. More ample details will be found in his church-authorised biographies, by Pedro Merino, 4to., Salamanca, and Fr^c. G. Fanlo, 4to., Zaragoza, 1618.

Those who dislike roughing it may now return; but the sportsman and lover of wild nature will push on to the mountains. Let them take a guide and fill their *alforjas*, as the accommo-

dations are bad, for these alpine recesses are rarely visited save by the smuggler. The fishing is first-rate in the Llobregat, which abounds in trout. Advancing, therefore, we reach *Solsona*, Celsa, which was made a bishopric in 1593 by Philip II.: it is in the heart of Catalonia. Towards Urgel the plains are fertile in fruit and corn; to the N. the hills and woods abound in game and *caza mayor*. Solsona, the capital, rises above the Riu Negre, and contains between 2000 and 3000 souls. The square old castle, with its round towers at the angles, rises on an eminence which commands the town. The Gothic cathedral was begun in the 11th century, and burnt by Marshal Macdonald in Oct. 1810. The principal portal, finished in 1769, contained a statue of the Assumption of the Virgin; the *Capilla de Na. Sa. del Claustro* was the holiest of the chapels. The fine episcopal palace was built for Bishop Sala in 1779, by one F^{ro}. Pons, but the façade on the Plaza is overdone with pilasters and ornaments. The traffic of Solsona is in iron, and the women, like most in Catalonia, are industrious knitters. Leaving *Solsona* we cross the Salada; this brackish river, but famous for its trout, falls into the beautiful Segre, whose stream and valley is now ascended to Urgel: it rises in France, and flows down the valley of Puigcerdá, under the rocky spurs, to Urgel, and thence by the plains to Lérida. At *Oliana* the roads to Urgel, Barcelona, and Lérida branch off: here is a good bridge, and another at Orgañá, half-way between Solsona and Urgel: near this the rocky gorge narrows, and the river has forced a most romantic pass, which is spanned by three alpine bridges—*Los tres puentes*. Thence to Urgel—the *Seo*, or bishopric, is a most ancient see, founded in 820; it lies below the Pyrenean spur, between the rivers Balira and Segre, which unite, the former coming down the Swiss-like valley of Andorra, which abounds in game, and of which the bishop is entitled the sovereign

prince. The town is commanded by the citadel on the height, *Las Horcas*, or “Gallows Hill;” its governor beat back the French in 1794, by whom, in revenge, the city was sacked. This intricate country is always the heart and centre of Catalan outbreaks, and its bishop the usual *titiretero*, or manager of the puppet strings. Here the Royalists took up the cause of Ferd. VII. in 1822; here Romagosa long held out against Mina, who, bred to exterminate the French, now tried his hand against his countrymen. The plains below are the granary of Catalonia; they are irrigated by a canal planned by Juan Soler. This *Seo* again, in 1827, became the head-quarters of a Carlist insurrection against the same Ferd. VII. because *too liberal!* which the Conde de España extinguished in a deluge of blood. He was an adventurer of French origin, and rose like many during the Peninsular war, nobody exactly knowing how; not that he behaved over well. He was cunning enough to make Ferd. VII. his polar star, and served him through fair and foul with the implicit obedience of the old Spaniard; he obeyed to the letter the king’s private orders, and treated with contempt those of his ministers. During his patron’s life he was an absolute autocrat in Catalonia, well fitted by his iron rule to keep down that stiff-necked turbulent province. At the king’s death he served Don Carlos, his successor, with equal zeal, and then upheld the very cause which a few years before he had put down; but *mas pesa el Rey que la sangre*.

He met with a truly Celtiberian death, for he was murdered under a combination of atrocious perfidy and cruelty. His head-quarters were at Urgel, while those of the provincial Junta were near Berga, 10 L. S.E. Oct. 26, 1839, he quitted Berga to attend this Junta at Avia, where he was well received by his own aide-de-camp, Brig^r. Mariano Orteu, and the curate Ferrer, who, at a given signal,

fired at him with a pistol. The wounded man was denied even a cup of water by this curate and the lawyer Sanz; he was then bound on a mule, and dragged about until Nov. 1, when they took him to Ceselles, and after telling him that he was going to be set free "*en su pais*," in his own country, France, his former friend, Orteu, came up and shot him, the Conde exclaiming, "Ah Mariano!" as Cæsar did "ettu Brute!" He was then stabbed by the knives of the rest of the company; the body, tied with stones, was thrown into the Segre, over the *Puente de Espia*, near Orgañá. It however floated up, and was buried by peasants at the Coll de Nargos, the curate Ferrer having returned to Berga to assure the Conde's partisans that he had seen him delivered safely in France. The secret causes of the murder are by some attributed to revenge for his cruelties of 1827; by others to private hints from a jealous rival chief (compare Estella). These classical scenes of civil contention again, in 1838, witnessed sundry paltry bushfightings between the Carlist *guerrillero* Tristani and the regular Christianist general De Meer.

From Urgel, a central point, many frequented passes lead over the Pyrenees into France: the shortest ascends the Segre.

ROUTE XLV.—URGEL TO MONTLUIS.

Puente del Bar . . .	2½	
Bellver	2½	5
Puigcerdá	3	8
Llivia	1	9
Montluis	3	12

This is a charming river and mountain ride, which seems made for the artist, angler, and sportsman: it runs up the *Garganta*, or gorge enclosed between the S.W. tail of the Canigú spine and the Carol to the N. It is generally called the Corregimiento de *Puigcerdá*, "*The head of Cerdaña*."

The valley of *Cerdaña*, Ceretania, is bounded S. by Berga and N. by France. Like many of these limitrophe Pyrenean districts it became independent soon after the Moorish invasion in 731.

It was ruled by Munuza, a Berber, who sided with the French against the Yemenite Arabs of the S. He even married Lampegie, daughter of Eudes Duke of Aquitaine. He was killed near Puigcerdá, and his head being first salted, was sent to the Kalif of Damascus. After long struggles for independence, the county of Cerdaña became merged in 1196 with Barcelona, and was divided by the peace of the Pyrenees in 1669, when France obtained a portion, pushing down her territory on the S. or Spanish slope of the mountains, just as the Spaniards retain the N. slope in the *Valle de Aran*, and both in defiance of geographical inclinations.

Bellver—Pulcher Visus—as its name implies, is a place of beautiful Swiss-like views, with some 650 inhabitants. It is built on the Segre, with an old ruined castle, a collegiate church, and a custom-house. The district is broken and irregular.

Puigcerdá is the chief town of Cerdaña. Popⁿ. 2000. It is a good headquarters for the fisherman. Here the Rieu and Arabór unite with the Segre: the trout are very fine, and the shooting wild and excellent, especially the *Cabra Montaraz*, or Bouquetin. It has a *Colegiata* and a charming walk, and is a frontier garrison town. *Llivia*—Julia Libica—although within the French boundary, is a Spanish town. Here Santiago is said first to have preached the Gospel to the Jews of Spain. Popⁿ. under 1000. It is prettily situated under its ruined castle, and near the source of the beautiful Segre. The Parroquia is handsome. Llivia was once an episcopal town, but the cathedral was entirely destroyed in 732 by the Moors.

Monthuis, Mont Louis, is the French frontier citadel, built on a conical hill by Vauban in 1684, to command the narrow but easy and much-frequented pass. (See Hand-book for France, Route xcvi.)

The second and central pass is by the *Valle de Andorra*.

ROUTE XLVI.—URGEL TO TARASCON.

San Julian	3		
Andorra	3	..	6
Soldeu	3	..	9
Hospitalet	3	..	12
Tarascon	6	..	18

This is a bridle-road to Soldeu, and after that carriageable. The valley of *Andorra* is a jumble of hills, enclosed on all sides by the Pyrenean spurs. It is about 7 L. long by 6 broad. It is bounded by the French and Spanish ridges by Puigercdá to the S. and E., by the Comté de Foix (départ. de L'Ariège) to the N., and by the Corregimiento of Talaru to the W. It is watered by the Valira, Ordino, and Os: it is one of the wildest districts of the Spanish Pyrenees, abounding in timber, which is floated down the Valira and Segre to Tortosa. The name *Andorra* is derived from the Arabic *Aldarra*, "a place thick with trees." It is an admirable district for fishing and shooting: here is found the *Cabra Montaraz*, bears, boars, and wolves. This valley was ceded in 819, by Louis le Débonnaire, to the Bishop Sisebut, and since has maintained a sort of republican independence between France and Spain. Geographically considered, the district ought to belong entirely to France, to which it is subject in civil matters, being in spirituals under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Urgel. The whole republic may be some 37 miles in extent by 30 wide, E. and W.: the popⁿ about 8000. They are either pastoral, smugglers, or rude forgers of iron.

The chief town was originally at San Julian, where a stone cross marks the site. Andorra now contains above 1000 inhabitants, and suffered much during the civil wars both from hostile attack and suspension of commerce and employment. The accommodations are altogether bad, as is the whole route to Soldeu. To the r. are the heights, and the old Moorish castle of *Carol*, a name derived from Carolus,

Charlemagne, who expelled the infidel. The *Puerto* is carried over the *Col de Puig Marins*, thence to Hospitalet (see Hand-book for France, R. xcvi.). Those who wish just to go into France, will find Saillagouse one of the best of the mountain villages; the wild rocky scenery to the hamlets *Porta* and *Poste* is quite *Salvador Rosa*-like. At *Planes*, near *Montluis*, is a church, said to be Moorish, and earlier than Charlemagne; certainly it is not later than the 10th century.

The excursions from San Julian are varied, and all full of alpine charms. *Escaldos* is an irregular picturesque hamlet, with a fine trout stream, which furnishes a water-power to the rude iron forges; the ore is brought from *Carol*. The hills around the rich alluvial basin of Andorra abound in pine forests, which afford fuel; nothing can be prettier than the distant views of the villages, embosomed in woods: at *Mont Melons* are three lakes, enclosed by lofty and fantastic walls of rock. Leaving *Escaldos*, proceed up the valley of *Embalire*, either to *Canillo*, or more circuitously by the *Val de Arensel*, which is entered by a beautiful gorge, and then by the narrow defile to *Urdino* and *Ariège*. A broken ridge separates *Urdino* and *Canillo*; in the latter is a curious old church. Thence on by miserable *Soldeu*, beyond which is the frontier line, and so on by *Port de Framiquel*, a wild region of *Flora*, to *Ax*, in France, and the sweet valley of the *Ariège*. Of course the traveller will take a local guide.

ROUTE XLVII.—URGEL TO BONAIGUA.

Castellbó	2		
Romandrin	2	..	4
Llaborsi	3	..	7
Tirvia	1	..	8
Esterri	3	..	11
Valencia	†	..	11½
Meson de Bonaigua . .	1½	..	13

This is the western route by the *Puerto de Aran*. Ascending the pretty *Ordino* is *Castellbó*, with 250 inhab. *Romandrin* is in the heart of the hills,

and is a poor place. At Llaborsi, a hamlet of iron-workers, is a good bridge over the Noguera Pallaresa, which here is joined by the Cardos. Tirvia is a better village, with 400 inhab. Esterri, like all these places, is a mountain dwelling of hard-working peasants. Valencia has nothing in common with the voluptuous city on the sunny coasts: it is cold and cheerless, and constantly covered with snow, whence the name *Val de Nea*. Its *Puerto* is frequently impassable. From thence we descend into the Valle of Aran (see Index). The whole of this route is savage and alpine, and devoid of accommodations.

ROUTE XLVIII.—URGEL TO GERONA.

Fornols	2½	
Juxent	1½	4
Bagá	4	8
Liliet	2½	10½
Candebanol	2½	13
Ripoll	2	15
Valfogona	1½	16½
Olot	2½	19
Mieras	2½	21½
Bañolas	2½	24
Gerona	2	26

The country is wild and broken to Fornols and Bagá, which is situated on the Bascaren, a tributary of the Llobregat, with excellent trout fishing. Izaak Walton himself could not wish for a prettier district than this whole ride to *Pobla de Lillet*, a place of some 1500 souls, which the angler may make his quarters. The peasants are hard-working and simple, and the women, as all over Catalonia, are indefatigable knitters. The trout-stocked Llobregat flows through the hamlet; near it is a round temple dedicated to *Sⁿ. Miguel*, said to be one of the 8th century. The angler may hence, skirting the hills, visit the *Fresné*, or *Freser*, at Ribas; and then fish in the Ter to Camprodon, a town of 500 inhab., sacked by the French in 1639, and again Oct. 5, 1793, as it lies close to the frontier; hence the traveller may cross the *Puerto* into France to *Pratz de Mollo*, and proceed up the valley of the Tech, 8 m. to Arles in

France. Now the Canigú, rising almost isolated from the Pyrenean chain, spreads forth its spurs like a fan, and soars a real mountain 9141 feet above the plains of Roussillon, but the ascent is not difficult. The best route is to start from Arles, and after reaching the top, whence the views over sea, river, mountain, and plain are superb, to descend and sleep either at the forge of Valmania or even at Prades. Leaving Arles you pass by the old watch tower of Bateres, which looks over the valleys of the Tech and Tet, and there breakfast; then proceed through pine woods and rhododendrons to the summit (see Hand-book for France, R. xcvi.).

Those who continue in Spain may descend the Llera from Camprodon, which falls into the Fluvia, below Castellfolit. *Ripoll*, on the Ter, contains 3000 inhab.; it is in a coal and iron country, where rude nails and fire-arms are manufactured. The Benedictine convent, dedicated to the Virgin, was built in the tenth century by the Abbot Oliva; the foundation, however, dates back to 888: it was an Escorial from the 9th to the 12th centuries. Here rest the early counts from *Wilfred el Velloso*; the particulars of the tombs are detailed in Yepes (iv. 218): the cloister is very curious, especially the romanesque capitals. Below the town the *Fresné*, or *Freser*, flows into the Ter; thus Ripoll may well be called *Rivus Pollens*. The valley is charming: the Ter in its course to Vique flows near Roda and Amer, through some narrow and very picturesque rocks; but into what lovely and secluded secrets of nature does not trout-fishing conduct us. *Olot* is a more important manufacturing town of 13,000 souls; it is placed between the Fluvia and the volcanic hill *Montsacopa*, which is of great geological interest. The base is chiefly basalt; other craters exist on the Monte Olivet and *el Puig de la Garrinada* to the N. E., at *Bosque de Tosca*, and a league distant at *Sa. Margarita de la Cot*, as the whole district is volcanic, and the intermediate

plains, *Plà Sacot* and *de la Davesa*, should be explored. The *Sopladores*, under the hill *Batét*, are cool currents which blow out of the porous lava, and used by the natives as refrigeratories.

Six L. from *Ripoll* and $6\frac{1}{2}$ from *Olot* is *Vique*, *Vich*, *Ausona*, a *Ciudad* and the capital of its temperate and fertile plain: ancient *Ausona*, according to native annalists, was founded by *Auso*, son of *Briga*, grandson of *Noah*. The modern name *Vich* is a corruption of *Vicus*, a Roman town which was razed by the Moors and rebuilt in 798. Many Roman antiquities have been from time to time discovered and neglected; some inscriptions are preserved in the E. S. xxviii., which treats of this diocese. The city is placed in the centre of its district, on a slope; the environs produce corn and fruit, and a bad wine; the popⁿ. is about 10,000: the city and environs possess some rude manufactures, adapted to their own poor wants; the sausages, however, are excellent, and few *longanizas* are more justly renowned.

The irregular town branches out like a spider's web from a centre group; it has a pleasant rambla and an arcaded plaza. *Vich* is the see of a most ancient bishopric, which was restored in 880, and in 970 was raised by *John XIII.* to be the metropolitan of *Catalonia*; this dignity, however, reverted to *Tarragona* in the 11th century, after its reconquest from the Moors. The cathedral was rebuilt in 1038 by the Bp. *Oliva*. In the cloisters of the cathedral are some singular pillars and capitals, the work of *Berengario Portell*, of *Gerona*, 1325. *Vich* was repeatedly sacked by the French, and near it, Feb. 20, 1810, *Souham* completely routed *O'Donnell*; this brave man but no officer had planned out-manœuvring the enemy, as at *Bailen*, when one dashing French charge put 14,000 Spaniards to instant flight, their leader leading the way to the mountain hides.

Barcelona is $12\frac{1}{2}$ L. distant from *Vich* by *Tona*, $1\frac{1}{2}$ L., which is joined

to *Colluspina*, and has a ruined castle, and an ancient church, founded in 888; *Centellas*, 1 L. which, with *Aigua Freda*, 1 L., are built on the *Congost*: thence 2 L. to *La Garriga*, 2 more to *Granollers*, popⁿ. 2200, near the rivers *Besos* and *Congost*: observe on the plaza the *cobertizo*, supported by pillars: hence to *Moncada* 3 L., which is separated from *Reixach* by the *Besos*; the ferruginous baths are much frequented: here the *Gerona* high road is entered, and 2 L. more lead to *Barcelona*.

Hostalrich, on the high road to *France*, lies 7 S. from *Vich*: the cold *Monseny* ridge is crossed near *Arbusias*, where, on the hill *San Sagismundo*, the fine amethysts are found which decorate *Catalan* earrings; the shooting here is excellent. At *Olot* the road branches off to *Gerona*, 7 L. by *Mieras*, and also to *Figueras* by *Besalú*.

ROUTE XLIX.—BARCELONA TO
PERPIÑAN.

<i>Moncada</i>	• • • •	2	
<i>Montmaló</i>	• • • •	2	.. 4
<i>Llinas</i>	• • • •	2	.. 6
<i>St. Celoni</i>	• • • •	3	.. 9
<i>Hostalrich</i>	• • • •	2½	.. 11½
<i>Mallorquinas</i>	• • • •	2	.. 13½
<i>Gerona</i>	• • • •	4	.. 17½
<i>Bascara</i>	• • • •	4	.. 21½
<i>La Junquera</i>	• • • •	3	.. 24½
<i>Al Boulou</i>	• • • •	3	.. 27½
<i>Perpiñan</i>	• • • •	4	.. 31½

This is the upper road, but is by no means so pleasant as that which runs by the coast, *Route 1*. The country to *Gerona*, by both roads, is densely peopled. This manufacturing hive is in perfect contrast with the silent, lifeless *Castiles* and central provinces; we seem to be in another planet.

This corner of the Peninsula has from time immemorial been exposed to the invader, who, whether *Celt*, *Gaul*, *Roman*, *Goth*, or *French*, have ravaged it in their turns: under the reign of terror of *Duhesme* and *Auge-reau*, the air was poisoned by the putrifying bodies of peasants, executed without even the form of a trial (*Toreno*, xi.).

The road is carried under the cold

Monseny range, amid a wild pine-clad broken country; on the heights of Llinas Vives and Reding ventured, Dec. 16, 1808, to oppose St. Cyr, who was advancing on Barcelona, after the capture of Rosas, which Vives had not even attempted to prevent. The Spaniards were routed, Vives running away on foot, Reding on horseback; and yet, in this broken country, by a proper *guerrillero* warfare, the French, driven to great straits, might have been cut off in detail in the hills.

HOSTALRICH was once the most important fortress on this high road, but since that by the sea-coast has been opened it has become secondary. It was taken by the French in 1694, when the town was sacked, and the fortifications ruined. They were afterwards repaired, and in Feb. 1810 were held by Julian de Estrada for four months against Augereau, the garrison at last cutting out its way, and getting safely to Vich: Augereau thereupon tortured and burnt alive many of the unhappy persons who were left behind (Schep. i. 256).

ROUTE L.—BARCELONA TO GERONA.

Badalona	2
Mataró	3 .. 5
St. Pol	2½ .. 7½
Tordera	3 .. 10½
Granota	2½ .. 13
Gerona	2½ .. 15½

A railroad is in contemplation from Barcelona to Mataró: meanwhile this coast line is delightful; it is a constant interchange of hill and plain, with the blue sea on one side and the rich maritime strip on the other. The laborious industry of man exacts tribute from land and water alike. It is a sunny scene, where the aloe hedges the garden-farms with impenetrable palisade. The cottages are neat and clean. There is little of Castilian poverty or idleness: all are busy, the women knitting, the labourer delving, and the fisherman trimming his picturesque craft. Occupation renders all happy, while industry enriches, and these charming districts bid fair to be again

what they were described by Fest. Avienus (Or. Mar. 520), *Sedes amœnæ ditium*.

Badalona, Bethulonia, lies near the sea, and contains about 1000 manufacturing, busy, and amphibious souls. The ancient *parroquia* is built on Roman foundations, but few antiquities found here have been ever preserved. The coast is charming, filled with fruit and corn, with the sweet blue sea gladdening the eye and tempering the summer heats.

Mataró—Illuro—rises on the sea, surrounded on the land side by verdurous gardens. It is a *Ciudad* since 1701, and contains 15,000 souls, Spaniards say more; and it is increasing. The diligence inn is the best. The port is capable of much improvement, which the jealousy of the Barcelonese has always thwarted. Mataró is of an irregular shape, has two good *plazas*, a well-managed hospital, a very fine *parroquia*, in which are (or were) some good pictures by Viladomat, which at all events should be inquired for. The oldest church is *San Miguel de Mata*, whence some derive the city's name, and the arms are, or four bars gules, a hand holding a sprig, *Mata*, with the word *Ró*. The chief street is *La Riera* (the river, *Rambla*), and the town is well watered. Mataró consists of a tortuous old, and a more regular new quarter: in the former the better classes reside, while the operatives and sailors people the latter. They, however, retain the ancient Catalan costume, and are picturesque originals; while their betters, by aping modern modes and foreign fashions, are pale and second-rate imitations. Mataró is defended by a castle built outside on an elevation. The new town is neat, and the houses stuccoed and painted. The principal approaches, both from Barcelona and Gerona, are handsome streets. Mataró is a busy, industrious, and flourishing place, and has recovered the terrible sacking by Duhesme, June 17, 1808, who had been quartered for two months in the town, and hospitably

received as an ally and a guest, which the French repaid by every excess of bloodshed and pillage. Southey (viii.) and Toreno (iv.) give the terrific details. Duhesme pursued his road to Gerona, "a red trail of fire and blood marking his progress" (Schep. iii. 227). He was sent to his account at Gemappe, while skulking away after the rout of Waterloo.

At *Cordera* the road turns inland, and the country becomes more broken and less cultivated. *Gerona* rises above the *Ter* on an acclivity which overlooks a sunny well-irrigated plain; placed by its military position in the very jaws of every invader, at no period has it escaped sieges, nor have the fierce natives shunned the encounter. Their wild district has always been the lair of the bold bandit and *Guerrillero*, unchanged since the days of Festus Avienus (Or. Mar. 528):

"Post *Indigetes* asperi se proferunt,
Gens ista dura, gens ferox venatibus
Lustrisque inherens."

Ferocity is indeed inherent; but with the vices they have the rude, hardy virtues of uncivilised mountaineers.

Gerona, *Gerunda*, is of most remote antiquity: the diligence inn is the best. Some derive the name from *Ger-ryon*, who kept oxen near Cadiz, which is exactly the most distant point from this site; others read the Celtic *Ger*, near, and *Ond*, a confluence; and it is placed near the junction of the *Ter* and the *Oña*. These matters are discussed in the '*Resumen de las Grandezas*,' Juan Gaspar Roig, Barcelona, 1678, and in the E. S. xliii., iv., v.

Gerona boasts to be the first town in which Santiago and St. Paul rested when they came to Spain, which neither of them ever did; be that as it may, San Feliu is now called *el Apostol de Gerona*: martyred in the fourth century, he was worshipped by the Goths; his head encased in silver is still the lion and relic of the *Colegiata*. *Gerona*, when in the possession of the Moors, like other limitrophe districts, placed between France and Spain,

sided alternately with each, and generally with the former. Soleyman, its Emir, was allied with Pepin so early as 759. It was taken in 785 by Charlemagne, the "heavens raining blood, and angels appearing with crosses" (E. S. xliii. 74). The Moors regained and sacked it in 795. It was soon recovered by its "Counts," and then passing to Arragon, gave the title of Prince to the king's eldest son. Of the Moorish period there remains an elegant bath in the Capuchin convent: it is a light pavilion rising from an octangular stylobate.

Gerona is a *Ciudad*, and is the capital of its district, the see of a bishop, a *plaza de armas*, therefore the artist should remember our caution (p. 9). The town contains about 6500 souls. It lies under the fortified Monjuich hill, and is of a triangular form; the streets are narrow, but clean. It contains three *plazas*; the Mercadel, or portion overlooking the *Oña*, is very ancient. It is much dilapidated, the results of the French siege and bombarding; it bears for arms, or, the four Catalan bars gules, and an escutcheon of waves azure.

The see was founded in 786 by Charlemagne. The early cathedral was pulled down and rebuilt in 1316; in 1416, a dispute arose whether the bold plan of Guillermo Boffy of one single nave should be changed into three: a jury of twelve architects was summoned, who decided on the single plan. Cean. B. (Ar. i. 92, 261) has printed all the deliberations, which evince the serious consideration with which these mighty works of old were reared. The approach is magnificent, and, as at Tarragona, a superb flight of 86 steps, raised in 1607 by Bishop Zuazo, leads to the façade; this is in the Græco-Romano style, rising in tiers, order above order, and terminated with an oval rose window; one exagonal belfry-tower only is finished; the incongruous upper story commands a beautiful panorama. Before entering the cathedral look at the *Puerta de los*

Apostoles and the terra-cotta statues of 1458. The interior, consisting of one noble nave, with a semicircular absis, is simple and grandiose.

The *Silla del Coro* is of the early part of the sixteenth century; observe the episcopal throne. The altar is isolated, and belonged to the older church; observe the frontal, the paintings, and some early enamelled figures, A.D. 1038. The noble *Retablo* and pillared tabernacle are by Pedro Benes. Formerly it was one mass of silver and precious materials, which the invaders plundered. Observe the sepulchres of Ramon Berenguer II. and his wife Ermesendis, obt. 1058, and that of Bp. Bernardo de Amplasola. Next visit the *Sala Capitular*, and the cloisters with quaint capitals like those of Vich and Ripoll, and executed by Berengario Portell, 1325. In the *Galilea* and the *Cementerio de los Negros* are some early lapidary inscriptions. In the archives in the cloister are some early MSS. and a Bible, written in 1374 by Bernardin Mutina for Charles V. of France, and *therefore* ascribed here to Charlemagne.

The *Colegiata de San Feliu*, is also approached by a staircase between two polygonal towers, one of which has a light Gothic spire. The masonry is solid, for from the earliest times this church was half a fortress, and built accordingly. The grand relics are the head of San Feliu and the body of San Narciso. This Narcissus must not be confounded with the Pagan puppy; he was bishop of Gerona from 304 to 307. Some say he was a German, which makes the Geronese angry; some say he was killed running away from Spain, which does not mend matters. Padre Roig has written his life; see also Ribad. iii. 311. San Narciso, with his deacon Feliu (Felix), were lodged in Ausburgh, at a "Burdell," and there wrought his first miracle, by converting Afra his hostess, and three of her ladies, called Digna, Eumenia, and Eutropia, names of worth and good conduct, which doubt-

less refer to the later periods of their career. On his return to Spain, he was killed by the Gentiles while saying mass. The site where his body was buried was revealed by angels to Charlemagne, since when he has been the tutelar of Gerona. Thus, when Philip le Hardi, anxious to avenge the Sicilian vespers, invaded Catalonia, and began à la Brennus by appropriating the silver on the saint's tomb, there forthwith issued from the body a plague of flies: the authorities differ as to their colour, some affirming that they were white, others that they were tri-coloured, blue, green, and red, while Father Roig is positive that they were "half green, half blue, with a red stripe down their backs." Be this as it may, these blue-bottles destroyed no less than 24,000 horses and 40,000 Frenchmen; nay, the king himself sickened and died at Perpignan Oct. 5, 1285. Hence the proverb, "*Las moscas de Sn. Narciso.*" These gad-flies reappeared Sept. 24, 1653, and compelled the French, under La Mothe-Houdaincourt, to retire once more, having then stung to death, according to Padre Roig (c. xvii.), more than 20,000 horses. Again, May 24, 1684, an enormous single party-coloured fly appeared miraculously on the image of the saint, and the French army, under Bellfonds, either died or ran away. This miracle was authenticated by Isidro Vila, the town-clerk. Thereupon Innocent XI. decreed a national thanksgiving to Narciso, as "the Saviour of Spain;" and the 29th of every October is still a first-rate holiday. Wisely, therefore, did the Junta in 1808 declare this Hercules Muscarius, this *Απομυιος*, this Baalzebub, to be their captain-general; and on his tomb was laid the staff of command, in order that this *glorioso e invicto martir*, as *especialisimo protector y generalisimo*, might infuse *luces y valor*, intelligence and courage, into mortal Spanish generals. The whole decree was republished in 1832, in the E. S. xlv. 90, with the names of the 32 deputies who

signed it, headed by the identical Jaime Creux who, as the representative of Catalonia, opposed the giving command to the Duke, when the Cortes preferred S^{ta}. Teresa. So San Antonio was nominated the generalissimo (the San Narciso) of the Lusitanians. Although he never served while alive, he was called into active employment when dead, and was enrolled in 1668 as a private—the Virgin being his surety that he would not desert; in 1780 he was made a general officer, and Junot, in 1807, received his pay with the regularity of a true believer (Foy, ii. 19).

San Narciso is buried in a superb modern chapel, built in 1782 by Bp. Lorenzana; but his tomb, with his history in relief on the four sides, is of the date 1328. His original coffin was placed in the chapel of S^a. Afra, "mine hostess" of Ausburgh. To the r. of the *Presbiterio* is a simple sarcophagus, dedicated to Mariano Alvarez, the gallant defender of Gerona in 1809. The sepulchre of San Feliu is at the altar, and appears to be a rude Roman sarcophagus, with a group of cloaked figures. There are some ancient lapidary inscriptions, of the 12th or 13th centuries, and two Roman bassi-relievi—one of a lion hunt, the other a birth of Aurora; both of which have been whitewashed.

Gerona, in the war of the Succession, made a desperate resistance with 2000 men against 19,000 troops of Philip V., who abolished its university and all its liberties. In June, 1808, Gerona, with 300 men of the Ulster regiment, under O'Daly, beat off Duhesme with 6000 men. He returned with fresh forces in July, boasting that he would arrive the 24th, attack the 25th, take it the 26th, and raze it on the 27th; but he was beaten off again by that marine gad-fly Lord Cochrane. Not daring to go near the sea, Duhesme retreated, Aug. 16, by the hills: he was pursued by Caldagues, and lost his cannon, baggage, and reputation. At that critical mo-

ment 10,000 English troops were ordered from Sicily, and had they landed France never could have won Catalonia. Unfortunately the loss of the island of Capri by Sir Hudson Lowe enabled the French to threaten the poor creature Sir John Murray, and the troops did not sail. The Catalans were thus left unassisted, and thereby this province and Valencia were lost. The English only interfered when too late, and then only, under the same Murray and other Sicilian incapables, to do worse than nothing (see Biar, Ordal, Tarragona, etc.).

Gerona was again besieged in May, 1809, by the French with 35,000 men, under Verdier, St. Cyr, and Augereau. It was defended by Mariano Alvarez, who was left by the Junta in want of everything, even of ammunition; but he was brave and skilful, and well seconded by some English volunteers and the gallant Col. Marshall, who took the lead and was killed in the breaches: Pearson, Nash, and Candy also distinguished themselves. The women of Gerona enrolled themselves into a company, dedicated to S^{ta}. Barbara, the patroness of Spanish artillery, and fit mate to San Narciso and his Spanish flies. The French bombarded the city—the resistance was most dogged—general after general failed, and the siege became so unpopular that Lechi, Verdier, and others took French leave, and gave up their commands. At last famine and disease effected what force of arms could not. Alvarez became delirious, and with him Gerona fell; for Samaniego, his poor successor, forthwith capitulated, Dec. 12, 1809 (comp. the traitor coward Imaz at Badajoz). The defence lasted seven months and five days, against seven open breaches. The French expended 60,000 balls and 20,000 bombs, and lost more than 15,000 men. Augereau broke every stipulation, and insulted the invalid Alvarez, instead of honouring a brave opponent. He confined him in a solitary dungeon,

where he was soon "found dead," say the French—"poisoned," says Toreno (x. Ap. 3); and Southey compares his fate to that of Wright and Pichegru.

For the siege of Gerona consult '*Memorias*,' J. A. Nieto y Samaniego, Tarragona, 1810. Thus fell this key of Catalonia, and with it the province; but Alvarez lives immortal, and redeems the infamy of Alacha at Tortosa, and Imaz at Badajoz. Gerona was much dismantled by Suchet when evacuating Catalonia after Vitoria.

Gerona has suffered much recently during the Prim and Ametler bush-fightings of 1843.

La Bispal lies to the l. of Gerona. Here, in Sept. 1810, Henry O'Donnell surprised the ever unlucky bungler Swartz, and took him prisoner, with 1200 men. Toreno (xii.) omits, in recording this *Spanish* victory, any allusion to the English tars, who were, as at San Payo, the salt of the enterprise.

From Gerona there is a bridle-road to the l. into France.

ROUTE LI.—GERONA TO ST. LAURENT.

Bañolas	2	
Besalú	2	4
Entreperas	3	7
Basagoda	2½	9½
St. Laurent	1½	11

Turning to the r. from Besalú it ascends the Llera, on which Entreperas is placed. Basagoda communicates with Camprodon by the Coll de Fac, and is the last town in Spain.

ROUTE LII.—GERONA TO PERPIÑAN.

Bascara	4	
Figueras	3	7
A la Junquera	3	10
Al Boulou	3	13
Perpiñan	4	17

On leaving Gerona the Fluvia is crossed. On these banks Ferd VII., travelling under the title of Conde de Barcelona, was restored to Spain, March 24, 1814, by Buonaparte, whose pride had too long obscured his military judgment. Had he taken that

step sooner, Ferd. would have been another apple of discord to the English; again, by withdrawing Suchet's army, Buonaparte would have had greater means to resist the allies when invading France; but Spain was his evil genius, and poetical justice required that this should be his pit. He mismanaged the whole campaign, and especially by grasping at Valencia and Andalucia, instead of concentrating his overwhelming superiority of numbers against the Duke: "as it is *ridiculous* to suppose that either the Spaniards or the Portuguese could have resisted *for a moment*, if the British force had been withdrawn,"—ipse dixit (Disp. Dec. 21, 1813); writing from France, after *he alone* had saved the Peninsula, and in spite of the juntas and generals of Spain.

Ferdinand came back attended by his tutor, Escoiquiz, who had lured him into the Bayonne trap. Pedant and pupil returned as Spanish as they had gone forth—nothing learnt, nothing forgotten. The Duke, however, thought better of the king than of his ministers. He was well disposed, and meant and wished to have acted fairly, but it was impossible, as his party was too strong for him, and clamoured for Iberian *Venganza*. He fell also into the worst hands, and especially Freire and Ballesteros, his war ministers, who prejudiced him against the English, and especially against the Duke, falsely stating that he patronised a liberal newspaper called *El Conciso*. Thus, when the Duke arrived at Madrid, Ferd. VII., although outwardly very civil, never touched on political subjects. The Duke was very nearly being obliged to go and lodge at his brother's house, when a hint was given by Gen. O'Lawlor to the Duque de San Carlos, and a proper residence was provided; nor did the king, although the Duke would have liked it, ever offer to give him a permanent house there in his quality of grandee. The Duke saw at once how things were going on, and passing through Tolosa on his return, told Gen.

Giron, "c'est une affaire perdue," and he was right.

Figueras, Ficarís, is a straggling place, which rises in its rich plain of olives and rice: it contains about 7500 souls. Here the traveller should exchange his Spanish money for French, or his French for Spanish, as the case may be, remembering always that five-franc pieces, or the pillared *duro*, are the safest coins to take. Those who now enter Spain for the first time should read our preliminary remarks on money, passports, sketching, costume, &c. Barcelona is a good place for an outfit.

In the parish church of Figueras Philip V., Nov. 3, 1701, was married to Maria Luisa of Savoy. The glory of Figueras and her shame is the superb citadel, which is called *San Fernando*, having been built by Ferd. VI. It is pentagonal, cut out of the rock, and planned on the principles of Vauban. It is of truly Roman magnificence and solidity, and as far as art can go, it ought to be impregnable. The arsenals, magazines, &c., are capable of containing enormous stores, which, as usual, are *not* there, and quarters for 16,000 men, who also are wanting. In the prison Alvarez was "*found dead*," although Augereau held no coroner's inquest on the body. Gen. Castaños marked the spot by an inscription. This fortress, thus placed as a central point of communication, is the key of the frontier, or ought to be; for well did Mr. Townshend observe, in 1786, while it was building, "When the moment of trial comes, the whole will depend on the *weakness* or treachery of a commander, and instead of being a defence to the country, it may afford a lodgment to the enemy;" and his prophetic apprehensions proved too well founded. The miserable governor, one Andre Torres, surrendered, Nov. 27, 1794, at the first summons of the republican Gen. Perignon, the same who two years afterwards negotiated with Godoy the treaty of San Ildefonso, which degraded Spain to being the

slave of France. The conquerors, who were under 15,000 men, could scarcely believe their success, or the astounding cowardice of a garrison which had every means of resisting even 50,000 men for at least six months.

Again, March 18, 1808, this citadel, like most others on the frontier, was perfidiously gained by Buonaparte, whose agent, Duhesme, entered the town as the ally of Charles IV.: he prevailed on the governor, one Prats, to confide in his honour, and to imprison therein 200 unruly conscripts: instead of whom he sent his picked soldiers in disguise, who immediately overpowered the Spanish garrison, inefficient in numbers, and unprovided, as usual, with the commonest means for defence (compare Pamplona).

Figueras was recaptured in one hour, April 10, 1811, by Rovira, a doctor in theology. This clever *partisan* had trusty friends in the town, and had long wished to attempt its surprise, but was thwarted by the blundering *regular* generals, who laughed at the idea as a Quixotism, a *Rovirada*: the doctor, at last, led his brave peasants, and succeeded in his wild enterprise from sheer boldness of conception and execution, just as our gallant Peterborough did with the fortress of Barcelona. The careless French governor, one Mons. Guyot, was condemned to death for form's sake, and a theatrical scene was got up, when Buonaparte pardoned him. All this French farce is bepraised by Napier (xiii. 6), who blinks his idol's subsequent cruelty to the brave Spaniards. Rovira was rewarded by preferment in the cathedral of Vich, a common practice. Thus, when Amarillas commanded in Galicia, the usual form of *Empeño*, or request for a job, was to "procure the applicant either a commission in the army, or a benefice in the church," and this mode of rewarding the brave was actually decreed by the Cortes; so the mediæval warriors retired into hermitages, exchanging the hauberk for the cowl; not that a well paid canon,

in any country, is ultra ascetic. Figueras, thus taken by the reverend doctor, was lost by the blundering regular general Campoverde, who, while creeping *con pies de plomo* to its resupply of troops and provisions, was met, May 3, by General Baraguey d'Hilliers, who, with some 4000 men, by one dashing cavalry charge, completely routed 10,000 Spaniards, killing 900, and taking 1500 prisoners. When one reads the French and Spanish accounts (compare V. et C. xx. 307 with Mald. iii. 54), it would seem that they were describing different actions.

Figueras, left to itself, was now besieged and bombarded by 13,000 Frenchmen. The governor, Martinez, made a splendid defence, and at last, after nearly five months' resistance, food and ammunition failing, capitulated (Aug. 16) on, say the Spaniards, honourable terms, all of which were violated by Macdonald. After sundry executions the brave garrison was marched half-naked to the hulks of Brest and Rochefort, and there compelled by Buonaparte to work like convicts. See the sad but true details in Southey (Chr. 38).

Figueras was much injured during the internecine *et plus quàm civile bellum*, carried on in 1843 between Prim and Ametler.

Leaving this place the road passes the Llobregat, and reaches La Junquera, in its reedy plain or *garganta* between the hills. From the quantity of *Esparto* which grows here the site was called by the ancients Campus Juncarius, and "the plain of Marathon," from *μαραθων*, a rope (Strabo, iii. 240). Here is the Spanish *aduana*; the custom-house officers, taught by the scrutiny of their French colleagues, are severe, unless judiciously soothed, for *mas ablanda dinero, que palabras de caballero*, and few searchers can find it in their hearts to resist an insinuating dollar. The old Celtiberian Salondicus carried on the war with a *silver spear*, which he said had fallen from

heaven (Florus, ii. 17. 4). The meaning of the myth is obvious.

Now we ascend the mountain barrier of the Pyrenees, and passing over the *Col de Pertús* descend to *El Boulou*. The height looks over Spain and France, which the Rubicon Tech separates. To the l., above the village Pertús, is the fort of Bellegarde, raised in 1679 by Louis XIV. to prevent the passage of the Spaniards, and guard his newly acquired slice of dominion. It is placed on a conical hill between two ridges, and is strong, although commanded by the Spanish height, from whence there is an extensive view looking back towards Figueras. This *Puerto* in ancient times was crossed by Pompey, who erected on the spot a monument inscribed with the names of 876 places which he had subdued. Cæsar, when he passed by, having vanquished the generals and sons of this conqueror, raised an altar by the side of the former trophy. Nothing now remains of either. *Sic transit gloria!* (See Hand-book for France.) Soon the appearance of the semi-soldier French douanier, the rigorous searchings of trunks, nay persons, and the signing of passports, announce another kingdom (see our remarks at Irun). Then adieu hungry Iberia, charming land of the original, racy, and romantic, and welcome *Belle France*, chosen country of most unpicturesque commonplace, and most poetical cookery.

Roussillon ought, according to geographical position, to belong to France, as it now does. Its not having always done so proves the former superiority of Arragon over its limitrophe neighbour. To obtain this *Angulus iste* was the dream of Louis XI. The crafty Ferdinand the Catholic recovered this frontier (which had been mortgaged to Louis XI.) from his weak son Charles VIII., but the policy was revived by Richelieu, who encouraged the Catalans to rebel against Philip IV. The result was that Louis XIV. was enabled, by the treaty of the Pyrenees,

to obtain this desirable nook, which in all probability will never revert to Spain; yet the Catalonian character still lingers in Perpiñan, and breaks out in costume and in the dance called "*Lo Salt*."

ROUTE LIII.—FIGUERAS TO ROSAS.

From Figueras there is a wild and picturesque riding route into France, along the coast of the gulf of Rosas. On one side stands *Castellon de Ampurias*, now a miserable ruined fishing hamlet: it is all that remains of the ancient commercial Emporiæ Emporium, *Ἐμπορία Ἐμπορείον*. This colony of the Phocæan Greeks from Marseilles was founded 550 B.C., and became the rendezvous of Asia and Europe. It traded much in linen, which calico has now supplanted in these parts. The Spaniards beheld these foreign settlers with great jealousy, and after many contests came to a singular compromise: the Greeks were allowed to occupy the island rocks *Las Metas, Medas*, but their city, Paleopolis, was divided from the Iberian town by a party wall, which was regularly guarded as in a case of siege, and all intercommunication cut off; an arrangement not unlike the partition in the church at Heidelberg, between the irreconcilable Papist and Protestant congregations. The Romans, when Spain was conquered, broke down the barrier, and united the two portions under their paramount authority. The mint was very busy, and the coins have survived the city, as thirty have been discovered, all of which bear the head of Minerva on the reverse (Florez, 'M.' ii. 409). For ancient details consult Livy, xxxiv. 9; Strabo, iii. 241; and E. S. xlii. 202.

The Goths used Emporiæ kindly, and raised it to a bishopric. The strong town resisted the invading Moors, and was by them dismantled; it was finally destroyed by the Normans, and the

sea, by retiring, has completed the injuries of man.

Rosas, placed on the upper part of the bay, was the Greek *Ροδιων*, Rhodos; the old town, it is said, lay towards the head-land, at San Pedro de Roda. Below the town is the citadel, which was besieged, Nov. 1794, by the French under Perignon, and gallantly defended by Isquierdo, who, when his inadequate means were exhausted, managed, Feb. 3, to embark and save his garrison. The defences, half ruined, were never repaired. Thus, when the next war broke out, this important key to the coast was left exposed to the mercy of the enemy. It was attacked, Nov. 1808, by 7000 French under Reille, Souham, and St. Cyr, and was gallantly defended by O'Daly and Fitzgerald, who had good Irish blood in their veins, and it held out for 29 days, surrendering Dec. 5. No effort was made by any Spaniards to relieve this important maritime place. Lord Cochrane, however, with his truly English self-relying, self-acting spirit, just threw some eighty blue jackets into the head-land fort, which the religious Spaniards called *La Trinidad*, and the more æsthetic French *Le bouton de rose*. These tars played such pranks with their cutlasses, as only British sailors, rendered reckless by uninterrupted victory, can venture to practise. They beat Sⁿ. Narciso and his Gerona Spanish flies hollow: the name of Cochrane, however, was enough to inspire terror to the enemies of England all along the coast; he was a true son of the Drakes and Blakes who ruled these waves, nor is the breed likely to fail.

Crossing the head-land, and passing the *Cabo de Creux*, the site of the temple of Venus and her promontory, a wild coast-road leads by Cervera to France and *Porte Vendres*, Portus Veneris, where the steamers touch in their passages to and from Cadiz and Marseilles.

SECTION VII.

ESTREMADURA.

CONTENTS.

The Province; Character of the Country and Natives; the Mesta and Merinos; the Swine, Locusts, and Doves.

BADAJOZ.

ROUTE LIV.—BADAJOZ TO LISBON.

ROUTE LV.—BADAJOZ TO MADRID.

Merida; Medellin; Trujillo.

ROUTE LVI.—EXCURSION TO ALMADEN BY LOGROSAN AND GUADALUPE.

ROUTE LV. (continued.)

Almaraz; Talavera de la Reina.

ROUTE LVII.—MERIDA TO PLACENCIA.

Arroyo Molinos; Caceres; Alcantara; Coria.

PLACENCIA.

ROUTE LVIII.—PLACENCIA TO TRUJILLO.

ROUTE LIX.—PLACENCIA TO TALAVERA DE LA REINA.
San Yuste.

ROUTE LX.—PLACENCIA TO SALAMANCA.

ROUTE LXI.—PLACENCIA TO CIUDAD RODRIGO.

Abadia; the Batuecas.

The grand objects in this too little visited province are the battle fields of Badajoz, Arroyo Molinos, and Almaraz; the Roman antiquities of Merida, Alcantara, Coria, and Capara; the geology at Logrosan; the convents of Guadalupe, San Yuste, and the extraordinary valley of the Batuecas, and scenery near Placencia. The Springs and Autumns are the best seasons for travelling.

THE country between Seville and Badajoz has been described in Routes ix. and x.

The province of Estremadura was so called, quasi *Extrema ora*, because it was the last and *extreme* conquest of Alonzo IX. in 1228. It lies to the W. of the Castiles, on the Portuguese frontier. The average length is 190 miles and breadth 90. The Tagus and Guadiana, flowing E. and W., divide the province; the former passing through Estremadura *Alta* or upper, the latter through Estremadura *Baja* or lower. The upper province is a continuous layer of slates intercalated with beds of fine quartzite and granite. In both vast districts of land, fertile in themselves, and under a beneficent climate, are abandoned to sheep-walks, or left as uninhabited wastes overgrown with cistus; yet the finest wheat might be raised here in inexhaustible quantities, and under the Romans and Moors this province was both a granary and a garden. It is still called by the gipsies *Chin del Manro*, "the land of corn;" and wherever there is common irrigation and cultivation, wheat crops and excellent wine and oil are largely produced. The lonely *dehesas y despoblados*, like portions of Barbary and Andalucia already described (see p. 148), are absolute preserves for the botanist

and sportsman; nothing can be more striking than the greenhouse-like smell, temperature, and exotic appearance of the aromatic shrubs and weeds: everything displays the exuberant vigour of the soil, teeming with life and food, and neglected, as it were, out of pure abundance. The swampy banks of the Guadiana offer good wild-fowl shooting in winter, but in summer they are unwholesome and infected with fever and agues, while the survivors are eaten up by mosquitos and other light militia of the air and earth.

In proportion as the animal creature abounds, man, the lord of the creation, is rare. The population of Estremadura ranges at about 600,000, which is scarcely at the rate of 350 souls to the square league. The *Estremeños* live in their isolated province, like the Murcians, in little intercommunication with the rest of mankind; here the moral and material obstacles to the prosperity of Spain are painfully exemplified; ignorance, indolence, and insecurity combine with poverty and an absence of small proprietors; here is alike a want of fixed capital in the landlord as of circulating capital in the tenant. The backward population is indifferent even to amelioration; a liability to taxation almost according to means of payment takes away the interest of advancement; as to keep body and soul together is enough, there is little inducement to improve or accumulate. The half-employed population vegetates without manufactures or commerce, except in the bacon line, which is brisk, and the sole source of what little wealth there is; all traffic in other matters is merely passive, the smuggler excepted. Each family provides rudely for its limited wants; contented with the barest necessities, they go on from father to son in an Oriental routine; they dread all change, well knowing that generally it is for the worse; and so bear and bear on evils to which they are accustomed, rather than risk the uncertainty of a possible good, exclaiming *mas vale el mal conocido, que el bien a conocer*; thus their present evil, not good, *est l'ennemi du mieux*, and militates against all exertions to bettering their condition.

Their cities are few and dull, their roads are made by sheep, not men, and their inns are mere stables for beasts. The *Estremeños*, who have been considered by investigators of race to be remnants of Roman colonists, are simple, kind-hearted, and contented; with them ignorance is bliss, and they prefer to enjoy a siestose negation not merely of comforts but of necessities, rather than to labour or worry themselves with an over-struggle to get on and "go a-head," which they consider rather an element of wealth and intelligence than of animal happiness. They are remarkably civil and courteous, especially to the passing stranger; they are a mixture between the gay swaggering Andalucian, and the serious, proud Castilian. As, however, in the East, where the philosophy of indolence is also studied and practised, the *Estremeños*, when urged by an adequate stimulant, avarice for instance, are capable of great exertion. Thus from the swine herds of Trujillo and Medellin, Pizarro and Cortes sallied forth to conquer and murder myriads, and thousands of their *paisanos*, or fellow-countrymen, allured by their success and by visions of red gold, emigrated to this new conquest, just as the needy Arabs and Berbers quitted Syria and Africa for Spain in the eighth century. Spanish authors, who did not dare hint at the truth, have ascribed the depopulated condition of Estremadura to this outpouring; but colonization never thins a vigorous well-conditioned mother state. *Bad government*, civil and religious, was the real cause of this abomination of desolation, which all who run in Estremadura may read; but this people always loves to look for causes from *without*, for those failures which are the necessary results of causes *within*.

A peculiar curse is superadded to Estremadura in the *Mesta* system of Merino sheep called *Los trashumantes*, or the migratory; they are true flocks of the

nomad Bedouin, and to wander about without house or home, check or hindrance, suits the Oriental habits alike of men and beasts. The origin is stated after this wise: when the Spaniards in the thirteenth century expelled from these parts the industrious Moors, they razed the cities and razza'd the country, while those inhabitants who were not massacred were driven away to die in slavery, thus making a solitude and calling it pacification. Vast tracts previously in cultivation were then abandoned, and nature, here prolific, soon obliterating the furrows of man, resumed her rights, covered the soil with aromatic weeds, and gave it up to the wild birds and beasts. Such were the *talas*, a true Moorish word *talah*, "death, extermination;" and where the oriental army sets its foot the earth is seared like by a thunderbolt, and the grass will never grow (compare Andalucia, p. 148). Only a small portion of the country was recultivated by the lazy, ignorant, soldier conquerors; and the new population, scanty as it was, was almost swept away by a plague in 1348, after which fifty whole districts were left unclaimed; these were termed *Valdios*, a truly Moorish term, *Batele* signifying "worthless" in the Arabic, whence the Spanish term *de Valde*—*Baledo*—under *Valdio*, that is uncultivated.* These unclaimed, uninhabited pasturages at last attracted the attention of the highland shepherds of Leon, Segovia, and Molina de Aragon, who drove down their flocks to them as to a milder winter quarter; hence by degrees a prescriptive right of agistment was claimed over these commons, and the districts at last were *retazados*, or set apart and apportioned. This feeding their flocks at the expense of others exactly suited the national predilection for self, and as the profit of the wool was great, and long one of the most productive staples of Spain, the flocks naturally multiplied, and with them their encroachments. As the owners were powerful nobles and convents, the poor peasants in vain opposed such overwhelming influence; and however Spanish political economists may deplore the system, it is very questionable, supposing this lucrative wool-system had been put down, whether the plains of Estremadura would not have been left to this moment as *Dehesas y jarales*, like such vast districts of Andalucia still are.

As the population of Estremadura increased, infinite disputes arose between the wandering shepherd and the fixed cultivator, until a compromise was effected in 1556, whereby the privileges of a few sheep proprietors, like the hunting laws of our Norman tyrants, have doomed, say their opponents, to barrenness some of the finest districts of Spain. The *Mesta* was abolished by the Cadiz cortes, but was re-established by Ferd. VII. in 1814, with the Inquisition, being almost the first acts of this beloved Bourbon at his restoration: true to his breed he returned nothing learnt and nothing forgotten. The landed proprietors now see the evil, and are gradually paring away some of the overgrown abuses. The term *Merino* is said to be derived from *Marino*, because the original breed of sheep was imported by sea from England, under our Henry II. Sheep also formed part of the primitive portion—*Pecus unde pecunia*—given in 1394 by John of Gaunt, when his daughter Catherine married the heir of Enrique III. Previously, however, the Bætican wools were the most celebrated, and a ram sold for a talent (Strabo, iii. 213), but no doubt the breed was improved by the English cross. The sheep, *Ganado* (Arabicê *Ganam*, cattle), are called *Trashumantes*, from the ground they go over. They formerly exceeded four millions in number: thus, before the recent war and troubles, the Duke of Infantado possessed 30,000, and the Convento de Paular as many. These flocks are divided into detachments, *Cabañas* (Arabicê, a tent), of 10,000 each, and are the

* Capt. Widdrington (i. 427) has thrown light upon the general system of commons in Spain. He traces the custom back to the Visigoths, and considers them one of the many causes of the deplorably backward condition of Spanish agriculture.

armies which Don Quixote attacked, like Ajax. They quit their highland summer quarters, *Agostaderos*, about October, and then come down to their winter quarters, *Invernadores*, in the warm plains. Each *Cabaña* is managed by a *Mayoral*, a conductor, who has under him 50 shepherds and 50 huge dogs. Some travel more than 150 L., performing from 2 to 4 L. a day, and occupying 40 days in the journey. At the "folding star of eve," they are penned in with rope-nettings of *Esparto*, and a most picturesque Oriental "watching of flocks by night" takes place. By the laws of the Mesta the king is the *Merino Mayor*; his deputies, wolves in Merino clothing, compel landed proprietors to leave a *Cañada de Paso*, or free sheep-walk, 90 paces wide, on each side of the highway, which entirely prevents enclosure and good husbandry. The animals soon get to know their quarters, and return year after year of their own accord to the same localities. In April their migratory instinct renders them restless, and if not guided they set forth unattended to the cooler hills. When they first arrive at their ground, salt is placed on flat stones at the rate of a *Fanega* or about a cwt. for every 100 sheep. This they lick eagerly, and it improves their appetites. They are shorn, *Trasquilados*, about May: the shearing, *El Esquilmo*, is done with great care, and is an epoch of primitive and Oriental festivities (see Segovia). The sheep which migrate have the finest fleece; those which stay at home produce a coarser wool, a *lana basta*. The rams give the most; three fleeces will average 25 lbs. The names of the animals are as numerous as those of Irish pigs, and also vary with the age: thus, the lambs are called *Corderos*; the two-year olds, *Borros*; the three, *Andruscos*; the four, *Tras-andruscos*. Their ages are ascertained by the number of teeth or *Palas*; at the fifth year they are called *Cerrados*, and after that *Reviejos*, and useless. The rams lose their teeth at eight years, and the ewes at five. In September the flocks are *Almagrados*, daubed with a red earth from Almarazón, which conduces to the fineness of the wool. In keeping up stock, great care is taken in selecting rams with round bellies, and white soft wool, and the clean-faced ewes, *las Calvitas*, are preferred. The ewes are put to the rams, *Morruecos*, about the end of June, when six rams suffice for 100 ewes: they remain together a month. They lamb in their winter quarters: March is a very busy month with the shepherds, who then mark their flocks, cut the lambs' tails, and tip their fathers' horns. The sheep are always on the move, as they seek grass, which is scarce, and will not touch thyme, which is abundant, and is left to the wild bee. They are never fed, until the dew is dry, nor allowed to drink after hail-storms. The flesh is bad, as no Estremenian ever has dreamed of putting a Merino fleece on a Southdown carcass, for however curious in pork, they just take their mutton as the gods provide it. The shepherds are mere brutes, like the animals with whom they live, and in whose skins they are clothed. They refute those pastorals in which the sentiments of civilization are placed in the mouths of the veriest clods of earth. These shepherds never dwell in cities, seldom marry, and thus in nowise contribute to population, which is so much wanted, or to any arts that refine. When not asleep or eating they stand still, fixed and silly as their sheep, leaning on their crooks, and only good for an artist's foreground or a poet's stanza. Their talk is about rams and ewes: they know every one of their sheep, although lambs, like babies, appear all alike except to a nurse's eye, and the sheep know them: all this is very Oriental; and this idle avocation and pasturage in general is more popular with the Spaniard than tillage, for the latter requires a fixed residence, foresight, some machinery, much bodily labour, while in pastorals, Nature, which provides the green herb, does all the work; therefore to tend cattle is the joy of the roving nomad, whether living in the *Dehasas* of Spain, or the *Bedowi* of Arabia. For

the Mesta consult '*Concejo de la Mesta*,' folio, Madrid, 1681, which details the privileges so justly condemned by Jovellanos; also Bowles, '*Sobre el Ganado Merino*,' p. 501; and the '*Viaje*' of Ponz (let. 7). Sir Joseph Banks, in 1809, wrote a memoir on these Merinos.

Second only to the sheep are the swine of Estremadura, and here again Nature lends her aid, as vast districts of this unreclaimed province are covered with woods of oak, beech, and chesnut. These parklike scenes have no charms for the eyes of the natives, who, blind to the picturesque, only are thinking of the number of pigs which can be fattened on the mast and acorns. The *Jamones*, hams, the bacon, *Tocino* (Arabicè *Tachim*, fat), and the sausages of this province have always and deservedly been celebrated: *περνή διαφορη* is the classical eulogy. Lope de Vega, according to his biographer Montalvan, never could write poetry unless inspired by a rasher. "*Toda es cosa vil*," said he, "*adonde falta un pernil*." This is the *Perna* by which Horace, too, was restored (ii. S. 4. 61): but Anacreon, like a vinous Greek, preferred for inspiration the contents of the pig-skin to the pig. Be that as it may, the *Matanza* or pig-slaughter takes place about the 10th and 11th of November, at their particular saint's day, *por el San Andres*, for a *cada puerco su San Martin*, and they have then been fattened with the sweet acorn, *Bellota*, Arabicè *Bollōta* *Bollōt*. *Belot* *Belotin* is the Scriptural term for the tree and the glands; these, with water, formed the primitive dietary of the poor Iberians (Tibullus ii. 3. 71). Bread was also made out of them when dry and ground (Strabo iii. 223). When fresh they were served at dinner in the second course (Pliny, 'N.H.' xvi. 5). Sancho Panza's wife was therefore quite classical when she sent some to the duchess. Now the chief consumers are the young Estremenians and the pigs; the latter are turned out in legions from the villages, which more correctly may be termed coalitions of pigsties: they return from the woods at night,—*glande sues læti redeunt*,—and of their own accord, like the cattle of Juno (Livy xxiv. 3). On entering the hamlet, all set off at a full gallop, in a handicap for home, into which each single pig turns, never making a mistake; there he is welcomed like a prodigal son or a domestic father. These pigs are the pets of the peasants, they are brought up with their children, and partake, as in Ireland, in the domestic discomforts of their cabins; they are universally respected, and justly, for it is this animal—*propter convivia natum*—who pays the "rint." Estremenian man in fact is quite a secondary formation, and was created to tend herds of these swine, who lead the once happy life of the Toledan cathedral dignitaries, with the additional advantage of becoming more valuable when dead.

The quantities of *Chorizo* and *Pimentesco* eaten in Estremadura produce carbuncles. For some remarks on the orthodoxy of Bacon, and its being the *sine qua non* of national sermons and *ollas*, see p. 27. The Spaniards, however, although tremendous consumers of the pig, whether in the salted form or in the skin, have to the full the oriental abhorrence to the unclean animal in the abstract. *Muy puerco* (like the Moslem *Haluf*) is their last expression for all that is most dirty, nasty, or disgusting. *Muy cochina* never is forgiven, if applied to woman. It is equivalent to the canine feminine compliment bandied among our fair sex at Billingsgate, nor does the epithet imply moral purity or chastity. Montanches is the chief place for the ham and bacon commerce of Estremadura, refer therefore to it for prices current, &c.

The geology and botany of this province are little known. It, says Capt. Widdrington, who has given us the best account, is the locality to which the ignorant professors of Spain refer the *habitats* of all unknown animals—*omne ignotum pro Estremense*; insects and wild animals breed securely in the *montes dehesas y jarales*, where no entomologist or sportsman destroys them. Thus the

locust, *Langosta*, and all the tuneful tribe of *Cicalas* enliven the solitudes with their rejoicings at heat, insomuch that the phrase indicative of their chirping, *canta la chicharra*, is synonymous with our expression the "dog days." These shrill *Cicalas*, who make their life one summer day of song, hide in the pollard olives, heard not seen, *vox*, as Lipsius said of the nightingale, *et præterea nihil*. It is affirmed that only the male makes these noises; and poets, for whom we do not vouch, assert that

" The chirping cicad leads a merry life
And sings because he has a voiceless wife."

The Spaniards, like the ancients, delight in the *Grillo*. The first thing Sancho gives his boy is, *una jaula de grillos*, and this, a large black cricket, is sold in the markets in small wire cages: by one of these Cabeza de Vaca, when sailing to the Brazils, was thus saved. The insect, bought by a sailor, had been silent in the wide seas, but suddenly chirped, when the vicinity of rocks was suspected, which, an instant look-out being made, were discovered close a-head. The locust is to Estremadura what the autochthonic grasshopper was to Attica: it is indigenous. Instinct teaches the female never to deposit her eggs in ground that has been cultivated. Their gaudy, delicate, rose-coloured wings seem painted by the sun, and rustle like dry leaves. The Arabs imagine that they could read in the transparent fibres the words, " We are the destroying army of Allah." Their march, to use the comparisons of Scott and Byron, is that of " Gaul's locust host" eating up the earth; a " garden of Eden lies before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness;" and having scarred the face of the earth while alive, their dead bodies poison the air. Bowles (p. 238) has detailed some of their habits. The parents die after impregnation and incubation: they destroy more vegetables than they consume, devouring every green herb, except the red *Tomata*, which is providential, as Spaniards almost live on it. The Spaniard, in return, will not eat the locust, which the modern Moors do in retaliation, especially the female with eggs, either pickled or boiling them in salt water. This is an old Arab delicacy, and among the Jews was accounted " a clean meat" (Levit. xi. 22), and the taste is something like bad shrimps. Such are supposed by some to have been the food of the Baptist (Matt. iii. 4). The Spaniard prefers the locust-tree, and the pods and "*husks*" of the *Algarrobo* fill the bellies of both the swine and prodigal sons of Valencia (see p. 432).

The pigs of Estremadura, however, eat both the insect locust and the locust pod. Their masters wage war against their winged enemy, sweeping them into trenches, and burning them in heaps. Sometimes a relic is brought forth by the curate, which drives the invading hordes into the next parish, and so on—*usque in partibus infidelium*. As wet destroys the viscid matter in which the eggs are enveloped, and as heat is required to hatch them, these dry plains are natural breeding-grounds, and there is little agriculture to disturb the deposit.

Birds of prey of all kinds abound; and in the summer, flights of turtle-doves come over from Barbary to breed, and as they are never molested, they scarcely avoid man's approach, but coo about in pairs, images of connubial felicity: they alight in the wild olive-trees, like the one sent forth by Noah after the Deluge was subsided. These are the doves of the west, or *Al-garb*, who brought ambrosia to Jupiter (Od. M. 63), and who retired into Africa to visit the Temple of Venus. They are, indeed, such very loving things, and form such admirable similes, that no man who has poetry in his soul would make a pie of these pretty pigeons. Among other birds of rich colour may be cited the Blue Pie (*Pica cyanea*), *Mohiño*; the Bee-eater (*Meriops apiaster*), *Abejaruco*; and the Hoopoe (*Upupa*), *Abubilla*.

The entomology of Estremadura is endless, and perfectly uninvestigated—*de minimis non curat Hispanus*; but the heavens and earth teem with the minute creation, and in these lonely wastes, where no human voice disturbs the silence, the balmy air resounds with the buzzing hum of multitudinous insects, which career about on their business of love or food without settlements or kitchens, in the fine weather, the joy of their tiny souls and short-lived pleasant existence. These matters, and the sheep, pigs, locusts, and doves have been mentioned at length, because for hours and days they will be the only living things which the traveller will see in these *despoblados*. You may ride for leagues without meeting a human being; now and then a man is seen, just to prove how rare his species here is. Estremadura is very hot in the summer; the out-of-the-way districts can only be visited on horseback. Attend to the "Pro-vend." The roads are solitary and safe: where there are no travellers except sheep why should there be robbers? All fleshly comforts, barring *porcine* ones, are rare. The cities are poor and unsocial. There is only one grand road, that from Badajoz to Madrid (R. lv.). The horse is elsewhere the best, nay, the only means of locomotion; attend, therefore, to our preliminary remarks. Estremadura, we speak from repeated personal investigation, abounds in objects of interest to the traveller, although hitherto it has been much neglected, from lying out of the ordinary track of those who, like wild geese, follow the one the other. Railroads are projected *on paper* to Madrid, Lisbon, and Seville.

BADAJOZ is the capital of its province. The best *Fonda* is "de las tres Naciones," No. 30, C^o. de la Moraleja. There are two *Posadas* in the Calle de la Soledad; one "*del Caballo Blanco*," the other "*de Caballeros*." The best cafés are "*de los dos Amigos*," on the Plaza, and "*la Lealtad*," near the theatre.

Badajoz is the see of a bishop, suffragan to Santiago, and the residence of a captain-general of the province. As this is a frontier fortress, much jealousy is shown towards all prying foreigners, and it will be better to call on the captain-general, and, if possible, obtain permission to look about, and an attendant.

This strong city rises about 300 ft. above the Guadiana, near the confluence of the streamlet Rivillas. The highest portion is crowned by a ruined Moorish castle. Long lines of walls descend to the river, while most formidable bastions, glacis, and counterscarps defend the land side. Popⁿ. about 12,000. It is a dull place, with a second-rate theatre, and few social attractions. The river is crossed by a superb granite bridge, finished in

1596, from designs by Herrera. It is strengthened by a *tête du pont*, and the fortified height San Cristobal, which commands by far the best view of Badajoz. The name was corrupted by the Moors from the Roman "*Pax Augusta*," *Πεζαυγοῦστα* (Strabo iii. 225). Some have said that it was once called "*Beturia*," and derive Badajoz from "*Beled Aix*," Arabicè the "*land of health*," it being that of *ague*; others prefer "*Bab-geuz*," or "*goz*," Arabicè the "*gate of walnuts*," of which there are none.

Those who do not take interest in the details of sieges may pass on at once to p. 524. The military man may be told that Badajoz is distant about 5 miles from Portugal, and is therefore an important frontier-place. Alonzo IX. took it from the Moors in 1235. The Portuguese besieged it in 1660 and 1705. Kellermann and Victor failed before it in 1808 and 1809. When Buonaparte, in 1810, ordered Soult to advance on Estremadura, to relieve Massena at Torres Vedras, the Duke foresaw this move, and in vain cautioned the Junta to be prepared. Ballesteros, as if in mockery,

was recalled into the South on the very day that Soult left Seville; next Olivenza was surrendered without a struggle by its miserable governor, Manuel Herk; but Badajoz was commanded by Rafael Menacho, a brave man; and the strong garrison was assisted outside by an army under Gabriel Mendizabal, who unfortunately neglected every suggestion of the Duke, and was surprised, "in the strongest position in the country," by Soult, who with 5000 men utterly routed 11,000 Spaniards on the Gevora. All was over in an hour, and the French only lost 400 men. As a trait of character it may be mentioned that when the report was brought to Mendizabal that Soult had thrown a bridge across the Guadiana, he was playing at cards, and observed, "Then we will go and look at it *to-morrow!*" but *Mañana*, that morrow, saw the procrastinator surprised and crushed: he had before neglected to entrench his position, although repeatedly urged to do so by the Duke. "All this would have been avoided had the Spaniards been anything but Spaniards. They oppose and render fruitless every measure to set them right or save them." "The presumption, ignorance, and misconduct of these people are really too bad." "They have not done anything that they were ordered to do, and have done exactly that against which they were warned" (see Disp. vol. vii. *passim*). On the 4th of March Menacho was unfortunately killed, when Jose Imaz, a traitor, succeeded in command, and sold the place to Soult, who on seeing the tremendous defences is said to have remarked, "There are few forts so strong but what a mule laden with gold can get in." *Aurum per medios ire satelites*: our ingenious neighbours, who rail so amusingly against *l'or de la perfide Albion*, never scruple in war or peace to work against places or press with this metallic pickaxe, which our rulers, either too honest or too unread in Horace, most systematically neglect.

The purchase was handed over to

him on the 10th; it included the city, citadel, 7155 men in garrison, provisions, and unbreached bastions. Yet Imaz knew, even on the 6th, that Massena was in full retreat, and that Beresford was hastening with 20,000 men to his relief. Instead of availing himself of this intelligence, of which Soult was ignorant, he communicated the information to the French, and thus rescued them from ruin, and this at the precise moment when La Peña was saving Victor from disgrace at Barrosa. Had Badajoz been held but a few short days Andalusia must have been evacuated by the French, and "*we*," as the Duke said, "should have saved Spain." "Its fall was certainly the most fatal event in the war" (Disp. Dec. 4, 1811).

Soult's besieging Badajoz at all was an error; he ought to have marched day and night to aid Massena before Torres Vedras, but jealousy of a brother marshal made him loiter half-way; and had Imaz been true, and Badajoz held out, Soult himself, like Massena, would have been crushed.

No sooner had the fortress been surrendered to Soult than Beresford attempted its recovery. He failed, as even the indulgent Duke said, from "his unfortunate delay" (Disp. April 10, 1811); and when he had given the French time to render success impossible, he risked the needless battle of Albuera, and thus, as Napier proves, caused two subsequent years of most harassing operations to the Duke.

The Duke now determined to try what he could do himself, and after he had taken Ciudad Rodrigo, made his preparations with such secrecy that neither friend nor foe divined his plan. He pounced, March 16, 1812, on Badajoz, while Soult and Marmont were too far separated to relieve it. The place, much strengthened, was defended by the brave Philipon and 5000 men. Their defence was splendid; there was no traitor Imaz now; but "no age," says Napier (xvi. 5) "ever sent forth braver troops than those who stormed

and carried Badajoz." The operations were so nicely calculated that Soult imagined the Duke must have intercepted some dispatch of Marmont's. He was delayed eleven precious days by unusually unfavourable weather, and the misconduct of the Portuguese; the town of Elvas, although so close by, refusing to afford even means of transport. Man and the elements opposed the Duke; but, like Cæsar at *Ilerda* (Lérida), he in himself was sufficient to surmount every obstacle. What Voltaire observed of Marlborough may truly be said of Wellington. "Cet homme qui n'a jamais assiégé de ville qu'il n'ait prise, ni donné de bataille qu'il n'ait gagnée:" but they are of the unchanged unchangeable race which produces Black Princes and Nelsons, and who win Agincourts and Trafalgars.

The trenches were opened before Badajoz on March 16th; the Picurina outwork was heroically carried on the 24th by Gen. Kempt. Sheer British valour was left to do the work, for, from the gross neglect of our ministry at home, the army, as the Duke said, "was not capable of carrying on a regular siege." He sued Badajoz, said Picton, *in formâ pauperis*, beseeching not breaching; every day was precious, for Soult was advancing from Seville, Marmont from Castile; thus, placed between two fires, the prize was to be snatched before they could meet. April 6, the breaches in the bastions S^a. Trinidad and S^a. Maria, to the S.E., were declared practicable: at 10 o'clock that night the assault, so well described by Napier (xvi.5), was made; the obstacles were found to be much more formidable than the engineers had reported: no human force could have succeeded. Most unfortunately the hour fixed for the assault was put back later, the intelligent active enemy had time to prepare new defences, and the brave troops, headed by Colville and Barnard, were mowed down by the French, secure behind new entrenchments and defences: even the scaling-ladders were

found to be too short; but meanwhile the 5th division, under Walker, got in at the S^a. Vicente bastion, which lies close to the river to the W.; and Picton, converting a feint into a real attack, carried the lofty castle to the N.E., which the French never dreaming that it would be attempted, had left comparatively undefended. Exactly thus the strong citadel of Illiturgis was surprised and taken from the Spaniards by Scipio (Livy, xxviii. 20). This decided the conflict. The French, now assailed both in flank and front, were lost, and Badajoz was won.

The town, according to the usages of war and successful storm, was sacked, the officers and the Duke doing everything to prevent excesses. The Duke himself was obliged to retire to escape being shot by the infuriate soldiers. These sad events, deplorable, although unavoidable, are now coupled with S^a. Sebastian by our calumniators, as horrors which a "barbarous, uncivilised" nation like the English alone could perpetrate; yet not a tithe of the atrocities of Lérida, Tarragona, as at Ucles, &c., was committed, nor did any British *Victor* set the example of lust, fire, and pillage, &c.

The English lost in killed and wounded 5000 men. Philipon retired to San Cristobal, and surrendered the next day, being treated by the Duke with the honour due to a brave opponent; the baffled and outgeneraled marshals had now no safety but in retreat, so Marmont fell back on Salamanca, and Soult on Seville; then Hill advanced on Almaraz, and destroyed the forts, the enemy flying before him to Navalmoral. The British bayonet had thus again cleared a road to Andalucia, and the Duke prepared to rush on Soult at Albuera, where he would not have handled him à la Beresford; but now, as so often before, his plans were marred by others. Ciudad Rodrigo was not provisioned, as the Spaniards had neglected even to move in the stores provided by the English. Thus he was baulked of

his whole victory, and Soult was again saved.

The traveller should next cross the bridge, and ascend to the *San Cristobal*, then return to Badajoz and go out by the Merida gate; in front is the *Picurina*; to the r. are the quarries where the Duke stood during the assault on the opposite bastions of S^a Maria and Trinidad, where the unsuccessful murderous attempt was made; to the l. is the *Sierra del Viento, las Pardeleras*, from whence Soult attacked; at the W. extremity is S^a Vicente, by which Walker entered; ascend the castle; this was the site of the ancient city. In the *Plaza* underneath is a mixture of ruined Spanish and Moorish works; part of the mosque with red brick arches, resembling those of Cordova, exists in the castle; a lofty thin tower in the upper keep commands a view of the whole of what was the English position; the fortifications are now in a miserable state of neglect and dilapidation, and the graves of the brave Britons defiled with weeds.

The cathedral is not important; it was begun in 1248, by Alonzo el Sabio; the façade is later, and in the Græco-Romano style, with Ionic pillars, and a statue of the Baptist; at a side portal is fixed, on a marble stone, the hammer which used to be knocked when a canon was dying, before the passing-bell was introduced. The ancients on these occasions beat brazen kettles to scare away the furies, as the passing-bell now frightens off the devil. Observe the Magdalen, by Mateo Cerezo; although hard and indifferent, it is here called a Vandyke. The *Capilla S^a Aña* has some damaged paintings by Luis de Morales, called *El Divino*, more from painting subjects of divinity than from divinity of painting; he was born at Badajoz, early in the sixteenth century, and a street bears his name; and here he was living in 1581, when Philip II., on his way to Lisbon, sent for him and said, "You are very old, Morales;" "And very poor, sire," was the reply; when Philip,

a true patron of art, gave him an annual pension of 300 ducats, which he enjoyed until he died, in 1586. He painted chiefly Saviours crowned with thorns, and Madonnas dolorosas; he finished highly, and was the Parmigianino of Spain, being defective in his lengthy drawing, and often dark and cold in colouring; he painted many large pictures which, from lying out of the way, are scarcely known (see *Arroyo del Puerco* and *Alcantara*). The French took away the four best from the cathedral, and those which they left have been repainted; observe a Crucifixion, with a Parmigianino-like old man. The cloister of the cathedral contains some singular arches and twisted pillars.

In the *Parroquia de la Concepcion* is a retouched Saviour with the Cross, and a fine seated Virgin and Child, painted in 1546, by Morales: it has been much injured; in the *San Agustin* were other of his works, and a ludicrous tomb of the M^s de Bai, a general of Philip V.; the heroic deceased's effigy resembles a baboon in a periwig.

Manuel Godoy, the Prince of the Peace—mark the blasphemy of such a creature, taking such a name in vain—was born at Badajoz, in 1768. Estremadura, which once could furnish a Pizarro and Cortes to gain worlds, now, what a falling off! has become the cradle of an Imaz to lose its capital, and of a Godoy to barter away its kingdom; to this thing of avarice and extravagance, *alieni appetens et sui profusus*, Spain owes the impoverishment of her hospitals and charitable institutions, whose funds he seized, giving them government securities, which proved worthless as a French *assignat*; none were benefited save courtier sharks, while the sick and orphan were despoiled. Godoy, like a foul beast of prey, was always craving, always swallowing, and yet always gaunt, needy, and hungry; he plundered without scruple, and spent without advantage.

To the loss of valuable institutions at home, he added that of the navy and colonies of Spain abroad. Foy (ii. 248) has admirably sketched this dangerous minion—for nothing is so dangerous as a fool. He was the exponent of the corrupted system of Madrid misgovernment, the prominent ulcer which denoted the plague; for when despot kings reign, a Dubarry governs, and when despot queens command, a Godoy really rules; he had the rare lot to be loved by her and idolized by Carlos IV., thus being at once the paramour of the wife and the favourite of the husband. The superstitious Spaniards believed this to be the effect of witchcraft. The king delegated to him his power and prestige in a country where, like a sultan, the king is everything. The vizier aped the pride of birth, and flattering heralds, being well paid, soon derived his name from the illustrious Goth; Godoy quasi *Godosoy*: nobilitant me, orti Gothorum ex sanguine reges. Power did little more than develop his weaknesses and incapacity, and Buonaparte, by flattering this upstart's vanity, made him his tool, and used him for his own purposes. After an exile and obscurity of thirty-six years, he was recalled to Madrid, in 1844, by Christina, the widow of Ferd. VII., whose bitterest enemy he had been, even aiming at his life and throne. This Godoy wrote his memoirs, which, translated into French by d'Esmenard, were published at Paris by Lavocat, in 5 vols.

The arms of Badajoz are the pillars of Hercules and the motto *Plus Ultra*. This *beyond* has yet to be accomplished; here it may well allude to Portugal, the *angulus iste* of Spanish ambition; and the want of this rounding corner is a real source of weakness, since its possession would have done more for Spain than that of Italy or the Low Countries; now, instead of being a buttress to Spain, it is a thorn in her side, and a vulnerable frontier. Philip II. knew this well, and pounced upon the prey, which was lost by his grand-

son Philip IV. when the clay-footed Colossus of Spain was tottering rapidly to its fall.

ROUTE LIV.—BADAJOZ TO LISBON.

Elvas	3	
Alcaraviza	4	7
Estremoz	2	9
Venta del Duque	3	12
Arrayolos	3	15
Montemor novo	3	18
Vendas novas	4	22
A los Pegoos	3	25
Aldea Gallega	5	30
Lisboa	5	35

This route, although not belonging to Spain, may be useful to those who wish, at Badajoz, to return to England by Lisbon; or *vice versâ* to those who, having landed in Portugal, desire to visit Seville or Madrid. It must be ridden, and is one of hardship and discomfort; attend to the provend: the roads and accommodations are a degree worse than Spanish. The Portuguese have never been anxious to facilitate the approaches of a dreaded neighbour. This journey is to be ridden by a well-girt traveller in three days, sleeping at *Estremoz* and *Montemor*; attend to the provend. Our friend Borrow has given us a true and graphic account of his adventures on this wild road. Lisbon, however, possesses a capital inn, No. 28, *Rua do Ferregial de cima*, kept by Mrs. de Belem, an Englishwoman by birth, who has introduced fire-places and cleanliness, rare blessings in this fireless, dirty town; her charges are 10s. a day per head for everything; her hôtel at Cintra is also very comfortable.

Those who only want just to set their foot in Portugal may ride over to Elvas, for no Chinese wall of art, no natural Pyrenees, no deep Tagus divides the antipathetic kingdoms, nor do the geography, geology, and botany indicate any separation; a small rivulet, the Caya, is the Rubicon, and parts those who speak the sonorous Castilian from the squeaking Lusitanian. The neighbours do not love each other as they ought; their intense

hatred and rivalry was thus sung by Byron, and felt by Wellington :—

“ But these between a silver streamlet
glides,
And scarce a name distinguisheth the
brook,
Though rival kingdoms press its verdant
sides.
Here leans the idle shepherd on his crook,
And vacant on the rippling waves does
look,
That peaceful still ’twixt bitterest foemen
flow,
For proud each peasant as the noblest
duke,
’Twixt him and Lusian slave the lowest
of the low.”

“ I have,” says the Duke (Disp. June 12, 1811), “ had to contend with the ancient enmity between the Spaniards and Portuguese, which is more like that of cat and dog than anything else, and which no sense of common danger or common interest, or anything, can get the better of, even in individuals. The Spanish muleteers would rather serve a French division than convey provisions for a Portuguese division allied to us and them.” The Spaniard despises the Portuguese, as God (says he) first made the Castilian, and then the Portuguese to wait upon him. When the Peninsular war began, the English expected nothing from the one and everything from the other; for Spain, ignorant even of her own decay, and whose “ national disease,” says the Duke, “ is to boast of her strength,” took a high tone, and spoke as if Charles V. still presided at her councils; while Portugal, a smaller state, and always accustomed to rely on England for national existence, had the better sense to place her sons more fully in the arms of her great deliverer, until, in the words of the Duke (Disp. May 2, 1812), they were the next best troops in Spain to the British. His secret was, “ Discipline and a system of good order, which can only be founded on regular pay, *food*, good care and clothing; hence the Portuguese are now the *fighting cocks* of the army; we owe their merits more to the care we have taken of their pockets

and *bellies* than to the instruction we have given them” (Disp. July 25, 1813).

These English fed and led Portingals faced and beat back even the French; what greater honour could they desire? Now that they have neither English beef, pay, nor leaders, they and their country are truly beggarly inefficient and *hors de combat*, and yet this paltry port-wine kingdom, which in a week would become either a Spanish or a French province, except backed by the alliance of England, out-Herods even her neighbour in scandalous violation of treaties, ingratitude and contumely towards her best and only ally. But her very weakness is her safeguard, as England passes over slights as beneath notice, and continues her forbearance and protection, to prevent the common enemy of both from becoming master.

ROUTE LV.—BADAJOZ TO MADRID.

Talavera la real	3	
Lobon	2	5
Perales	1	6
Merida	3	9
San Pedro	2	11
Va. de la Guia	3	14
Miñajadas	3	17
Puerto de Sa. Cruz	3	20
Trujillo	3	23
Carrascal	2	25
Jarraicejo	2	27
Po. de Miravete	2	29
Almaraz	2	31
Navalmoral	2	33
Pajar del Rio	3	36
Torralba	3	39
Laguna del Conejo	3	42
Talavera de la Reina	3	45
Sotocochinos	2	47
El Bravo	2	49
Maqueda	3	52
Sa. Cruz del Retamar	2	54
Valmojado	3	57
Navalcarnero	2	59
Móstoles	2	61
Madrid	3	64

This is the *camino real* taken by the diligence, which is the best method of performing a long uninteresting route. The road is bad, the coaches slow, the inns miserable. It is very little travelled, although the line from Madrid to Lisbon. There is some talk of a rail-

road which is to connect Merida with Lisbon and Cadiz: *Veremos!* Merida is the great attraction. The traveller should secure his place three days before the coach leaves Badajoz, and then ride over to Merida, remain there two days, and be taken up there, and so proceed on to Madrid. The rest of the journey is uninteresting, save the victory-field of Talavera. A charming *détour* may be made from Merida by riding to Alcantara, Coria, Placencia, Sⁿ. Yuste, and thence taking up the diligence at Miravete or Talavera. Better is it still, for those who have time, to lengthen the circuit, and proceed from Placencia to the Batuecas, Ciudad Rodrigo, Salamanca, Avila, Segovia, and the Escorial.

The first 5 L. from Badajoz are over a dreary plain. *Royal* Talavera is full of ague and poverty.

MERIDA is a clean, cheap, and dull town, with a pop. of some 4500. There are two inns; one is in the town, the other, a smaller and quieter one, is outside and on the Madrid road: at this we always put up, partly from the fine view, and more from the excellent red wine, which is something between claret and burgundy. Merida is the Rome of Spain in respect of stupendous and well preserved monuments of antiquity: at every step we tread on some vestige of the past. Those Spaniards who love Tubal, say that he was its first founder, and that the ante or post diluvian name was Morat, not Merida. *Emerita Augusta*, at all events, was rebuilt by the Legate Publius Carisius, in the year 23 B.C. Augustus here settled the veteran *Emeriti* of the 5th and 10th Legions, who had served in Cantabria. The city became the capital of Lusitania. Its splendour, as existing down to the 4th century, is described by Prudentius (Peris. iii. 3, 186), in his hymn on the death of the patroness Eulalia. This Diana of Merida must not be confounded with her namesake the tutelar of Barcelona (p. 487). She of Merida was born there in 292, and was one of the

earliest female martyrs of Spain. Florez (E. S. xiii. 266) gives her biography. The number of Spanish towns called *Eulalia* and *Olalla* testify her widespread renown. The name is evidently Greek, *Ευλαλεια*, "fair discourse," unless the Milesian Phœnician O'Lalor be preferred. She was quite a child when she was put to death, but her miracles are worthy of a grown-up saint, for in the year 453, according to San Isidoro (Chron. *Æra* 491), Theodoricus was deterred from plundering her city, from fears that she might treat him as Ceres did the troops of Alexander at Miletus (Val. Max. i. 2).

The Goths used *Emerita* kindly. Thus Sala, Duke of Toledo, repaired the Roman bridge in 686, at the request of Zenon the bishop. They here fixed the metropolitan see, a dignity which was transferred to Santiago in 1120. The town remained purely Roman; and such was its solid magnificence, and so unlike Oriental filigree, that Musa and the Moors who came to attack it exclaimed, "All the world must have been called together to build such a city:" who, says their *Rasis*, "can tell the marvels of Merida?" It capitulated, Oct. 23, 715. It held out at first, say the annalists, because the inhabitants, seeing the white hairs of Musa, said he never could live to take it. Thereupon the wily Moor dyed his hair black, and appeared to them as a youth. Terrified at this miracle, the superstitious *Emeritans* surrendered: fair terms were granted, and they retained their temples, creed, and bishops, for the Moors observed a good faith, never afterwards shown to them. They built the Alcazar in 835, and the importance of Moorish Merida may be collected from its having been sometimes made the residence of the heir apparent of the Cordovese Kalifate. Recollections of former majesty, and the usual intrigues of the Berber tribe against the Arab race soon sprung up, insomuch that in 826 Louis le Débonnaire opened a corres-

pondence with the insurgents. He followed up the policy of Charlemagne, which was to defend Europe, by encouraging dissensions among the Moors, and by aiding and abetting all parties opposed to the formidable power of Cordova. Reinaud (*Inv. des Sarasins*, p. 133) prints the curious correspondence. When the Ummeyyah dynasty broke up, these districts were seized by Shabûr, formerly a eunuch of the Beni-amir, who declared himself independent of Cordova, but he was put down; then Merida was degraded as a punishment, and the seat of government transferred to Badajoz.

Merida was taken from the Moors, Nov. 19, 1229, by Alonzo el Sabio: from that day province and city date their decline; and now this locality, which under Roman and Moor was "*Urbe potens, populis locuples*," under the Spaniard is poor and almost depopulated. It retains nothing but its name and the ruins of the past, and these are here considered as "*old stones and useless*," and that even by Ponz (*Viaje* viii. 115-167). They have been, as usual, made a quarry by the corporation. Philip II., in 1580, going to Portugal, had, however, the good taste to see their merit, and ordered the celebrated architect *Juan de Herrera* to take admeasurements and make drawings of everything. These precious recollections were all burnt in the palace at Madrid, in 1734. In vain, again, at the instigation of the English ambassador at Lisbon, did Florida Blanca employ a Portuguese, one Manuel Villena, to excavate: the thing dropped and nothing was done; for Charles III., although the excavator of Pompeii, when king of Spain, caught the apathetic influence of the climate; yet Merida is a museum above and below ground: 104 inscriptions have been copied, and are in the Academy of History at Madrid. 36 different coins were struck here (Cean Ber. 'S.' 393; Florez, 'M.' i. 384). The common reverse is a "turreted gate," with the words "*Augusta Emerita*;" these still consti-

tute the city arms. Observe over the prison door a curious ancient sculpture of this charge.

Merida has been strangely neglected by our artists, architects, and authors, who too often only go over and over again the same beaten track; thus Beckford congratulates himself on "his happiness in sleeping through this journey;" while Southey, who could devote pages in his 'Letters' to reiterated details of his bad eating and vermin, passes Merida by moonlight. "*Ne l'imitiez pas*," as Voltaire said to the Padre Pediculoso; but Southey was then very young, much in love with a "milliner of Bath," whom these letters were meant to amuse, so not a flea escaped him: Baretti, also, when travelling in these parts was so scarified by these tormentors, that he likened them to the gentle craft of *Reviewers*, a boldish comparison for an author to make, and which Heaven forbend that we should imitate.

Merida is unique in Spain, and assuredly in many things rivals the eternal city itself. It rises on the r. bank of the Guadiana, which is crossed by a Roman bridge of 81 arches, 2575 feet long, 26 broad, and 33 above the river; it is indeed a bridge, and worthy of its builder, Trajan—a true *Pontifex maximus*. Repaired by Goth and Moor, it was not neglected by Philip III. in 1610, as the inscription in the portico on it records: it is built of granite with bossage work, *almohadillado*, or "pillowed." On an island in the river-bed up stream is a Roman dyke of masonry, called *el tajamar*, and erected to protect the arches against inundations: this singular enclosure is also said to have served as a market; now the ruined space is given up to washerwomen. The Roman and Moorish Alcazar towers proudly with its palm-tree over the bank, as seen from this spot; some of the arches of the bridge were destroyed, April, 1812, during the siege of Badajoz, in order to impede Marmont's advance to the relief. Here, in 1808, 800 French

kept at bay the whole army of Cuesta for a month, although the river was fordable; and, to make the contrast more marked, this very same strong point was abandoned Jan. 8, 1811, by Mendizabal and his whole army, at the first sight of only the advanced guard of Soult; a feat which the Duke considered to be "surpassing anything that the Spaniards had yet done."

Recrossing the bridge to the r. is the castle, built by the Romans, and added to by the Moors; it then became the episcopal palace, and next that of the knights templars, whence its present name, *El conventual*. In 1305, at their suppression, it was granted to the order of Santiago, whose *Provisor* resided in this frontier outpost. These knights represented the half-soldier, half-monk, the *Rábido* of the Moor; and hence the number of commanderies, "*encomiendas*," outpost commands, which belong to these military orders in Spain.

The *conventual* was plundered and ruined by the French, by whom Merida was constantly garrisoned, from its vicinity to Portugal, and by whom it was as often injured, and the environs laid waste; then the ornamental Alameda was cut down, nor were even the olives spared, although the source of existence to the poor peasantry. Among those who most desolated Merida was Gen. Reynier, a collector of antiquities. The accumulated rubbish in the great court-yard of the *conventual* shows his handy work. He "made of a city a heap, of a defenced city a ruin" (Isa. xxv. 2).

Then perished the ancient chapel in the *conventual*, which had survived even the barbarous infidel; the colossal thickness of the shattered walls is evidence of the villanous saltpetre of those who destroyed what time and Goth had spared. There are now only the remains of a temple, and a court of granite pillars; in the centre of the enclosure is a square tank, and near that a descent to some ancient baths. The staircase is ornamented with Corinthian pillars and friezes, of the usual

inferior sculpture of the Romans in Spain. The Roman gateway, near the river, has a marble tablet with an Arabic inscription.

The antiquarian will next observe the arch of Santiago, of vast size, 44 ft. high, and built by Trajan: now it is a mere shell, having been stripped of its marble casing. Around, and heaped like a stonemason's yard, is some mutilated and neglected sculpture; near this is the half-Roman, half-Moorish palace of the Conde de la Roca, a diplomat of Philip IV., and author of the '*Conquista de Sevilla*,' a poor aping of Tasso: observe the granite blocks in the tower, and the Roman portions, now a stable. In the open Patio and perishing, is a painting of the Conde presenting in 1630 his credentials to the Doge of Venice; in any other country such a family picture would be placed under glass. Visit *La Casa de los Cerdas*, where is a well built up out of Corinthian fragments; so at the *Descalzas* and *Calvario* former temples have been used up as mere old stones, the monks working into the buildings inscriptions of former times, which they neither could read nor understand. The *Casa de los Corvos* is constructed like the custom-house at Rome out of a temple dedicated to Diana; it was peripteral, with fluted granite pillars and Corinthian capitals; the interstices have been built in: the best view is from the garden. The granite of Estremadura is perishable; thus the angles are worn away like half-melted lumps of sugar, while the brick remains perfect where the stone is consumed by the gnawing tooth of old tempus edax rerum et hominum.

The modern house is also much dilapidated, thus all is going to a common ruin. The absentee lord consigns it to the neglect of a steward, who occupies a few rooms. The Roman setting remains, but the gem and life are gone, and a mean insect has crept into the untenanted shell of the larger animal.

The Forum was near the convent of

Descalzos; the area and some shafts of columns only remain, for this huge convent was erected at the expense of antique remains; below ran the *Via lata*, *πλατεία*, *ὁδὸς πλατὺς*, the broad way to Salamanca, now called *Via de Plata*, a common corruption in Spain, where the ear catches greedily at even the sound of silver. The Roman bridge of four arches still crosses the rivulet *Albarregas*—Alba regia; quite perfect, it is 450 ft. long by 25 ft. wide, and the original pavement exists in spite of a traffic of seventeen centuries. It runs close to the great aqueduct, which, beyond question, is one of the grandest remains of antiquity in the Peninsula or the world; ten arches are nearly perfect, 37 shafts remain, some are 90 ft. high; they are arched in three tiers and made of brick and granite, the latter worked in bossage, the former in string courses. The magnitude of these monuments is very impressive; they are the standards which the Romans have left whereby to measure their power and intellect. Below still trickles the streamlet, *labitur et labetur*, and so will it flow gently on when even these gigantic ruins shall have crumbled away. How when all this greatness has vanished, can any man who looks on, fret about the petty griefs of his brief hour. It is a lonely scene, a thing of the past; the wild figs amid the weeds and crumbling ruins attest the fertility of nature, and the neglect of man: all is silent save when the frog croaks in the swamp, and the stork* clicks his bill from the top arches, on which his unmolested nest is built: well may the pigmy natives call these *Los Milagros*, as to them indeed they are *miracles* and the works of greater beings, which they can scarcely even destroy (see Segovia).

* The stork is a common visitor in the warm localities of Spain, and, as among the ancients and orientals, is a privileged guest bird, and is never disturbed. It usually builds on the church belfries, tuto ciconia nido, and therefore is held out by the priests to the people as example in selection of abodes; but *detrás de la cruz está el diablo*.

Here let the stranger sit and muse of a still evening, as we have done after long intervals—these monuments, like himself, have nothing to do with the present Emeritan; they are of a different age and people, and have outlived the names of their founders; there they stand grey and shattered, but upright and supporting nothing now but the weight of centuries. Above them is spread like a curtain the blue sky, beautiful and bright, as at the first dawn of the creation, for nature decays not; yet perhaps these arches never, even when perfect, were so touchingly picturesque as now; the Vandal has destroyed their proportions, but time has healed the scars with lichens, and tinted the weather-beaten fragments; their former glory is indeed subdued, but how tender the pity which the past conjures up.

This was only one of the many Roman aqueducts of Merida; another crosses the Madrid road, of which only three shafts remain, as if to shame the rambling make-shift modern aqueduct built by the Maestro Esquivel under Philip II. It conveys water from *El Borbellon*, a spring which rises about 2 L. from Merida near the village Truxillanos.

The Romans perfectly understood that water conveyed in pipes would rise to its level (Pliny, 'N. H.' xxxi. 6). Pipes, however, are more easily cut off by besiegers, and utility and solidity were the principles of the Roman architecture, while the construction of roads and aqueducts "made a name" to generals, and gave occupation to soldiers, *propter otium castrense*. Beyond these three shafts and passing the hermitage of Sⁿ. Lazaro is the *Circus maximus*: it lies in a hollow to the r. of the Madrid road, and is so well preserved that a chariot race might easily be given there. The area of this hippodrome is now a corn-field, but the central elevation on which the *metæ* were elevated, is perfect with its original pavement. The whole length is 1356 ft. by 335. The outer walls are of

prodigious thickness: the eight tiers or rows of seats for spectators still remain. The view of Merida from the hillock above is charming.

Continuing outside the town to the E. is the theatre, called *Las siete Sillas*, from the seven divisions of the seats: it is also almost perfect, nothing is wanting but the Proscenium. The vomitories are quite uninjured; observe the singular holes cut in the stones. The Spaniards, by adding to the stern solidity of the Roman work another half circle in paltry brick nogging, had turned this theatre into a *Plaza de Toros*; this the French destroyed, and the modern portion is now a worse ruin than the ancient one: near it, is what was the amphitheatre, or, as some contend, the Naumachia; it has been much used up both by the Moors and Spaniards as a quarry. When last we were there, a keeper of pigs had constructed in it a sort of shed, and was a living type of the oriental idea of an outcast, "who lodges in monuments and eats swine's flesh" (Isaiah lxx. 4).

Opposite to the Posada, on the Madrid road, is the convent of S^a. Eulalia. *El Hornito*, the "little oven," in which the "little girl" was baked, was converted into a chapel in 1612; now it is abandoned to the pigs and their less cleanly proprietors. The portico is low and disproportioned: observe the peculiar purple-streaked truncated pillars: an ancient inscription runs thus, "Marti Sacrum Vetilla Paculi;" with a modern one, "Jam non Marti sed Jesu Christo, D. O. P. M. ejusque sponsæ, Eulal. V. M. denuo consecratum." The pillar in the *Campo de San Juan* was raised in 1646: all these works are in bad taste—mere pasticcios made of the *disjecta membra* of ancient temples and fragments brought from the temple of Mars on the Plaza now dedicated to Santiago, and of Roman capitals and altars placed one above another: thus are the crumbs of Paganism served up again, thus Mars and Diana are now displaced, or metamorphosed into Santiago and Eulalia,

in principle the same, *mutato nomine tantum*. The forms of error may be varied, but the substance is unchangeable. The adjoining church, dedicated to S^a. Eulalia, is said to be of the fourth century: observe the Gothic portal and singular capitals of pillars; on each side of the high altar are ancient chapels. That to the l. belongs to the *de Roca* family. There are other antiquities in the neighbourhood of Merida: first, *El lago de Proserpina* or the *Charca de la Albufera*, which lies about 1 L. N. The granite wall which dams up the water is gigantic. The towers, by which staircases lead down into the reservoir, are called *Los Bocines*. There is another Roman reservoir near *Truxillanos* 2 L., which is called *Albuera de Cornalvo*; it is smaller than the *Charca*, but equally colossal in style of execution. The rows of steps have induced some antiquarians to imagine that Naumachia were performed here.

There is a local history, a thick 4to. of 672 pages, '*Historia de la Ciudad de Merida*,' Barnabe Moreno de Vargas, Mad. 1633. He was the Corregidor, and as he tells us wrote his book with the assistance of S^a. Eulalia. The verbiage does the "well-spoken" young lady no discredit. The different antiquities are carefully described by Cean Bermudez, 'S.' 384.

Those who wish to visit the Phosphorite deposit at Logrosan and the convent of Guadalupe (see R. lvi.) will only take their places from Merida on to Trujillo. Those who proceed at once to Madrid may sleep, like Beckford, if they can, or if the *mala gente* will let them, for the first stage is usually called "*El confessorario de Sⁿ. Pedro*," from the number of travellers sent by bandits to that bourn from whence none return, with and without previous confession. The Duke soon settled them: "I hear there is a band of robbers between Trujillo and Merida, who are playing the devil: desire Penne Villemur to destroy this people."

Those who are riding may make an excursion to Medellin, which lies about 5 L. to the right: those who do not, will pass on to the next page.

Medellin was, before it was sacked by Victor, one of the most flourishing towns of this district. There is a large but ruined castle on the hill, which commands a most extensive panorama; below flows the Guadiana, which has a fine bridge built by Philip II. The remains of an old Roman one are remarkable: consult '*Historia y Santos*,' Juan Solano de Figueroa Altamira, 4to. Mad. 1650.

Hernando Cortes, the conqueror of Mexico, was born here in 1485, on the same day, says a Spanish author, of more zeal for the true faith than the historic, "that that *infernal beast*, the *false heretic Luther*, went out of it;" Luther having in fact come into it in 1483 (see Prescott's excellent work, the 'Conquest of Mexico,' i. 208).

The rise, career, and end of Cortes, were truly Moorish. Elevated from nothing, he, like Musa or Tarik, conquered kingdoms, trampled on foreign kings, and was rewarded by his own with ingratitude. After 40 years passed, to use his own words, with little food, less sleep, his arms constantly at his side, he applied, when old and infirm, and embarrassed with debt, to Charles V. for aid: his petition was not even answered, for Charles, dazzled by the gold of Peru, which Pizarro was sending home, undervalued the past services of a worn-out servant, and barely would give an audience to a man who had conquered for him more provinces than he before had cities. But well did Humboldt remark, "We may traverse Spanish America from Buenos Ayres to Monterey, and in no quarter shall we meet with a national monument which the *public gratitude* has raised either to Columbus or Cortes:" both, indeed, died broken-hearted at cutting coldness of neglect, and thankless breach of promise.

Cortes was a fine specimen of a Spanish *Guerrillero*; his types were Ser-

torius, Al-Mansúr, and the Cid. He was deeply impregnated with the combined principles of the Moslem conquest and propagandism. He began life as an adventurer, greedy only of gold, but rose, when successful, to higher notions of glory and religion. Reckless, devoid alike of mercy, justice, or good faith, no laws, human or divine, ever arrested him in his advance. His objects were the Moorish *Algara*, or foray, and the Spanish *Algihad*, or crusade. He forced his Christianity on the conquered by the sword, but he was satisfied, like the Moslem, with mere nominal conversion, content with the admission of the new faith, and the mere passing from one creed to another, without any regard to the spirituality or real belief of the neophyte. His dispatches have been translated and published at New York, by G. Folsom. They are Oriental in language, and breathe the stately tone, the arbitrary cruelty of a fanatic follower of Mahomet. Cortes, a true representative of Spain, whether in turban, cowl, or plumed helmet, carried out the besetting sins of both Moor and Spaniard—avarice, cruelty, bloodshed, bigotry, and bad faith, gilded by a chivalrous, bold, lofty, adventurous daring and talent; and as he sowed his descendants have reaped. Look on the picture and contrast presented by Spanish and English America; the former a Frankenstein abortion of a corrupted and corrupting parent, ignorant, superstitious, treaty-breaking, poverty-stricken, and turning its suicidal hand upon itself; the other rich, powerful, free, and intelligent, and giving birth to works which would do honour to the science and literature of the mother country.

Victor arrived at Medellin to avenge the manes of pillaged Mexicans, and soothe the ghost of Montezuma by pulling down the natal house of his murderer. It was in the fatal plain below that Cuesta risked, March 28, 1809, a battle, and was instantaneously put to the rout. He had drawn up his forces

in a line of 3 miles long, with no reserve, intending to "catch Victor in a net," and re-enact Baylen; his motto was *Aut Cæsar aut nihil*, and he achieved the latter alternative (Schep. ii. 304). The skilful and dashing French thereupon burst upon his centre; then three Spanish regiments turned at once and the whole cavalry, Echevarri, of Alcolea disrepute, again leading the way in flight. According to Belmas (i. 68) the French loss in killed and wounded was only 240, while that of the Spaniards exceeded 10,000; for the French gave no quarter. The "épouvantable massacre" (Laborde, i. 124) and Victor's ferocious treatment of his prisoners led to the cant expression "*à la Medellin*." "*Le cruel Maréchal fit encore après la bataille fusiller 403 prisonniers*" (Schep. ii. 307); "et l'infanterie remplissant l'ouvrage déshonorant de bourreau massacrait les blessés."

The bodies of Victor's victims were left to the vulture, the Iberian undertaker (see p. 349), and the plains, as at Salamanca, were for years afterwards covered with bleaching bones. The central Junta, aping the Roman Senate after the defeat at Cannæ, showered honours on the defeated; Cuesta was made a Captain General, and to encourage future officers to fight foolish battles and lose them, all the survivors obtained a step in rank; while for the rank and file, an express order was instituted.

The results of this day were unimportant, as Victor neglected military advantages in order to plunder and gratify a personal pique against his rival marshals (see p. 221): by not advancing rapidly into the now open Portugal, he contributed to the defeat of Soult at Oporto, to his flight to Lugo, and the abandonment of Galicia and the Asturias by Ney.

Continuing the high road from Badajoz to Madrid, p. 531, before reaching Miajadas, which is 5 L. from Medellin, observe the hill and castle of Montanches, which rises to the l.: the

desolate *Camino Real* then continues to *Trujillo*, Turris Julia, because said, of course, to have been founded by Julius Cæsar. There is a very decent and clean *Posada de los Caballeros*, kept by a widow, up in the town, through which the road does not pass, as it is carried below under it. The ancient city, rising as it does to the l., has from its position a very imposing effect, which going into it immediately dispels: popⁿ about 4500. It is a dull, misery-stricken place, as it was reduced to beggary by the exactions of Gen. Foy, who was long quartered here. The streets are narrow and ill-paved, yet some of the dilapidated houses mark the former opulence of those adventurers who returned here laden with the spoil of Peruvian conquest. The granite knoll on which Trujillo is built has protruded from the slate basis; the site is fine, and commands the country: the town lies on the eastern slope of the ridge, which to the N. and W. is rugged and precipitous. The city is divided into two portions; the *Villa*, the acropolis, is the upper and most ancient; once the seat of the aristocracy and garrison, now it is abandoned, and consigned to the dead and their burial: few *living Trujillanos* ever go up there, or comprehend the interest with which the views and ruins inspire the stranger; they prefer the lower and more convenient site of the under town or *Ciudad*: exactly the same process has taken place in regard to Burgos.

The *Villa* was much ruined by the enemy, yet the remains are curious: the entrance is by the arch of Santiago, who appears mounted in sculptured relief: near it is a tower of Norman character, connected to a small church; observe the doorway and circular windows. On the opposite side of the gateway is another tower, attributed here to Julius Cæsar of course, but it looks very Moorish, and at all events contrasts with the modern classical portico close by, an academical affair of V^a Rodriguez. The *Villa* itself is bounded

by a wall which crests the ridge: at the N. end is what was the Roman fortress, of which that of Merida is clearly the type: the flanking towers are of granite. Walk over the open esplanade before the entrance. This castle has been much added to in modern times, since Trujillo from its position commands these plains, and is an important strategic point, supposing it were well kept and garrisoned; but all is now neglect and dilapidation. The paths and streets in the *Villa* are narrow and cut out of the granite; it is a place for the artist, abounding in ancient gateways of cyclopean Roman work and Moorish-looking towers. The *Santa Maria* has a Lombard-like tower older than the church; observe the rose window to the W. and the two lancet windows to the N. The building has been much shattered by an explosion: the natives of course ascribe the tower to Julius Cæsar.

Observe inside the tombs of the Card. de Gaeta and of Diego de Paredes. "He (says the Curate in Don Quixote, i. 32) was a gentleman of note, a very brave soldier, and of such great natural strength, that he could stop a windmill, in its greatest rapidity, with a single finger; and being once posted, with a two-handed sword, now at Madrid, at the entrance upon a bridge, he repelled a prodigious army, and prevented their passage over it: and he performed other such things, that if, instead of being related by himself, with the modesty of a cavalier who is his own historian, they had been written by some other dispassionate and unprejudiced author, they would have eclipsed the actions of the Hector, the Achilles, and Orlando." There is a life of this Hercules and Sampson of Estremadura appended to the '*Coronica del Gran Capitan*,' Alcalá de Henares, fol. 1584; and another by Thomas de Vargas, 4to. Mad. 1621.

Near Trujillo is shown the well, 30 ft. wide (truth no doubt being at its bottom), over which Diego jumped

forwards and backwards: he died at Bologna in 1534, aged 64, and his bones were moved to Trujillo in 1545. Diego, unrivalled in personal prowess and daring, served as a boy at the capture of Granada; became a general of Alexander VI., and was one of the 11 champions at Trani, at the *Paso de Armas* with the French, where he himself overthrew 3 of his opponents; he was the right arm of the "Great Captain," and at the victory of Cerignola alone defended the bridge against a whole company of French knights: he fought also at Pavia, when François I. was taken; wherever Moor or Gaul were to be beaten he was present; his glory may be summed up by saying that he was the friend of the "Gran Capitan," to whom he was true through good and evil report; thus when some courtier popinjays were speaking slightly of Gonzalo before Ferdinand, with whom he was in disgrace, Paredes threw down his gauntlet, and exclaimed, "Whoever asserts that the Great Captain is not the king's best vassal, let him pick up that!"

Descend now into the *Ciudad*: in the upper portion, near the *Villa*, is the *Plaza*, a picturesque jumble of buildings public and private. The church of *San Martin*, in one corner, has a fine rose window, a single nave supported by noble arches, and a stone roof of singular beauty and construction. It contains curious tombs; one has reliefs sculptured in granite of combats with the Moor: here also is a lapidary inscription to the conqueror of Peru; for Trujillo was the granite cradle of the fierce, false, cruel, yet energetic Pizarro, a "slate" as hard as Spain itself. Oh! dura tellus Iberiæ! He was one of that caste described by the soldier-poet Ercilla—

"De aquellos Españoles esforzados
Que a la cerviz de Arauco no domado
Pusieron duro yugo por la espada."

Fro. Pizarro was born in 1480, and like Milosch, the recent Prince of Serbia, was the son of a swineherd, and suckled, it is said, not by a Romulean

wolf, but by an Estremenian sow, a very proper and local wet nurse; but these theriotrophical legends are of all countries; thus, Habis, king of Spain, was reared by a doe: Justin, xliv. 4. Pizarro, like Milosch, was unable to read or write, but, another Cortes, he was a true guerrillero, bold, cunning, false, cruel, avaricious, indeed, and capricious as an Oriental Pasha, but endued with a temper of mind no less daring than his body was robust; foremost in every danger, patient under hardship, unsubdued by fatigue, unrestrained by any scruples, he was successful in every operation that he conducted. His end was that of a rocket, which bursts at its highest elevation. He was assassinated, like Sertorius, June 26, 1541, by the traitor Herrera. Pizarro's house is on this Plaza: it was let go to decay by his unworthy descendant, the M^o. de la Conquista (see Valencia, p. 436). At the corner are figures of manacled Indians, fit badges of the bloody "*Conquest*," of the plunder and murder of Atahualpa.

In the Plaza is the *Casa del Ayuntamiento*, with some damaged paintings in the salon. Near *San Martin* is the vast palace of the Duke of San Carlos, with a patio of pompous pretension, to which, as in the palace of Charles V. in the Alhambra, interior comfort has been, or rather would have been, sacrificed, for both are unfinished monuments of mighty promise and beggarly performance. Visit also the house of the *Conde del Puerto*, with a good staircase; observe the granite *Retablo* in the parish church of Santiago, the patio of San Francisco, and the fine house and gardens of the Martilla family, destroyed by the French to use the materials to construct a fort. The *Alberca*, from its Arabic name, has been ascribed to the Moors, but it is probable, from its form and construction, that it was a Roman reservoir, of which such fine types exist at Merida. Trujillo is a sad monument of an effete city, in which the shells of former greatness mock the present poverty;

now the population is agricultural, and without life, shops, or commerce—mere tillers of the earth, or tenders of swine, and of the latter particularly, for the land is neglected and uncultivated; much indeed is stony and poor, hence the saying, "*por do quiera que a Trujillo entrases, andarás una legua de berrecales*."

ROUTE LVI.—EXCURSION TO
ALMADEN.

Herguïjuela	3	
Zorita	2	.. 5
Logrosan	3	.. 8
Cañamero	2	.. 10
Guadalupe	3	.. 13
Logrosan	5	.. 18
Casas de Dn. Pedro	3½	.. 21½
Tallarubias	3½	.. 25
Espiritu Santo	2	.. 27
Almaden	7	.. 34

This is an excursion which every geologist and botanist who is not pressed for time should make, and at all events as far as Logrosan and Guadalupe; those who do not, will find R. lv. continued to Madrid, at p. 539.

The whole routes to Cordova and Seville were performed in 1843, by our learned and accurate friends Professor Daubeny and Capⁿ. Widdrington; the latter in his recent work (chap. vi.) gives full details, which dissipate the errors of previous authors, who drew for facts from their imagination, being ignorant alike of the locality as the subject. The route is very wild, and ill-provided with fleshly comforts; attend to our preliminary hints and to the provend, and take a local guide; there is some difficulty in procuring horses or mules even at Trujillo. The first day's ride to Logrosan threads a lonely, partially cultivated country; *La Conquista*, is a ruined *cortijo* with a sounding name, an estate granted to the Pizarro family. So it will be better to proceed on to the *Ermita*, where there is an excellent well and an obliging hermit; passing through *jarales y encinares*, at Zorita, the road branches off S. E. to Almaden, through *Madrigatejo*, 3 L., a miserable village, where Ferdinand the

husband of Isabella, died, Wednesday, Jan. 23, 1516, aged 64. "Tot regnorum dominus, totque palmarum cumulis ornatus, Christianæ religionis amplificator et prostrator hominum, rex in rusticana obiit casâ, et pauper contra hominum opinionem obiit;" so writes his faithful friend, Peter Martyr (Ep. 566).

The Posada at *Logrosan* is very bad; this town contains some 4000 souls; it is placed in a narrow valley of the *Sierras Pollares*, N. E., and *San Cristobal*, S. and W., and at the beginning of the *Guadalupe* range, which consists of clay-slate, alternating with quartzite, and occasionally pierced by masses of granite. The grand object is the presence of phosphorite of lime, which is almost a solitary instance in Europe; the vein or rather deposit lies about half a mile to the N. N. E. and S. S. W. of the village, and occurs amid clay and slate, except in the centre, where it is intermixed with quartz; it has been made out for about two miles, sometimes emerging above the loamy soil and at other times below it, in a bed which, in some places, is ten feet deep, and in general is from six to seven feet wide. It may easily be traced by its general light straw colour, but the finer parts have a purple and white laminated and reniform structure, like some depositions of carbonate of lime: it is extremely phosphorescent when pulverised and thrown on lighted charcoal; as it contains no ingredient of organic life it is presumed to be of primitive formation: it was first noticed by the Irishman Bowles (see p. 56), in his account of his tour to Almaden; his statements were exaggerated by Spanish and French authors, who descanted very learnedly thereon, until Mons^r. Proust reported that whole hills were composed of it; unfortunately, from never having been on the spot, his remarks were clever but inaccurate. Our friends however ascertained that phosphorite of lime did not exist in sufficient quantities to be available for British agriculture, in case of any

failure of bone dust. It contains about 14 per cent. of fluoride of calcium; thus Nature has here provided amply for that material which enters into the bones of animals, both of this and of a former age.

Logrosan stands upon and is chiefly built out of a mass of very hard and compact black schist, with veins of quartz, and is placed, like *Trujillo*, on a granite knoll; the view from the top is very extensive. The town is poor and dirty, while the protruding slates render the narrow streets still more inconvenient; it is without shops or commerce, the population being mere peasants and pig feeders, but it has a fine unfinished church, rising like a cathedral, with a beautiful *absis* and a pointed *retablo*.

Another great object of interest is the *Jeromite* convent of *Guadalupe*, once one of the richest and most venerated in Spain, but now sequestered and sinking into poverty and decay. It lies about 5 L. distant, about half of which are over the plain, and half over the *Sierra*; they are equivalent to seven at least. After passing a wide *javal*, the picturesque village of *Cañamero* stands at a rocky gorge through which the beautiful *Ruecas* flows, while a bold ridge towers to the E. Capt. Widdrington compares these sites to the *Alban Mount* and *Camagna* of Rome. Now the defiles of the *Sierra* are entered, amid exquisite scenery and wild aromatic herbs; then a lofty table-land is ascended, commanding a sweeping panorama; hence, by a charming *cortijo*, into the tortuous ill-built streets of *Guadalupe*. The *posadas* are iniquitous; but the muleteer generally can obtain lodging in some private house on the *Plaza*, at which the traveller will do well to put up, following the classical example of *Horace* at *Mamurra*.

The narrow wynds of *Guadalupe* are rendered more inconvenient by being built on a slope; the ground-floor of the houses under colonnades, is given up to stabling. The convent towers grandly

above the *Plaza*, once lord of all it surveyed; indeed the wretched hamlet gathered around these semi-castellated defences, like chickens under a mother-hen. It depended on the outlay of the rich monks, and the numerous pilgrims attracted to the Palladium image; now that these sources of prosperity are dried up, the convent is destined to be a barrack, but the splendid chapel is preserved as a parish church. It once was the Loreto of central Spain; how full it was of gold and jewels, before *el tiempo de los Franceses*, is detailed by Ponz, vii. 53.

The Virgin of Guadalupe was the great Diana of Estremadura; she guided the invaders of the new world to victory and spoil, and to her a share was always apportioned; thus Cortes, on landing in Spain, in 1538, hurried to worship her image for nine days. He and his followers hoped by offering at her altar the *spolia opima* of their strangely-achieved wealth, to obtain death-bed pardons.

Victor, immediately after the rout of Cuesta at Medellin, instead of following up military measures, came here also, not indeed to pray, or offer gold, like a *pagan* Victor in Spain (Livy xxi. 21; Sil. Ital. iii. 15), but tempted by the auri sacra fames, and the knowledge that Cuesta, although in want of everything, had, from what Scheepeler calls a sainte simplicité, respected the church plate, of which Victor carried off just nine cart-loads.

There is a 4to. history of the most sacred image of Guadalupe, the second in holiness in all Spain, by Diego de Montalbo, Lisbon, 1631, which details its miracles. The legend runs thus: In 1330, a cowkeeper of Caceres discovered the statue, an undoubted work of St. Luke, and formerly given to Sⁿ Leandro, the Gothic uprooter of Arianism, by Gregory the Great: this carving had been miraculously preserved during the six centuries of Moorish invasion. A hermitage was built on the spot, and in 1340 Alonzo XI. raised a chapel, which Juan I., in

1389, converted into a Jeronimite convent, subject to the Pope alone. The site of the miracle was a warm southern fertile slope, abounding in fruit, water, and trout streams, and was, with the whole *Sierra de Altamira*, given to the monks. This order always was peculiarly agricultural; they formerly possessed 80,000 Merinos, and were so rich that the proverb ran—

“*Quien es conde, y desea ser duque,
Metese fraile en Guadalupe.*”

Navagiero, who went there with Charles V., describes (p. 12) the place as a city rather than a monastery, and speaks of a tower said to be filled with gold; the cellars for wine were proportionate. The castellated walls show how strong it was; indeed, like in the convents in Syria, this precaution was necessary, to defy the attacks of the infidel.

The first view from the *plaza* is very imposing; one regrets that the ancient balustrade should never have been finished; the pointed front of the chapel contrasts with the old towers, turrets, buildings, and library, to the l.; the whole were strengthened with new works when the Carlist Palillos held it during the civil war; the grand entrance is by a noble vestibule with a Moorish arch to the l.; here is the *Sagrario*, and to the l. the Gothic tomb of Alonzo de Velasco; the walls were hung with the votive chains of captives delivered by the Virgin, a purely pagan practice. In an adjoining chapel is a representation of a general council held here in 1415; ascending to the grandiose Gothic church, to the l. lies buried the architect Juan Alonzo, *Maestro que fizó esta santa Iglesia*. The church consists of three naves, in a massy pointed style, but the extension of the *coro* has destroyed the symmetry. The superb lofty *reja* which divided the monks from the populace, is a masterpiece of F^{ro} de Salamanca and Juan de Avila. The cupola above the transept is octagonal, with gilt capitals. The classical *Retablo*, designed by Juan Gomez de Mora, and executed by Giraldo de Merlo, is im-

posing in itself, but out of keeping in a Gothic church. It was filled with paintings by V^e. Carducho and Eugenio Cajés; it has, in later times, been modernized in the worst taste.

The walls of the *Capilla Mayor* were ornamented in marble by Jⁿ. B^a. Semeria, a Genoese, and by Bartolomé Abril, a Swiss. Observe the royal sepulchres, statues, and carvings; and in *La Capilla de los cuatro altares*, the effigies of Prince Dionisio of Portugal, and Doña Juana his wife, erected in 1461, and moved to their present place under Philip II. Notice also the tomb of Doña Maria de Guadalupe Lancaster y Cardenas, Duchess of Aveyro. A jasper staircase leads up to the *Camarin* of the Virgin; this *Donarium* or treasury is in vile taste, with some sketchy paintings by Luca Giordano. Neither Isis nor Astarte ever had more dresses than this graven image. Ponz mentions 80, one of which cost 40,000 ducats. The silver lamps, &c. were carried off by Victor, with the glorious Custodia made by Juan de Segovia; then disappeared the silver throne of the image, the silver angels, the 80 silver lamps, the diamonds, pearls, gold, and jewels, the offerings of kings. It was indeed a *tesoro*. Victor left the image behind, because, although carved by St. Luke, it would not have fetched five francs on the Pont Neuf at Paris. Those who wish to know the items of his spoil, and the wonderful relics of this sanctuary, are referred to "*Historia de Na. Sa. de Guadalupe*," folio, Gabriel de Talavera, Toledo, 1597.

The splendid Sacristia contains eight fine Zurbarans, representing the life of St. Jerome. From monkish neglect they are, as yet, pure and uninjured, and Capt. Widdrington suggested to the Madrid authorities their removal to the capital. The church is surrounded by an assemblage of buildings, at once extensive and sumptuous. There are two noble cloisters, one of a Gothic pointed, the other of a Moorish style. In the principal one is an elegant

Gothic shrine, or temple, and an extremely beautiful double arcade, one above the other. Observe in an angle the injured tomb of Gonzalo de Illescas, Bp. of Cordova. These courts, in the time of the monks, were planted with oranges and flowers; now all is going to decay. *La Botica*, or medicinal dispensary, yet remains; and the library, from whence the best books have disappeared. It is lamentable to reflect that this splendid pile, on which so many thousands were expended, is, like the Escorial positively of no use in this out-of-the-way situation. It will gradually fall to ruin, like the monastic system for which it was raised, and for which alone it was fitted. The monks have served their turn: they it was who introduced agriculture into these former forests and "valleys of wolves." They made roads; and it was in order to facilitate the approach of pilgrims that Pedro Tenorio, Archbishop of Toledo, built his magnificent bridge over the Tagus in 1337. He gave to the convent a fine bronze font, which used to be near the refectory. *The Serrania* of Guadalupe is a continuation of the *Montes de Toledo*. The highest range is behind the convent, and is said to be 7000 ft. These mountains divide the basins of the Tagus and Guadiana. The forests have fallen under the axes of the monks. In the cistus-clad plains game of every kind is most abundant. Those who propose to visit Almaden must return to Logrosan: which is a wild ride of guess-work distances, over aromatic *dehesas y despoblados*. The first day's midday halt will be at *Casas de Don Pedro*, half a league, beyond which the Guadiana is crossed at a ferry. Sleep at *Tallarubias*, Lacipea, a pretty town of 3100 souls, but the accommodations are very bad. Here the sandstone and quartz cease. The next day's ride to Almaden is, if possible, more lonely. The first and only village, *Espiritu Santo*, is too near the starting-place to be of any use for a midday halt: rest, therefore, at a streamlet be-

fore ascending the Sierra beyond *La Puebla de Alcocer*. After leaving the pasture-land, the hills become extremely wild and solitary, with a wide moor on their summit, and thence descend to Chillon, a dependency, as it were, of Almaden, although separated by a steep hill. For Almaden, and the Route to Cordova, see R. vii.

ROUTE LV. (CONTINUED).

Those continuing to Madrid must return from Logrosan to Trujillo. The high-road, after crossing the Monte by a good bridge, ascends to *Jaraiseco*, a miserable hamlet, which commands the plain, where the conical hill of S^a Cruz and Trujillo form fine objects. Here the Duke lingered, a victim to the misconduct of the Spanish government after Talavera, until famine and the breach of every promise forced him to withdraw his starving troops to the agues of Merida and Badajoz. The Spaniards now, as then, blink all their puny bad faith, and falsely assert that political motives, and a desire to secure Portugal for England, not a want of food, were the real reasons why the Duke retired from Spain (Schep. ii, 415).

Hence to the *Puerto de Miravete*, the culminating point, from whence the eye sweeps over interminable plains, studded here and there with conical hills. The Tagus is crossed at a most inconvenient ferry near the broken but picturesque bridge of *Almaraz*, which hangs from its superb cistus-clad rocks over the deep sea-green coloured river. It was built in 1552 by Pedro de Uria, and paid for by the city of Placencia, as opening communications with it and La Mancha. Lower down is another bridge built by a Placencian, the Card. Juan de Carvajal, and hence called *El Puente del Cardenal*, which opens communications with Trujillo. The bridge of *Almaraz* consists of two arches, one of which was destroyed in 1809. It is 580 ft. long, 25 wide, and 134 high, and spans a most picturesque gorge. Lord Hill took his title from Almaraz,

as here, May 18, 1812, he conducted "with consummate ability one of the most brilliant actions in the war." Following the Duke's instructions, he passed the intricate defile *La Cueva* with such secrecy, that both Drouet and Foy were deceived. He next assaulted Fort Napoleon, although guarded by 1000 French and 18 guns, and carried it without artillery by the bayonet, the garrison leaping down into the river from sheer panic at such unheard-of audacious gallantry. By this splendid affair Soult was cut off from Marmont, and the Duke then wrote home that he should try the latter single-handed, "no man in the army entertaining a doubt of the result;" that result was Salamanca. Sir Wm. Erskine, as at Almeida, marred the *whole* success by recalling Hill just when about to attack and carry the works on Miravete. Hill, with a mere handful of men, was the terror of the French in Estremadura: and Buonaparte writing *privately* to Soult, for then even he could tell the truth, inquired, "Comment il est possible que *six mille Anglais* et quatre ou cinq mille Portugais aient enlevé les magasins de Merida, se soient avancés jusque sur les débouchés de l'Andalousie, et y soient restés un mois, et cela devant votre armée composée forte de 24,000 hommes, et composée des meilleures troupes du monde, pouvant présenter plus de soixante mille hommes présents sur les armes, et une cavalerie si supérieure en nombre."

Leaving the Tagus the road turns inland to *Navalmoral*, and soon the province of New Castile is entered. For its character and peculiarities turn to Sect. xi.

Oropesa gives a title to the Duke of Frias, who has here an irregular dilapidated palace, and a fine castle with round towers and keep; hence through oak woods to *Talavera de la Reina*, or *Reyna*, of "the Queen," because given by Alonzo XI. as an appanage to the royal consort. There are two other Talaveras; one, *La Real*, is near Bada-

joz, and the other, *La Vieja*, which lies 10 L. from that of *La Reina*, on the l. bank of the Tagus. The remains of this last old Roman town have served to build the modern hamlet. The pillars and arch of a temple, however, have escaped. See two papers in the '*Mem. de la Acad. de Historia*,' i. 345; and Cean Ber. 'S.' 115.

Talavera de la Reina—Talabriga—is a decayed place, but charmingly situated on the Tagus in a verdurous vega; the *Posada del Fresco*, on the Plaza, is the best. The *ordinarios* and *cosarios* generally put up either at *La Casa de Pijorro* or *La del Tigre*, near the Madrid road.

The town is ancient, straggling, ill-paved, and inconvenient, but full of nice bits for the sketch book; the inner circumvallation is Roman; the *Torres Albarranas* were built in 937 by the Moors; these old girdles rise picturesquely among the houses; see the arch of S^a Pedro, and the irregular Plaza, with red houses, porticos, and balconies. There is a fine but dilapidated bridge and a pleasant *Alameda*, whose groves in the spring are tenanted by nightingales. Talavera, indeed, with its river and plantations, is an oasis in these deserts; another pleasant and favourite *paseo*, is on the Madrid road, leading to N^a. S^a. del Prado, a hermitage built on a pagan temple, and where pagan rites continued to be celebrated down to 1807. These *floralia* were called *las Mondas de Talavera*; a sort of chief magistrate was chosen for the day, who was called *Justicia de Mogiganga*, because he presided over the large images then paraded about, as our Lord Mayor does over Gog and Magog. A complete pagan *lectisternia* also took place, and idols were "borne on men's shoulders" with curious rites, a remnant of those of Flora. So in parts of Barbary, a female image called *Mata*, dressed like a large doll or *Paso*, is carried round the fields when the corn is young.

The population of Talavera is about 7000; the former silk and hat manu-

factures have declined; that of coarse earthenware, *alfareria*, made from a clay brought from *Calera*, still languishes. The Gothic *Colegiata* is not remarkable: begun in 1211, repaired in 1389, it afterwards was modernised. The Jeronimite convent near the river was once fine; it was begun in 1389, by the Archbishop Pedro Tenorio, and altered in 1549 and 1624; the staircase and Ionic façade are excellent. The *Dominicos* contained three grand sepulchres—Cardinal Loaisa, and Pedro Loaisa, with Catalina his wife. Mariana, the historian, and Alonzo de Herrera, the writer on agriculture, were both born here. The bridge over the Tagus, and dedicated to St. Catherine, was built in the 15th century by the great Cardinal of Toledo, Pedro Mendoza; it is much dilapidated from neglect.

On the hill to the l. and on the plain on the Madrid road was decided, July 27 and 28, 1809, what the Duke justly calls "the long and hard-fought action against the French, with more than double our numbers," and commanded by Jourdan, Victor, and Joseph in person. This was the first time that he advanced into Spain, relying on the co-operation of Spanish generals and the promises of Spanish juntas, and it was the last. The Spanish army was commanded by Cuesta, a brave man personally, but a mere "child in the art of war," and too old, proud, and obstinate to be taught. Never were the two nations more truly represented than by their respective leaders; the decrepid formal Don coming in a coach and six, and keeping his ally waiting, when minutes were winged with destinies; while the other, the very personification of eagle-eyed power, iron in mind and frame, was of lightning decision. Cuesta, rather than take a hint from a younger officer, twice lost the tide of affairs, and thus the first time saved Victor from defeat, and the second almost ensured it to himself. Had he advanced on the Alberche on the 22d, as the Duke entreated him to

do, Victor single-handed must have been crushed; but during the delay, the French, warned, says Napier, by traitors in the very tent of Cuesta, fell back, the Spaniards thinking that they were running away from them; and now Cuesta, just when the Duke wished him to remain still, would advance. He imagined* that he was following "flying deer, but found that he was hunting tigers." He would have been annihilated at Torrijos, but was rescued by the Duke.

The allies then took up a position before Talavera, the English being posted to the l. on the *Cerro de Medellín*, and the Spaniards in the woods of the plain. Victor concentrated all his forces against the English, by whom, in spite of desperate French gallantry and superior numbers, he was everywhere beaten back. Night terminated the contest, the Duke sleeping on the ground in his cloak. Victor's second attack failed from Sebastiani's neglecting to assist him, as he did again at Barrosa. Victor himself had committed the rash error of risking this battle prematurely; jealous of Soult, he hurried it on before that marshal could arrive from his defeat at Oporto. The French finally abandoned the field, having lost 20 cannon, and 10,000 killed and wounded; the English lost 6200; thus 16,000 brave men resisted 34,000 French 16 hours, and at last drove them back. Alone they did it, for the Spaniards remained inactive spectators, as at Barrosa and Albuera, as from a total want of discipline they could not be moved. "Their army," wrote the Duke (Disp. Aug. 25, 1809), "with very trifling exceptions, was not engaged, yet whole corps threw away their arms, and ran off in my presence, when they were neither attacked, nor threatened with an attack, but fright-

ened, I believe, by their own fire." "When these dastardly soldiers run away, they plunder everything they meet, and in their flight from Talavera they plundered the baggage of the British army, which was at that time bravely engaged in their cause." His Grace might have quoted Lucan (ii. 572), when Cuesta's rabble exhibited their backs to those allies whom they had sought for to defend them, "territa quæsitis ostendunt terga Britannis."

Cuesta, insensible to shame and untaught by experience, next neglected, in spite of the Duke's urgent request, to secure the passes of Baños, and left a path open to Soult to fall on our flank; yet in spite of his imminent danger he continued to linger, risking the loss of himself and ally; then in the nick of time the Duke passed the bridge of the *Arzobispo*,* and thus saved Cuesta and Andalusia from ruin; and even as it was, such was the slowness and carelessness of the Spaniard, that he was surprised by Mortier, and routed, flying even to Guadalupe, abandoning 30 guns and all his baggage, and this before one squadron of dragoons.

After the battle the town of Talavera, which refused bread to the starving English ally and in vain offering money for it, was found by the French enemy to contain corn enough for their army for three months (Schep. ii. 424). Twice did the French sack the town. "Victor assembled his troops to pilage: every man was provided with a hammer and a saw; they filed off by the beat of drum (Victor originally was a drummer-boy) in regular parties to their work, as a business with which they were well acquainted; nothing escaped their search" (Southey, 24).

Thus enemies obtained by force and iron what was denied to the entreaties and gold of allies. Those who brought nothing and seized everything, were feasted, while the truly brave and

* This conceit was so inveterate in the ancient Iberians, that the Romans constantly shammed a flight, and then turned round on their pursuers, "effusæ sequentes," and scattered them to the winds. See Livy, xxxiv. 14; xl. 48.

* This bridge lies about $7\frac{1}{2}$ L. below Talavera, and is so called because built in 1338, by Pedro Tenorio, *Archbishop* of Toledo.

honourable friends hungered. But the French, says the Duke, "everywhere take everything, and leave the unfortunate inhabitants to starve." Now Foy (i. 311), in demonstrating the great superiority of French soldiers over English, states, among other reasons, that "20,000 Français vivront pour rien, où 10,000 Anglais mouront de faim la bourse en la main." No wonder.

Venegas, who commanded a Spanish army in La Mancha, and was to have co-operated, never advanced; appointed because nephew to one of the ministers, he had had secret orders from the Junta to leave Cuesta in the lurch. They dreaded a success, having ill-used the savage old man after his defeat at Rioseco.

The Spaniards, as at Barrosa and Albuera, where all was nearly lost by their own leader's misbehaviour, now, as then, claimed the glory for themselves; and Cuesta, in his bulletin, affirmed "that the terrific fire of the *Spaniards* overwhelmed the French;" and Byron, then at Cadiz, wrote that "the Spanish dispatch and the mob called the victory Cuesta's, and made no great mention of the Viscount." "These reports and insinuations," said the Duke, "may do very well for the people of Seville, but the British army will not soon forget the treatment it has received" (Disp. Aug. 31, 1809). "I might almost say we are not treated as friends; had Spaniards in any way kept their word, and if I could have been fed, I should after Talavera have turned and struck a brilliant blow on Soult at Placencia."

The French version by Mons. Bory de St. Vincent (Guide, ix.) is characteristic: "Lord Wellington, *alors simple Marquis de Wellesley*, par une marche inconsidérée, menacé Madrid, mal instruit qu'il était. Le canon de Talavera se faisait encore entendre, que le général Anglais apprit notre arrivée sur le Tage, et de victorieux qu'il se croyait déjà s'exagérant le danger il abandonna précipitamment

le champ de bataille." The conqueror was justly raised to the peerage for this splendid battle, although Mr. Whitbread affirmed that "it would have been better for Sir Arthur if he had never changed his name;" and Lord Grey criticised his "want of capacity and skill." Thus encouraged, old Cobbett cut coarse jests, and vented out his anti-English treason on Baron Talavera and his wars. Buonaparte was so pleased with their sayings and writings, that he had them translated into the Paris papers, but even the French thought them to be only his usual forgeries. "The truth is," said Lord Dudley, "that the opposition had staked everything upon Napoleon's success, and are grieved at his failure;" but party is the curse of England, and must ever be so where men can be found to pray that just so much calamity may befall the nation as will turn out their opponents, and bring themselves into place and power.

To complete this eventful history, Belmas (i. 92), writing but the other day, and under Soult's eye and patronage, gives Cuesta 38,000 men, Venegas 28,000, and Sir Arthur 22,000 English and 5000 Portuguese;—thus drawing up on paper 113,000 "men in buckram" against only 40,000 French. Thus is written what our ingenious neighbours call *history*: the real numbers of the English being only 16,000 raw troops, who withstood and repulsed 34,000 splendid French veterans.

Quitting Talavera, the dreary country resembles La Mancha, a wide expanse of corn-plains, denuded of trees, with here and there miserable villages (see p. 307). To the l. rise the snowy Avila and Guadarrama chains. At *Maqueda* is a ruined tower, called *la Torre de las Infantas*, where Berenguela resided while guardian to her nephew Henrique I. *Fuensalida*, which gives the title of Count, and is so well known to readers of ballad romance, lies to the r. of the road between *Maqueda* and Sa. Cruz del Retamar.

The mangy wearisome country continues to Navalcarnero, "the plain of sheep," where a tolerable wine is made: then crossing the Guadarrama river at Mostoles, and soon after the Manzanares, we reach the ignoble mud walls of Madrid (see Sect. xi.) Those artists and antiquaries who have leisure may diverge from *Maqueda* either to the r. or l.: as this was once a frontier line, it contains many fine but ruined castles of the former great nobility, who guarded the marches; and first for the l. The traveller will make for Avila, and thence by the Escorial to Madrid; he must ride and attend to his provend. *Escalona*, distant from *Maqueda* about 9 miles, rises nobly on a hill above the charming trout-stream, the Alberche, which is crossed by a good bridge. Portions of the old walls remain, and the once splendid *palacio* of the counts, with a chapel. It was built in 1442, by the great Alvaro de Luna, in rich decorated semi-saracenic taste of the age; visit also the *Colegiata*: hence to *Cadalso* is a pleasant ride, amid vines, olives, and covers abounding in game: popⁿ. 1000: placed on an eminence it commands a fine view over the champaign plains. Visit the castle and gardens of the Conde de Miranda, now dilapidated: here it was that Isabella met her brother Henrique IV. after their reconciliation at Guisando, where he had declared her to be his heiress to the crown.

1½ L. through a country of fruit trees and pines, leads to the celebrated monastery *Toros de Guisando*, and so on to Avila (see R. xcvi.).

Those who strike to the r. for *Toledo* must ride also; and first to *Torrijos*, 2 L., popⁿ. 1600; it is placed in the fertile Sagra. This now dilapidated hamlet, like *Zafra*, was once patronised and decorated by its powerful lord, and the remains of past magnificence in the churches and palace mock the present poverty of the denizens; all hastens to decay, becoming every day more delectable in form and colour to

the artist: outside the walls is a pretty Gothic fountain and cross; inside, in the long street, all delicious bits, are a superbly decorated Gothic church, a gateway, a convent going to ruin, a grand *palacio*, with vestiges of ceilings and former state, but now abandoned to the usual fate which broods over the provincial mansions of the absentee nobles of Spain: hence, passing Barcencia, with its ruined castle, 1 L. on to Rielves and 3 more to Toledo. It however is much better to branch off from *Torrijos* S. W. to *Escatonilla*, 1 L. popⁿ. 2000. It has a fine ruined castle, a good *Parroquia*, dedicated to the Magdalen, with a grand relic, the body of St. Germain de Auxerre. The artist should manage to be here July 31, when the chapel is visited by all the picturesque peasantry of the Sagra. Outside the town, about 1 mile E. near *Casas Albas*, is the hermitage of *Na. Sa. de la Estrella*, Our Lady of the Star, the "Lucida Sidera" of antiquity; here also a grand festival is held every Easter Monday: at 1 L. from *Escatonilla* is the large hamlet of *La Puebla de Montalban*, popⁿ. 4000. It is well worth visiting, the environs abound in corn, oil, and wine: there is a good bridge over the Tagus, which flows near it, through wild rocks with a ruined castle, really put up for a picture, like those on the Rhine: the town contains a *Palacio* of the Duques de Uceda on the *plaza*, a handsome decorated hospital, two noble parish churches, one with three grand naves, the other, *San Miguel*, with a fine brick tower, built in 1604 by Christobal Ortiz; the imposing masonry façade of the Franciscan nunnery was built in 1543, by Laurencio de Ilachoa: observe also the ruined hermitage de *Na. Sa. de la Soledad*. Toledo lies distant 5 L. and Rielves 2.

Those who have ever performed this tiresome Route lv. will never do it twice; accordingly, on our second visit to Merida we struck off on horseback to Alcantara, continuing indeed our pilgrimage to Santiago and the Asturias,

and riding down to Madrid through Leon and Valladolid, a route we strongly recommend to those who have leisure.

ROUTE LVII.—MERIDA TO PLACENCIA.

Alcuescar	6	
Arroyo de Molinos	1	.. 7
Montanches	1	.. 8
Caceres	6	.. 14
Malpartida	2	.. 16
Arroyo del Puerco	1	.. 17
Brozas	4½	.. 21½
Aleantara	3	.. 24½
Garovillas	5	.. 29½
Cañaveral	2	.. 31½
Coria	4½	.. 36
Placencia	9	.. 45

This must be ridden: take a local guide, as the country is chiefly lonely *dehesas*; and as the accommodations are indifferent, attend to our preliminary precautions and the commissariat. There is a shorter cut to *Arroyo del Puerco* of 12 L., avoiding *Caceres*; 6 to *Casas de Don Antonio*, and 6 on.

On quitting Merida and the *Charca*, a waste of cistus commences: here and there Roman miliary columns about 7 feet high still stand in their original positions, and mark the Via lata, or great Roman road from Merida to Salamanca, which in some places is admirably preserved. The best work on Roman roads is the '*Histoire des Grands Chemins*,' Nic. Bergier, 4^o. Paris, 1622.

At 4½ L. after an ascent Montanches appears on its hill; *Alcuescar* lies to the r., and below it *Arroyo de Molinos*, where, October 28, 1811, Lord Hill caught Gen. Girard in a trap. He with 5000 men had been sent by Soult to interfere with Spanish recruiting, and levy contributions, which he did in a careless unmilitary manner, whereupon the Duke planned a surprise, and ordered Hill to effect it: this able executor of everything entrusted to him halted the night of the 27th at *Alcuescar*: the honest villagers kept the secret so well that the French remained ignorant of their danger, and early the next morning, during some rain, Hill, with the 71st and 92nd, surprised and

put them to flight. They ran, throwing away their packs, arms, and everything that constitutes a soldier; and yet these were some of the "finest French troops" in Spain; they were lusty and strong, filled with wine and meat, while the English were hungry and foot-sore; and even then, had not our cavalry missed their way, not a Frenchman could have got off: as it was, 1300 prisoners were taken, all their artillery, colours, baggage, and plunder. Girard narrowly escaped. M. Dumas (iii. 234) accounts very satisfactorily for this affair: "Les Français, surpris, attaqués avec impétuosité, *durent céder au nombre*;" "quoique les Anglais fussent dix fois supérieurs en nombre, le Gén. Girard conserva tout son sang froid."

Those who do not care to visit this glorious site, may avoid it by taking a bad but shorter road to the l., which leads up to *Montanches* (Mons Anguis). This hill-fort has a castle which was the prison of the minion minister, Rodrigo Calderon. This is the capital of the bacon district, and the pork is superlative; possibly it was on this *Mons Anguis* that the Duke de Arcos fed "ces petits jambons vermeils," which the Duc de St. Simon ate and admired so much; "ces jambons ont un parfum si admirable, un goût si relevé et si vivifiant qu'on en est surpris: il est impossible de rien manger si exquis" (Mem. xx. 30). His grace used to shut up the pigs in places abounding in vipers, on which they fattened. Neither the pigs, dukes, nor their *toad-eaters* seem to have been poisoned by these exquisite vipers, which rival those of Chiclaná. So among the modern Moors men still live like these pigs, for the followers of Seedna Eiser feed on snakes. By-the-by, the biped toad-eater is not so called from eating this unsavoury variety of the frog. The Spanish grandees were attended with little slaves, pages of both sexes, who did *everything* for them: "*mi todo, mi todito, mi todita*," my toad-eater, my very serviceable, humble, and devoted

servant. Our term *alligator* is another of these absurd corruptions from the Spanish, being nothing but *una lagarta*.

Naturalists have remarked that the rattlesnakes in America retire before their consuming enemy, the pig, who is thus the *gastador* or pioneer of the new world's civilization, just as Pizarro, who was suckled by a sow, and tended swine in his youth, was its conqueror. Be that as it may, Montanches is illustrious in pork, in which the *Estremeños* go the whole hog. We strongly recommend *Juan Valiente* to the lover of delicious hams; each *jamon* averages about 12 lb.; they are sold at the rate of $7\frac{1}{2}$ *reales* for the *libra carnicera*, which weighs 32 of our ounces. The duties in England are now very trifling. The fat, when they are boiled, looks like melted topazes, and the flavour defies language, although we have dined on one this very day, in order to secure accuracy and inspiration. We have before alluded to the orthodoxy as well as the savoury charms of this pig's meat (see p. 27). It enters largely into the national metaphors and stewpots. The Montanches hams are superb; it would perplex a gastronomic Paris to which to adjudge the prize, whether to the *jamon dulce* of the Alpujarras, the *tocino* of Galicia, or the transcendental *chorizos* of Montanches. The nomad habits of Spaniards require a provision which is portable and lasting; hence the large consumption of dried and salted foods, *bacalao*, *cecina*, &c. Their backward agriculture, which has neither artificial grasses nor turnips, deprives them of fresh meats and vegetables during many months; hence rice and *garbanzos* supply green herbs, and appropriately accompany salted fish and bacon. *Montanches* is a central and almost equi-distant point between Merida, Medellin, Trujillo, and Caceres, half-way to which is Torremocha.

Caceres, *Castra Cæcilia*, *Castra Cæsaris*, is the capital of its swinish district. There is a tolerable *Meson*, *el de los Huevos*. N.B. Order *Magras con Huevos*. Popⁿ. under 10,000. It is

the residence of the petty authorities, and of many provincial proprietors, *hidalgos y hacendados*, who fatten and get rich by the saving and selling their popular bacon. The climate, like the bacon, is delicious, and the environs very fertile. The elevation keeps the tidy town cool, while the rivulets which flow from *el Marco* irrigate the gardens that produce excellent fruits and vegetables. There is not much to be seen here, and the people are dull and porcine. There is a fine suppressed Jesuit convent, and a *Seminario*, founded in 1603. The Gothic *Parroquia* of *Sn. Mateo* was built by Pedro de Ezquerria. Observe in the *Sa. Maria* the retablo, and Assumption and Coronation of the Tutelar. The *Hospital de la Piedad*, founded by Gabriel Gutierrez, has a good *patio* and staircase. On the *Plaza* is some mutilated sculpture, a Ceres, and inscriptions. Antiquities are constantly turning up in the environs, especially in the *dehesa de los Arrogatos*, and are as constantly reburied or destroyed. Caceres has an *Audiencia*, whose jurisdiction extends over 547,000 souls; in 1844, 2220 persons were tried, which is about one in 250.

It was near Caceres, according to his flattering eulogists, that Mons^r. Foy covered himself with glory. Surprised by some Spaniards, March 14, 1810, he and his troops got over "six lieues d'Espagne en cinq heures : cette retraite fit le plus grand honneur au Gén. Foy" (V. et C. xx. 11). "L'Europe," says the modest hero himself, "a vu la célérité de nos mouvemens de stratégie et de tactique, et elle a été saisie d'épouvante, car le secret de la guerre est dans les jambes" (i. 89).

Those who do not wish to go to Montanches or Caceres will turn off at $4\frac{1}{2}$ L., before reaching Alcuesar, and then proceed through oak woods to *Casas de Don Antonio*, a poor place, where, however, a bed and supper are to be had at the venta : a six hours' ride next day, over a treeless, granite-strewed country, leads to *Arroyo del*

Puerco, "Pig's Brook;" for here the unclean animal is the joy and wealth of rich and poor. In the parish church of this miserable village are 16 of the finest pictures ever painted by Morales: 12 are very large; and although chilled, dirty, and neglected, they are at least pure. The altar divides them into two portions, which again are subdivided into two tiers, each tier containing four pictures, three large and one small. The subjects are "Christ in the Garden, bearing the Cross;" the "Annunciation;" "Nativity;" "Christ in Limbo," very fine; "St. John preaching;" a "St. John," three-quarter length, and a "Saviour bound," its companion, both very fine; the "Descent," fine; the "Burial;" the "Christ and Joseph of Arimathæa" are grand; "Adoration of Kings;" "Circumcision;" "Ascension of Christ;" the "Pentecost;" "Saviour with the reed;" and "St. Jerome." It is miraculous how these pictures escaped the French, who long occupied the hamlet.

A six hours' lonely ride, amid wild oaks, leads to Alcantara, by *Brozas*, which stands with an old castle, and the *Torre de Belvis*, on a naked hill. In the house of the C^o. de Canilleros was the sword of the redoubtable Garcia Paredes. 3 L. of a treeless, miserable country, with a stone wall, Oxfordshire look, now extends to *Alcantara*, Arabic^h Al-Kantarah, the Bridge. It was the Lancia of the Vettones, the Norba Cæsarea of the Romans. The town is placed on an eminence over the Tagus. Popⁿ under 4000. It is a ruined abode of misery, where gutted churches and roofless houses bear record of Gen. Lapisse, who was sent to his account at Talavera, and who came here in 1809: "his whole route had been marked by the most wanton cruelties: he remained at Alcantara only one night, but that night was employed in plunder, and in the commission of every crime by which humanity can be disgraced and outraged." See, for disgusting details, Southey (chap. xx.).

Alcantara, in consequence, is now

reduced to misery. It formerly belonged to a military order of monks, founded in 1156 by Suero Rodriguez Barrientos, to defend the frontier, a principle borrowed from the Moorish *Rabitos*. The order was at first called *de San Julian de Pereyro*, and was Benedictine. They, like the Templars, soon became rich and powerful; their wealth then was coveted by the crown, as much as their influence was dreaded, and both were absorbed in 1495 by appointing the King the "Master." Consult '*Orden de Alcantara*,' folio, Mad. 1663; '*Historia de las Ordenes Militares*,' Fr^o. Caro de Torres, folio, Mad. 1629; and the '*Cronica de la Villa de Alcantara*,' Alonzo Torres y Tapia, 1763. Their noble granite-built convent, Sⁿ. Benito, is almost a ruin, the work of the invaders; it was built in 1506 by Pedro de Larrea, and improved by Philip II. The church is lofty and grandiose, the slim pillars elegant. The decaying high altar contains some injured pictures of Morales, the best of which are a fine Sⁿ. Miguel, a St. John, a Pentecost, an Apostle reading, and a Resurrection—doubtful. Observe the chapel *de Piedra Buena*; it was erected by Pedro de Ibarra in 1550, and enriched with granite and cinque-cento work by Fr^o. Bravo, Comendador de Pietra Buena. Observe his fine marble sepulchre. The pictures in the chapel have been shamefully used and neglected. Many knights are buried in the church, e. g. Diego de Santillan, 1503; Nicolas de Ovando, 1511; also many others in the solemn cloister. Here is a small temple and some injured sculpture, especially a Resurrection, and an Adam and Eve.

Observe the wooden tattered chest in which Pelayus floated down 250 miles from Toledo. Morgado, in his history of Seville (p. 22), gives the legend; but the preservation of future legislators and rulers in arks is of much older date, for Osiris was thus saved in Egypt, as Adonis was by Venus; so Ion was rescued by Creusa,

and also in a "well made" ark, says Euripides. This exposure the Greeks called *Κυτρισμός*, in a pipkin, or an "olla," which would have suited a Spaniard exactly. But they took legends ready made: thus the Pagans showed the box in which Cypelus was similarly saved, and hung it up in the temple of Juno at Olympia (Paus. v. 17. 5). The legend of Pelayus, his exposition in a boat, and his preservation in order to found a dynasty, is neither more nor less than giving a new name to the older Spanish tale, as detailed by Justin (xliv. 4) in regard to Habis. For Pelayus see Asturias; the reader at home will find the whole fable in Southey's 'Don Roderick,' notes, 51.

El Puente de Alcantara, "the bridge of the bridge," is however worth going 100 L. to see; it stems the rock-walled lonely Tagus, striding across the wild gorge:

"Dove scorre il nobil Tago, e dove,
L'aurato dorso Alcantara gli preme."

Filicaia and other poets have clothed the barren crags with imaginary flowers, and stranded the fierce bed with gold; but all this is a fiction, which avarice readily believes of distant unvisited regions; the deep sullen river rolls through a desolate arid country; and here resembles a mountain enclosed narrow lake; but the bridge is the soul of the scene, and looms like a huge skeleton, the work of men when there were giants on the earth: loneliness and magnitude are the emphatic features. To be understood it must be seen, grey with the colouring of 17 centuries, during which it has resisted the action of the elements, and the worse injuries of man; it is 600 ft. long by 28 wide, and 245 ft. above the usual level of the river, which here is about 40 ft. deep, rising however in floods to 176, for the narrow pass is a funnel: the best point of view is from the other side, turning down the rocks to the l. The work tells its authors, and is simple, majestic, solid, useful, and commensurate

with their power and intellect. It was built for Trajan, A.D. 105, and is worthy of an Emperor. The architect, Caius Julius Lacer, was buried near his work, but barbarians have demolished his tomb. At the entrance of the bridge a chapel yet remains with a dedication to Trajan and some verses: one couplet deserves mention, as giving the name of the architect:

"Pontem perpetui mansurum in sæcula
Fecit divinâ nobilis arte Lacer." [mundi,

There are 6 arches: the granite is worked in *bossage*, or pillowed work, *almohadillado*, and no cement was used. The centre arch has sunk: one arch was destroyed in war time before 1200, and remained only repaired in wood until 1543, when Charles V. restored it, as an inscription records, which is given by Cean Ber. (S. 398): the 2nd arch on the r. bank was blown up, June 10, 1809, by Col. Mayne, who had been directed to do so if the enemy advanced. This order, when the danger was past, was unfortunately either not rescinded by Cuesta, or the bearer of the message was killed, and Mayne had not kept it secret; whereupon Victor menaced the bridge, "with no other view than to cause its destruction" (Napier, viii. 3). This vandalism, of no use to him in a strategic point of view, was solely done to throw the odium on the English: *sed qui facit per aliam facit per se*. See the Duke's Dispatch to Cuesta, June 11, 1809. The bridge was repaired in 1812 by Col. Sturgeon.

There is a direct road to *Coria* 7 L., by *Ceclavin* 3 L., *Pescuenza* 2 L., and thence 2 L. more: it is without interest. We made the following *détour*, and let none omit to do so: keep along the l. bank, over hill and dale, to *Garovillas*, and thence descend to the river, which pours here through a more level country a tranquil deep blue stream, which reflects the azure sky and not the dun tints of calcined rocks, and pass over at *La Barca*; at this ferry are the remains of a noble Roman

bridge de Alconetar, or del Mandible; the high road from Merida to Salamanca crossed the Tagus here: all is now a ruin, save 5 arches on the r. bank; the masonry resembles that of Alcantara: to the r. the rivulet Monte enters the Tagus; a shaft of a Roman bridge and a miliary stone remain: above is a ruined castle. This lonely scene is made for the artist. An infamous *Rambla* now leads up to *Cañaveras*, a poor village, where we slept; hence to Coria the hills throughout the ride command glorious views, especially after passing the convent Sⁿ. Pedro de Alcantara and the cork-woods. Coria rises over the Alagon, which is crossed by a ferry, for the bridge with 5 arches stands high and dry in the meadow, since the river has changed its course, or *ha salido de madre*, and deserted its mother, which neither seems to "know that it is out" nor care, and the Corians take no steps to get it in again, but trust to the proverbial habit of unfaithful rivers returning to their old beds like repentant husbands: *Despues de años mil, vuelve el rio a su cubil*. Most Spanish rivers want bridges, but occasionally bridges want rivers, for Spain is the land of the anomalous and unexpected, and these Pontes asinorum are plentiful as blackberries (see Ollo-niego, Dueñas, Zaragoza, &c.), and yet the poor Corians alone are called *Los Bobos*, bridge boobies: Bovo is an Arabic word for fool.

Coria, Caurium, a decayed town of some 2500 souls, is the see of a bishop, suffragan to Santiago. The curious walls are among the few which escaped the order of Witiza, by which the cities of Spain were dismantled: they are Roman, built of simple solid granite, without cement, and average 30 ft. high, by 19 thick: they are defended by towers placed at intervals, and disfigured by paltry houses built up against them. The best point of view is from the pretty Alameda near Sⁿ. Francisco. Observe the modern aqueduct and the huge *Torre de Sⁿ. Francisco*, with corner turrets and machico-

lations: it is Castilian, and was constructed out of ancient materials. The view from the top is good: the old gates have been modernised; in that of *La Guia* is some mutilated sculpture. The cathedral is Gothic, built of granite, with buttresses and a pepper-box steeple: the principal entrance is ornamented with elaborate cinquecento work; the cardinals' heads, in the open gallery to the r., are finely designed. The interior, without aisles, resembles a large college hall. The *Silla. del Coro* is very old and curious, of the rude but bold carving of 1389. The *Reto.* is all gilding and churriguerismo. Observe the highly enriched sepulchre of Catalina Diaz, obt. 1487, and wife of the architect, Martin Caballero, obt. 1495, and the kneeling figure of Bishop Garcia de Galarza in his magnificent tomb, on the gospel side of the high altar; and near it another kneeling effigy of another prelate, Pedro Ximenez de Prexamo, obt. 1495.

Coria, in 1812, was the winter quarters of Lord Hill, whose kindness, coupled with valour, strict discipline, and punishment of plunderers, won golden opinions, when contrasted with the misconduct of the enemy. The whole country to Placencia was ravaged by Soult; for dreadful details see Toreno ix. and Durosoir 231; Coria was sacked Aug. 15, 1809, by the invaders: "the heavens blushing by night at their fires, while columns of smoke by day marked their progress." The bishop of Coria, aged 85, was sick in bed at Hoyos, where, Aug. 29, a detachment of French were hospitably received by him, and the officers entertained by his clergy at table. This they repaid by murdering 6 of their hosts and a servant, plundering the house, and to conclude, tore the sick prelate from his bed and shot him (Schep. ii. 432).

Quitting Coria, the first 4 L. to Placencia run on the r. bank of the Alagon, through desolate *encinares* to the ferry at Galisteo; and in case (as it

was with us) the boatmen happen to be absent, those smitten *ripæ ulterioris amore* may ford the stream just below the town to the r., *probatum est*. Ruined Galisteo, with its castle and long lines of battlemented walls, which conceal the town, looks imposing. The palace belonging to the Arcos family, contains a most superb *patio* with open galleries and granite columns, a fine staircase, and medallions of the time of Charles V.; it is sadly abandoned. Observe also outside the walls a fantastic convent with 2 brick towers and a handsome portal. Here the Gerte joins the Alagon. The noble bridge was built in 1546 by the Conde de Osorio; 3 L. over undulating hills lead to Placencia, but make a détour to *Malpartida* to see the glorious Parroquia. It was designed in 1551 by Pedro de Ezquerria; the façade is grand and classical. Observe the cornice and candelabra, the granite statues of St. Peter and Paul: the interior was completed in 1603. The sculpture of the chief *Reto.* is by Agustin Castaño, 1622. The fine materials of this church came from the quarry near the town *de los cinco hermanos*. A long league leads to beautiful Placencia, placed on the last knoll which descends from a snow-clad sierra.

PLACENCIA is girdled by the Xerte; the two valleys from the snow-capped Sierras de Bejar and de la Vera are bosoms of beauty and plenty: that to the N.W. is called *El Valle*, that opposite *La Vera*, ver ibi purpureum et perpetuum. The picturesque town is defended by crumbling walls and semicircular towers, with a ruined Alcazar to the N. and a long connecting line of aqueduct. Placencia, seen from outside, is indeed most *pleasing* on all sides: here river, rock, and mountain,—city, castle, and aqueduct, combine to enchant the artist, under a heaven of purest ultra marine; the best points are from the granite-strewed hill, opposite the *Puerta del Postigo*. The valley to the S.W. is charming, and the bridges artistical. The families

of Monroy, and especially that of Carvajal, have done much for this city. Consult '*Historia y Anales de Placencia*,' Alonzo Fernandez, folio, Mad., 1627.

Here, according to some, stood the Roman Ambracia, and on *Ambroz*, its deserted site, Alonzo VIII., in 1190, founded the city, which he called, in the nomenclature of that devout age, "*Ut Deo Placet*:"—the *Een-shallah*, the "*Si Dios Quiere*," the "If the Lord so will." It was made a bishopric, suffragan to Santiago, and rose to be a flourishing town. Now it is decayed, and scarcely contains 6000 souls; it never recovered the sack of Aug., 1809, when Cuesta, by neglecting the Duke's repeated request, omitted to secure the passes of Baños and Perales, and thus let Soult come down on Talavera, and neutralize that hard-fought day. Placencia was plundered by him, en passant, without mercy. The ornate Gothic cathedral is unfortunately unfinished. The older one occupied the site of the Jesuits' convent, and being too small, this was begun in 1498. The *Capilla Mayor* was commenced by Juan de Alava; subsequently Diego de Siloe and Alonzo de Covarubbias were employed. The S. entrance is noble and solid. Observe the windows and plateresque façade and candelabra: the Berruguete *Puerta del Enlosado* to the N. is grand and serious, with Julio Romano-like granite medallions and arms of Charles V. and the Carvajals. The interior of 3 naves is unfinished. The *Silla del Coro* was carved in 1520 by Rodrigo Aleman, and is most elaborate, although somewhat *tedesque*, with the sacred and profane, serious and ridiculous, incongruously jumbled together. Observe the two stalls near the *Coro alto*, and the Gothic spire: Aleman also carved the throne of the bishop, and the confessional of the *Penitenciario*. The Retablo of the high altar and statues are by the great Gregorio Hernandez, 1626. The chief subject is the Assumption of the Virgin,

to which Assumption this cathedral is dedicated; the gaudy colours and gilding, and frittered drapery, are unpleasing, but it is a grand whole. The *Reja* is a masterpiece of Jⁿ. Bau^{ta}. Celma, 1604; here the Assumption figures again. The finest pictures once here have disappeared. Those by F^{ro}. Rici, in the *altar mayor*, have been retouched. The Marriage of St. Catherine, by Rubens, has been stolen, and the Nativity, by Velazquez, was accidentally burnt with the chapter-house in April, 1832. These pictures were the gift of the Bishop Juan Lozano: observe among the fine sepulchres that of the kneeling prelate Pedro Ponce de Leon, obiit 1573, in the Berruguete style. The portal to the *Sacristia* is in rich plateresque, and near this a noble staircase leads to the roof.

The Bishop Pedro de Carvajal is buried in the Sⁿ. *Nicolas*: this Placencian family rose high in the church, under the Valencian Borgia Popes: one lies buried in S^a. Croce at Rome. In the *Monjas de Sⁿ. Ildefonso* is the noble tomb of Cristobal de Villalba, armed and kneeling. In Sⁿ. *Vicente* is the armed effigy of Martin Nieto, 1597, and one of the finest things in Estremadura; near this Dominican convent is *la Casa de las Bovedas*, built for the M^a. de Mirabel in 1550. Observe the patio and pillars; the saloons were painted in fresco with the wars of Charles V. In the cloistered terrace, *el Pensil*, were arranged some antiquities, found at Capara and elsewhere, and *inter alia* a colossal foot. The superb armoury has been stolen: in the *Casa de los Vargas* are some other antiquities, principally inscriptions of no interest, but the invaders pillaged both these houses.

Two miles W. of Placencia, at N^a. S^a. de *Fuente Dueñas*, is the ruin of a Roman sepulchre. From Placencia there is a wild but picturesque ride to Avila, 26 L., by the *Puerto de Tornavacas*. The angler and artist, who have leisure, should at least make an excursion

to the *Puerto*, 8 L., up the charming valley of the Xerte, which winds amid fruit and verdure, walled in on each side by the snow-capped *Sierras de Bejar* and *Vera*: he might put up at Cabezuela, distant 6 L.

ROUTE LVIII.—PLACENCIA TO TRUJILLO.

Those who wish to know what a *despoblado* and *dehesa* mean may ride this rough route, 14 L. The *Puerto de la Serrana*, whence robbers spy the traveller, is distant 3 L.; hence to *San Carlos*, 2 L., near which the Tietar enters the Tagus; the latter is crossed by a noble bridge built by Juan de Carvajal, and hence called *Puente del Cardenal*. The castle now seen about 2 miles below, is that of Monfrague, Monsfagorum; hence to *Torrejon el Rubio*, and crossing the Vid over a good bridge, through a country given up to game and rabbits, and then again crossing the Monte and Magasca by stone bridges, all the work of the cardinal, we reach *Aldea del Obispo*, and the oak woods in which Pizarro fed his pigs. Crossing the Tojos by another bridge, Trujillo terminates this wild ride.

ROUTE LIX.—PLACENCIA TO TALAVERA DE LA REINA.

Those who are fond of fishing, shooting, sketching, geologizing, and botanizing, may ride this line, visiting Sⁿ. Yuste, and thence taking a local guide over the *dehesas*, either to Miravete to the r., or to Talavera to the l.; but whether going to Madrid, or on to Salamanca, let none fail making the excursion from Placencia to this memorable convent to which Charles V. retired. It lies on the S. W. slope of the Sierra de Vera, distant 7 L. from Placencia, and about a 7 hours' pleasant ride.

Cross the Xerte and ascend the steep Calzones, thence through olives and vineyards to the Vera or valley, which is some 9 L. in extent; after 4 L. of

dehesas y matos the road ascends to the l. to *Pasaron*, a picturesque old town of Prout-like houses, toppling balconies hanging over a brawling brook. Observe a palace of the Arcos family. The road next clambers up a steep hill, amid fruit trees of every kind. As we rode on our cheerful companions were groups of sunburnt daughters of labour, whose only dower was health and cheerfulness, who were carrying on their heads in baskets the frugal dinner of the vine-dressers. Springy and elastic was their sandaled step, unfettered by shoe or stocking, and light-hearted their laugh and song, the chorus of the sheer gaiety of youth full of health and void of care. These pretty creatures, although they did not know it, were performing an opera ballet in action and costume: how gay their short *sayas* of serges red, green, and yellow; how primitive the cross on their bosoms, how graceful the *pañuelo* on their heads: thus they tript wantonly away under the long leaved chesnuts. Now the beautiful *Vera* expands, with the yellow line of the Badajoz road running across the cistus-clad distance to *Miravete*: soon the Jeronimite convent appears to the l. nestling in woods about half-way up the mountain, which shelters devotion from the wind. Below is the farm *Magdalena*, where in the worst case the night may be passed; ascend to the monastery, keeping close to a long wall. This Spanish Spalatro, to which the gout-worn empire-sick Charles retired to barter crowns for rosaries away, was founded in 1404, on the site where a covey of 14 Gothic bishops had been killed at one fell swoop by the Moors. Charles sent his son Philip (when on his way to England to marry our amiable Mary) to inspect this place, which he had years before noted as a nest for his old age; he himself planned, when in Flanders, the additional buildings, which were erected by Antonio de Villa Castin, and they lie to the warm S. W. of the chapel; but on the 9th of August, 1809, *dies carbone notanda*,

200 of Soult's foragers clambered up and pillaged and burnt the convent, leaving it a blackened roofless ruin. The precious archives were then consumed, all except one volume of documents, written in 1620 by Fray Luis de S^a Maria. This the prior was consulting about some rights disputed by the Cuacos peasants, and seeing the enemy threw it into some bushes. That book he lent us to read; now it no doubt is lost.

Here we met also Fray Alonzo Cavallero, an aged monk, who took the cowl Oct. 17, 1778, and remembered Ponz and his visit. The convent is entered by the walnut-tree under which Charles used to sit, and which even then was called *El nogal grande*. Passing to the *Botica*, all the few vases which escaped the French were carried off in 1820, by one Morales, a liberal apothecary, for his own shop in Garandilla. The granite-built chapel, from its thick walls, resisted the fire of the invaders, thus saving the imperial quarter to be finally gutted by the constitutionalists: a door to the r. of the altar opened to Charles's room, whence he came out to attend divine service: his bedroom, where he died, has a window through which, when ill, he could see the elevation of the Host. Here hung the *Gloria* of Titian, which, in his will, he directed to be placed wherever his body was, and which was moved with it to the Escorial. Philip II., however, sent a copy to Sⁿ Yuste, which was carried off to Texada by the patriots, in 1823; when the monks returned, they were too poor even to pay for bringing it back. The *Coro Alto* was carved in a quaint tedesque style by Rodrigo Aleman: in a vault below the high altar is the rude chest in which the Emperor's body was kept 16 years, until removed in 1574.

He built only 4 rooms, each, as usual, with large fire-places, for he was a gouty and phlegmatic Fleming. From the projecting alcoves the views are delicious. At the W. end is a pillared gallery, *La Plaza del Palacio*, over-

hanging a private garden; and connected with it is a raised archway, *el Puente*, by which the emperor went down: below is the sundial, erected for him by Juanuelo Turriano (see Toledo). He was brought here by the Emperor, who was fond of mechanical experiments: the stone step by which he mounted his horse yet remains, and here he was seated when he felt the first approach of death, as an inscription records: "Su Magestad el Emperador Don Carlos quinto Nuestro Señor, en este lugar estava asentado quando le dió el mal, a los treinta y uno de Agosto a las quatro de la tarde: falleció a los 24 [?] de Septiembre a las dos y media de la mañana año de No. S.^a 1558." He arrived there, Wednesday, Feb. 3, 1557, at one in the afternoon, and died Sept. 21 of the next year, of premature old age, and dropping like the ripe fruit from the shaken tree. He gave the convent nothing but the honour of his company: his major-domo Luis de Quixada (who was afterward killed by the Moriscos, near Granada) having of course, like a true Spanish unjust steward, stripped the rooms of everything portable. Philip II. came here again in 1570, and remained two days: he refused to sleep in the room where his father died. Guardando el respeto al aposento en que murió su padre, no queriendo dormir sino en el retrete, del mismo aposento, y tan estrecho que apenas cabe una cama pequeña. So it was recorded in the old book; *Δειναι γαρ κοιται, και αποιχουμενοιο λεοντος*. He, too, did little for the monks, and when they begged of him, replied, "You never could have had my father here a year without feathering your nest."

The larger pleasure grounds lay on the other side; nature has now resumed her sway, yet many a flower shows that once a garden smiled. A myrtle and box edge leads to *El cenador de Belem* (Bethlehem): this exquisite gem of a cinque-cento summer house remained perfect until destroyed

like Abadia and Aranjuez, by Soult's anti-horticultural troops.

Charles lived here half like a monk and half like a retired country gentleman (see Monserrat, p. 497): although strictly attentive to his religious duties, he amused himself with his flowers, rides, mechanical experiments, and his young son, Don Juan of Austria. The ex-Emperor was sadly plagued by the villagers of *Cuacos*, quasi *κακος*, a sad set, who, then as always ill-conditioned, poached his trout in the Garganta la olla, drove away his milk-cows, and threw stones at the future hero of Lepanto, for climbing up their cherry-trees. His was no morbid unsocial misanthropy, but a true weariness of the world with which he had done, and a wish to be at rest; he sedulously avoided all allusion to politics: neither was he in his dotage, although enfeebled in health from gout; his ambition and passions were subdued, but not his relish for intellectual and innocent recreations. He brought with him his old servants, who knew his wants and ways, and whose faces he knew: he had his book, his ride, his hobby, experiments, and his prayers; he had friends, some to tell his sorrows to and divide them, others to impart his joys to and double them; he had the play and prattle of his little boy. Phlegmatic and melancholy he was by constitution and from the inherited taint of his mother; but the story of his having had the funeral service said over himself while alive, is untrue: no record or tradition of the kind existed among the monks. Philip II., who feared his father might *repent* of his resignation, and wish again to resume the crown, kept a spy here, who daily reported to Secretary Vasquez every minute circumstance. The original letters, once in the Salesas at Madrid, were incorporated by Tomas Gonzalez in a work on this *Retirada*, which unfortunately is not yet printed. The ruin commenced by the French was completed by the Liberals of Cuacos, who, July 4, 1821, came and stole

everything; they kept horses in the church, and made the Emperor's room a place for silk-worms. Recent sequestrations have again destroyed what the poor monks had partially restored, and chaos is come again.

Never again will it be the lot of traveller to be welcomed, like ourselves, by these worthy men, to whom news and a stranger from the real living world was a godsend. The day was passed in sauntering about the ruined buildings and gardens, with the goodnatured garrulous brotherhood: at nightfall supper was laid for all the monks together at a long board, but the *prior* and *procurador* had a small table set apart in an alcove, where, "bidden to a spare but cheerful meal, I sat an honoured guest;" as the windows were thrown wide open, to admit the cool thymescented breeze, the eye in the clear evening swept over the boundless valley, and the nightingale sang sweetly in the neglected orange garden, to the bright stars reflected like diamonds in the black tank below us; how often had Charles looked out on a stilly eve on this selfsame and unchanged scene where he alone was now wanting! When supper was done, I shook hand all round with my kind hosts, and went to bed, in the chamber where the emperor breathed his last. All was soon silent, and the spirit of the mighty dead ruled again in his last home; but no Charles disturbed the deep slumber of a weary insignificant stranger; long ere daybreak next morning I was awakened by a pale monk, and summoned to the early mass, which the prior in his forethought had ordered. The chapel was imperfectly lighted, and the small congregation consisted of the monk, my sunburnt muleteer, and a stray beggar, who, like myself, had been sheltered in the convent; when the service was concluded, all bowed a last farewell to the altar on which the dying glance of Charles had been fixed, and departed in peace; the morning was grey and the mountain air keen, nor was it until the sun had risen high that

the carol of the light-hearted maidens dispelled the cowl, and relaid the ghost of Charles in the dim pages of history.

ROUTE LX.—PLACENCIA TO SALAMANCA.

Villar	3		
Aldea Nueva	3	..	6
Baños	2	..	8
Bejar	2	..	10
Pedro mingo	2	..	12
Fuente Roble	2	..	14
Monte Rubio	4	..	18
Salamanca	4	..	22

This is the direct road, but by no means the one to take: at Aldea Nueva the Roman road from Merida is crossed, and remains of its pavement and abandoned bridges everywhere may be traced. *Baños* is so called from its hot sulphur baths. This town is beautifully situated, with its pretty river Ambros; the belfry of the S^a Maria is fine; the wines excellent; about 1 L. up is the *Puerto* or pass in the Sierra, which divides Estremadura from Old Castile; here Sir Robert Wilson with a few undisciplined Portuguese made a bold stand against the French coming down from Galicia and Oporto, while the Spanish troops abandoned the position without firing a shot. Thus Soult was enabled to reach the rear of the English at Talavera, which he never could have done had Cuesta attended to the Duke's urgent request to man these impregnable passes. The obstinate blockhead only sent a force the very day the French were at Bejar; but *mañana* is the curse of Iberia, and such are the Socorros de España, tarde o nunca, "late or never."

Bejar is another of the steep fresh towns of the Sierra: pop. about 8000. Its situation is extremely picturesque, and the river *Cuerpo del Hombre* fertilizes the environs. The *alcazar* of the Duque is a striking object, with a fine classical *patio* and fountain; the views from it are splendid. It was gutted by the French, when the pictures and remarkable armoury disappeared. Near Bejar, Feb. 20, 1813, Mons^r. Foy re-

ceived a complete beating from Lord Hill. At Calzada, 4 L. from Salamanca, the Roman road is again crossed, and the vestiges deserve notice. Another route to Salamanca passes through Ciudad Rodrigo.

ROUTE LXI.—PLACENCIA TO CIUDAD
RODRIGO.

Abadia	7	
Lagunilla	2	.. 9
Herguifuela	5	.. 14
Batuecas	3	.. 17
Alberca	3	.. 20
Mailo	5	.. 25
Tenebron		
Ciudad Rodrigo	3	.. 28

This circuitous route by Ciudad Rodrigo abounds with interest, especially to the lover of angling and mountain scenery; it is sprinkled more-over with Roman antiquities, including the Batuecas and Ciudad Rodrigo. Although seldom visited by foreigners or natives, this détour is strongly recommended to future travellers; attend to the provend, as the accommodation is very alpine. The leagues to Alberca are given approximatively; they are very long, and the country intricate: take a local guide. On leaving Placencia ascend to the *N^a. Sa. del Puerto*, whence the view is superb, and thence to Oliva, 2 L. In the court-yard of the count's house are some Roman miliary stones. The costume of the peasants now changes: the males wear leather jerkins, open at the arms; the females short serge petticoats of greens, reds, and yellows, with handkerchiefs on their heads. About one L. on is *Capara*, the site, say some, of the Roman town of Ambracia, but now a solitary farm. To the l. near it is a Roman bridge of 4 arches, quite uninjured. Masses of granite ruins lie to the l., and in a lonely road entangled with creepers is a noble Roman granite gateway, or arch; each of the four sides has an open entrance, about twelve feet wide: the centred dome is falling in from decay. On each front which faces the road are two pillars without capitals, and between them and the

pilasters of the arch are remains of pedestals on which statues once stood. The upper portion has been stripped of its facings. After this the route continues alongside of the Roman road to Salamanca. The solid convex paving and raised footpath are in excellent preservation, save that wild oaks grow out, a proof of long absence of traffic. The muleteers creep along a broken track by the side, ashamed to tread on the mighty causeway. The whole route has been traced by Velazquez and others. (See Laborde, fol. edition, xi. 131.)

Abadia is a wretched hamlet, prettily situated on the Ambroz at the head of the valley under the Sierra de Bejar: here is a square-built palace of the Duque de Alba, once an "*abbey*" of the Templars, and some massy walls, battlements, and horseshoe arches may be traced in the more modern work. The alterations were made by the "*Great Alva*," who is held by foreigners to be a bloody bigot, and by Spaniards to be a true soldier of his king and faith; for the Moorish spirit of the Spaniard of that age was devotion to the Kalif, and propagandism of creed by fire and sword: all foes to the crown and church were to be exterminated. Fernando Alvarez de Toledo was born in 1508, and was sent into the Low Countries by Philip II., the champion of the Papacy, and who preferred to have no subjects at all, rather than to have heretics for subjects: Alva was president of a *junta* of blood and *venganza*, under which some 18,000 persons were butchered. The Protestants at last cast off the iron yoke of Spain, and Alva was recalled in 1573; having failed, he was disgraced, and after four years' seclusion, he was summoned by Philip II. for the expedition into Portugal, which he conquered in two weeks. Alva died in 1583. Raumur has shown (Lett. xvi.) that Alva, probably foreseeing failure, unwillingly went into the Low Countries, for he accepted the command with tears, and pressed for a recall. Let us

hope that he shrunk from being an executioner, for certainly he had that love of poetry and nature which indicates some tenderness, and shines like a vein of silver in the rough granite; his tutor was Boscan, the Petrarch of Spain, and friend of Garcilazo de Vega; his protégé was Lope de Vega, one of the few Spaniards who ever joyed in flowers and gardens; he took him into his house and persuaded him to write a pastoral, instead of an *arma virumque cano* epic. To this loop-hole of a retreat the old soldier, more tired of a king and country's ingratitude, than of war's alarms, retired as Xenophon did to Scyllus, and passed his time like him in study, combining the healthy sports of the field with the recreations of social hospitality (Diog. Laert. ii. 52). So the great Conde reposed under his laurels at Chantilly, solaced with the society of Boileau and Racine.

The gardens of Abadia were the joy and delight of Alva; he decorated them with fountains and terraces, with statues and marbles wrought at Florence in 1555 by Fro. Camilani; after his death his buildings and gardens were deserted, and left to the common neglect of the residences of Spanish absentees (see Ponz, viii. 18). The last blow was given by Soult, whose foragers ravaged the gardens, breaking down balustrades and ornaments, and mutilating the Italian sculpture; some few fragments have since been collected together, among them a head of Trajan. The enclosed gardens were divided into two portions, an upper and lower: an inclined plane leads to a myrtle-overgrown spot where the duke loved to sit. The fountain, once supported by marble statues, is now dry, and the ground is strewn with broken sculpture, which glistens, bleaching amid the weeds, the "thorns and thistles," the curse and legacy of the enemy; then also a statue of Andromeda and a small sleeping Cupid were fractured. In the under garden a cypress near a ruined pavi-

lion rises sadly out of the corn, for now it is ploughed up by the resident steward.

The Venta at Abadia is wretched; it will be better to apply for a bed at the palace. The next day is a very long ride. Start before daybreak and ascend to *Lagunilla* 2 L., and then through a wood of gigantic chesnuts to *Val de Nieve*; the streamlet divides Leon from Estremadura, and is crossed and recrossed until it joins the Alagon; ascending again in 2 hours to *Herguijuela*—observe the *cereneros* or singular cloth mantillas and silver clasps of the women—next either pass to *Soto Serrano*, or avoid it by cutting off to the l. to *Mestas* 2 L., a sickly miserable place, hanging with its cypresses over a sweet trout stream. The fishing in these localities is excellent, especially in the Rio Batuecas, the Cabezudo, Cuerpo del Hombre, tributaries of the Alagon.

The road now continues for an hour and half, up and down purple Scotch-like hills, covered with heath and aromatic shrubs: the district on the r. bank of the Alagon is called the *Hoya* or *Tierra de las Jurdes*, a name derived by some from *Gurdus*, an old Spanish word, which, according to Seneca, a Spaniard, signified "doltish stupid;" but were this etymology true, many other localities would have been so called in the central regions of Spain. The streams which flow into the Alagon abound in fine trout.

The wild road soon turns to the r., and ascends the course of the *Rio Batuecas* into a most alpine gorge; soon the monastery is seen to the l. nestled below in a sheltered nook, with its white belfry, rising amid pines, chesnuts, and cypresses. This convent, with its gardens and hermitages, is not now what it was before recent reforms—a refuge to travellers, a light of religion and civilization in this benighted district. The valley and the whole of *Las Jurdes* were believed, even by the wise men of Salamanca, although only 14 L. off, to be haunted by demons and

inhabited by pagans. In 1599, Garzia Galarza, Bishop of Coria, in granting leave to found a convent, rejoiced that "the devil would be then kicked out by the discalceate Carmelites." Much of this nonsense about the Batuecas was credited by Mon^{sr}. Montesquieu, quoted by Moreri, and made a novel by Mad. de Genlis, whereat the Spaniards, who hate to be thought unlike other Europeans, took dire offence, and published grave refutations (see Southey's Letters, i. 250; Dillon, 4; and Ponz, vii. 201). These popular errors had been cleared away by Padre Feijoo (Teatro Critico, iv. 241). Be the case of expelling his satanic majesty as it may, the Carmelites civilized the valley: they founded a school for the peasants, and a lodging for all wayfarers,—16 hermitages were reared on picturesque eminences. These and the wonders of alpine nature were duly pointed out by the good fathers: now all is at an end (compare Monserrat, p. 496). To this valley of Rasselas, far removed from everything connected with the world, state prisoners were sometimes sent and forgotten: and lonely indeed is this mountain-enclosed nook; it has nothing to do with the world of cities, from which it is far away. Here nature, silent amidst her grandest forms, suggests retirement and repose, which seem associated with the localities, præsentiores aspicimus Deum!

The name *Batuecas*, by those who see Greek in everything, has been derived from *Bathus*, because the valley lies *deep* in a funnel of hills; so do many others, without being called Batuecas; and it would be as reasonable to derive our town *Deal* from *δηλος*, because the sea is there open and clear, or *Leith* from *λεθη*, because the Scotch in it *forget* their own interests.

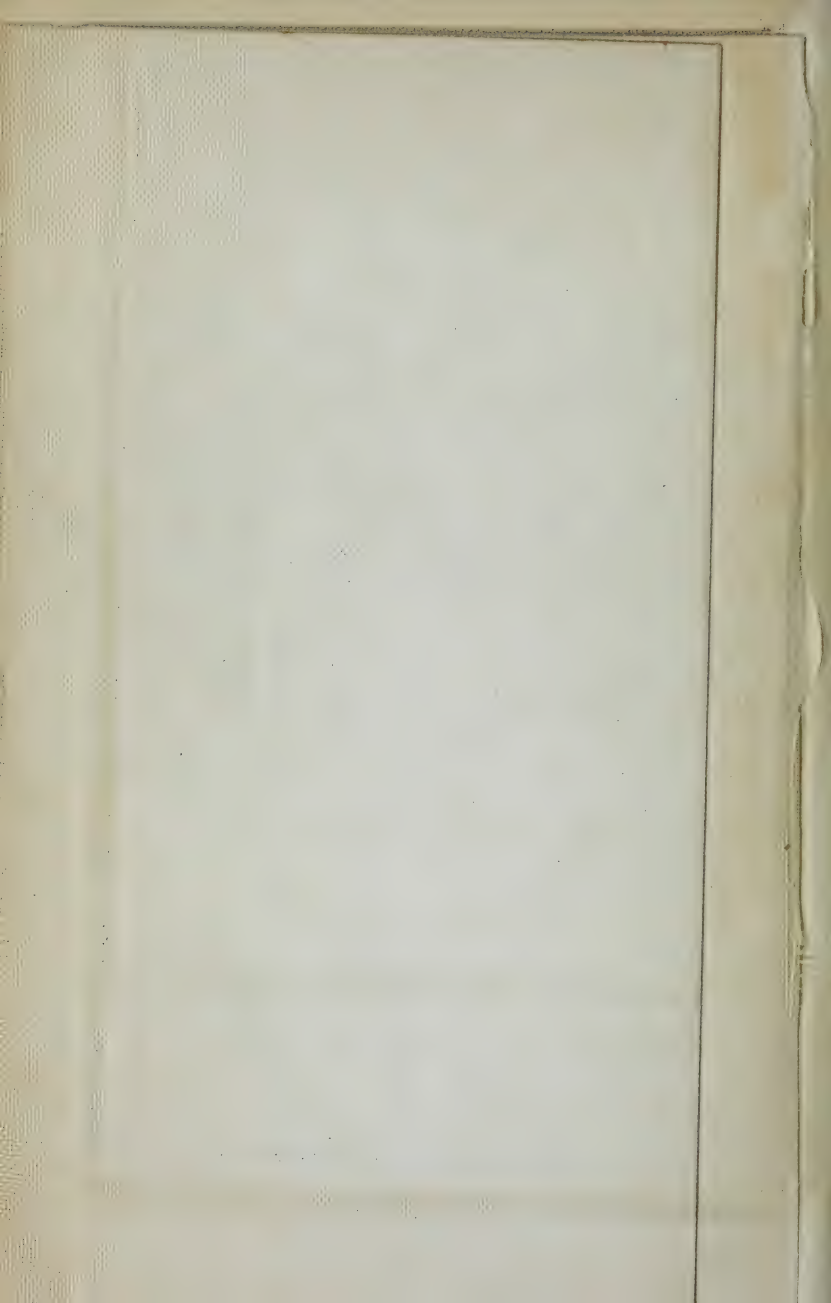
The valley is about 3 miles long by 2 wide, and is girdled by mountains, of which *La Peña de Francia* is the loftiest and wildest; on this "high place," is a *Santuario* or chapel to the Virgin, which is visited by thousands on the 8th of every September. It will scarcely now be worth while to descend to the desolate convent, as the *Hospederia* is closed and the kitchen fire put out. Continue therefore the steep road to the r., a fine alpine ride over the *Reventon*, which leads to Alberca 1 L., a dark, dingy, dirty hamlet, with prison-like houses, partly built in granite, and wood and plaster-work; hence an uninteresting country, with the flat table-lands of central Spain stretching to the r., brings us into the province of Salamanca, one of the six into which the ancient kingdom of Leon was divided.

For Ciudad Rodrigo, see p. 561, and thence to Salamanca, R. lxiii.



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